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Ernest H. Shepard Invt et del

To the Nobility and Gentry of all classes
this Plate is most humbly dedicated
as a tribute of respect and esteem
by their most obedient servant Mr Punch
at his office in Whitefriars, London
in the year one thousand nine hundred and thirty one



"NOW ISN'T THAT JUST MY LUCK? THE VERY SUBJECT I WAS LOOKING FOR—AND I'VE GONE AND RUN OUT OF VERMILION."

THE ENCUMBRANCE.



THERE IS NO NEED TO USE MY BAT ON THOSE BALLS OUTSIDE THE OFF-STUMP.



ALSO THE FAST BOWLER CAN BE SAFELY LET ALONE.



THE SWERVERS OFTEN SWERVE OUT OF REACH—



AND FOR GOOGLIES GIVE ME THE PADS.



BUT THAT HORRIBLE PLAIN HALF-VOLLEY—



THERE 'S NOTHING FOR IT BUT THE BAT—



CURSE THE THING!



Conscientious Member of the Anti-Litter League. "LILIAN, DID WE BRING THE ASH-TRAY?"

TROUSERS—AND ALL THAT—FOR WOMEN.



THIS SORT OF THING WE'RE ALREADY USED TO.



AND NOW THERE IS THIS.



WELL, REALLY—



WHO KNOWS WHERE—



IT WILL STOP!

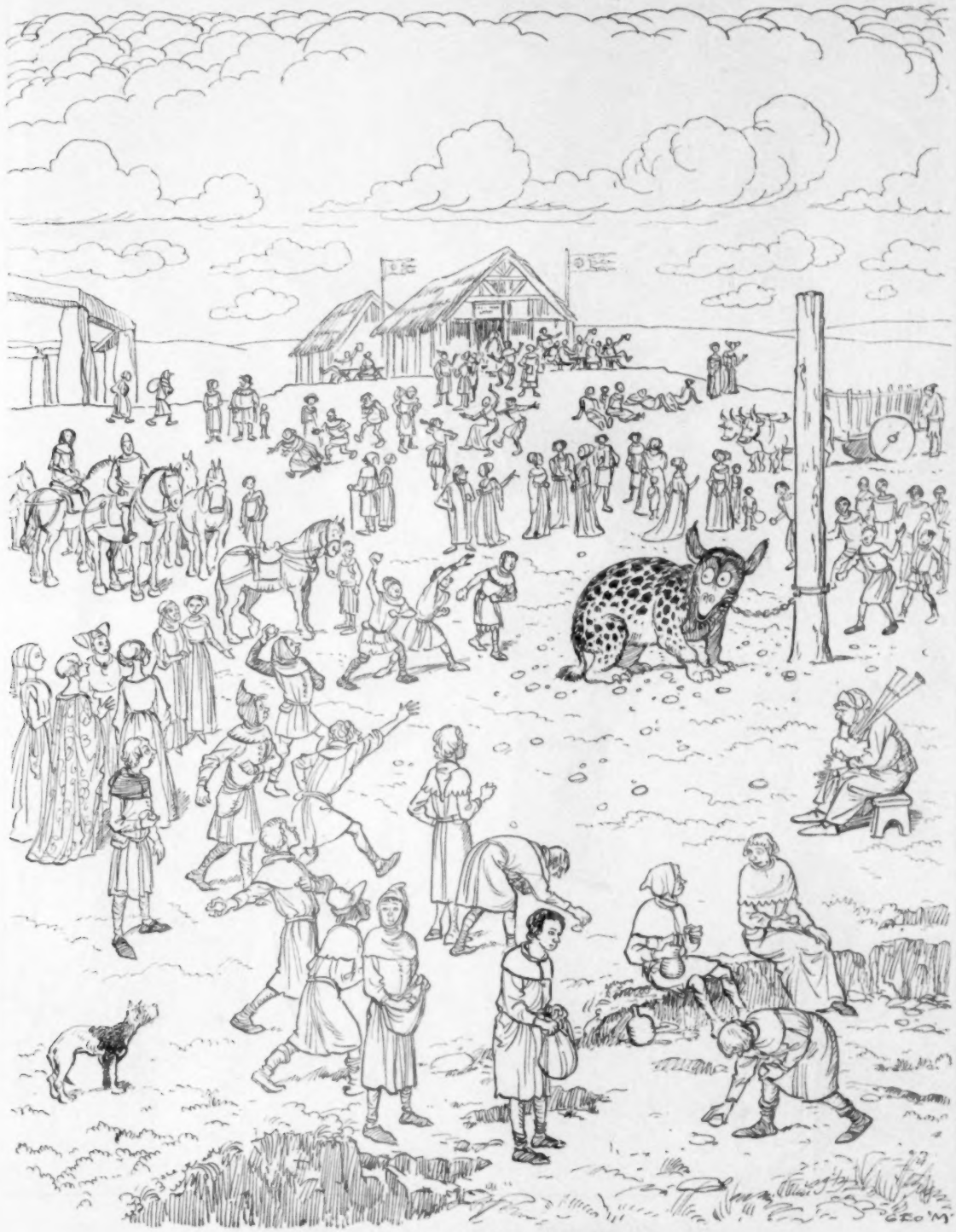


Sportsman (after difference of opinion). "I CAN'T FIGHT OWIN' TO ME EYESIGHT."
Bruiser. "THAT'S ALL RIGHT. I'LL KEEP CLOSE TO YER."

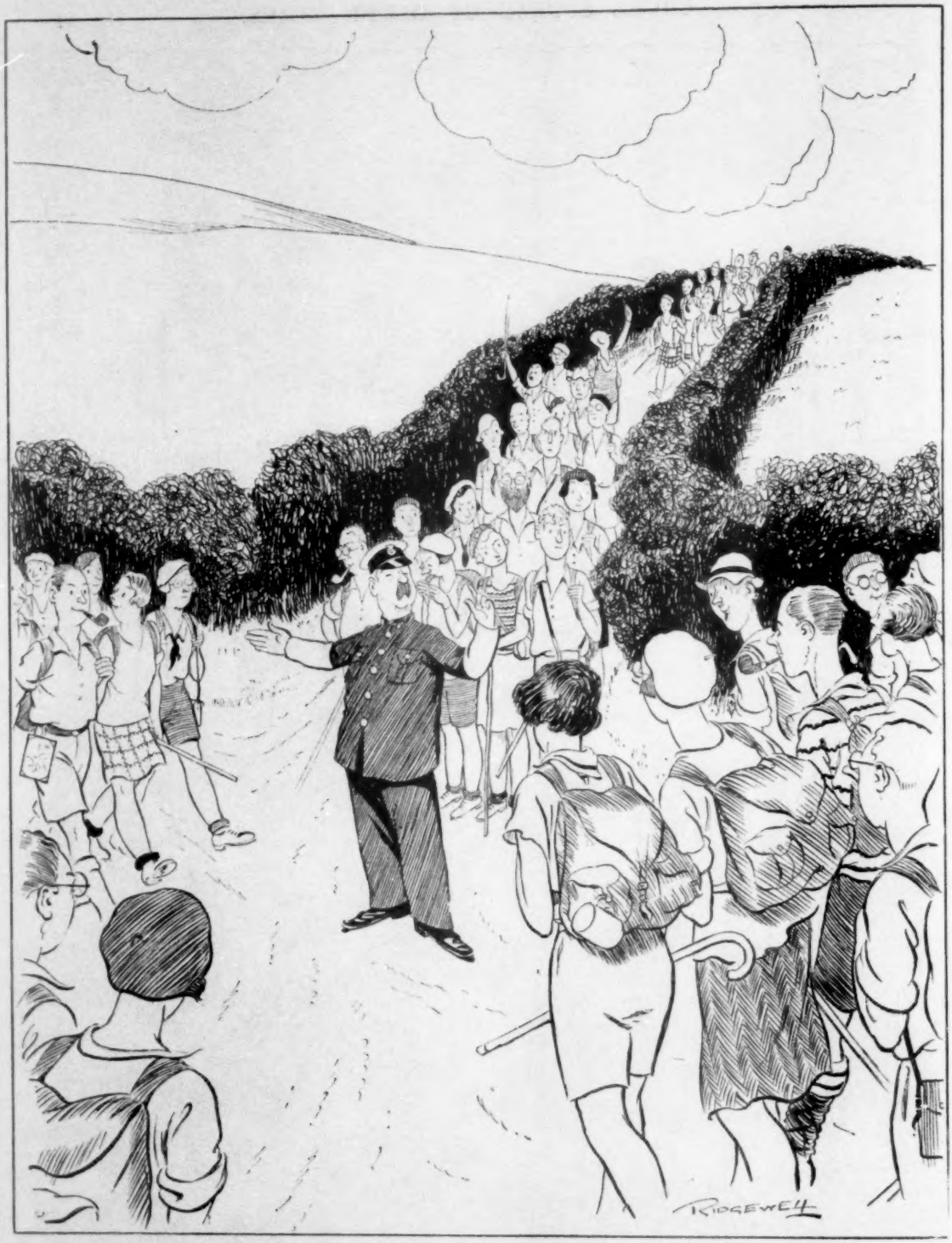


The Lady. "ASK 'IM WHAT 'E THINKS ABOUT 'OLIDAY PLACES, BERT; 'E OUGHT TO KNOW."

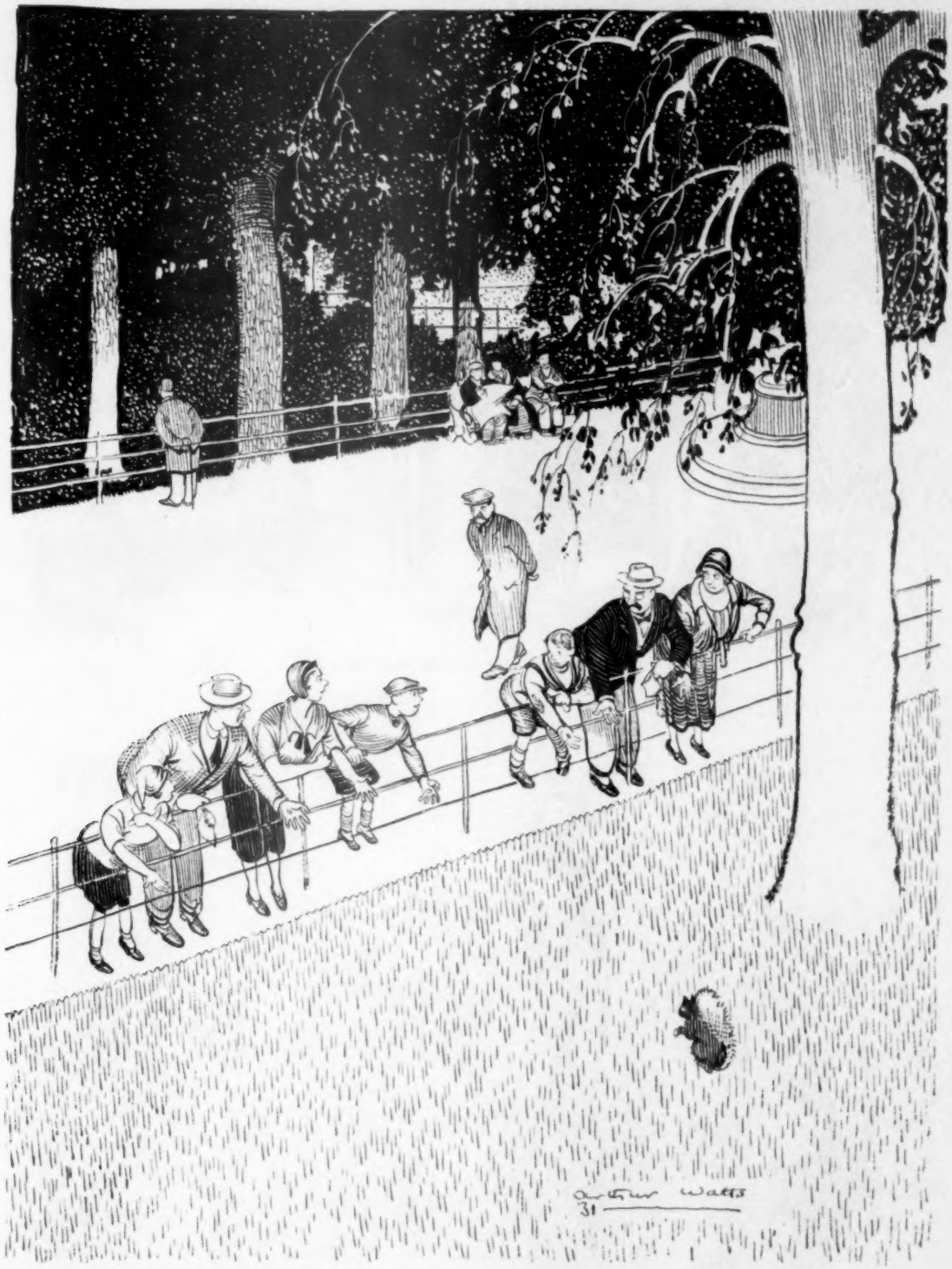
CRUEL SPORTS OF OLDEN TIMES.



"STONING THE HENGE" ON SALISBURY PLAIN.



THE PEAK OF THE HIKING SEASON.



SQUIRREL-WORSHIP: INTER-TRIBAL JEALOUSY.

PICTURE CAPTIONS THAT WENT WRONG.



CARE-FREE SUN-BATHERS ON THE RIVIERA.



THE MAYORESS OF PUDDLETHORPE OPENS THE LOCAL FLOWER-SHOW.

PICTURE CAPTIONS THAT WENT WRONG.



A DANGEROUS PASTIME. SEARCHING FOR WILD-BIRDS' EGGS IN THE AUSTRIAN TYROL.



THE MUDDLEBURY GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP. A TENSE MOMENT ON THE GREEN.



THINGS ONE MIGHT HAVE GUESSED.

"See that little man over there? That's Jones, the famous comic-strip artist."



UNCOMPROMISING REALISM.

Artist. "Hi! leave that bit of paper alone! I'm painting it."

OUR VILLAGE WOMEN'S INSTITUTE.



TO-NIGHT I WANT TO SHOW YOU A SIMPLE AND EASY WAY OF MAKING A LITTLE PULL-ON HAT OUT OF A YARD OF PETERSHAM RIBBON.



FIRST TAKE THE SIZE OF YOUR HEAD.



PIN THE RIBBON FIRMLY HERE.



NOW TAKE ONE END ROUND TO THE FRONT.



TUCK IT IN.



ARRANGE THE OTHER END AS IT SUITS YOU BEST.

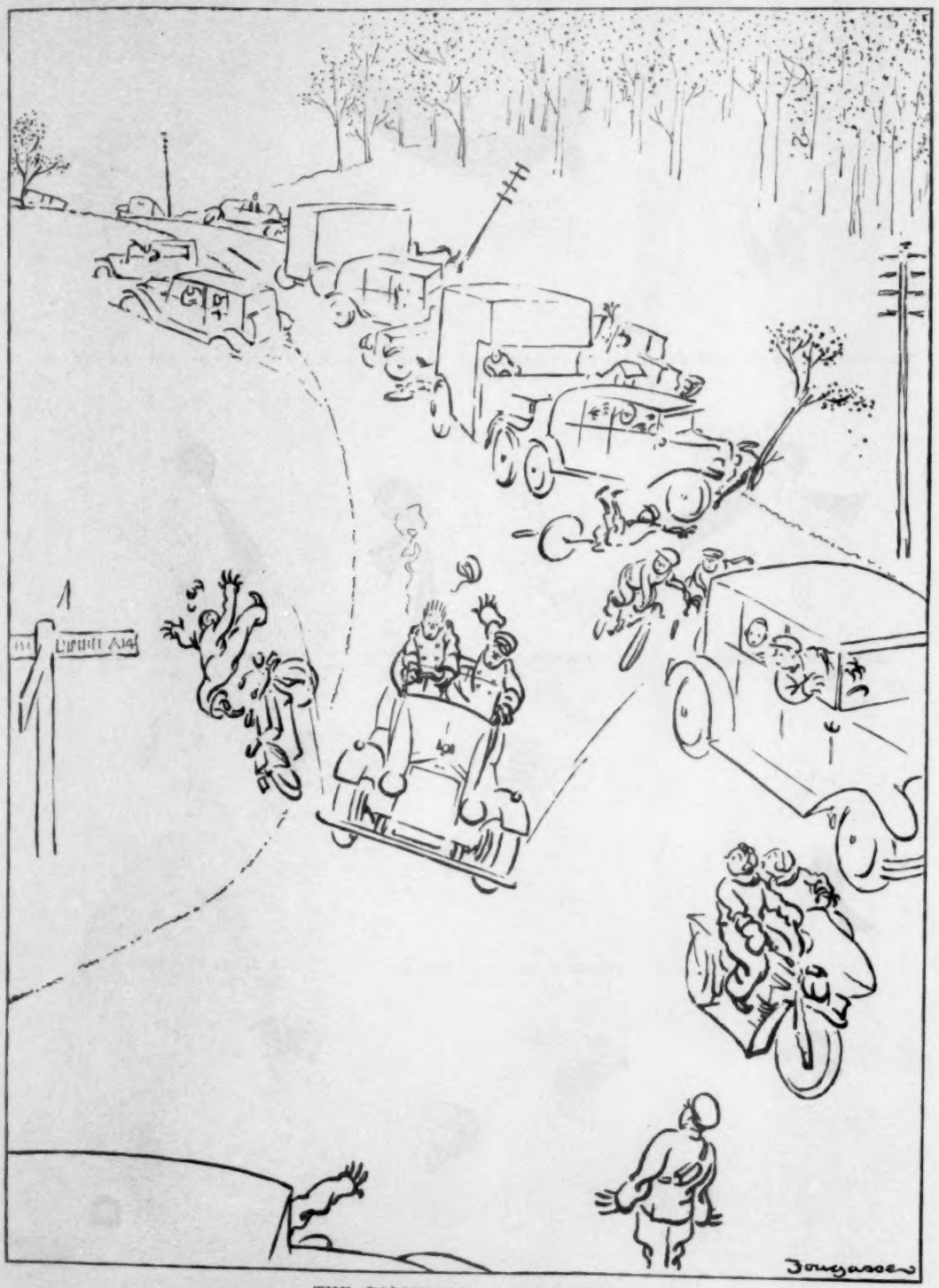


AND THERE YOU HAVE A NEW HAT FOR THREE SHILLINGS.



AND SO WE HAD.

THE SEASON'S IMPOSSIBLE THOUGHT.



THE POLICE-CAR GOES NATIVE.



Heart Specialist (meeting patient whose case he had pronounced hopeless a year ago). "YOU STILL ALIVE! WHAT CONFOUNDED QUACK HAS BEEN TINKERING WITH YOU?"

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A MARCHESTER BOY.

[Most recollections of public school life and the loathing its victims felt for it are written by those who managed to endure it for about four years. Mr. Punch has pleasure in presenting a literary memoir by one who freed himself from the horrid shackles in two-and-a-half terms.]

I SUPPOSE I was always rather nervous and highly-strung, and for that reason my parents, who understood consciously and sub-consciously affecting them, there was superimposed an intense desire for food.

It was thus that I became corpulent; yet not, I think, ungracefully so. *Hamlet* I knew had been the same, and so had Lord BYRON when young. Nor did I, when agreeing with my parents' often reiterated wish that I should go to Marchester, anticipate that any definite allusion would be made by the other students to a bodily a place well fitted for a meditative stroll after heavy repasts, an exercise which I have always found conducive to the free play both of fancy and imagination.

It was not long, however, before I found out that Marchester was a mass of red tape and bureaucratic tyrannies. Duties and obligations of the most ridiculous kind were prescribed for almost every moment of the day. We were the servants of bells, of hours, of



"MY PARENTS TOOK THE GREATEST PAINS NOT TO THWART MY WISHES."

something of the wild tempest of emotion which, though none sees it, often jolly well goes on in the depth of a young boy's soul, took the greatest pains not to thwart my wishes, and helped me so far as they could to aim at self-realisation and self-expression from my earliest years.

My longings took the form of a great admiration for the beauties of nature and an urge to withdraw myself from the petty bonds of routine, especially those associated with an out-of-date educational system, superfluous baths and a slavish obedience to social rules. Added to these, and in some ways both condition which seemed to me to give to my idiosyncrasy a certain measure of dignity and poise.

How rudely and how soon was I to be undeceived!

The first distant view of the grey buildings moved me not unagreeably. It seemed to me that here might be a not inappropriate setting for those yearnings towards the infinite, those efforts to give full play to my ego, which I had promised myself during my early teens. The school field, or campus as our American cousins would call it, shaded in places by trees in which the rooks cawed, struck me as so-called games, of pedagogues, even of our fellow-boys. It was on the second day that I was there that I went up to one Wilfred Tomkins, a bright pleasant-looking lad who had been sent to this prison-house some three years previously to myself, and spoke to him of some of the thoughts that were passing in my mind. He was standing in the quadrangle with his hands in his pockets, looking at nothing in particular, and I thought perhaps I had hit upon a good moment for finding a confidant.

"Doubtless," I said, "you also, like myself, have felt that the whole of our

boyhood is being squandered in a constant round of meaningless regulations and paralysing inhibitions. Subjected to the dictates of a discipline so obsolete as to be well-nigh mediæval, ensnared in the meshes of a curriculum which has no bearing upon life as a whole, you find yourself in daily, if not hourly, revolt. You are this very moment, if I may judge from your expression, suffering ing from a species of *Weltschmerz . . . ?*"

"Get out, you fat egg!" he said.

Sighing, I went slowly down to the school tuck-shop, and not until I had regaled myself on two doughnuts and a glass of lemonade did I feel capable of facing school-life again.

What was true of my intercourse with my companions during hours of leisure was true also of my experiences in class and during the enforced drudgery of field pastimes invented by an imbecile, and religious observances calculated by their monotony to devastate the soul. Often, as I listened to the insensate gibberings of some master whose outlook upon existence was almost contemptibly narrow, I have shut my book and leaned back in my desk, surveying him from between half-closed eyelids with an ironic smile; and I was only deterred from doing so oftener by the foolish habit of one of my companions in misery who made a practice, when I adopted this attitude, of doing little pen-and-ink sketches on my ears. Once, when I was busy with my own occupations, one of the minor ushers demanded to see what I had on my desk.

"Nothing, Sir," I replied carelessly, using the jargon of the place.

"Bring it here!" he insisted.

It happened to be Chapters V. and VI. of my *Impressions of Marchester from Within*. He tore the typescript into several pieces and threw it into the waste-paper basket. Naturally I had two carbon copies in my study, so I surveyed him with an expression in which there was less of indignation than of scorn. I then resumed my seat with an air of absolute unconcern.

"What is the matter now, Wilson?" he inquired in the satirical tones of a privileged despot as I rose again somewhat hastily and with a slight flush on my features.

"Nothing, Sir," I answered again.

I did not care to inform him that a drawing-pin had been placed, with the head downwards and the point exposed, upon the surface of the bench.

I suppose that all life is a struggle.



"WHEN THE GHASTLY ORDEAL WAS AT AN END."

We are committed by Destiny to *Sturm* and *Drang*. But the insane travesty of idealism which consists in suffering bodily injury in order to propel a greasy ball toward a pair of wooden posts to me meant nothing but mental nausea accompanied by a physical loss of wind. "Beauty, where art thou?" I often found myself sighing when I



"I GAVE MYSELF UP TO REVERIE."

was told to fall on this unpleasant object, or to hack it and hack it hard. But there was no reply.

Hymns in chapel I found peculiarly trying, and often, holding my book reversed, would adapt to the tune some words from the latest volume of *vers libre* which had been sent out to me from an up-to-date weekly paper for review. The sermons, conceived in a spirit of pietistic platitude, had the effect of producing in me instantaneous famine, and my first corporal punishment was due to the fact that I was observed masticating a piece of nougat during some insane homily on the supposed moral value of *esprit de corps*.

Over the shame and horror of that barbarous and degrading anachronism I do, and did, prefer to draw a veil.

"Allow me to tell you this," I said to my torturer when the ghastly ordeal was at an end, "that from the depths of my soul I pity you!"

But I murmured the words *sotto voce*, lest he should be provoked to further outbursts of feral rage.

During my second term I found some mild solace for my misery. I prevailed upon my parents to buy me a Belgian hare. This I managed to smuggle into my study without any great difficulty, though the supply of fresh green food and bran to satisfy its hunger proved a continual drain on my limited income. I found, however, sympathy in its steadfast eyes, and often used to talk aloud to it during the hours which were supposed to be set apart for preparation, even sharing with it at times my own bananas and pieces of walnut-cake. It never took sausages, and seldom cheese. The creature did in fact give me for some time a certain amount of popularity with my co-inmates at Marchester, and a freckled youth named Dobson used to feed it on blotting-paper soaked in ginger-beer. Once it even ate a ten-shilling note belonging to Cox minor, and that was never regained.

As might have been expected, it fell in due course under the ruthless eye of authority. Wilfred Tomkins, who had been made a *soi-disant* prefect, found it in his study nibbling at some daffodils which had been given him by the headmaster's wife. He traced it, either by following clues or by a system of espionage, to my ownership, and, wielding the detestable vicarious authority with which he had been invested (so it would appear) by the traditions of the school, commanded me to dispose of my innocent playmate immediately. He said my study smelt.

He did not use that precise word,

and, when I replied quietly that a love of nature and of the small inhabitants of wood and field was one of the yearnings which the crude Marchester tyranny left most of all unsatisfied, he went on even more fiercely, "Get rid of the —— thing at once."

He had sworn at me. My nostrils curled slightly, but I determined to obey him, though the price which I subsequently obtained from a bird-and-animal dealer in the town ran to scarcely more than a tin of preserved fruit. As I went for a short house-run that afternoon my soul seethed with impotent rage. I ran, as usual, well in the rear of the mob whom convention had herded together, and after a while I dropped completely behind them. Throwing myself down on a bank by the roadside, I gave myself up to reverie. Anger had exhausted my physique, and I remember that I drew a small bag of peppermints from the pocket of my shorts and attempted with these to assuage my grief. All around me nature was at her gayest. The hedges were bright with young green buds. There was a rustle and a piping of birds. At another time my heart would have rejoiced at these things, but now it held blacker thoughts. It would be possible, I knew, to pinch some weed-killer from the house-master's garden and either drop it into the cocoa which I should be forced to brew for Tomkins that night, or to drain a cup of it at one draught myself. Should I do either of these things? In the end I decided not.

How I should have got through the rest of that term I scarcely know if I had not about that time begun to experience a *Schwärmerei* for the daughter of the tuckshop-keeper. She had little of that beauty which appeals so much to the commonplace boy and attracts him to the cinema during the holidays. She was dark-haired, somewhat sallow of complexion and suffered from a slight astigmatism. Her beauty lay beneath outward appearances. It was a kind of spiritual charm. I never dared to breathe aloud my passion for her, though I felt that she was aware of it and that heart spoke, albeit silently, to heart. For often when I sat in front of the counter and ordered a vanilla, or even a strawberry ice, with an almost involuntary gesture she would give me a slight extra dollop out of the spoon.

So it came about that not until my summer term did the crisis which I had long anticipated reach its terrible dénoûment. Cricket was a game which, like all other reasonable beings, I loathed, but I was often spared its futile indignities for one cause or another until about half-way through the term, when against my own wish I was compelled to participate in a house match, a moiety of the usual team being in the sanatorium with mumps. Batting, as the foolish phrase is, at the other end, when I took my place at the wickets, was Wilfred Tomkins, the captain of our side. I had not been long present, stoically making light of my martyrdom, when Tomkins struck a ball sharply to the right and called me for a run. The whole of my pent-up passions suddenly burst their flood-gates, as a swollen river overflows a dam. Something gave way in my mind. I seemed to see red. I stayed in my crease.

Tomkins stopped half-way, slipped, and then tried to return. He was too late. He was (as the phrase went) run out. As he passed me he gave me a look of unspeakable fury, at the same time muttering, "I'll talk to you afterwards about this, you —— young swine!"

Once again he had sworn at me. I did not deign to answer the bully. A kind of feyness had seized me. Gongs were beating in my brain. Tearing up the three stumps at my end I uttered a loud "Ha, ha!" and, throwing away my bat, ran suddenly from the field.



"Tearing up the three stumps, I ran suddenly from the field."

For a moment I think the rest of the players were too astonished to take any action. It is to this cause that I attribute my immunity from instant capture, for not only was I impeded by my cumbersome pads, but owing to a financial arrangement I had laid successful claim at dinner-time to the boy called Dobson's helping of spotted dog. Perhaps the speed of my flight was assisted by the knowledge that my hour had come. I threw one stump through the Prophet Elijah in the stained-glass window of the chapel as I passed, and another through that of the lower Fifth-Form room. I ran on to the headmaster's house. He was just issuing from the door. Using the third stump like a javelin, I projected it with so much accuracy that it penetrated the lower part of his beard and struck him full in the tie. His private motor-car was waiting at the kerb. I sprang into it, started it, seized the driving-wheel, and, still in a turmoil of tumultuous indignation, shattered illusions, thwarted dreams and incipient *Wanderlust*, I made off along the London Road. I had no provision for the journey save part of a ginger-nut and a single packet of butterscotch.

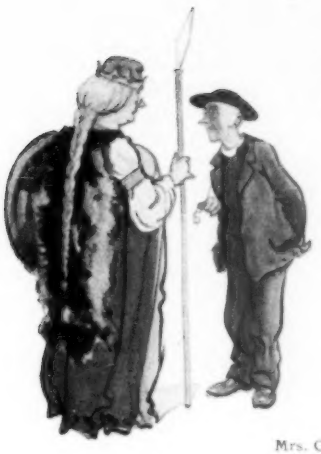


"Using the third stump like a javelin."

It was so that I left Marchester. But I think I am remembered there still.

Evoe.

THE PAGEANT AT WOPLEY-CUM-BIRCH.







IT is splendid to think what a lot of our rough island story
Took place in our own little village of Wopley-cum-Birch.
"I am certain," said old Colonel Blowby (a stout-hearted Toryl),
"That Guthrum the Dane must have sacked it and looted the church!"

And as soon as he heard of the Colonel's decision, Sir Hector
Consulted the books and the records and after a while
Informed us that Oliver Cromwell, the Lord High Protector,
Had stabled his horse in the chancel and slept in the aisle.

Mrs. Cobb, to my mind, had an even more famous idea,
As she said to the Vicar (one watched him perceptibly wilt),
"It is finally settled, I take it, that Boadicea
Did murder some Romans at Wopley before it was built?"

After that it was scarcely surprising to see Dr. Johnson's
Redoubtable figure roll up in the Jenkinsons' car,
For the great lexicographer *might* have said, "Why, Sir, 'tis nonsense
To walk into Wopley! We dine very well where we are."



And I never found out why young Mottram was Julius Cæsar
Nor whom Miss Evangeline Blowby was meant to be like;
But I know that he carried her over—and that seemed to please her—
In a full crinoline on the back of his best motor-bike.

And I know that the Britons, the Saxons, the Danes and the Normans
Made a wonderful group at the end in the grounds of the Hall
And that every performer appeared to enjoy the performance;
So it seems that our history *does* do some good after all.

EVOE.



TACTFUL ANSWERS TO GARDENING CORRESPONDENTS.

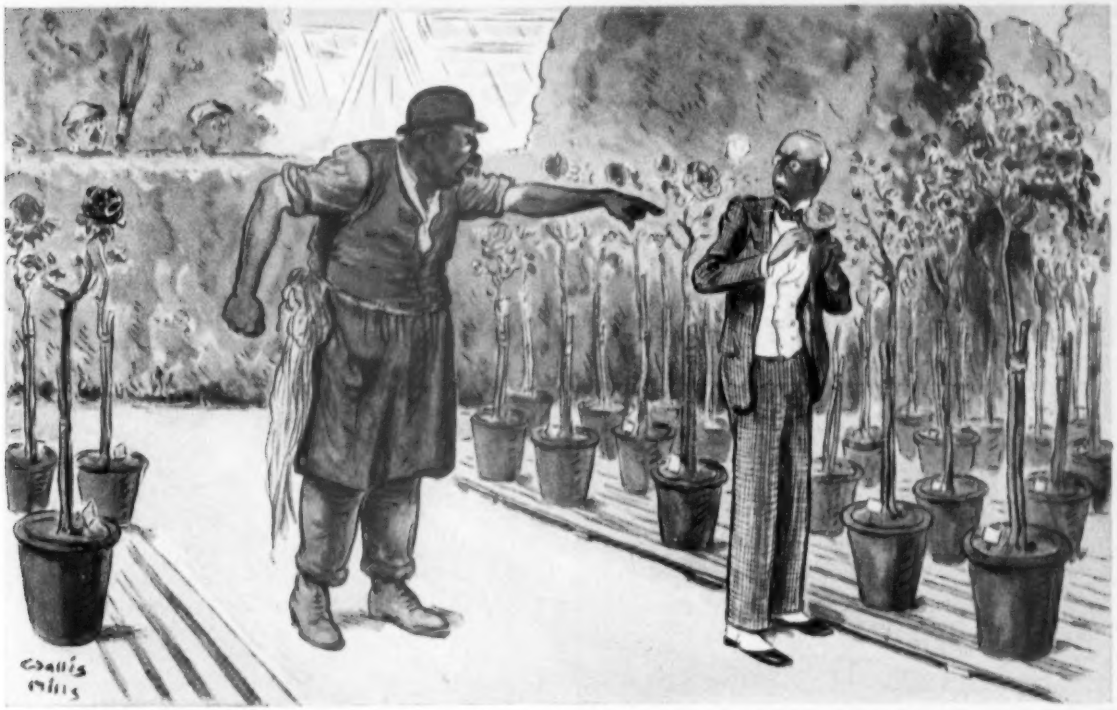


COLONEL.—WE ARE VERY GLAD TO HEAR OF YOUR SATISFACTION WITH THE LADY-GARDENER YOU ENGAGED THROUGH OUR COLUMNS. WE WERE CAREFUL TO SELECT A SPECIALIST, FEELING THAT A PLAINER TYPE OF GARDENER WOULD NOT SUIT YOU SO WELL.



FED-UP.—WE SUSPECT THAT YOU ARE CORRECT IN YOUR SURMISE CONCERNING THE PARTIAL CLEARANCE OF THE STRAWBERRY-BED IN YOUR ABSENCE. IT PROBABLY *WAS* THOSE BIRDS.

TACTFUL ANSWERS TO GARDENING CORRESPONDENTS.



HEAD GARDENER—NO DOUBT IT WAS A GREAT DISAPPOINTMENT TO YOU TO FIND THAT YOUR FAVOURITE SHOW BLOSSOM HAD BEEN PICKED, AND IN THE CIRCUMSTANCES IT IS QUITE INTELLIGIBLE THAT YOU SHOULD BE LOOKING OUT FOR ANOTHER SITUATION.



GARDEN LOVER.—WE ARE ALWAYS PLEASED TO ANSWER ANY QUERY FROM OUR READERS. FROM YOUR DESCRIPTION YOUR GARDEN IS TOO EXPOSED. LET YOUR HEDGE GROW ANOTHER FOUR FEET AND YOU WILL HAVE ALL THE PROTECTION YOU REQUIRE.

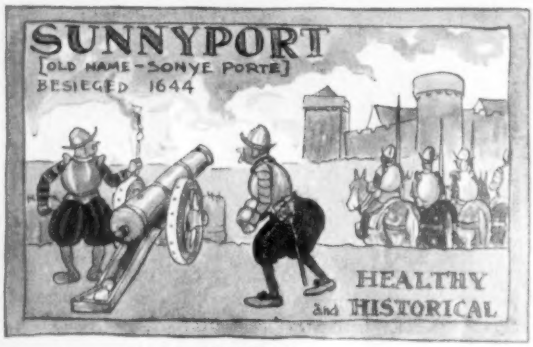
THE POSTER COMPETITION.



IN SPITE OF THE FACT—



THAT THERE WERE MANY—



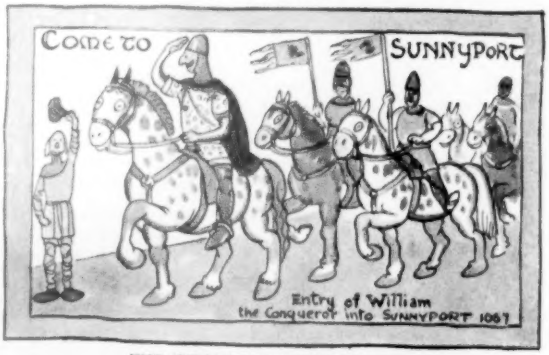
STRIKING—



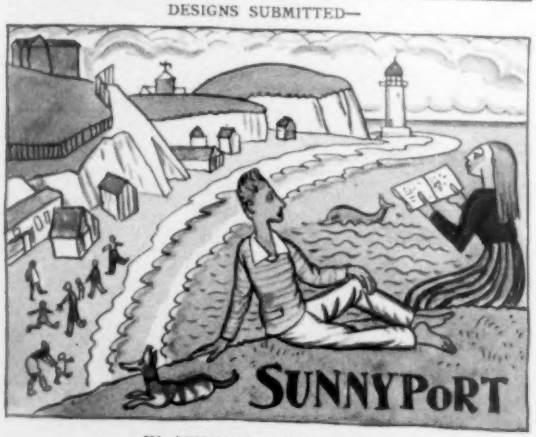
AND ORIGINAL—



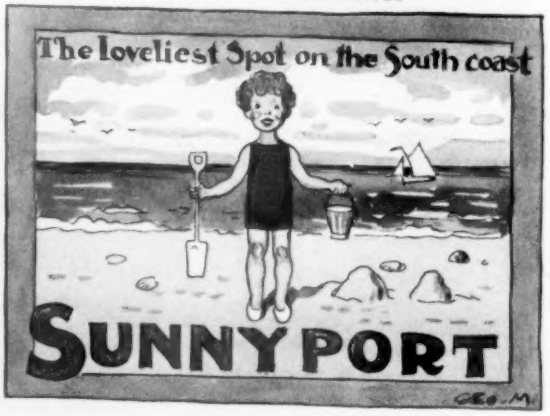
DESIGNS SUBMITTED—



THE JUDGES WERE UNANIMOUS—



IN AWARDING THE PRIZE—



TO THIS ONE.



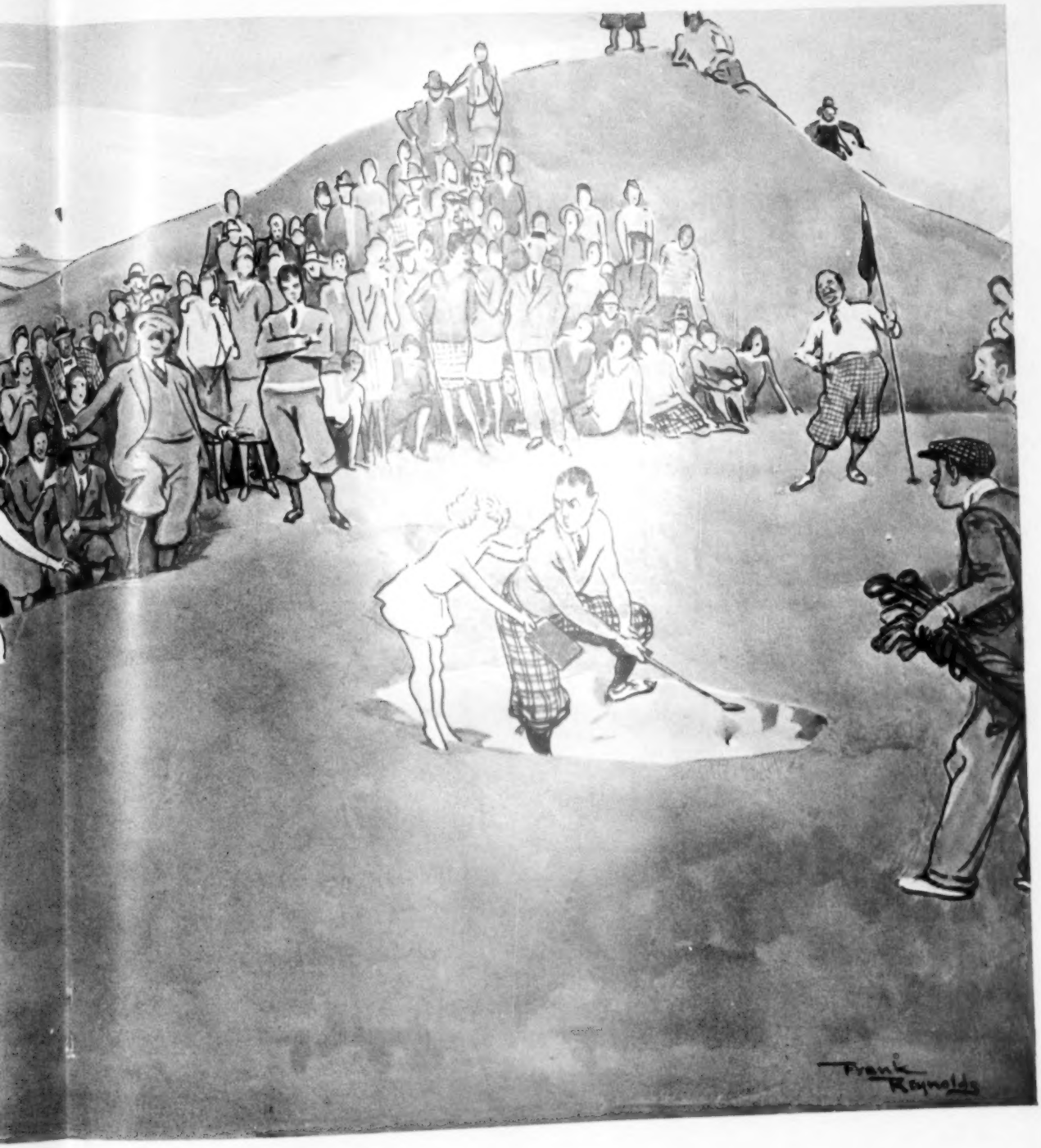
MERCURY AND CERBERUS.

EARLIEST KNOWN EXAMPLE OF A DOG'S DISLIKE OF POSTMEN.



A PRETTY MOMENT IN

LITTLE FORGET-ME-NOT PRESENT



ENT IN A CHAMPIONSHIP.

ɔT PRESENTS HER AUTOGRAPH-BOOK.



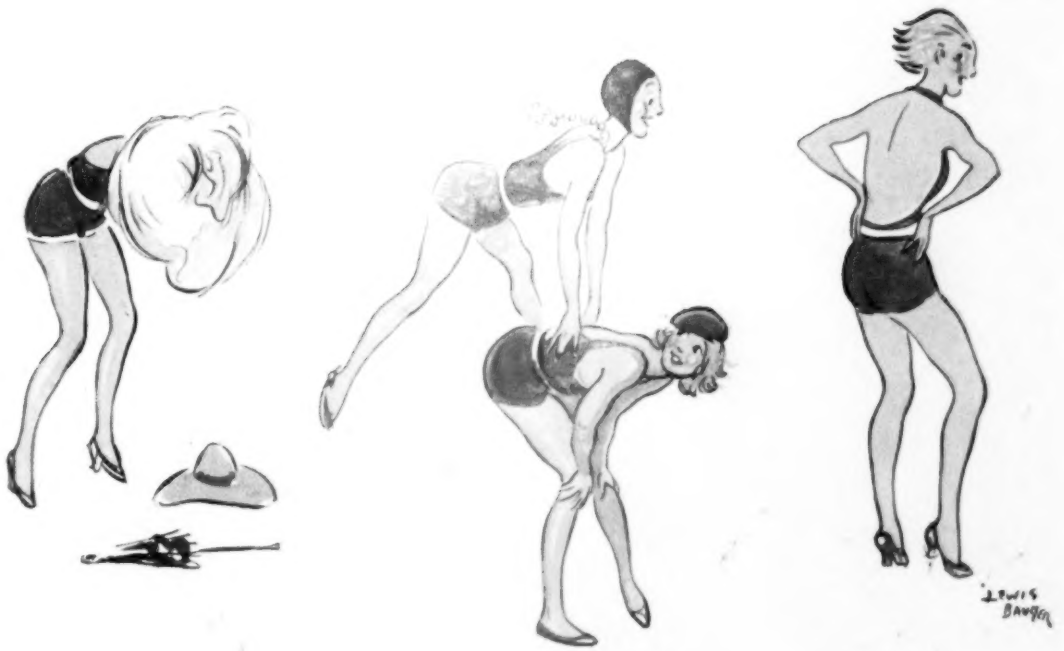
BATHING WAS ONCE A VERY SIMPLE AFFAIR. A YOUNG LADY WOULD DON HER COSTUME, RETIRE INTO HER MACHINE, TAKE A DISCREET DIP, AND THERE WAS AN END TO IT.



NOW-A-DAYS, IF ONE GOES ON THE SANDS—



—OR HARDLY ANYTHING—



OR HARDLY ANYTHING.

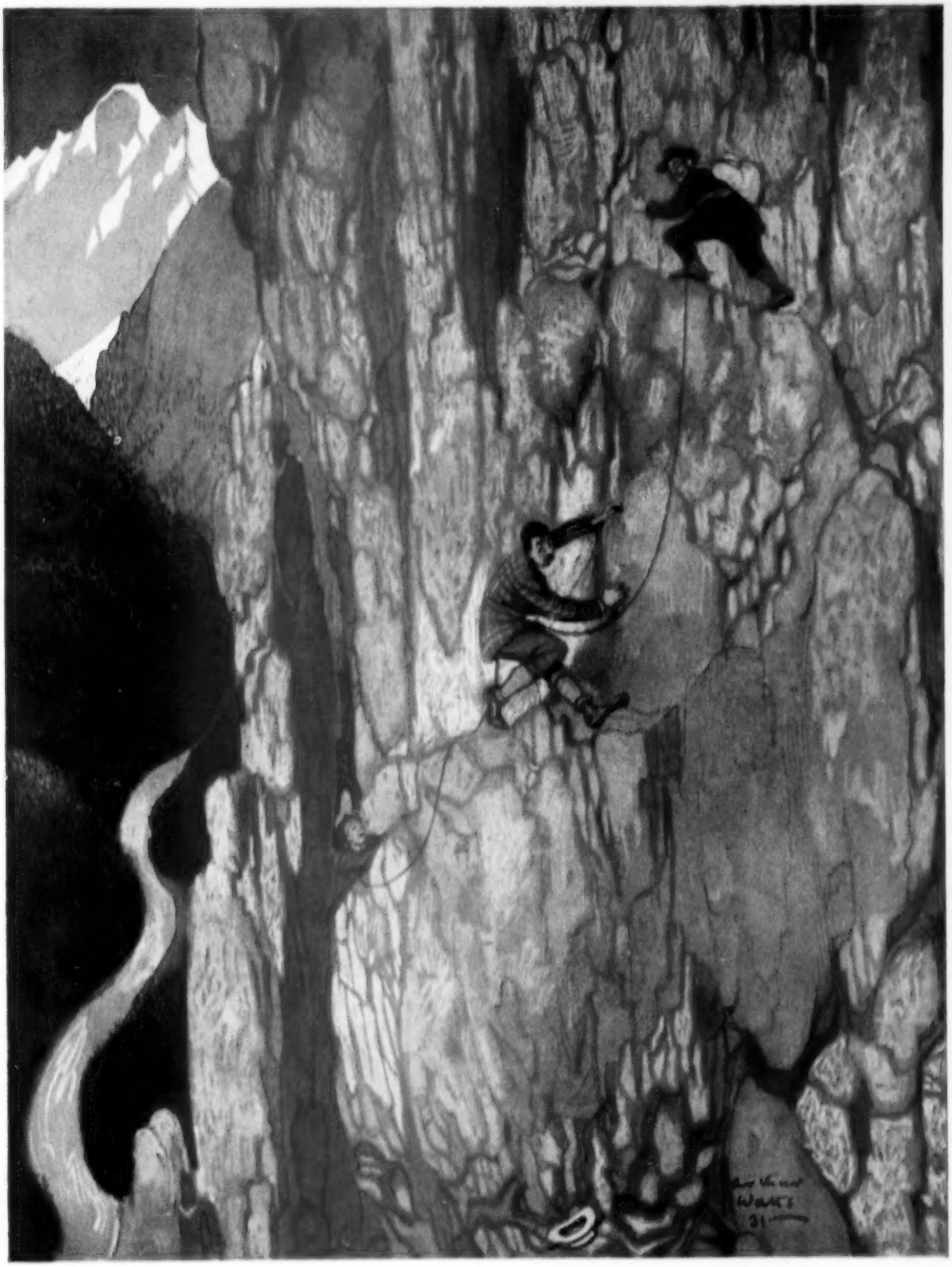
TWO IDYLLS.



LOVERS' LANE: YESTERDAY.



TO-DAY.



The Guide. "TAKE IT EASY, SIR, AND KEEP YOUR STRENGTH FOR THE DIFFICULT PART."



A COMEDY IN PORCELAIN; OR, A MANTELPIECE ROMANCE.

TRAILERS.

A "TRAILER," as you doubtless know, is the modern way of advertising big feature-films in the theatres in which they are shortly due to appear. It has almost entirely replaced the execrably-drawn and violently-coloured outside poster with "Coming Shortly" pasted across the enormous faces of the intertwined hero and heroine in a four-out-of-five-have-it manner. This is all to the good, and cannot but enable us to think better and kinder thoughts when passing to and fro about the streets.

Further than that the fellow doesn't care to commit himself, but one gathers that, taking it all in all, he thinks pretty fairly of the picture.

These modest claims are sometimes emphasised by being exploded at you in chunks at five-seconds' interval in fancy lettering and unexpected corners of the screen. Thus a sudden series of detonations will eventually read :—

"— A HEART-THRILLING STORY —— OF INFINITE APPEAL ——PATHOS —— PASSION —— SACRIFICE —— AND —— APUREGIRLSLOVE —— A REAL -—— LALAPALOOSA."



"SOME STARTLING EFFECTS LIKE THIS."

The "trailer" is generally shown on the screen just after the "Boop-a-doop Buddies Band" have sunk into the floor and just before the present week's feature, and is often mistaken by inexperienced old ladies for the present week's feature itself. They have some excuse, for in most cases the "trailer" is a series of short lengths of film lifted from the more exciting parts of the picture it is advertising and joined together in one thrilling reel. In lieu of sub-titles, however, it is interlarded with such expressions of reserved approval as:—

"UNDENIABLY THE WORLD'S MOST DRAMATIC, SENSATIONAL AND GRIPPING HYPER-SUPER FILM."

And to show that those responsible do honestly think the picture isn't so bad they wind up the "trailer," a trifle diffidently you may consider, with:—

"SEE IT! HEAR IT!

The Sure-Fire Hottest All-Talking, All-Singing, All-Dancing, All-Colour, All-Moving Picture!

IT SINGS! IT TALKS!! IT DANCES!!!

THRILLS! THRILLS! THRILLS!"

You get the idea? Well, that's a "trailer." And good stuff too! Far better indeed, in my opinion, than the picture itself, because in a "trailer" naturally none of the boring parts of the feature is included. All the "*Came the dawn . . .*" and "*So down life's path two hearts at last . . .*" and the rest of it are still in the merciful darkness of the future. And all the disillusionment too. This week we have the thrills, thrills, thrills of the Broadway Limited Express and five Rolls-Royces about to impinge at 120 m.p.h.; next week will only baulk our healthy instinct for destruction by the intermingled fragments of a cardboard locomotive and two four-seater Fords seen through a cloud of red steam.

In very advanced cases the "trailer" is not manufactured from the picture, but is a specially made filmlet in which next week's male star, happening to be caught by the camera, takes a few minutes off to tell us how clever he is going to be in *Passion's Toy* (coming Monday); and why, look! who should happen along but next week's female star, who at once feels she's just gotta sing a lil piece of the theme-song ("Every Sugar-daddy has a Candy-kid")! And, after she's rolled her eyes and managed to register sex-appeal several times, why, who is it they both see across the street but next week's comedian, who steps over and lets off a few cracks which I'm sure we should laugh at if they were spoken in



"SENT ROUND THE COUNTRY ON SPECIALLY-DESIGNED LORRIES LIKE A TRAVELLING CIRCUS."

any sort of English we could understand.

Except as a pretty useful warning, this type of "trailer" is terrible.

But just why the idea of the "trailer" should be thus confined to the film-world I am at a loss to understand. Why not introduce it into other arts—assuming for the purpose of argument that American films are art? It would be particularly suited to music, and it certainly should be very effective in painting. For instance, I can imagine a "trailer" of the Royal Academy Exhibition in the shape of illustrated booklets containing either reproductions of the more exciting sections of the more exciting pictures, or, better, made-up groups consisting of suitable figures cleverly selected from different works exhibited. Any good publicity man could get some startling effects like this: say, a composite scene of Mr. Mahlstick's seated portrait of "Alderman Chubleigh" with his well-known pop-eyed stare; Miss Carmine Pallet's figure of *Salome* from "Herod's Pleasure," and the constable on point-duty from Sir Lake Madder's "Holborn."

Sculpture presents greater difficulties, but, as I understand most sculptors work from preliminary models in clay or plaster, these could be arranged in highly peculiar groups as a "trailer" and sent round the country on specially designed lorries like a travelling circus. Those figures whose postures lent themselves could have "throw-away" hand-bills ("Please take one!") tucked under their arms, or carry advertising posters like newsboys—

"UNDENIABLY THE WORLD'S MOST DRAMATIC AND SENSATIONAL EXHIBITION OF SCULPTURE. SEE IT! FEEL IT! COMING SHORTLY!"

For an EPSTEIN exhibition, of course, special steam-tractors would be necessary; on the other hand, he could, if he wished to save on haulage-charges, easily chip portions off his major works

—particularly from the hands and feet—and send those round instead. While I won't display my lack of knowledge of Art by saying it would be an improvement, I'm sure at any rate they'd never be missed.

But the greatest and widest future for the "trailer" lies in the literary world. Indeed, to let you into a secret—if you have got as far as this—Mr. Peter Parasang, author of *The Dagger in the Diaphragm*, *The Jugular Jagger* and other well-known murder mysteries, having recently asked me to write an appreciatory advertisement for his next book, I decided to cast it in "trailer" form. My idea was to have it



"WAS THAT THE ROAR OF A TRAIN?"

printed as a brochure to be given away shortly before publication. It goes something like this:—

MYSTERY! MYSTERY! MYSTERY!

Who is the Garrotting Gorilla? He, She or It? Don't Miss It (*Her or Him*).

Say, just slap the optic on p. 107, part of:—

> . . . Within the room all was blackness. Hugh Desmayne, one hand on the electric-light switch, the other clutching his revolver, peered forward into the velvety darkness. Suddenly a gurgle sounded just to his right—then three groans to his left. A death-rattle or so rang out in front of him and there was the rush of life-blood upon a thick-pile Aubusson carpet. His senses, keyed to the uttermost, signalled him a vague impression that something terrible might be happening in that room. He switched on the light. *Ah!* AH!! AH!!! It was the Garrotting Gorilla. . . .

It talks! It moves! It murders!

COMING SHORTLY.

Don't fail to get this book.

COMING SHORTLY.

Say, now give page 279 *the once-over:*

> . . . Hugh Desmayne lay on the railway-track bound head and foot. His head was secured on the up main line, his feet on the down. "It will be amusing for you," the masked unknown had snarled, "to see whether the 9.40 London-Sheffield Express will be on time and so remove your feet before the 8.15 goods from Nottingham—which is usually five minutes late—takes your head. Should the 8.15 goods be only three minutes late the—er—accidents will be simultaneous. Here is a schedule and you can work it out for yourself. . . ."
>
> Was that the roar of a train? No, it was worse. It was the roar of *two* trains. Which would reach him first? Always a gambler, even in the teeth of death, his head had two to one in bobs on the 9.40 with his feet. The trains were coming, coming.

COMING SHORTLY!

This will be the finest All-Talking, All-Murdering, Huper-Syper Mystery Story ever placed for purposes of relaxation in the hands of a Cabinet Minister.

COMING SHORTLY!!!

This seems to me all right. It is, I feel, galvanic. It has certainly galvanised Mr. Peter Parasang himself. He has been on the 'phone for me three times this morning, and, though I have three times told him respectfully that I was out, I feel he is getting to disbelieve even me. So meanwhile I am working on the alternative or advanced type of "trailer"—a sort of conversation between the author and his characters introducing the latter.

Mr. Parasang. Why, hullo, Mr. Desmayne! Glad to see you about and in print once more. You seem wonderfully intact after your terrible time in my last book.

Hugh Desmayne. What mattered it, so long as I solved the mystery of the Dagger in the Diaphragm—whose dagger and whose diaphragm?

Mr. Parasang. You should really investigate this case of the Garrotting Gorilla who has recently been terrorising Ealing Broadway. I feel sure there would be a book in it.

Hugh Desmayne. There is and will be. . . . Drama, Passion and the Love of a Pure Young Girl—— Er—that reminds me! . . . Allow me to introduce Miss Dollie Dumbelle, the most charming heroine you have yet created.

Miss Dumbelle. Delighted! . . . (*With a look at* Mr. Parasang *she melts into* Hugh's *embrace*). Oh, Hugh, you *will* save me from this gorilla?

Mr. Parasang. Really, I'm——

Hugh Desmayne. Not you, Sir. She refers to the *Garrotting* Gorilla.

Mr. Parasang. Oh, of course. But (*alertly*) you'll have some pretty ticklish situations first, Miss Dumbelle. Decoyed to mysterious houses, shut up in dark-rooms where any development may be expected, alone in haunted chapels with homicidal maniacs, kidnapped by this fiend in human shape—I should say, this human in gorilla's shape——

Miss Dumbelle (*drawing herself up proudly*). I know my duties. Without my intrusion the mystery could of course be solved quite simply in chap-



"THE GARROTTING GORILLA."

ter four. No, you may rely on me to make the usual fool of myself. . . .

Hugh Desmayne (*hoarsely*). What's that? Look!

Miss Dumbelle (*shrieks*). *Aah!!* The Garrotting Gorilla!

Mr. Parasang (*proudly*). *I* made it. It moves. It talks.

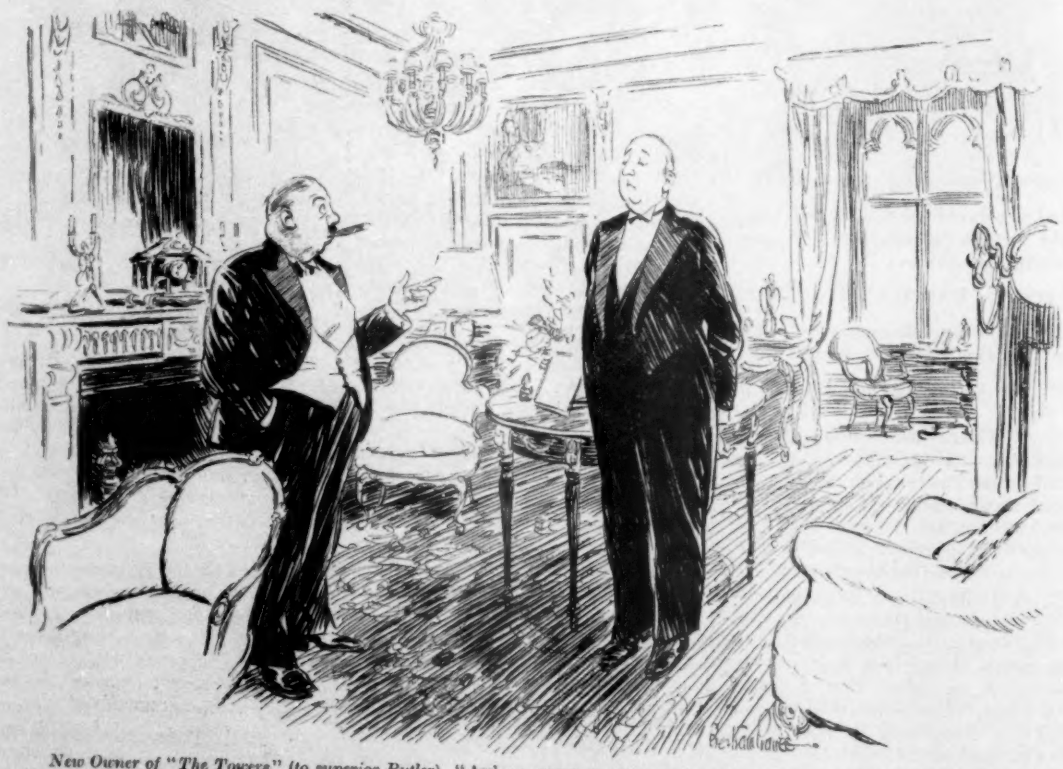
And so on. But I fear Mr. Parasang won't like that either. Too advanced for him. He is really a very unenterprising fellow. He'll back away from me looking quite scared, and he'll end up by writing himself—at his publisher's request—Ye Simple Olde Tyme "blurb" for the inside of the jacket:—

"In this book Mr. Parasang once more proves himself a master of unusual crime and mysterious incident, etc. . . Thrills abound and the reader is kept breathless till the final chapters, etc. . . . Will certainly place its author in the front rank of present-day novelists."

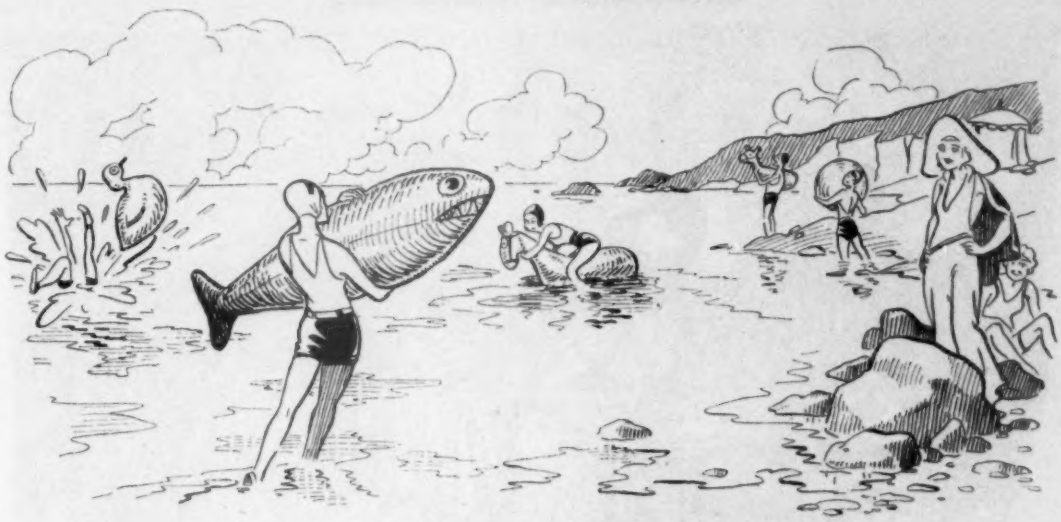
Ah, well! Poor conventional fish! But, if I know my business, the day of the literary trailer will come. A. A.



Golfer (whose ball has been retrieved from out of bounds by farmer). "VERY DECENT OF HIM."
Caddie. "HE KEEPS TRYIN' TO SELL THIS BIT O' LAND TO THE CLUB. YOU'VE GIVEN HIM FRESH HOPE."



New Owner of "The Towers" (to superior Butler). "AN' NO MORE OF THIS FLOATIN' SOLEMNLY AROUND. I WANT TO SEE YOU SCAMPER."



IT IS HOPED THAT THE POPULARITY OF THE INFLATED RUBBER FLOAT—



WILL ENCOURAGE THE INDUSTRY TO DEVELOP NEW FEATURES.

UNCONSCIOUS HUMOURISTS.



THE CHARMING YOUNG GOLD-DIGGER WHO EXPECTED RESULTS FROM AN ABERDONIAN.



THE PARTING GUEST WHO WAS QUITE SURE THAT HE HAD GIVEN THE BUTLER AN ADEQUATE TIP.

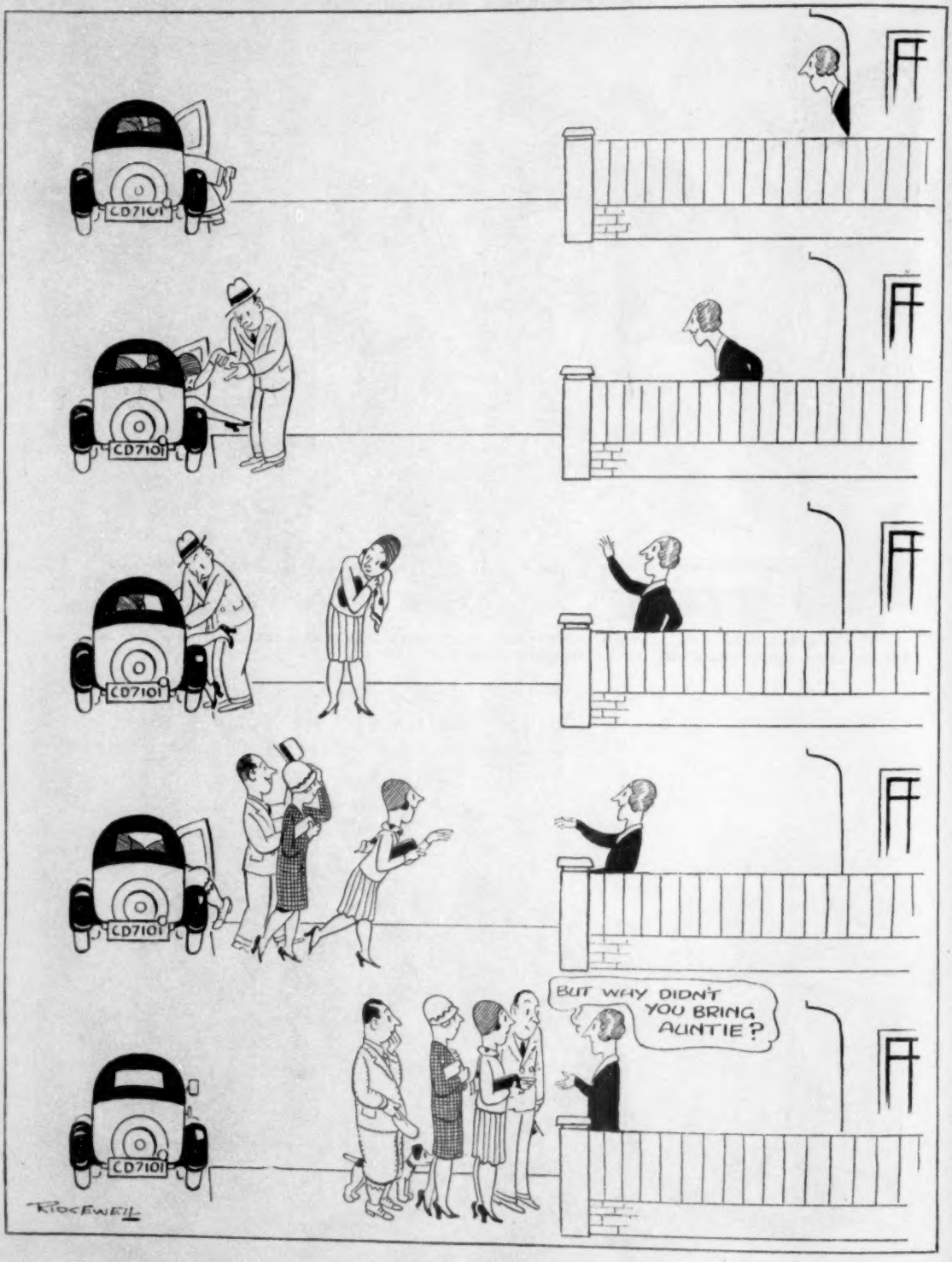
UNCONSCIOUS HUMOURISTS.



THE CURATE'S WIFE, WHO, KNOWING SHE WAS THE BEST-DRESSED WOMAN AT A LOCAL GARDEN-PARTY, THOUGHT SHE MIGHT BE DOING HER HUSBAND A BIT OF GOOD.



THE EMINENT PROFESSOR OF HORTICULTURE WHO THOUGHT HE COULD TEACH HIS GARDENERS A THING OR TWO.


CD7101
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CD7101
BUT WHY DIDN'T YOU BRING AUNTIE?
ROCKWELL

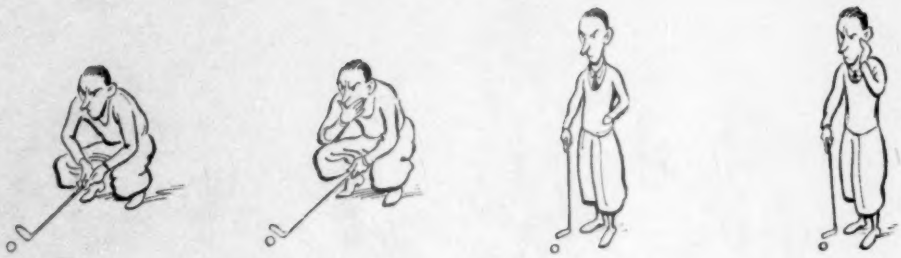
THE VISIT.



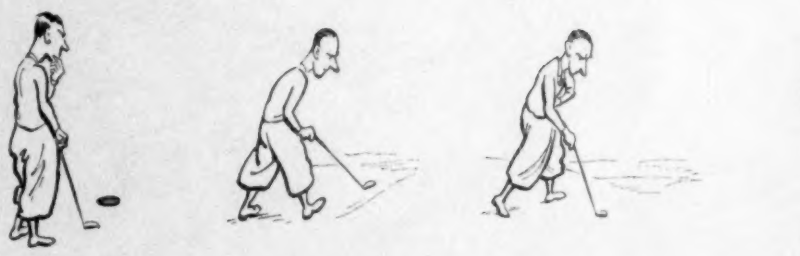
THE SCARECROW SPECIALIST.

SHOWING THE GROWTH OF WOMAN'S INFLUENCE IN AGRICULTURE.



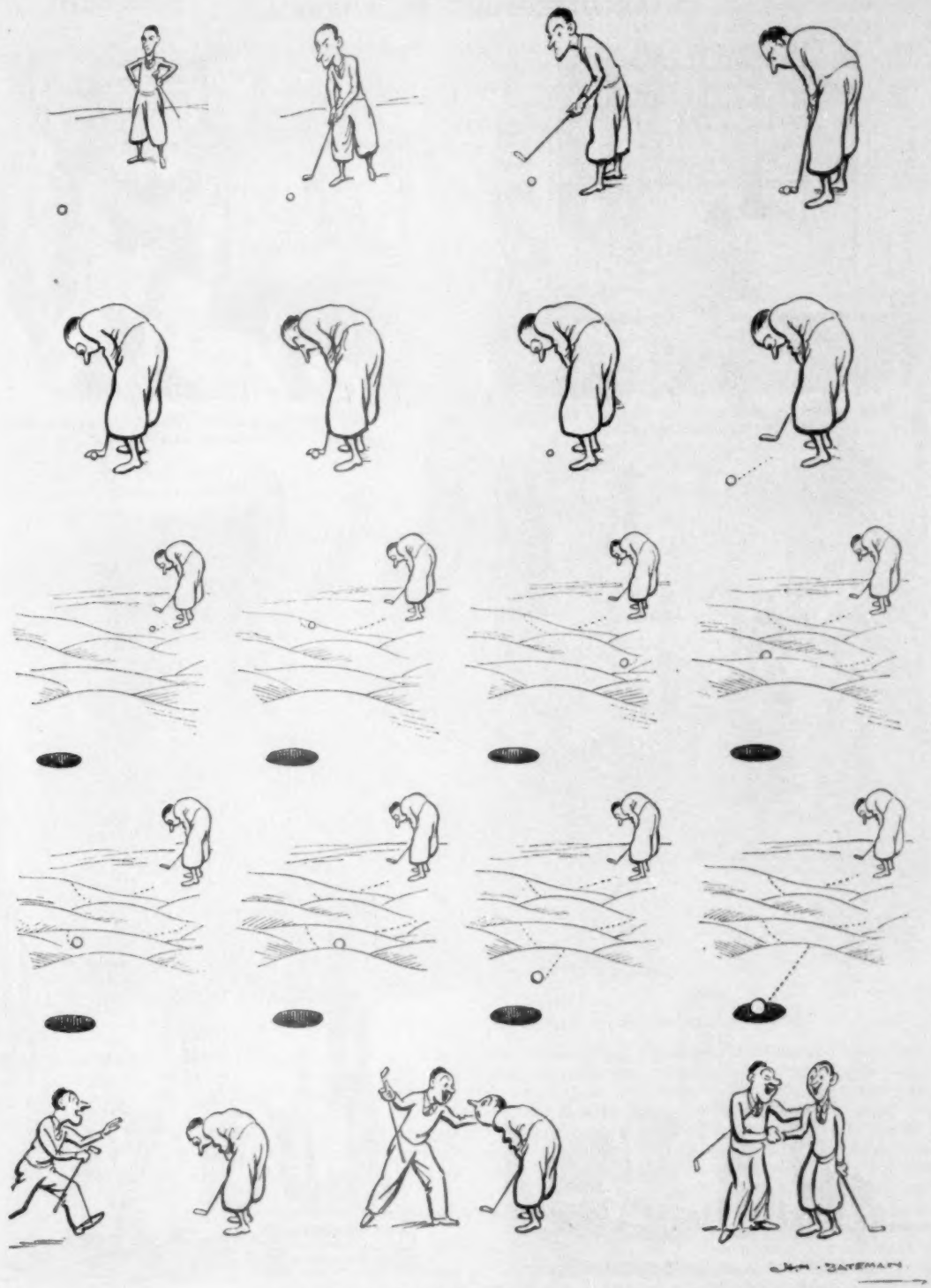






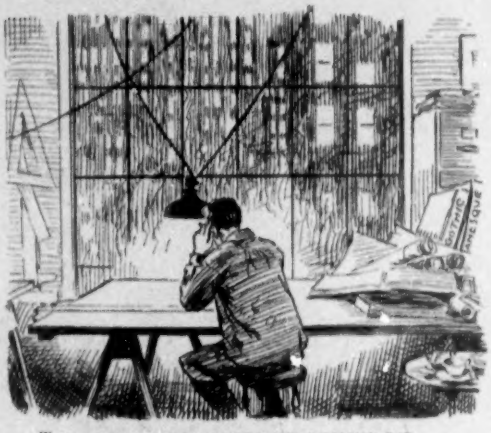


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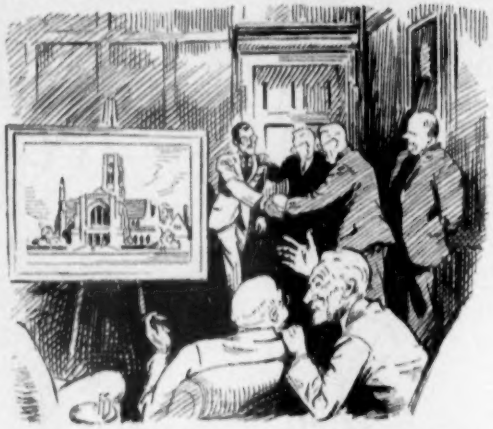


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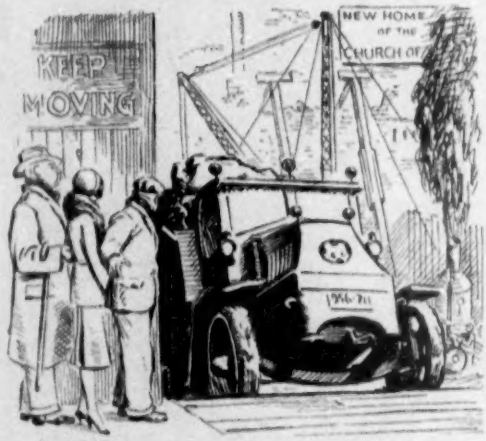
ARCHITECTURE IN AMERICA.



THE ARCHITECT PREPARES HIS DESIGNS FOR A NEW METROPOLITAN CHURCH.



THEY ARE ACCEPTED BY THE AUTHORITIES WITH ENTHUSIASM AND ACCLAIM.



CONSTRUCTION PROCEEDS FORTHWITH—



AND IS FINISHED TO THE LAST DETAIL IN RECORD TIME AS USUAL.



BUT IN A FEW WEEKS. . . .

SPUN YARNS.

"Wha-cher, Sails," sang out Able Seaman Clarke, "come and spin us some of yer yarns."

The sailmaker removed the pipe from his mouth, made a perfect shot at the spitkid from a range of three yards and regarded the group of young able seamen tolerantly.

"I don't know no yarns," he said, "leastways not the sort as would interest blokes like you."

"What's wrong with us then?" laughed Nobby Clarke.

"Too much heducation," replied Sails promptly. "Too clever by 'arf you are; but what can you expect when ships is fitted nowadays with every modern convenience? You never 'as to 'aul on a rope—'cos why?—'cos me Lords 'as provided a ruddy 'lectric motor to 'aul on it for yer. It beats me why nobody 'asn't thought of stainin' an' polishin' the decks to save the pore blues the fatigue of 'aving to scrub 'em."

"The Navy's going to the dogs, ain't it, Sails?" said Nobby encouragingly.

"More like the puppies comin' to the Navy," retorted that worthy salt as he took a seat on a coil of rope alongside the group and yet within convenient range of the spitkid.

"Now, when you was a young A.B.," suggested Nobby.

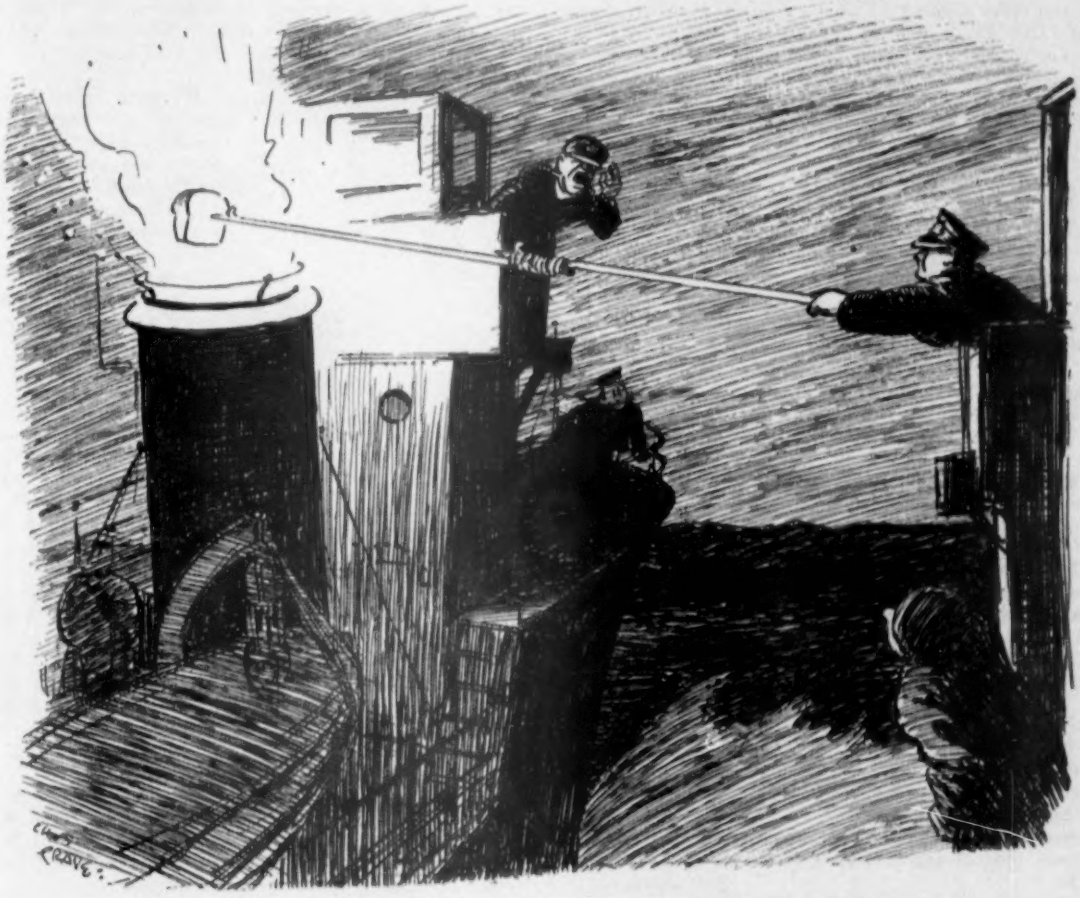
"Ah," said Sails, falling into the trap, "when I first come to sea things was very different. There was room for hindividuality on the lower deck as well as in the cuddy. No wireless and precious little gunnery. Like 'eaven it was compared with now. Hindividuhality—that's the word. I calls to mind——"

"Go on, Sails," shouted a chorus of voices.

"I calls to mind," went on Sails, thus encouraged, "one of my Captains in a destroyer. Ah! 'e was a nut, 'e was, and a proper gentleman. Always 'ad 'is weather eye liftin' for a bit of a skylark. But 'e was that 'umorous that nobody couldn't take offence—not even the Admirality. They do say as 'ow 'e got a hexpression of their Lordships' displeasure and another of their Lordships' approval in the same envelope for one and the same turn-out—but that 's too long a yarn."

"Let 's have it, Sails."

"No, but I 'll tell you another thing 'e did one manœuvres. Our opposite number in the division was a fair swine at flamin' at the funnel. She was always gettin' signals whacked into 'er from Commodore (D) callin' 'er attention to it, as if it weren't already seared on 'er senior engineer's 'eart like Calais on what 's-er-name's. Well, one night we was on patrol in the Channel with all lights out and expectin' the Blue Fleet battleboats around any time, when all of a sudden the 'oly stillness of the middle watch was disturbed by flames shootin' feet 'igh from our oppo's funnels. Our Captain was senior orficer of the division and nine out of ten would



"'What the 'ell are you doing?' shouts the Captain of the other destroyer."

'ave gone off 'arf cock at 'avin' our position given away like that. But 'e just chuckled to 'isself. I was starboard look-out and I guessed 'e was up to one of 'is games.

"'"Starboard Twenty,' 'e says, alterin' course towards the flames, 'and bring me two boat-'ooks and 'arf a loaf of bread.'

"'"Ay, ay, Sir,' I says, and leaves me place o' dooty to get what 'e wanted. When I gets back we was almost alongside the other destroyer, 'oo was still flamin' like 'ell.

"'"Lash the boat-'ooks together,' says the Skipper, 'and look slippy about it.' When I'd done that what d' you think 'e does?"

"Use 'em as a bearin'-off spar?"

"Naow — bearin'-orf spar!—not 'im. 'E sticks the 'arf-loaf of bread on the end of the boat-'ooks and leans right out from the bridge, 'oldin' it towards the flames.

"'"What the 'ell are you doing?' shouts the Captain of the other destroyer.

"'"Don't be alarmed,' says our Owner; 'I only thought I should like to make a little toast.'"

"Coo! What did 'is oppo say?"

"I wouldn't sully me mouth with the remarks 'e passed; but there—I expect 'e was overwrought.

"Then there was the time we ran up 'igh and dry on to the Slapton Sands."

"'Ow was that?"

"Oh, it was in a fog—thickest one I've ever seen, and we was bargin' about at twenty knots, when all at once up we goes. Any of you lads Westoes?"

"No."

"Ah, well, you wouldn't know the Slapton Sands, then. They runs along from Tor Cross in a narrow strip with lees be'ind 'em, and the road not more 'n a few yards from 'igh-water mark."

"Was it 'igh-water when you run up?"

"It were. Spring tides too."

"Then you must 'ave been stickin' over the road."

"We was. In the mornin' the fog cleared before a bit of a westerly breeze what 'ad sprung up. I was on the forecastle and the Owner 'e walks forrard and leans over the rails admirin' the view."

"Weren't 'e in a way about 'avin' piled the ship up?"

"Not 'im. 'E wasn't one to cry over spilt destroyers. Well, presently 'e sees a farm-'and comin' along the road towards us on a push-bike, with 'is 'ead down against the wind. I could see the Owner's mouth twitchin' and knew 'e was wonderin'—same as I was—what that there yokel would think when 'e suddenly came up all standin' against the bows of a destroyer, seein' as 'ow that ain't a usual thing to find in a Devonshire lane.

"On 'e came peddlin' like 'ell until 'e got into the shadow from our bows



"THEN 'E LOOKS UP AND FALLS OFF 'IS BLINKIN' BIKE."

acrost the road. Then 'e looks up, makes a Westo noise of being fair took flat aback, and falls off 'is blinkin' bike.

"'"You silly ass,' says the Owner prompt and peevish like, 'why don't you ring your bell?'"

"Oh, ho! Sails, that's a good one!" roared Nobby. "Can you beat it?"

"Well," said Sails shamelessly, "perhaps you won't believe this one neither?"

"I shouldn't say so, but let's 'ave it anyway."

"Well, this 'ere yarn 'as a moral."

"An' what's that?"

"That life depends on very small things."

"That ain't a moral, it's a blinkin' fact."

"Well, so long as you're agreed on that, you won't be disbelievin' the yarn."

"Is this another of yer personal hexperiences?"

"No, me father told me this one. 'E saw it 'appen when 'e was a boy along in sail."

"Ah, I thought we should get back to sail afore long. Well?"

"Well, there was a cove workin' on the tops'l yard furlin' sail when 'e suddenly comes over all queer like and falls face downwards to the deck."

"Strewth!"

"You're right. Everyone on the upper deck rushed toward 'im if only to be the first to swab up the mess, 'cos they was a very smart ship and very particular about anything spilt on the deck. But before anyone could reach 'im 'e 'd picked 'isself up and was walkin' away."

"Oh, Sails! Come orf it."

"That's a true bill. Me father was a parson's winger in our village after 'e took 'is pension, an' 'e wouldn't tell no lies."

"D' you mean to say the man wasn't 'urt at all?" insisted Nobby.

"No, now I never said that," said Sails. "You're hanticipating, you are. 'E sustained a minor injury. 'Is two front teeth stuck into the deck that fast that when 'e got up they was pulled out of 'is jaw."

"Ah, I get you. The moral is that 'e ought to 'ave 'ad false teeth, then 'e wouldn't 'ave been 'urt at all."

"'Ere, dry up," barked Sails, "I ain't come to the moral yet."

"Oh, beg pardon."

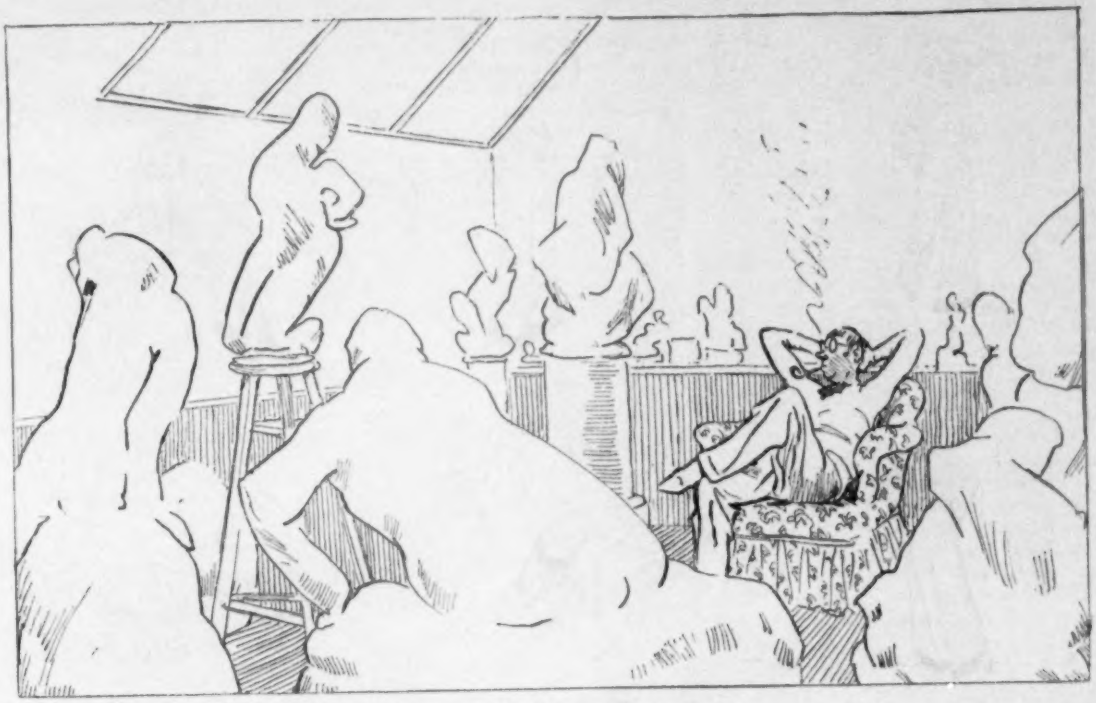
"Now 'e should 'ave lorst the number of 'is mess, shouldn't 'e? Well, 'e didn't. But one of 'is messmates, runnin' up to 'elp, tripped over they there two teeth, fell down an 'atch and broke 'is blinkin' neck."

"Sails," said Nobby Clarke, rising solemnly to his feet, "I looks towards yer."

"Sails," continued the next member of his audience, "I catches yer eye."

"I bows according," murmured the third.

"And likewise I," concluded the fourth.



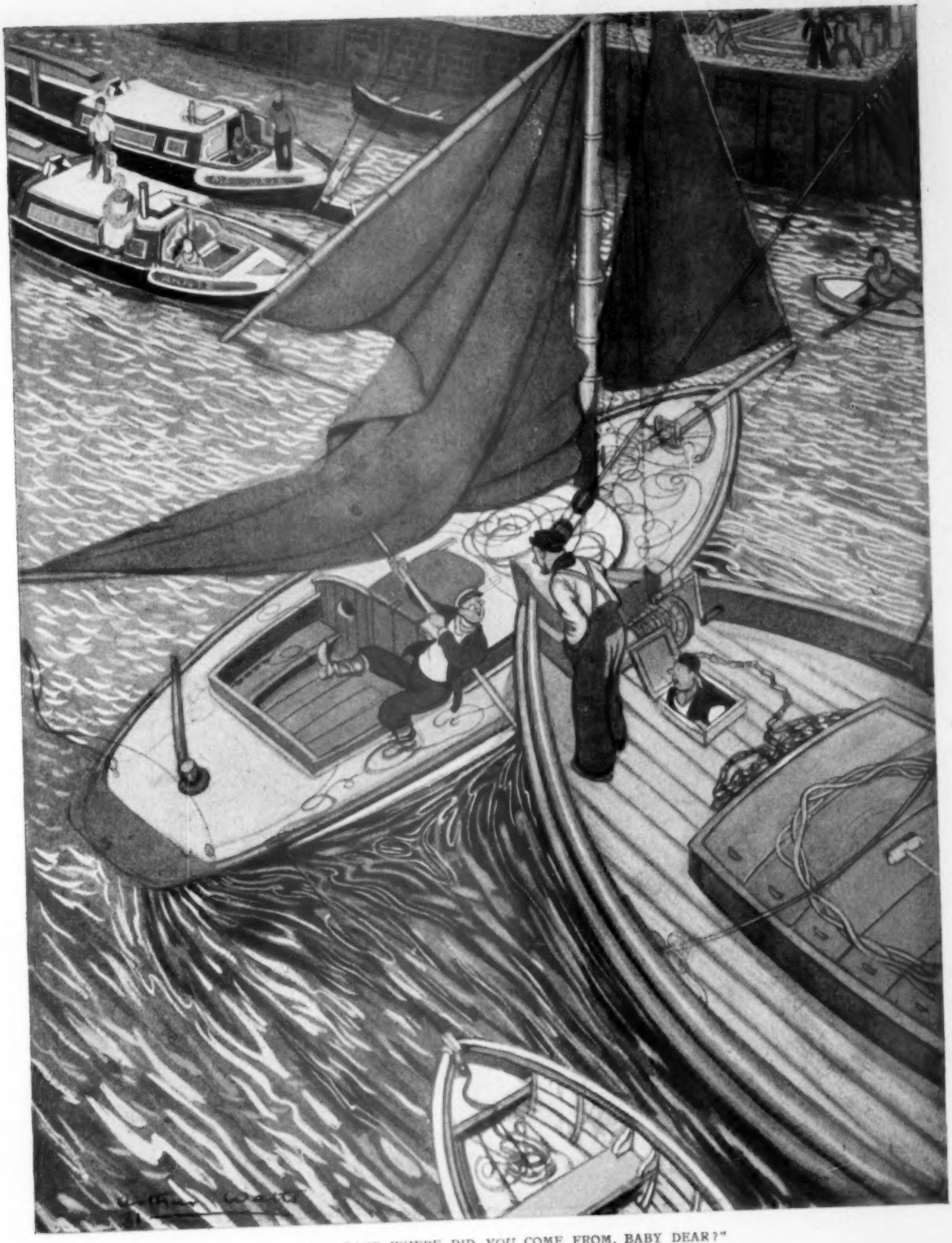
Our Modern Sculptor needed a change—



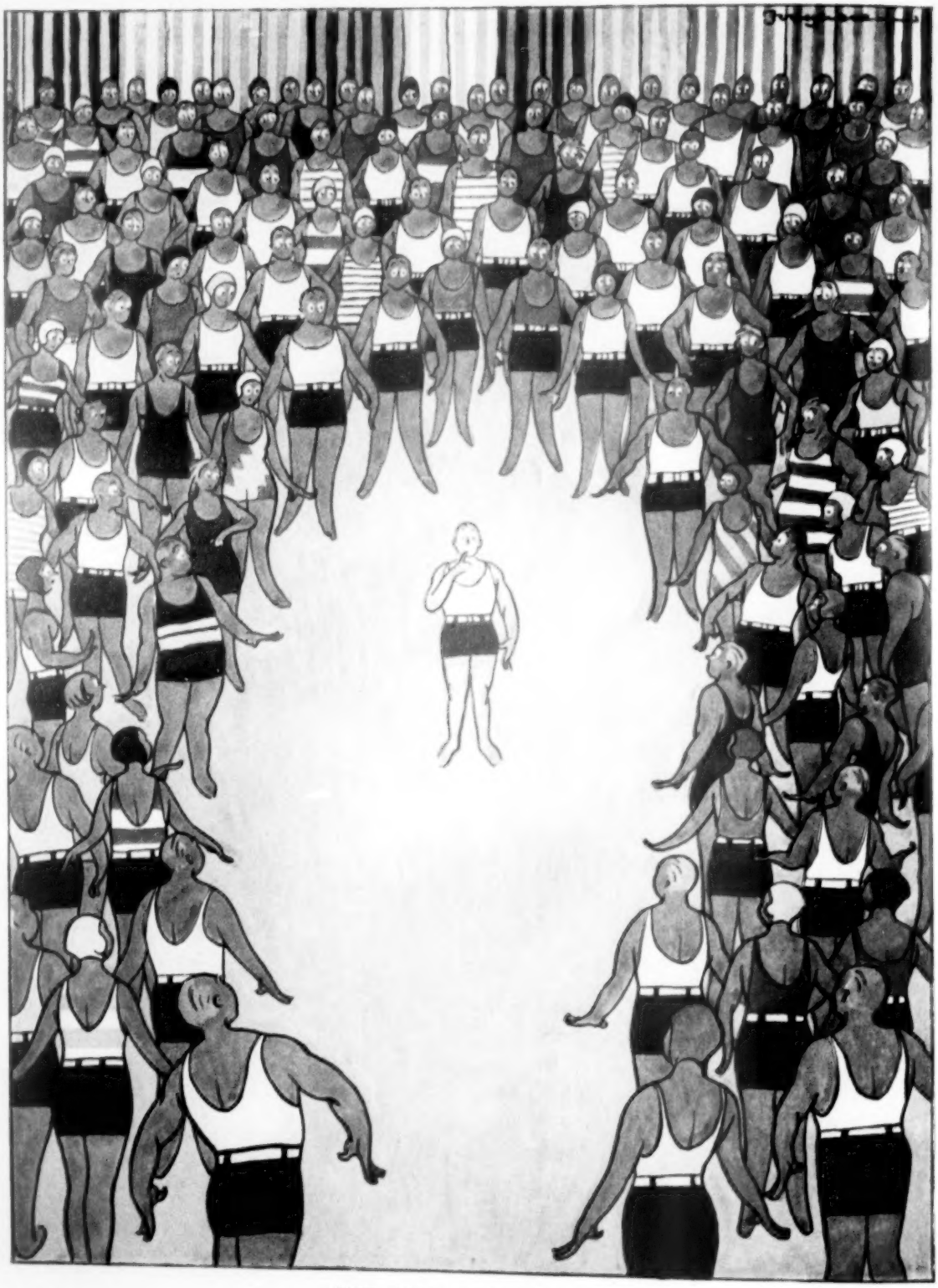
so he decided to run down to Cornwall.



THE SLEEPING SUIT.



The Bargee. "AND WHERE DID *YOU* COME FROM, BABY DEAR?"



THE COLOUR QUESTION.

THE NEW ARRIVAL ON THE BATHING-BEACH.



"IF IT'S A FAIR QUESTION——"

HAVE I, I wonder, the type of face that encourages people, after a comparatively short acquaintance, to become curious about my private affairs? Some defect of personality that makes me an easy target for personal questions? You know—at least I hope you don't know—the sort of questions I mean. Unexpected and irrelevant, they are shot at you out of a conversational sky of the purest blue. They take me so completely by surprise that I often find myself answering them, much to my annoyance, in a literal manner, as if I were only waiting to be asked who my mother was, what my income is, and if there is insanity in my family. These tender inquiries are usually preceded by the formula, "If it's a fair question." And that means, of course, that they are the unblushing opposite of fair.

How should one deal with such questions? What is the best retort, for instance, to this: "If it's a fair question, who were you with at the theatre the other evening?" The practised snubber, which I am not, has several ways open to him. He can be flippant and reply, "I was with my father's only son;" or evasive—"I didn't see *you* there; were you in the upper circle?" or inconsequent—"I shouldn't wonder if we had rain before morning;" or silent, with a twelve-horse-power stare. But none of these seems really satisfactory. What one should aim at, I suppose, is the soft answer that turneth away idle curiosity, that reproveth but doth it urbanely.

Again. "If it's a fair question, what did you pay for your house?"—(*a*) "I won it in a crossword competition;" (*b*) "I haven't had the bill yet;" (*c*) "I've forgotten the figure for the moment." You cannot honestly say that any of these is the sort of thing to put the questioner in his place without making him feel uncomfortable in so unusual a position.

Here are some more. "If it's a fair question, who's your tailor?"—"My tailor is (*a*) MUSSOLINI; (*b*) H. G. WELLS; (*c*) EINSTEIN; (*d*) EPSTEIN." Rather unfunny and vulgar, don't you think? "If it's a fair question, why don't you get a decent car?"—"Because I prefer an *in*decent car" (the rudely obvious); "because decent cars give me nettle-rash" (absurd); "because there's a *b* in both" (silly). "If it's a fair question, how do you manage to send your son to Cambridge?"—"By living on bread-and-dripping with a little meat on Sundays;" "by embezzling the firm's money;" "by blackmailing a rich uncle;" "by cheating at bridge." Dozens of answers occur to you, but never the one that refuses information and at the same time stamps you as a man of wit and refinement.

"If it's a fair question, why aren't you on the telephone?" Here one is sorely tempted to reply, "So that people like you can't ring me up." But one cannot descend to schoolboy repartee.

A minor social problem, no doubt, but, if it's a fair question, why are people so infernally inquisitive?

"After a five hours' thunderstorm yesterday two streams burst their banks and flowed in raging torrents into London Road, Corwen. . . . Police in waders bailed the water out of the police-station."—*Manchester Paper.*

We are not told on whose security it was admitted to bail.

MORÉ BRIDGE.

[On reading a letter in *The Times* from Sir PERCY SIMMONS.]

FULL of the feats of Henley crews,
Also the Marble Arch's movements,
Limply I read the great man's views
Who runs the L.C.C. "Improvements."

In language which I won't relate
He dealt with vital topics bearing
Upon the Bridge they adumbrate
From Surrey to the Cross of Charing.

When I had culled his opening phrase,
As of a lost chord I could hear a
Faint echo out of antique days
Back in the dim Edwardian era.

More vague than ill-remembered dreams,
I found it clearer as I read on,
And, ere I'd done, could date his theme's
Origin as pre-Armageddon.

Darkly I wondered when and what
Will be the end of their endeavour,
And failed to see why they should not
Go ruminating on for ever.

Five years the Plan is timed to take
Which Bolshies boom with lusty pæans,
But here is one that in the make
Should last, with luck, for several æons.

Indeed when I would visualise
The thing's eventual consummation,
My faith 's as weak as when my eyes
Look for Millennium's installation.

Which will be first to come our way,
Bridge or Millennium? That's a matter
None can foreknow, but I will lay
Six evening shirts upon the latter.

O. S.

CHARIVARIA.

"IT is easier to get into Heaven than into the Centre Court at Wimbledon," says Mr. JAMES DOUGLAS. He speaks, of course, as the editor of a popular Sunday paper.

***

Sir A. DANIEL HALL, Scientific Adviser to the Ministry of Agriculture, has expressed the opinion that it is useless to tell people to drink more milk, because they don't like it. In Shoe Lane, on the other hand, confidence is felt that people will learn to like what Lord BEAVERBROOK considers is good for them.

***

A new gas which can bring down aeroplanes by suddenly stopping their motors is the latest contribution to world peace.

***

Professor G. P. LESTRADE, of Pretoria University, condemns the South African natives' practice of paying in cattle for wives on the instalment plan. Nothing is more calculated to militate against the serenity of marital relations than the consciousness that there are still a few cows owing on the wife.

***

A doctor complains that there are too many germ-carriers in this country. What does he suggest that germs should do? Walk?

***

It is pointed out as an advantage of the telephone system in Russia that when you call the exchange the operator gives you her official personal number. Very nice, of course, if only she gives you her right number.

***

A marked increase in the attendance at Berlin museums is attributed to economic depression. There are times when we ourselves feel driven to Bloomsbury.

***

Sir JAMES JEANS asks, "Why should the world come to an end?" It is presumed that, failing a satisfactory answer, it will just go on.

***

A lady-astrologer points out that children born when there is a "u" in the month should be given either Christian or pet names which incorporate this vowel, as it signifies intelligence. "Bunny" is indicated.

***

On reading that travellers in Ecuador have met a tribe of Indians who catch fish by beckoning to them we hasten to protest against any overlapping of travellers' stories and fish stories.

***

We have been unable to obtain confirmation of the rumour that a feature of the forthcoming Bradford historical pageant will be the triumphant progress of Mr. J. B. PRIESTLEY.

***

In Moscow, we learn, three roubles is the price of a coffee "with coarse black bread thrown in." We don't like even refined bread thrown into our coffee.

***

A promoter of village drama has told an interviewer that the players are often watched with interest by relatives, particularly when they are playing Shakespeare. Yet we shouldn't be surprised to learn that the rude forefathers of the *Hamlet* sometimes sleep.

***

A traveller in Soviet Russia reports that STALIN's nickname is "Dog-face Joe." Is the Society for Cultural Relations with Soviet Russia aware of this?

***

The Union of Post-Office Workers is concerned at the prevalence of flat-foot among boy messengers. We doubt, however, whether the young lady at the stamp-counter really cares.

***

On the eve of last week's resumption of the Chinese Civil War it was announced that the first shot would be fired on Wednesday. A rumour gained credence, however, that the opposing leaders had agreed that it should be allowed to go for four byes.

***

General Sir FREDERICK MAURICE finds serious military improbabilities in the account given by HERODOTUS of the battle of Marathon. Smith minor isn't allowing this to unsettle him.

***

A schoolmaster writing in a morning paper says the modern father rarely boxes his son's ears. The modern father wouldn't dare.

***

There is one man in the House of Commons who agrees unconditionally with Mr. SNOWDEN's Land Tax policy, and Mr. SNOWDEN doesn't care who knows it.

***

According to an authority British cooks can beat the world at preparing good wholesome meals. Then why don't they?

***

A correspondent writing in a morning paper says that for years he has been longing to wear a straw-hat again. We all have our secret yearnings but some of us shrink from exposing them.

***

We learn that, in proportion to its size, a fly walks thirty-five times as fast as a human being. This is why so few flies are run down by charabancs.

***

The discovery by a German chemist of a process by which coal can be made to produce food in the form of synthetic albumen is expected to lead to the adoption of the spread-over system at all the best breakfast-tables.

***

"The Soviet is run on very fair and methodical lines," declares a writer. We understand that outspoken critics are executed in strict rotation.

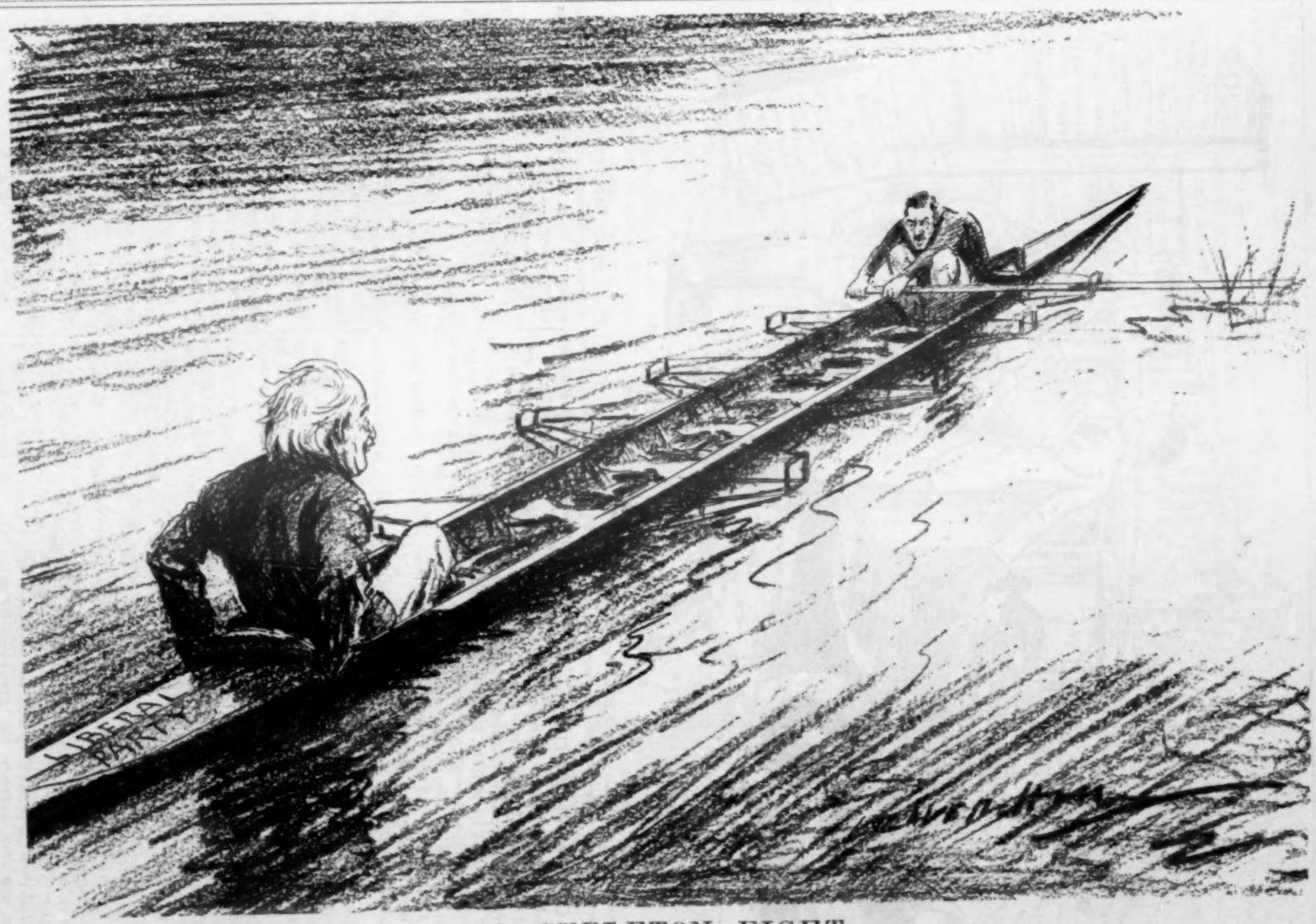
***

"The life of a popular tune is very short," says a musician. The same would often be true of the composer but for the deterrent of capital punishment.

***

A daily paper has received a communication from a plumber protesting against jokes about plumbers. It is to his credit that he remembered to post the letter.

PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.—JULY 8, 1931.



A SKELETON EIGHT.

COX (*Mr. LLOYD GEORGE*) *to* BOW (*Sir HERBERT SAMUEL*). "NOW, THEN, ALL TOGETHER!"



PICKING UP THE PILOT.

Owner-Driver at Marble Arch. "NOW CAN YOU GET US TO SOHO SQUARE WITHOUT GOING ROUND CAMBERWELL GREEN?"

A COMPANY MEETING.

THE Twenty-Eighth Astonishing General Meeting of Pottlebury's Cure-All Liver Lozenges, Ltd., was held last week at the Hotel Incredible, Ludgate Circus, E.C., amid scenes of the utmost riot and confusion. Mr. Archibald I. Snoop, the Chairman of the Company, in moving the adoption of the report and accounts, said:—

"Ladies and Gentlemen, it is my duty to inform you that we have made a net trading profit for the year of £200,000 1*s.* 1¾*d.*, which, I regret to say, is some £29,000 less than the profits of the preceding year——"

A Shareholder. Shame!

Another Shareholder. Abominable!

The Chairman. This is largely accounted for by the fall in the Comany's export business. The export, for instance, of our Liver Lozenges to Soviet Russia and to China has decreased by more than fifty per cent——

A Very Large Shareholder (*rising and shouting in a tremendous voice*). And whose fault is that?

The Chairman. It is not very easy to say. In my own opinion, the Five Years' Plan, committing the Russian people to a policy of emaciation——

A Woman Shareholder (*rising and speaking very shrilly*). May I remind the Chairman that Pottlebury's Cure-All Lozenges are stated in our advertisements to be not only a tonic but a food?

A Director (*warmly*). And so they are!

Another Shareholder. What about the Chinese trade?

The Chairman. I regret to say that the Chinese Christian General, Bung-Ho, issued an edict forbidding the use of Pottlebury's Cure-All Lozenges to his troops on the ground that they were undermining their moral.

Several Shareholders. Shame! Shame!

The Chairman. In other countries, again, notably Siam, Madagascar, Bolivia and the Republic of Patagonia, the growth of competitive liver-lozenge factories, fostered by protective tariffs——

Another Irate Shareholder. Is there not enough dyspepsia in the world to ensure the popularity of Pottlebury's Cure-Alls in spite of these trade barriers? What about Siam? When I was in Siam the number of people suffering from the feeling of fulness after eating——

The Chairman. Order! Order!

Shareholder (*continuing*). With better salesmanship and advertising the——

A Director. Pray let the Chairman proceed with his report.

Shareholder (*indomitably*). Dizziness and vomiting in Madagascar——

A Director. I am sure the Chairman will be delighted to hear any remarks that any individual shareholder may like to make at the close of the meeting.

Another Director. Bat him one on the side of the head!

A struggle ensued, during which several shareholders attempted to storm the platform, but were pulled down by the coat-tails. Eventually the Chairman continued.

The Chairman. I turn now to our Home sales, and have the greatest pleasure in announcing that despite the period of depression through which trade has recently passed these have only shown a very slight diminution.

A Voice. They ought to have been bigger.

A Director (*angrily*). Why?

The Voice. Pottlebury's Cure-Alls

give a sense of buoyancy and freedom from care! The more the burden of taxation——

Another Voice. Shut up!

Several Other Voices. Hear, hear! Let him speak! Why can't we sell more Cure-Alls when times are bad?

The Chairman. If you will kindly allow me——

A Voice. Boo!

The Chairman. If you will kindly allow me to go on, I would like to point out that the decrease of social festivities, coupled with the simplification of menus in official, and to a certain extent even in civic, banquets——

The Very Large Shareholder (*rising and roaring again*). What about the effect of Pottlebury's on the nerve-centres and the roots of the hair?

Cries from all parts of the room. What about it? Answer that!

The Chairman (*sitting down*). I refuse to go on if this uproar continues.

A Director (*rising and speaking persuasively*). Ladies and Gentlemen, for seventeen years I suffered acutely from rheumatism, arthritis, heartburn, lassitude and discomfort after meals. I became a shadow of my former self.

Two Other Directors. So did we!

The Director. We all became shadows of our former selves. To what did we owe our recovery? To Pottlebury's Cure-All Lozenges, the message of which we are trying to spread throughout the civilised world. Fortune may have been against us during the past year; overeating may have declined; gout and rheumatism may have suffered from a temporary set-back; biliousness may have been in abeyance; lassitude may have been under a cloud. But things are looking up again. I can assure you there are signs of betterment in the air. Already we can see the dawn over the mountain-tops. Give us your confidence and I know, I feel certain, that Pottlebury's will come into their own again! If you will allow Mr. Snoop——

The Chairman (*rising again and speaking hastily*). In recommending a reduced dividend no the Deferred shares——

A Voice. Why not reduce the costs of production?

The Chairman. Everything that forethought can devise has already been done.

Another Voice. Why not put more kick into them?

The Chairman (*with dignity*). It has always been a point of pride that Pottlebury's Cure-All Liver Lozenges were harmless, even to infants, in whatever quantities they might be taken. We have nailed our colours to the mast on that policy, and we do not mean to desert it now in order to pander to a vicious taste for excitement. Speaking as one who has always had the best interests of Pottlebury's Cure-All Liver Lozenges at heart, who has loved and fought and worked for Pottlebury's——

At this point there was a stampede. More than twenty shareholders sprang upon the platform and bore the Chairman down by sheer weight of numbers. The police were hastily summoned, but before they could arrive Mr. Snoop had been compelled to swallow nearly half-a-bottle of Pottlebury's Cure-All Liver Lozenges, of which one, taken four times a day with a little water immediately before meals, is the regulation dose. He now lies in a critical condition in a private nursing-home.

The meeting was adjourned *sine die*.

EVOE.



Mother. "BIT 'OPEFUL, AIN'T YER, EXPECTIN' TO GET 'OLLAND ON ONE BULB?"

DOMINION DOGGEDNESS.

PEOPLE who collect cricket records will already have added to their list the fact that the eighth wicket in the Test match at Lord's last week, between



PADS AND THE MAN.
C. S. DEMPSTER.

England and New Zealand, put on 246 runs, but they may not have noted that it was probably the first occasion when such a partnership was interrupted and honoured by a visit from the KING. That, I am sure, is an event without a parallel. The Royal Standard flying instead of the Union Jack on the pavilion flagstaff had indicated that HIS MAJESTY was expected, but no one could have foreseen the state of the game when the two elevens lined up to receive him. Such long stands are not common events even in ordinary non-Test cricket, and the feat was the more remarkable because, when the Selection Committee laid their sagacious and not too hirsute heads together and chose G. O. ALLEN, one of the participants in this mighty achievement, it is presumed they did so not for his fast hitting but his fast bowling—and he had not bowled too successfully. Well, cricket is like that. Is there not a phrase about glorious uncertainty?

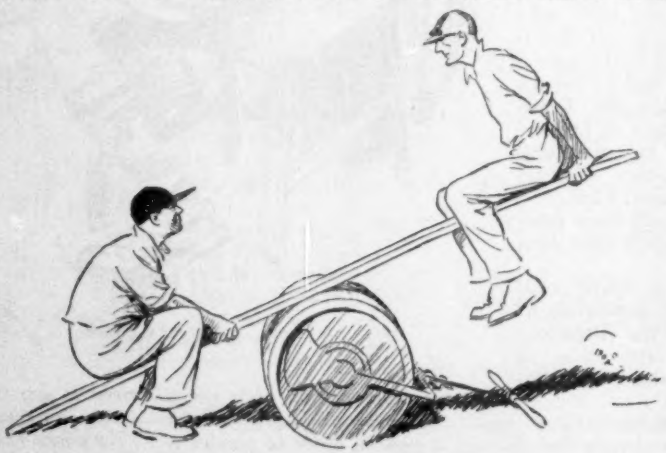
ALLEN was dramatic throughout; dramatic in his failure to get length or direction: dramatic in his innings with its Royal benediction in the middle, and then in his attempt to reach his hundred before lunch. When the interval came he was 98, and who could dare not to remember 98 all through that meal, wondering what the first over after it had in store for him? So many a man has failed in the nineties; WOOLLEY, the hero of this match on its first day, actually scored ninety-odd twice in a Test at Lord's against the Australians. Moreover, lunch is a great deceiver. But all was well, and ALLEN not only got the necessary two, from a boundary to long-off, but went on to make twenty more. And that was not all; for in the New Zealanders' second innings he bowled MILLS of Auckland, who had made 34 in the first innings, first ball. Not exactly ALLEN'S match, but ALLEN'S display.

Until the New Zealanders in their second innings made England's bowling look so ordinary and stingless, we were calling it WOOLLEY'S match, for it was the Long Man of Kent who turned the tide in the English attack or defence on the first day and made things easier for AMES and ALLEN. WOOLLEY never looked longer nor his bat a more trifling detail, while he was helped by the New Zealand captain's apparent ignorance of his favourite and most dangerous strokes. But as things turned out it was New Zealand's match, ending as it did at the close of the three days with England needing 94 to win and five of their best wickets down: a situation which no one, not even the most sapient pavilion critic, would have predicted. For what everyone was saying was that New Zealand's bowling was unequal to the task of getting us out. Well, it allowed us to make 454 in the first innings, or 230 more than the enemy. But there are two sides to everything, and who, at the close of that innings on Monday afternoon, would have dreamed that before England could bat again that 230 deficit would be wiped off and 239 added? Glorious uncertainty, indeed.



PEEBLES IN ACTION.

One proof that the English bowling was inadequate is that that gallant warrior but most indifferent bat, R. C. BLUNT of Otago, was allowed to make 96 runs. Never have I seen anything less like Test-match form. But, sharing with C. S. DEMPSTER of Wellington, G. L. WEIR of Auckland, M. L. PAGE of Canterbury and T. C. LOWRY of Wellington the courage and patience which I shall evermore associate with New Zealand, he kept up his end by merely placing the bat before the ball for what seemed like an eternity. With the exception of J. E. MILLS of Auckland, a left-hander, the New Zealanders are not graceful batsmen; but they have heart-breaking qualities instead. Their crack, DEMPSTER, is no stylist, but he is armed at every point; PAGE, while hitting to leg better than any Englishman, is perfectly content to block; WEIR is a tower of defence. But BLUNT is largely an obstacle. Yet not ALLEN, not PEEBLES, not ROBINS, not VOCE, not HAMMOND could get past him until he had made four short of a hundred. WOOLLEY, the



UPS AND DOWNS.
LOWRY AND JARDINE.

crafty veteran of the team, might have done so, but JARDINE never gave him the chance. And so our score of 454 for ten wickets was made to look foolish by New Zealand's 469 for nine, and the old proud Mother Country had to bat on a declaration! New Zealand has every right to be pleased.

There were sad disappointments before, in our first innings, WOOLLEY, our Nestor, came to the rescue. DULEEP began with address and confidence, hitting the ball where the men were not, but just as we settled down to enjoy the feast he broke this rule and was caught in the long field. ARNOLD, BAKEWELL and HAMMOND failed to make double figures, although they all did it in the second innings. JARDINE did not stay long enough and was tamely out, making room for the AMES and ALLEN record. ROBINS'S round dozen on the score-sheet does not convey the ease and mastery of his strokes, and he particularly delighted me by carrying out the instructions of one of his most illustrious Middlesex predecessors. "What," asked a young recruit of Sir T. C. O'BRIEN, "should one do with the first ball?" "Hit it for four," said that forceful genius. Well, that is what ROBINS did, and there wasn't a better stroke in the match until HAMMOND'S second innings.

I never saw the purchasable seats at Lord's so full on the first day—the first day not only of the match but almost of the true summer—but, considering that this was a Test match, the pavilion was ill-attended. A great game; but the next time I see the New Zealanders I hope that the condition of affairs will enable W. G.'s maxim, "Go for the bowling before it goes for you," to be in force. Not, however, that the bowling did go for them. It most disconcertingly did not. Coming away, I saw outside Lord's a newspaper poster which said, "England bowling defied." The trouble is that by the Selection Committee it had been deified. E. V. L.

Things Which Would Never Have Occurred to Us.

"Black sheep are all the more conspicuous for being of such a markedly different hue from the other members of the flock."—*Weekly Paper.*

The Domestic Servant Problem: Baby Solves It.

"GIRL, to cook or willing learn, for officer's family; nurse kept for baby, who helps housework."—*Evening Paper.*

GIVING UP SMOKING.

THANK heaven, I have given up smoking again!

This is the morning of the second day and the thing is now fixed. You can



PAS SEUL BY CHESTER.

scarcely imagine the relief of it. How well I feel! What vitality and vigour! I could bite through the leg of that chair, kick a hole through that table or run about knocking everybody's heads together. In fact I have felt like doing these things since just after luncheon yesterday.

Gad! I feel fit. Homicidal, but fit. A different man. Irritable, moody, depressed, rude, nervy, perhaps; but the lungs are fine. And if I do bash somebody over the head it will at least be said in my defence that I had the strength of mind to give up smoking.

And then the *mental* difference! The mind more active, the imagination less sluggish. True, at the moment I can think of nothing but pipes and cigars; but the mind is busy. True, I am now travelling through the Red Sea and the pipe is never so alluring in the tropics. True, also, I have a cruel sore throat. But these little accidents have really nothing to do with it. I have always meant to give up smoking for good, and now it just happens that I have.

What a filthy foolish habit it was! Have you ever examined the interior of a pipe just after a smoke—a good old long-service, "favourite," disgusting pipe? Incredible! One might as well put a straw in the gutter and have a suck at that. Better, indeed, for the gutter as a rule contains no nicotine.

And what sentimental twaddle we used to talk about it! All this BALDWIN-and-his-pipe stuff, for example. Mr. BALDWIN ought to be ashamed of himself. Obviously he oversmokes; and that explains why—I mean, I know myself exactly the effect it has on the brain. People say it's so "English," and even women will say that they like to see their husbands smoking a pipe. Silly fools! They cannot know what they mean. The writers too, with their "Odes to Tobacco," "My Lady Nicotine" and so forth. "My Lady Nicotine," forsooth! Might as well rhapsodise about "My Lady Tannin" or "My Lady Lipstick."

"English," indeed! Bah! Is it really characteristic of our race to burn a vegetable substance in a small bowl just in front of the eyes and nose and then suck the residuary juices (which are toxic) into the mouth? Is this really a distinguishing mark of the pioneers of civilisation? Again "Bah!"

Gosh, I feel fit! And gosh, what a temper I'm in! Gosh, what an appetite! I could bite that life-buoy through.

It pleases me to think of the time, trouble and transport (to say nothing of cash) which I shall save—am saving already. The *stuff* one carried about! Every time one dressed, every time one went out, every time one changed one's clothes there was the same trouble: Have I got everything? One pipe (generally two), one tobacco-



ABSENT FRIENDS.

pouch (and is it full? and, if not, where's the tin?), the matches, the pipe-cleaners, the knife or Smoker's Companion for poking or cleaning. And some poor slaves, of course, carry cigarettes as well. What a lot of trash! Bulging out the pockets, spoiling the figure! Here I sit in my tropical suit, with empty pockets at last, a flat surface and the right shape.

And free of that endless match-trouble. He does not notice it, maybe; but life for the pipe-smoker is really coloured by the number of matches in his box. He acquires a full box—elation; someone removes it—agony; it dwindles towards emptiness—growing anxiety; the last match flickers out—despair; no matches to be had anywhere—madness, murder, anything.

And then the *labour* of pipe-smoking! In the bad old days when I smoked, that is to say the day before yesterday, I used to sit in this same corner at the after end of B deck and write—and *smoke*. Naturally, in the Red Sea one sits in a breeze if possible, and, when the mind is being used, the pipe goes out, I find, or used to find, about once in every two minutes; and one then ceased thinking and lit a match; and it was instantly extinguished by the breeze; and one lit two more and tried again; and then one got up, went round the corner and lit the pipe in the lee of the smoking-room; and then one returned, collected the faculties and began work again.

Well, you will understand that on a morning when the breeze was fresh and the concentration-of-mind strong the pipe-lighting intervals amounted to a considerable period. You may say, of course, "Well, if the mind is concentrating to that extent, why smoke at all?" But it is quite useless to ask silly questions of that kind. The answer is, "One does." Or rather, "One did."

All that, however, is now dead and done with. To-day, a non-smoker, I sit here working away steadily without interruption, unless it might be to look at a passing flying-fish or porpoise or, once in a while, to pop into the smoking-room to read the wireless news or stand some poor devil the first drink of the day. No pipe-trouble, no breeze-trouble, no match-trouble.

No *dead*-match-trouble, for instance. What a problem—what to do with dead matches when sitting on deck! Being a tidy person and attached to the Chief Officer, I have never cared to drop them on deck, for this maddens him. Sometimes I thrust them tidily back into my match-box, and then ladies came along, borrowed my matches, extracted four dead men in succession and reviled me. Nor was it any use to remind them that the match-box was mine, and that people who could not keep matches of their own deserved what they got. So I invented a third plan. I allowed the deads to accumulate in a little pile till they numbered six or seven, and I would then make a special expedition to the side of the ship and throw them overboard. But these little walks took time, you know; and what with walks to the rail and walks round the corner, lighting matches and lending matches, filling the pipe, cleaning the pipe, prodding the pipe and knocking out the pipe, slipping down to the cabin for more tobacco, slipping into the smoking-room for more matches, I really shudder to think how much of the working-morning was occupied with smoking or trying to smoke.

"*Was*"—mark you. For all that is a thing of the past. Never again. Still, it would be interesting, in a morbid sort of way, to know exactly what was the loss of efficiency, reckoned in man-hours or output units, of those bad old days. Some things one can measure quite accurately—the time taken, for example, in filling and lighting a pipe. Let us see. (I will just slip down to the cabin and get the things.)

Filling the pipe, I find, done leisurely and meditatively, takes forty-five seconds at least. But the tobacco-pouch was then to hand; allow fifteen seconds for routing about under tables and chairs and papers (it is generally more) and it works out at a minute, or about three or four full minutes every morning. Then there was finding the matches and lighting the four or five abortive matches—say ten seconds each or a minute altogether. Two minutes gone, you see, before we got to the actual business of lighting the pipe at all. First there is the little walk round the corner, then comes the lighting of the pipe. Now how long did that take? Let us see.

A-a-a-h! . . .

About a minute.

And how long did it take to smoke a whole pipe through?

Let us see . . . A. P. H.

Tactless Commentary.

"Accompanied by her father and carrying a sheaf of pink roses, the bride entered the Church to the strains of the hymn, 'How welcome was the call.'"—*Welsh Paper.*

"How I Flew Round the World. In Two Parts."—*Advt. of Gramophone Records.*

Was this quite fair?

"Motor-car manufacturers have made a large number of sales. One firm specialising in fittings have disposed of 300 bathroom equipments in a single order."—*Daily Paper.*

The shower-bath roof of our saloon is not so old-fashioned as we thought.

IN DEFENCE OF SH**LD*RS.

"Now that," I observed, "is what I call a really pretty girl."

"Oh, where?" said Nicola with the rather studied enthusiasm of the wife who is determined to be generous at all costs.

"Over there by the door. Don't you think so?"

"She is rather," Nicola admitted.

"Well-dressed too," I continued.

"Oh, Oliver, how *can* you. . . . ?"

"Why, what's wrong?" I asked innocently.

"My dear," said Nicola in a shocked tone, "can't you see? *She's showing her shoulders.*"

"Well, what about it?"

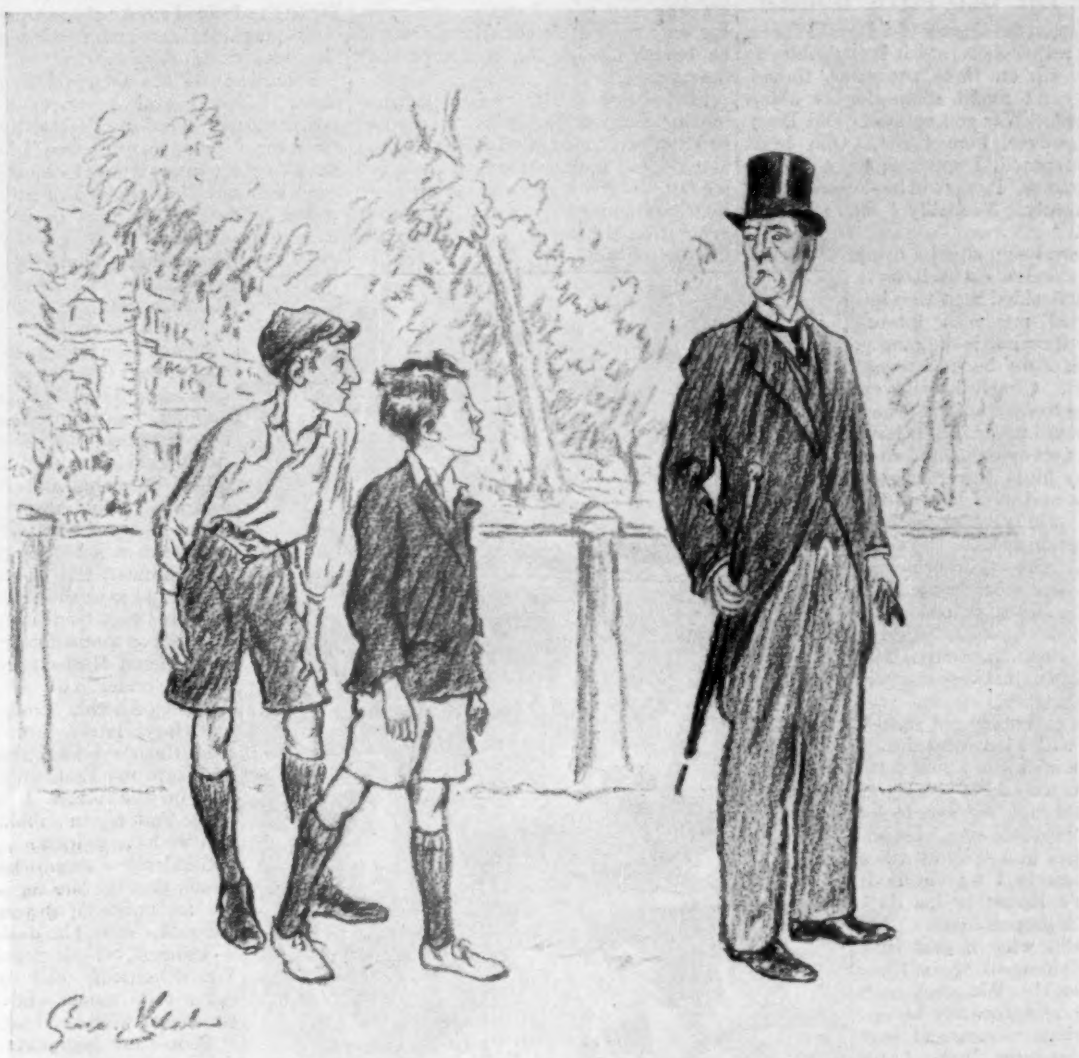
"Well, it simply isn't done, that's all. Look round you and see."

I looked. And at that moment I perceived for the first time what you, no doubt, have known for weeks, that shoulders this year are "off." I had noticed, of course, that Nicola's own evening frock had little puffy sleeves of the kind that small girls used to wear at parties when I was a small boy; but I had put this down to a personal and rather engaging whim of her own, not realising that she was wearing them in obedience to the latest taboo.

I do not know what remote Olympian authority is responsible for this sudden decision that shoulders are indecent; but at any rate his word seems to be law, for about two-thirds of the women in the room had respected it in one way or another. Some, like Nicola, wore tiny puff-sleeves; others little lace capes; others, again, mere wisps of drapery that rather daringly, as the wearer moved, gave glimpses of the forbidden area. The remaining third, it is true, flouted the decree, but it seemed to me that they did so self-consciously, with the defiant air of those who are making a last stand for freedom. I began to feel quite intrigued about shoulders, and on glancing again at the girl by the door I was forced to admit that she did look surprisingly undressed.

It is all very bewildering and rather sad. Shoulders are pretty things—at least most of them are. I wouldn't mind betting that there are more pretty shoulders than pretty faces (even after dividing the number in half to make up for the fact that a woman has two shoulders and only one face); there are certainly more pretty shoulders than pretty ears, elbows, hands and other bits of themselves which women do not feel in the least shy of showing. Why, then, should we be deprived of the sight of these charming features?

I admit that, so far as I know, no poet has yet written a "Sonnet



Boy (after unsuccessfully demanding a cigarette-card). "ALL RIGHT, OLD KILL-JOY!"

to His Mistress's Shoulder" (why not? "Bolder," "colder," "older. . . ." what possibilities!), but I distinctly remember reading once that there is a girl's Christian name which means "maiden with the white shoulders"—Guinevere or Gwenllian or Wufflefride or one of those: you know the kind.

Anyway, shoulders have always been respectable mentionable objects up to now, and I protest vehemently against their being arbitrarily relegated to the ranks of the Things One Doesn't Talk About. Unless something is done quickly even the word itself will soon become taboo, and we shall be reduced, in our conversation, to euphemism, as she "gave him the cold upper-arm"; and on paper to asterisks, as "I let them have it straight from the sh**ld*r."

Will the day even come when, in modesty's name, we shall be forced to write on our menus, "*Épa**le de mouton*"? JAN.

Things which might have been Said more Prettily.

"BRAINY SOLDIERS.
SWEEPING CHANGES AT SANDHURST."
Tanganyika Paper.

"There was no handicapping, and the tournament was therefore open."
Indian Paper.

That seems to follow all right.

A WHITE RED MAN.

[One of the heroes of the American record-breaking flight round the world is an Oklahoma Indian.]

"Lo, the poor Indian, whose untutored mind"
Seemed once a butt for empty wits designed,
Now flashes forth, proud pilot of the sky,
No longer "Lo," but enviably high.

The Psychology of Equitation.

"Lady ——'s riding school for women, near Birmingham, where pupils are instructed in every branch of agitation."
Caption in Canadian Paper.

AT THE OLD BOYS' DINNER.

I AM attending an Old Boys' Dinner. One rather feels that it is one's duty to show up on these occasions, though one can't avoid some doubts about this post-War generation of Old Boys.

However, here I am. One must be prepared, I suppose, for a certain heartiness. Backs will be slapped rather ruthlessly. Probably I shan't know a soul.

I am being stood a drink. I am being stood a cocktail by a little freckled man who has greeted me with intense heartiness and is slapping as much of my back as he can reach. Clearly he is overjoyed to see me. To the best of my knowledge I have never set eyes on him before in my life. Nevertheless I beam and wish him all the best. He is asking me how the world is using me these days. Several other people are asking me the same question. Not to be outdone I ask them how the world is using them. It emerges that we all of us just keep staggering along.

An extremely old gentleman with a long white beard and a stick has hobbled towards me and is peering at me through his spectacles with bird-like eyes. He announces in a squeaky voice that surely I was in Podmore's House in his day. This is preposterous.

Hallo, why, if that isn't old Jibbling—Jibbers! Bless my soul! We greet each other affectionately by opprobrious names and roar with laughter. I stand him a drink. I am beginning, after all, to enjoy myself. I become jovial. I approach a bald-headed veteran of military appearance and ask him whether he was not my fag. The orgy of back-slapping is reaching a climax of enthusiasm. I myself am slapping, for the first time in my career, the back of a bishop. I have often wanted to do this.

Someone has recited the school Grace in the Latin language and we have intoned *Amen* in the traditional fashion. Under cover of this diversion I succeed in appropriating a dish of salted almonds.

Jibbling and I are talking. We are telling each other how many children we have. I am idly speculating as to whether my wife would like Jibbling, and he no doubt is wondering about his wife and me. Later in the evening such unsociable considerations will be banished with the contempt they deserve.

Seated opposite to us is a nervous-looking clergyman who does not appear to know anybody. I offer him a salted almond and inquire whether I was not his fag. Conversation is waxing more hilarious and some of the post-War generation are not, in my opinion, behaving too well.



Disgusted Manager (to second). "CHUCK IN THE SPONGE, BERT, AND FOR 'EAVEN'S SAKE BE CAREFUL NOT TO 'IT 'IM WITH IT!"

They have begun to make speeches. A fat Old Boy on my left with a repulsive moustache, whom I suspect of being a stockbroker, hammers the table and exclaims, "Hear, hear," with damnable iteration. A speaker is expressing the hope that the Old Boys will contribute liberally to the fund for the new Library Wing. I am informed that he is the Head Master. I have nothing left in my glass and can only go through a pantomime of drinking the final toast.

We are now walking about the room accosting one another. There is a slight recrudescence of back-slapping on the part of late-comers who missed the grand demonstration in the ante-room. Through a haze of smoke the pin-points of innumerable cigars gleam and twinkle like stars in a dusky twilight.

Reminiscences are approaching full blast. Jibbling and I converse together rather cynically. Practically all the interesting people one would have liked to meet appear now to be doing remarkably well in India or Tanganyika or the Argentine. It must be practically impossible to move a yard in these countries without bumping into well-known Old Boys engaged in doing extraordinarily well for themselves.

I have been introduced to an Eminent Old Boy with a monocle and a distinguished manner. I ask him whether he remembers the peculiar smell that pervaded the school dining-hall and made such an indelible impression upon one as a new boy. (This is always a safe gambit.) The Eminent Old Boy unbends and says that in his day it was traditionally understood to emanate from a murdered Maths. master buried under the High Table. Another Eminent Old Boy, lately returned from Buenos Aires, butts in and slaps my Eminent Old Boy on the back. I fade away and rejoin Jibbling, and we have a drink.

Suddenly a vague shape looms through the fog and we recognise it as young Plimsoll. Well, I'm dashed—Plimsoll, of all people! We delightedly call each other rude names and all three roar with laughter.

People are beginning to drift away. One sees them fumbling in their pockets for something on which to record each other's telephone numbers. In the vestibule there is a little desultory and valedictory back-slapping. My back is extremely painful. It is no longer possible to procure a drink in this hotel.

Jibbling and Plimsoll and I decide to take a taxi and go somewhere else.

* * * * *

Somehow or other we have reached my flat. It is 3 A.M. I have long ago forgotten to warn Jibbling not to talk so loudly because of waking the kids. He has grown slightly sentimental. Plimsoll has his feet over the back of the Chesterfield. Reminiscences flow unchecked.

(*Continued on page* 12.)



"I CAN'T SEE WHAT'S THE USE OF WASTIN' A LOT OF MONEY PATCHIN' UP THEM OLD HOUSES, PERCE. THEY CAN'T GET 'EM TO LOOK LIKE NEW ONES WHEN THEY'VE DONE IT."



Author (who has read a composition of his own to friend). "I BELIEVE THIS WOULD MAKE A GOOD RECITATION, IF I COULD GET THE RIGHT MAN TO DO IT."
Friend. "WITH THE SAME WORDS?"

We have definitely decided that we must see quite a lot of each other and look up old Crumbles and young Parkington. We realize that it is up to Old Boys to keep more in touch with one another.

We say farewell on the door-step. It is 4 A.M. Jibbling and Plimsoll slap me affectionately on the back.

C. L. M.

Dress Reform in High Places.

"Contrasts in dress were provided by Winston Churchill in a dinner jacket, and Sir Ronald Storrs, who was covered with medals."—*Gossiper in Daily Paper.*

"PATAUDI AGAIN.
OXFORD UNIVERSITY.
Second Innings.
B. W. Hone, c Sheffield, b Allom . . 4
Nawab of Pataudi, not out 88
Nawab of Pataudi, not out . . . . 43."
Evening Paper.

PATAUDI again and again.

"A lot depended on the fourth set, and there was a tense atmosphere when Perry started with his service and went to 440–15."
Evening Paper.

He was still leading at the half-mile.

GUN DOGS.

IX.—THE CURLY-COAT RETRIEVER.

His brow is so spacious,
He looks so sagacious,
The very owdacious
Old workman is he,
And out late and early,
A black dog and burly,
And coated as curly
As corkscrews can be.

When scent is all tricky,
When cover is thick, he
Can pick any dicky-
Bird titled as game,
That you, Sir, can slaughter;
But it's in cold water
(His wig twisting tauter)
That most he wins fame;

For to curls unmonastic
But closely elastic
No weather's too drastic—
His clusters are none
That rain-storms can raggle
Or haggle or draggle;
Agog for the gaggle
He sits by the Gun.

And let tides, as they will, race
Away like a mill-race,
Shall your game in their chill race
Go out on the floods?
Nay; a dog black and curly,
With curls that are twirly,
Bobs back through the hurly—
Green water, white suds;

With a goose that is big and
A shake of his wig (and
The diamond drops jig and
Jump off him like rain,
The pearly drops glisten)
He's landed; "Here's *this* 'un,"
Says he; "now, let's listen
For gaggles again."

Down he sits; oh, let none err,
This dog is a oner
To wait, with the gunner,
The fowl off the sea—
A black dog, a burly,
Whose black coat is pearly
With raindrops and curly
As corkscrews can be! P. R. C.

Another Professional turns Amateur.

"JACK HOBBS BATS FREE."—*Daily Paper.*

IMAGINARY INTERLUDES

IN THE LIVES OF LESSER FOLK.

A Stranger asks a House-Agent the Way.

"LET me see! The way to Whitecliffe Towers? One minute while I turn up my memory. Whitecliffe Towers, I think you said. Now how would you like to go? I can offer you a choice. Comfortably in pleasant surroundings, with all the attractions of a go-ahead country town? Or by a short cut through the heart of rural Sussex, but passing within a stone's-throw of the station? . . . .

"The short cut? Certainly. . . . Well, you must keep straight on along this quiet secluded road in refined neighbourhood, five minutes from Southern Railway, till you come to a semi-detached white gate standing between two well-built gate-posts. Turn right through this into a pblc. ftpth. through a field. Two minutes' walk amid delightful rural scenery will bring you to a foot-bridge, by which you must cross all that strip of land compassed by two stout oak-fences and containing one pair of railway-lines well and truly laid, with all necessary sleepers, in good condition and free of dry rot. These, I may add, together with the bridge hereinbeforementioned, are held in fee simple by the Southern Railway Company as sole landlord. Negotiation of the bridge having been brought to a satisfactory conclusion, you will find yourself on the well-wooded Danvers estate, comprising historic manor and two-hundred-and-fifty acres of rough shooting, parkland, etc., in the heart of Sussex. Through this property runs a private road, on either side of which twenty delightful Tudor houses stand in their own grounds, high on gravel subsoil. There are five different types to choose from, and prices vary from £1,250 to £10,000; a deposit of ten per cent in cash secures.

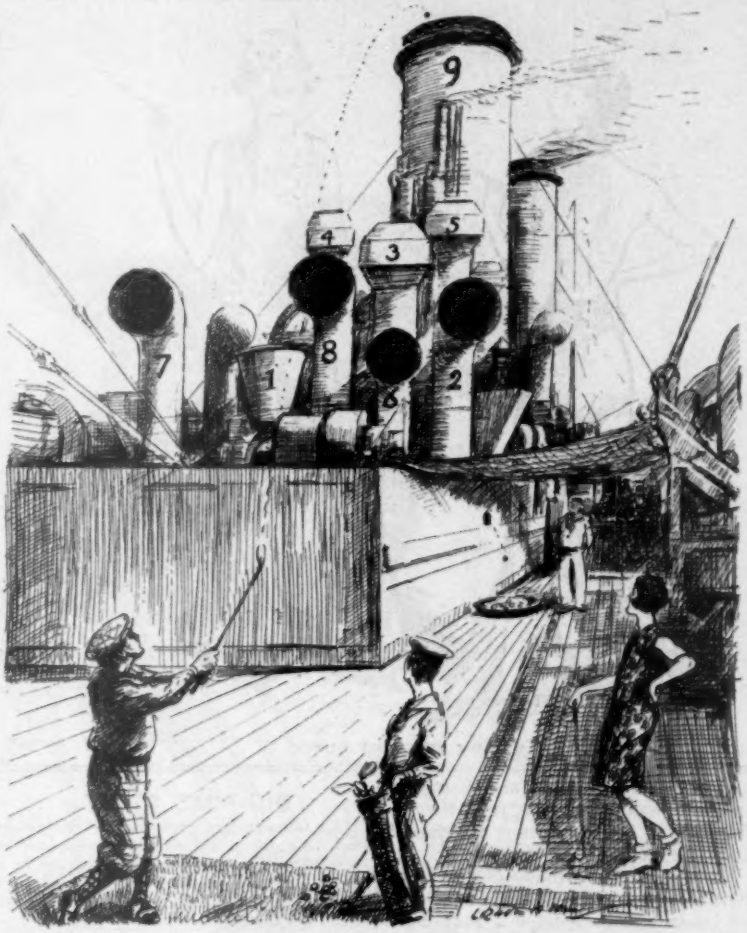
"Whitecliffe Towers is all that piece or parcel of land, together with the premises erected thereon, third in order along the south side of the private road aforesaid and comprising about two acres. You can't miss it. It is Type E ("Henry VIII."), 4 recep., 7 bed, 2 tiled bath and decorations to purchaser's requirements, if quick sale effected. Keys with occupier. . . .

"What? You're afraid you'll never remember the short cut? Well, I'll tell you the way by the road. It's slightly longer, but passes through highly-respectable neighbourhood only ninety minutes from Waterloo.

"You must go further down this road till you come to a charming bijou turning on the right; it is designated Acacia Avenue and would be coloured pink on the map. The Avenue forms part of the Hawmuchden estate, a unique small property consisting of several exceptionally well-built fully-detached gentlemen's residences with all mod. con., and at prices to suit every pocket.

"At expiration of the avenue you will come to a well-built commodious railway-station (the unencumbered fee simple of which is held by the Southern Railway Company), comprising several attractively-designed waiting-rooms, a buffet of character with licence attached, an outside signal-box with lamps r. and g., and usual ticket offices. Constant train service and all mod. conv., engines being centrally heated and supplied with Company's own water.

"A right-of-way, closable by gates at landlord's discretion, gives access to and across the railway-tracks, which are maintained in good and tenantable repair, and leads past the rank of Conveyances on Hire outside. Turn to the left at the fourth lamp-post—Company's gas and two minutes only from the station—and you will find yourself in that strip of land hereinafter called Willow Crescent, carefully restored and modernised with sunk gutter, up-to-date drainage and paved walks situate to either side. Two furlongs along and after passing several desirable building-plots, for sale or would let on long-term lease, is a charming old-world non-basement corrugated iron garage, standing in its own grounds. Adjacent to it is a Neo-Georgian period dwelling-house and messuage of considerable charm, and beyond is the corner of the Danvers Estate road hereinbefore mentioned. Approaching from this end a magnifi-



HOW TO COPE WITH THE TRAVEL SLUMP.

A HINT FOR OUR LUXURY LINERS.

"PYJAMAS FOR EVENING WEAR."



WHAT WE EXPECTED TO SEE. WHAT WE SAW.

cent view is obtained, embracing an unspoilt vista of perfectly private road. Whitecliffe Towers is now the fourth desirable residence on your left. . . .

"I trust I have made myself clear. Should you at any time be looking for other houses I hope I may have the pleasure of putting your name on my books. What? You don't think you want to go to Whitecliffe Towers after all? You'll just rest here? Well, here is a splendid grassy bank, clean surroundings, no messuage, short lease and immediate occupation. To be relinquished in good condition, fair wear and tear excepted. Good-morning!"

A. A.

Retrospective Advertising.

"WIMBLEDON.—Two Good Centre Court Seats for Sale for each day of last week."
Advt. in Daily Paper.

Corporal Punishment for World-Flier.

"While the two flyers were racing towards New York Mrs. Gatty was also racing to New York across the Continent from Kansas to beat her husband."—*Evening Paper.*

"Royal Bengal Tiger Skin. Head set up snarling very beautifully."
Advt. in Indian Paper.

Our canary has just been stuffed with a lovely permanent cheep on its beak.

BIG-TIME STUFF.

[An actress has revealed to the world that, in order to obtain the atmosphere of terrified fascination which she needed in a recent play, she had herself fastened to a board while a music-hall juggler threw knives round her head.]

WHEN I observe what people suffer
For Art, which is all things above,
I sometimes think,
"Well, strike me pink!
Art is a tough egg, Art is tougher
Even than Love!"

Consider with what deep devotion
To get the note exactly right—
The bulging eyes,
The hairs that rise—
This lady studied the emotion
Of okey fright.

To learn the genuine marrow-shiver
She ordered the twice-nightly man
To throw his stock
All round her block;*
She stood and felt the bright death-quiver
About her pan.†

Full fearless as the armadillo
Is woman when she plays some part;
Othello's wife
Would risk her life
By sleeping underneath the pillow
For Art, for Art!

I have known *Cleopatras* madder
Than Egypt's own infatuate queen;
They melted pearls
In vinegar, girls,
And even hired an actual adder
For the big scene.

And heroines whom the gay deceiver
Has deeply wronged have twined their brows
With daisy chains
And roamed in lanes,
Although they suffered from hay-fever
And hated cows.

So mighty is the cause of Drama
(With or without publicity),
It makes us brave
Yes, even the grave.
Art is, I say, the cat's pyjama
And the bee's knee.

EVOE.

* Head. † Face.

All Quiet on the Etymological Front.

"The United States, Great Britain and Italy, to-night combined to swing France—the fourth great Ally in the Word War—into line in favor of President Hoover's moratorium."—*Canadian Paper.*

"HOT INNERS
12 ILL 2."
Lettering in an Irish Restaurant.

The other ten had all the luck.



THE POODLE'S DILEMMA.

PROFESSOR HOOVER. "ALLONS! HOUP-LÀ!"

FRENCH POODLE. "OF COURSE I DON'T WANT TO BE OUT OF THIS, BUT YOU'RE TRYING ME A BIT TOO HIGH."

BRITISH BULLDOG. "COME ON! WHY, I'VE BEEN GOING THROUGH THIS SORT OF THING FOR YEARS."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, June 29th.—It is not Parliament's fault that debates on Disarmament are relatively unproductive. Like Sir Galahad in the poem, it is the habit of nations to believe that their strength should be as the strength of ten because their hearts are pure. Not that any nation ever admits that its strength is as the strength of ten. On the contrary, it protests almost plaintively that it has surpassed all its neighbours in maintaining its armaments at or below the minimum that, in all the circumstances, is required by the most rudimentary considerations of self-preservation.

Straws, however, show which way the wind blows, and a debate on Disarmament may well draw the attention of the quidnuncs to the shadows cast before them by coming events. So it was this evening. The PRIME MINISTER spoke in the language and spirit of statesmanship, but the gist of his argument in plain words was that Britain had disarmed to the limit and the time had come for the other nations, if they ever intended to do so, to follow her excellent example. It was more a question of figures than words, but there was no getting away from their plainness. They involved nothing new, however. It was when Mr. MACDONALD passed on to discuss the difficulties and dangers involved in the "transition of a Continent settled by force to one settled by and enjoying national relationships," and paused to expatiate sympathetically on the special position of France and the apprehensions of the French people, that the gossips began to ask each other what it was all leading up to.

Their curiosity became intensified when Mr. BALDWIN, in his best philosophic vein, reinforced all the PRIME MINISTER'S arguments and added another good word for the French people—"as peace-loving and domestic a people as exists in Europe." Unfortunately a small but, as it turned out, not unimportant lapse from historical accuracy marred the even tenor of Mr. BALDWIN'S discourse. There had been but one man, he explained, who had tried to invade Russia, and he was the greatest soldier that ever lived.

A burst of Socialist cheers and laughter momentarily nonplussed Mr. BALDWIN, who seemed to have forgotten that just behind him a veritable invader of Russia, though not perhaps the greatest soldier that ever lived, was sitting suffused in blushes. Mr. BALDWIN was not really trying to pull Mr. CHURCHILL'S leg, however. He had simply forgotten the Varangians, the Tartars, the Poles and the British, whose invasion of Russia history duly recalls.

It was obvious when Mr. CHURCHILL



"There has been but one man who tried to invade Russia, and he was the greatest soldier that ever lived; and where he failed it is not likely that anyone will succeed."
—*Mr. BALDWIN.*

rose in turn to speak that, as often in these days of doubtful political allegiances, he was going to plough a somewhat lonely furrow, as indeed he did. His view, whether correct or not, is at least explicit. A strong French army is the sole guarantee against Germany and Russia joining forces to force a fresh settlement of Eastern Europe; therefore let the French have all the army they want and let us have all the navy we want.

Perhaps Sir AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN felt that the expressions of sympathy with the French outlook on Disarmament had gone undiplomatically far. At any rate, when his turn came to speak, he pointed out that, while he remained the greatest Francophile of them all, he would be very sorry to see the fate of his own country left, through an excessive zeal for exemplary disarmament, at the mercy of France.

Mr. ALEXANDER replied for the Government in one of those characteristic speeches in which he at one and the same time defends the Admiralty's desire for a stronger navy and the Labour Party's desire for a weaker one.

Tuesday, June 30th.—When the British Museum and National Gallery (Overseas Loans) Bill first came to the Lords they inserted a clause restricting loanable objects of art to those "representative of British arts and crafts and produced subsequent to the year 1600." At the instance of the Government and on the plea that the Trustees could be trusted to do the intelligent thing, the House of Commons had deleted the restriction and Lord PARMOOR now briefly invited their Lordships to accept the Commons' Amendment.

Effective protest by Lord HANWORTH, Lord GREY of Fallodon—not, unfortunately, present in person—the PRIMATE who is Chairman of the Standing Committee of the British Museum, Lord LEE and Lord CRAWFORD, resulted in the Commons' Amendment being rejected. It was not so much their eloquence as their timely references to the recent fires at Munich and Vincennes—both resulting in the loss of priceless paintings—that carried the day.

It is just as well that, as Mr. TOM SHAW explained to Commander SOUTHBY, neither the Navy nor the Army had seen their way to rent a vacant barracks, preferably near the coast and complete with bedding and crockery, to the Socialist Summer School Association. It is true that the renting of army property should not, as Mr. SHAW said, involve any question of the politics of the renters, but the effect on a lot of peace-loving students of Socialism of life in surroundings intended for, and doubtless redolent of, men of gore could hardly have been other than demoralising.



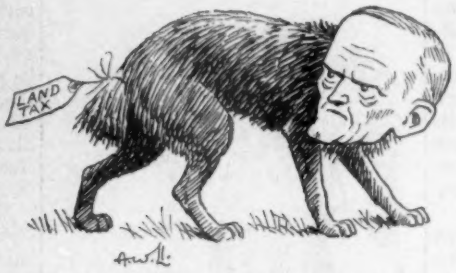
THE TWIN HEIRS OF ATLAS.
LORD PASSFIELD AND LORD PARMOOR BETWEEN THEM BEAR THE BURDEN OF EMPIRE.

The first day allotted to discussion of the Report stage of the Finance Bill passed off with no further exchange of acidulated pleasantries between Mr. SNOWDEN and his dwindling Liberal auxiliaries, though both Mr. BROWN and Sir JOHN SIMON, and yet another recalcitrant in the person of Mr. MILLAR, the Liberal Member for East Fife, sought to spur Mr. LLOYD GEORGE's uneasy followers to a belated demonstration of conscientious courage. There followed the Third Reading of the Unemployment Insurance Bill, mainly productive of a bright exchange of fist-shaking between Miss BONDFIELD and Lady ASTOR, and an admission by the MINISTER that her course was expedient rather than honest—a plea which, Sir ARTHUR STEEL-MAITLAND observed, would be much appreciated by Old Bailey criminals if it were acceptable to the Courts.

Wednesday, July 1st.—Lord LLOYD sets about COBDEN and all his works with a terse but comprehensive vigour that deserves a worthier objective than the hides of Lord PARMOOR (long since calloused by the whips and scorpions of the late Lord BIRKENHEAD) or of the interminable Lord ARNOLD. On this occasion he roused a somewhat livelier antagonist in the shape of Lord PASSFIELD. A more elusive one also, for Lord PASSFIELD declined to lock horns on the academic question of Free Trade *v.* Protection. Enough for him to point out that as Economic Empire Builders his Party's record compared favourably with that of the Conservatives, whose outstanding contribution was the abolition by Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL of the Tea Duty. This claim was also maintained by Lord PARMOOR.

In the Commons a further instalment of the Report Stage of the Finance Bill promoted a lively discussion on the Government's refusal to exclude roads from the valuation of a land unit. Sir JOHN SIMON in another of his pertinacious analyses emphasised the injustice of taxing two adjoining pieces of land on the same valuation, although one of them had achieved its value because the owner had spent his own money on making a road alongside it. Sir STAFFORD CRIPPS's argument seemed to be to the effect that you had to have a spot of hardship here or there and it might as well be here as anywhere else.

Thursday, July 2nd.—A Member of the House of Commons may offer technical resistance to the ruling of the Chair in the mistaken belief that it is a useful way of registering a protest and emerge honourably from the ordeal. It is otherwise when, as Mr. MCGOVERN did to-day, he compels the SPEAKER to have him thrown out on his ear by the servants of the House.



The Fox. "MY BRUSH ISN'T WHAT IT WAS, BUT PERHAPS IT WILL SPROUT."

THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER.

Let us admit that the incarceration of Glasgow lay-preachers is a serious matter, at any rate in Glasgow; let us further admit that a more diplomatic Minister than poor Mr. ADAMSON would have found some answer to diminish, if not actually turn away, the wrath of his outraged fellow-Scots, the fact remains that in compelling the ushers to haul him from the premises like a sack of coal, and still more in giving the egregious Mr. BECKETT an opportunity of inflaming the combat by hurling himself on an elderly attendant, Mr. MCGOVERN made a sorry ass of himself.



"HOCH! HOCH!!"

HERR GEORG VON LANSBURG IN HIS BIERGARTEN.

Mr. LANSBURY proposes to supply the public in the Parks with a form of refreshment of which his own temperance principles would not allow him to avail himself.

Only one moral is to be drawn from this unsavoury incident. The chucking-out of contumacious Clydesiders should in future be conducted by policemen of the larger sort, on the principle that in these circumstances it is better for a pugnacious legislator to be sore than sorry.

High matters had supervened before the rumpus shook the House from its accustomed calm, notably the calling by Sir MARTIN CONWAY of the MINISTER OF HEALTH'S attention to the recent activities of that "enterprising insect," *Acanthia lectularia*, in the borough of Westminster. Mr. GREENWOOD had not, it seemed, encountered the creature, but he promised to bring the matter to the notice of the Westminster authorities, and in particular to draw their attention to the success with which the Chelsea *Wanzenjäger* had coped with a similar visitation.

When the House proceeded to put the finishing touches to the Report stage of the Finance Bill, it found Mr. SNOWDEN in a more expansive mood than before—whether because of Mr. LLOYD GEORGE'S refusal to be seen in conference with him is not for us to say—and he produced Amendments exempting playing-fields, golf-courses and the like from the Land Tax, which won a graceful tribute from Mr. NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN. A plea by Brigadier-General MAKINS to the effect that "polo and foxhunting had made the British cavalry-officer what he was," merely steeled the CHANCELLOR'S heart against the claims of Ranelagh and Roehampton, but Mr. MANDER'S appeal for the exemption of bowling greens was declared by Mr. PETHICK-LAWRENCE to be superfluous. And yet, as everybody knows, it is bowls that has made the British naval officer what he is.

It would be untrue to say that Mr. SNOWDEN emerged from this particular fox-hunt—or tax-hunt—with his brush intact, but at least it remained *in situ*. Mr. LLOYD GEORGE was not so fortunate.

Things We Should Never Have Dared to Say.

"Mr. Cecil Harmsworth and the Governor-General of the Free State, guests at yesterday's garden party, photographed on the railway siding at Ballsbridge, where interesting exhibits are on view."

Caption in Irish Paper.

"G. B. S. TO VISIT SOVIET RUSSIA.
WANTS TO SEE IT BEFORE HE DIES."

Evening Paper.

Most people just hope to die before they see it.



STENTOR THE HERALD, ON HIS RETURN TO GREECE, DELIVERS A LECTURE ON HIS EXPERIENCES AT THE SIEGE OF TROY.

A Voice from the back row. "SPEAK UP!"



HE SPEAKS UP.

THE BACHELOR'S FLORAL CLOCK.

[It is reported that a working floral clock has been constructed by a watchmaker in his front garden.]

A FLORAL clock! A pretty plan
To grace the floral seasons!
I'll imitate it if I can,
And I've some pretty reasons.

I'll pass an hour from one o'clock
With tall and stately Nancy;
At one o'clock a Hollyhock
Shall feed my passing fancy.

And two shall be Belinda's hour,
On whom my heart has doted;
She shall by Cupid's chosen flower,
The Pansy, be denoted.

At three my thoughts shall all be Jill's;
We'll roam the moors together;
Child of the vales and purple hills,
What blooms for you but Heather?

To-day I met Aline at four;
Upon her pericranium
A scarlet toque the lady wore;
At four a red Geranium.

For Rhoda, who is rather prone
To study her reflection,
My scheme to have Narcissi grown
At five defies objection.

For blue-eyed Maud, of modest grace
And charm surpassed by few belles,
Six is the hour and trysting-place,
Her understudies bluebells.

For Eve, who's rich—a Rolls she has,
Five Austins and a Rover—
I'll dress the hour of seven, as
She is herself, in Clover.

Beneath the moon my suit of late
Was set aside by Sonia;
She said, "Be off!" For her at eight
I'll have a big Begonia.

At nine of Violet, to whose
Perfections none can blind me,
"The flowers the wanton Zephyrs
choose,"
Her namesakes, will remind me.

Queen of the masquerade is Gwen;
And I'll be there to meet her.
I think the ball begins at ten;
As Columbine I'll greet her.

And Fay is elegant and gay,
And sturdy *inter alia*;
Eleven is the hour for Fay,
Her symbol the Azalea.

And Marie, your remembrance is
Assured at twelve by Rosemary
(From poor *Ophelia's* reveries
This pretty notion flows, Marie).

A floral clock! A horal gem!
I'll pass the season gaily,
And spend an hour with each of them,
Uninterrupted, daily. C. B.

Commercial Candour.

"Coffee Estate in Mysore for Sale. Good reasons for selling."—*Advt. in Daily Paper.*

AN UNFINISHED SAGA.

THERE were four broad steps leading down from the tennis-lawn; at the top of them Cynthia Solloway was pirouetting. I saw her pirouette; John Solloway saw her too. My eyes rested upon Cynthia's pretty face, travelled slowly downwards, and then started from my head, so that I had to recall them with an effort in order to see how John was taking it.

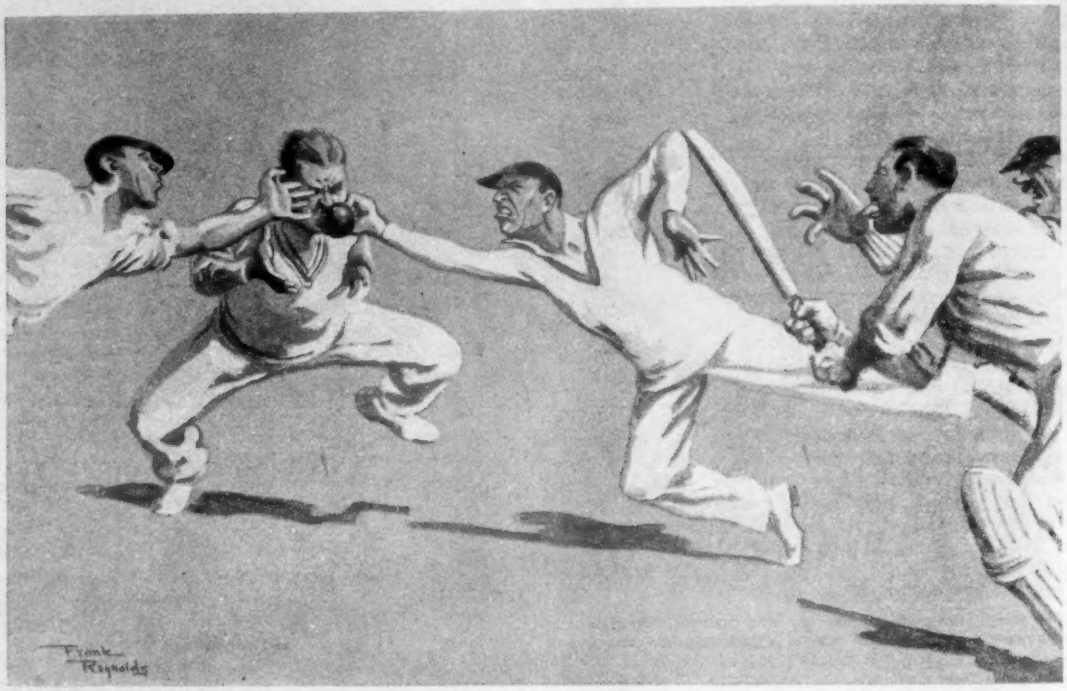
John's face was purple. He crumpled his newspaper, flung it to the ground and convulsively clutched the arms of his chair. Then he broke out like a Victorian parent: "What are those things you are wearing?"

"They are called shorts, Father," said Cynthia; "Michael and I are going hiking."

"Shorts! Hiking!" (I watched John with some concern. Though strong-minded, he has a weak heart.) "Go to your room this instant and change into decent clothing."

Cynthia chuckled. "Oh, Father, you are too beautifully mediæval. Scanty dress may be the most becoming. I am quoting a Dean."

I saw John spring to his feet and stride furiously up and down. At each turn he swept a flower-pot clattering to the ground. Cynthia's smile faded. A depression advanced over that pretty face. She scowled. I was fascinated;



BRIGHTER PHOTOGRAPHY.

CRUEL CRICKET AT CARDIFF.

it was to be a contest of wills, the modern girl against the old-fashioned father. John halted. They faced one another.

"Where is Michael? I will not have him hanging about the place any longer. Send him to me and I'll send him about his business."

Someone came whistling from the shrubbery. It was Michael, in hiking kit, and he halted beside Cynthia and smiled at John in his rather patronising way.

"You insufferable puppy," began John; "you——you hiker!" John put an immense amount of contempt into this word. "Get out of my sight and never set foot in my house again."

Cynthia stamped her pretty foot—the one on which she had been pirouetting. "Father, listen to me. I have something to tell you. You must not speak to Michael like that, because——"

Whose was this dignified form slowly moving towards us? I stiffened from force of habit into respectful attention; it was my old headmaster. Why he should be there I could not guess. He nodded almost imperceptibly to me, bowed to John and bent upon the hikers that well-remembered glare reserved for evil-doers, then passed up the steps. "I am going," boomed his deep voice as he left us, "to see whether there are any ripe gooseberries."

When he had gone I saw that Gertrude, agitated, stood beside John. "John! Cynthia! Michael!" she said. She had no eyes for me.

Michael made an impatient movement and addressed Gertrude in his cultured drawl, "My dear mother-in-law."

"Mother-in-law!" Gertrude recoiled a step.

"What is the meaning of all this nonsense?" demanded John furiously.

"Only that we were married this afternoon," replied Cynthia coolly. "We are about to start on our honeymoon. If you read the newspapers you will know that hiking honeymoons are all the——"

Gertrude trembled and turned to her husband. "My nerves, dear! I think I had better go and play patience in the library."

"Wait!" A stentorian voice made us all start. It came from Will Straw, who farms, in a gentlemanly way, the neighbouring land. Careless of the decencies of ordinary intercourse, he had ridden his mare across the tennis-court and from her back he glowered down at us, a trim figure in corduroy, brandishing a riding-whip. "This business has gone on long enough. John Solloway, where is my wife?"

"I do not know to what you are alluding," said John stiffly; but his face was white.

The gardener's boy came along with a barrow, saw us, pretended he had forgotten something and went back into the shrubbery. A flight of pigeons whirled overhead. Gertrude fainted, but no one took any notice. The situation was tense.

A bicycle tyre exploded on a jagged piece of flower-pot. Philips, the village policeman, alighted heavily from the machine. "Mr. Solloway," he said, removing his hat, "I arrest you on a charge of wrongful perversion to your own use of sixty-five pounds belonging to the mixed hockey club. It's my duty, Sir, and I ask pardon for the liberty I take."

An aeroplane, flying low, buzzed like an angry hornet over the house. Suddenly Cynthia seized Michael by the collar of his tennis-shirt and shook him till the rücksack rattled on his back. "Tell everything, you mean skunk," she hissed between her clenched teeth; "it's the only way to save the Holbeins."

Will Straw's mare, startled, stood on her hind-legs. I was all agog. What

would happen next? I felt responsible, for it was I who had brought all these people into this unfortunate situation, and it was up to me to get them out of it. If anyone deserved part of the blame it was Mr. JOHN GALSWORTHY, who has recently told the world how to write a novel. Acting upon his advice I had sat down at my desk devoid of ideas, taken a clean sheet of paper and a pen, and lit a pipe.

There was no difficulty in getting under way. Sentence after sentence came slowly but surely, as Mr. GALSWORTHY had promised; character after character entered. There came a point, however, as will be noticed by the reader (to whom, perhaps, I owe an apology), at which I stuck. I have smoked three successive pipes, and Cynthia is still rattling Michael's rück-sack. Will Straw's mare is still on her hind-legs and I cannot get her down.

It is a great nuisance and I begin to suspect that Mr. GALSWORTHY knows a little more about novel-writing than he cares to tell us—the little more that makes all the difference. I should like, for instance, to hear more about that pipe. What brand of tobacco does Mr. GALSWORTHY put into it?

CAPE HORN DAYS.

XI.—THE DAY'S WORK.

"A WOMAN'S work is never done,
Or so I've heard," said Dan;
"But if that's true of anyone,
That one's a sailorman.

"The folks ashore think life at sea's
All leaning on the rail
To smoke your pipe an' take your ease
An' watch the hooker sail.

"I'd like to 'ave 'em 'ere, that's all,
In this 'ere watch with me,
To take their turn at pullyhaul,
Like all the rest," said he.

"I'd like to see 'em splashin' round
On the slantin' streamin' decks,
An' tallyin' on a brace 'arf drowned,
With water to their necks;

"Or layin' out on a tops'l yard,
Some dark night, shortenin' sail,
With the canvas frozen iron-'ard,
In a shriekin' Cape 'Orn gale.

"An' then, when to their bunks they crawl,
Their eyes ain't closed afore
'All 'ands!' they hear the bos'n bawl,
An' tumble up once more.

"But times like that ain't what I mind;
It's when it's fine it's worse;
The jobs o' work of every kind
'Ud make a parson curse.

"There's soogy-moogy, tar and ile,
There's 'olystones an' paint,
An' the Chief Mate fussin' fit to rile
A blushin' plaster saint.

"There's rattlin' down an' slushin' too,
There's endless shiftin' sail,
An' chippin' plates till all is blue,
Nor that ain't 'arf the tale.

"For, calm or storm, and rain or sun,
You can take this 'ere from me,
A sailor's work is never done,
An' that's a fact," said he.

C. F. S.



FLIES FOR YOUNG ANGLERS.

A RISE TO THE "BLUE UPRIGHT."

"COMMONS' MANNERISMS.

Mr. Wedgwood Benn is not such a busy wielder of the clenched fish, however, as Mr. Kirkwood."—*Birmingham Paper.*

Nor does he embrace the red herring with the alacrity of his colleague, the FOREIGN SECRETARY.

"The vogue of the huge 'choker' of bizarre beads seemed to be on the wane, and I noticed that many well turned out women were content with a sample string of pearls."
Glasgow Paper.

Our jewellers tell us that the real difficulty is to get the samples returned.

AT THE PLAY.

"JUDAS" (ROYALTY).

THE Cambridge Festival Theatre is always honourably occupied with experiments and wins merit thereby. Mr. LEON M. LION has given the organisation an opportunity of demonstrating its quality in *Judas*, by F. V. RATTI, translated by F. O'DEMPSEY and produced by FRANK BIRCH. It is a good thing, no doubt, for our benighted metropolitan drama to have this example of intelligent provincial idealism.

The general method has, of course, been presented to us before, but we have never shown any permanent enthusiasm for it. We are wedded to the naturalism of the picture-stage, to the unattainable illusion of reality which Mr. BIRCH and his associates roundly denounce as unconvincing fake, stifling imagination; further pointing out that Movie and Talkie can beat the "two-dimensional" stage to a standstill. We here conveniently overlook the question as to whether three-dimensional and two-dimensional are adequately distinguishing terms; for it surely is of the essence of the naturalistic illusional theatre that it runs to three-dimensional carpentry and solid horticultural and arboreal effects, disdaining the two-dimensional "suggestion" of the scene-painter's brush.

Mr. BIRCH'S interpretation of the terms involves the extension of the effective stage in depth and in height. A temporary staircase platform is built out over the orchestra (as in the Festival Theatre itself). The combinable units of the Craigian technique—cylinders, polyhedra (and what-not!)—make up a village green, a courtyard, a banqueting-hall, an outcrop of rock in the desert, a ruin, as occasion demands. Certainly we have no difficulty in accepting the convention, and intelligent lighting gives us a wide range of effects appropriate to the action and sufficiently comely in themselves, though it is questionable whether there ought not to be a greater beauty of texture in the material used and some less jaundiced colour than the dominate ochre, especially if the scene is crowded upon the audience as in this small intimate theatre it must necessarily be. The players wander down into the auditorium and rush through the gangways on to the stage—one impressionable young woman next to me threw up her arms and emitted a stifled shriek when the first crowd of excited Hebrews demanding blood hurtled past her seat. She thought, I imagine, that the Social Revolution had come.

As to the matter of the play: *Judas* was presented to us, in one of those whitewashing reconstructions of traditional villains and inversions of accepted situations now so fashionable, as the idealist, the merciful man, the healer, the thoughtful questioner with a single-minded passion for truth, yet with a warped mind and forbidding manner reflecting his physical deformities; a grievance-monger and a social outcast, driven to his final act of treachery by his isolation and the psychological reactions of his father's vehement all-embracing curse.



A DESERT PLACE (WITHIN THE MEANING OF THE SECOND ACT).
Judas . . . . . SIR BASIL BARTLETT.

Certain apostles—*Peter*, the impulsive and irresolute, *Matthew*, the rough publican, *Thomas*, the doubter—have their defined characters, and *Mary Magdalen*, a vague, slightly hysterical young woman, is shown as the one unfaltering follower of the Master—who does not appear. There is nothing to shock the sensibility of the devout.

It would not be candid to assert that either the author or the players made this new version of an old story convincing either to the head or heart, or that moments of boredom were not occasionally apparent. The players certainly lack experience, a remediable disability. Mr. CLINTON BADDELEY, in his study of the acquisitive, fawning and violent old *Simon Iscariot*, the father of *Judas*, alone seems to have acquired a professional technique—in a good sense. But there was a naïve and attractive sincerity about the whole, and Mr. BIRCH had planned his groupings and mass manœuvres with intelligence. The dress circle would be the best position for seeing this play with any likelihood of doing it justice. T.

"LATE NIGHT FINAL" (PHŒNIX).

If in *Judas* the experimentalism draws attention to itself to the detriment of the play's content, in *Late Night Final*, with its headlong continuous action and new version of the dramatic unities contrived by the adroit use of the multiple stage, it is not the method but the storm and stress of the action which is emphasised. It is not possible for us on this side to be certain how true to life is this presentation by Mr. LOUIS WEITZENKORN of the personalities, policies and routine of a "tabloid" or "yellow" American evening newspaper, but it has all the marks of having been written in a white heat of passionate protest against something which has been vividly experienced or closely observed by the writer. At the same time it is commendably restrained and the author has avoided the temptation of making his *Hinchecliffe*, proprietor of *The Evening Gazette*, all villain; at least he is not craven. He shows him indeed to be rather the victim of a system, of an attitude towards news as a plain or adulterated commodity without special responsibilities attaching to it. Much capital is involved, and the primary duty of capital is to pay dividends. A newspaper is a great impersonal machine. If there's money in lechery and treachery and blood and tears, and if fine lives are broken to make a spicy dish for the witless and the thoughtless, well, the advertisers must have their circulation. There is no room for sentiment in business.

Confronted with the tragic result of his latest "scoop," lashed by the passionate remorseful candour of his subordinate, *Randall*, and threatened by the pistol of one of his victims, he does not flinch. A new editor will take over. The paper-king's government must be carried on. He proceeds to his interrupted business conference—still captain of his lost soul. The author has the nice discretion to know how much less effective an ending either the resolute

magnate's death or failure in courage and self-control would have been.

And there are tragic victims of the system within the organisation: *Randall*, a man of decent instincts, who knows he has sold himself for a fat salary and tries to stifle his remorse by a studied brutality of manner, by dissipation and drink; that vile and servile clergyman, the *Rev. T. Vernon Isopod*, "religious editor," sensualist and tippler; the horrible little *Luella Carmody*, social editor's jackal, whose only comment on finding the body of the poor woman that the filthy muck-raking of her paper has driven to death is, "What a story!" and who walks over to the telephone to hand on the glad tidings.

The quick changes of scene which his multiple-stage mechanism allows are used by the author to let us see this tragedy from many angles and to relieve it with the vivid racy humour in which his countrymen abound. He presents us also with a charming domestic interior before the blind tragic blow falls upon it and shatters its quiet happiness. Here *Nancy Townsend—Nancy Voorhees* that was—who had killed her millionaire seducer twenty years before, and been reprieved, had hidden herself, made a new life, found a chivalrous and devoted man to give her his name and father her child, and now lives obscure, happy and respected. The girl, *Jenny*, beautiful, high-spirited, affectionate, is about to make a marriage of affection with a rich man's son. It suits the *Gazette's* editor to assume that she is trapping a poor rich "boob" into a "phoney" marriage. This is his excuse for betraying her mother's identity in a highly-spiced serial version of the long-forgotten story. Naturally, when *Mrs. Townsend* dies by her own hand and her distraught husband throws himself under a lorry, the circulation goes up a hundred thousand and there is joy in the *Gazette's* offices.

Mr. RAYMOND MASSEY'S production was faultless. How much it owed to the American production I do not of course know. He also played finely the part of *Randall* in all his varied moods. Indeed the whole of the Company played together with a masterly finish, and it is almost arbitrary to take special notice of Miss LOUISE HAMPTON'S *Mrs. Townsend*, Mr. ELIOT MAKEHAM'S *Mr. Townsend*, a particularly sensitive performance, Mr. FRANCIS L. SULLIVAN'S *Rev. Isopod*, Miss BEATRIX LEHMANN'S *Luella Carmody*, Mr. ALLEN JENKINS' optimistic *Ziggie Feinstein* (a part rich in humour and strange idiom), Miss MOLLY JOHNSON'S *Exchange Operator* and Miss CAROL GOODNER'S quiet effective study of *Randall's* secretary, the only person in the *Gazette* outfit who insisted on having a soul to call her own.



TABLOID VIVANT.

Ziggie Feinstein . . MR. ALLEN JENKINS.

This is a really brilliant affair, a triumphant experiment in an unfamiliar and extremely interesting technique, a *tour de force* of controlled and justified sensationalism. No one should miss it. T.



Editor. "AW, HELL!"

Sub-Editor (religious column). "MY DEPARTMENT."

Randall . . . . . MR. RAYMOND MASSEY.

Rev. T. Vernon Isopod . MR. FRANCIS L. SULLIVAN.

Really Brighter Cricket.

"Both Ames and Allen were now scoring off everything hitable, and in the first quarter of an hour after lunch 355 runs were added."
Yorkshire Evening Paper.

Mr. Punch on Tour

The Collection of Original Drawings by JOHN LEECH, CHARLES KEENE, Sir JOHN TENNIEL and GEORGE DU MAURIER, and of reproductions of Famous Cartoons, Forecasts and other exhibits from *Punch*, which has recently been on view at the *Punch* Offices, is being made accessible to our readers in the Provinces. It will be shown at the City Art Gallery and Museum, York, July 18 to August 29; at Burton, September 12 to October 24; at Manchester, November 7 to January 9, 1932; at Bootle, January 23 to February 20, 1932; and at Harrogate, March 6 to April 3, 1932.

Invitations to visit the Exhibition at any of the above places will be gladly sent to readers if they will apply to the Secretary, 10, Bouverie Street, E.C.4.

AN ENGINE-TURNED WORLD.

THERE was once a World which, thanks to the Bounty of Nature; to the truly remarkable Energy, Foresight, Judgment, *et Cætera*, of Captains of Industry; to the *Stupefying* Ability of Financiers and Bankers in Operations not rightly (and rightly not) comprehended by the Vulgar; to the Indiscriminate Avidity wherewith certain Business Instincts muscled in to any Established Enterprise in which they could discern a dollar of profit; to the Enthusiasm of Producers; to the Crass *Inertia* of Consumers; to *Rationalization* without ratiocination; to the general Iniquity of Capitalists; to these blasted Trade Unions; to the demonstrable Absurdity of Protection and Free Trade; to Turmoil in the Eastern Hemisphere (as also in the Western); and to several other Factors, Forces and *Phenomena* which for the Moment evade Recollection, had got itself into a Bit of a Mess; whereof the most embarrassing Feature was that it had *Enough and to Spare* of well-nigh Everything.

In good sooth there was a *Plethora* of Corn, and of Bacon, and of Milk, and of Tay, and of Caffee, in such wise that the Indigent could have consumed thrice the Quantity they might well Digest, had they been able to afford it; for by a singular Anomaly the Plenitude of these Victuals was not reflected in the Retail prices thereof. And of all the Base Metals, to wit, Tin, and Copper, and Iron, and Lead,

and Silver (which once was Noble, but now was Sixteen *Bob* the pound), and others, there was dreadful abundance; but of Gold there was sore scarcity save in *France* and *America*, where, Inexplicably, the Surfeit was like to undo them. Of Indian Rubber there was such Store that the Price had become *Derisory*, so that Buyers were shamed to offer; and the Producers took to wearing *Crape*. Nay (to spare the Reader's patience), of every mortal Commodity there was Accumulation so Excessive that it Genuinely Astonished the First Class brains which had laboured to bring it about.

Now when this Posture of Affairs had become tedious a number of *Œconomists* offered Counsel saying: Thus or thus, or else in such manner, has this Calamity of Plenty come upon us; and thus and/or thus only (unless it be otherwise) may we be delivered from it. And, pending the reconciliation of their several Views, a Delegacy of the shrewdest Men of Business betook them to a Sage who lived aloof, eating only Nuts and wearing Flannel next unto his Skin, and hitherto had taken no part in the Discussion; to whom having expounded the sorry State of the World they besought him to say how it might be rectified. And he made answer as follows:—

"The present Bane of the World is that for the past two Centuries or so it has directed most of its energies to the suppression of its greatest Necessary; and is now within Sight (if Sight it still possesses) of succeeding. Speak not to me," said the Sage, "of the scarceness of your Gold, for I tell you that there is a Commodity far scarcer, and of a value with which Gold is not comparable; and that is Work. Yet to the best of your Ability, and particularly by means of Engines, Machines, *Processes*, and Contrivances, you have Restricted the Production of this said Commodity, which is utterly indispensable to the Welfare of mind, body and estate. For you have multiplied Devices which deprive Men of the saving Need to hold the Plough, and to scatter the Seed, and to wield the Sickle, and to thresh and to winnow the Grain; so that your Fields stink with the Oil of Engines and the husbandmen are gone to seek Employ in the Manufacturing Industries, where, however, the same Insane Preference (only worse and more Of it) exists for Machines as against Men; and so in Mining, and in Banking; ay, and in Musick and in Play-acting; and in all other Activities human and inhuman: for do we not hear of *Mechanized* armies?

"Wherefore many Millions of Men are robbed of their birthright of Work and fall upon the Dole: the last Refuge of some and the first Resort of others, but the Ruination of All. And mark you," said the Sage, "how the Dole bites you on both Ears; for, albeit individually the Recipients can purchase naught but the barest *Minimum* of your Goods, yet in the Aggregate they take a Fantastic sum out of your pockets year after year.

"And simultaneously these Machines and Engines: these *Frankenstein Monsters*, if you follow me, have wrought another great Evil by the Inducement they offer for Production *Stupidly Surplus* to Requirements; for, if a man hath (let us suppose) a *Dredge* whereby he can with the labour of but Ten men dig out of the Earth more *Tin* than a Thousand men may win without such an Engine, it is Odds he will not cease to use it night and day until he have dug the bottom out of the bally Market; and likewise (*Mutatis mutandis*) with Nitrates, and Artificial Silk, and with the fruits of the Soil. . . .

"But I perceive," said the Sage, "that you are become weary of my theme; and I will make an end of it. In brief and in fine my counsel is that you should go one step further in your treatment of the *Unemployed*: and, taking a leaf out of the Book of Nature, deliberately create, like the *Bees* (the most subtly organised Community in the World; though for my part I detest its cold-blooded Efficiency), a class of Professional Drones, whom you should provide not with a stingy Dole but with thundering good Incomes, exempt from Taxation: upon but Two conditions, *videlicet:* that they shall Expend them to the last Penny so soon as they lay hands upon them; and shall in no case stir a finger to Produce or Distribute any Commodity whatsoever, save and except only that, by their needs, desires and Foibles, they shall produce Work for the Enginery and Machines which have Displaced them; and I warrant you that they would *Circulate* your Money (which you seem to be afraid to do for yourselves) so that it would not Stagnate in your Banks or Depreciate in your Bourses.

"I have not myself," concluded the Sage, "sufficient leisure to demonstrate fully to you the Effects and *Repercussions* of such a Course of Action; and I would venture to suggest that you now retire to your respective Domiciles (or wherever you do your thinking) and perpend the matter in all its Bearings; with the admonition that, whether the Solution I have indicated commend itself to you or not, the Road along which you are travelling will shortly bring you to it: and to no other."

MUSIC AND MORALS.

[Mr. KIRKWOOD, M.P., *à propos* of the readmission of M. SOERMUS, the alleged Communist violinist, asked in the House of Commons if "this great country was afraid of one man with a violin."]

THE Devil, alias Old Nick,
Is said to "ride a fiddle-stick";
And, as we know, the "Devil's Trill"
Was written as a test of skill
By the illustrious TARTINI,
While the still greater PAGANINI
In pious folk excited panic
As being more than half Satanic.
Early and late the violin
Is closely linked with men of sin;
For it is hard to make a hero
Of PEACE the murderer or of NERO,
Both of them famed for their atrocity
And instrumental virtuosity.
Last, but not least, the Cat and Fiddle—
Which sceptics call a taradiddle—
Were strong enough to undermine
The morals of the placid kine.

Whether it 's good or bad or middling
You can't ignore the power of fiddling;
It hales the souls out of the bodies
Of learned sages or tom-noddies;
To hear the tones of a Cremona
Exhilarates the dreariest Jonah;
Yet, when I muse upon the things
That can be done with bow and strings
I feel "one man with a violin"
Is one too many for us to let in.

How to leave Whipsnade.

"Immediately I received the report I commandeered a speedboa . . ."
Daily Paper.

Weed-killing Flora

"SAY IT WITH FLOWERS.
Licensed to sell poisons under the Pharmacy Act."—*Florist's Advertisement.*

"The two lions which have been such a nuisance round Salaga were killed in the middle of April by the District Commissioner with four African officials and a policeman."
West African Paper.

A pretty good bag.

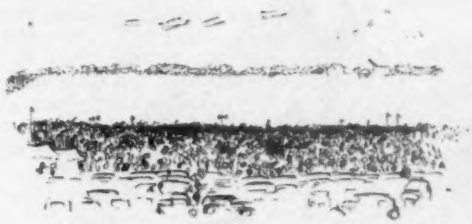
"We offer a Prize of Three Guineas for the best appreciation in thirty words of an average English summer."—*Sunday Paper.*

Why bother about the other twenty-nine?

Peccavit Punchius.

As one who is privileged by a self-made charter to invite attention to the mistakes of others, Mr. Punch begs the pardon of all concerned—and everybody else—for having in his last issue imputed error to a Sheffield paper (not named) which ascribed the authorship of a certain line to SHAKESPEARE. The error was Mr. Punch's, and he thanks the many kind correspondents who have been good enough to point it out to him.

AT THE ROYAL AIR FORCE DISPLAY.



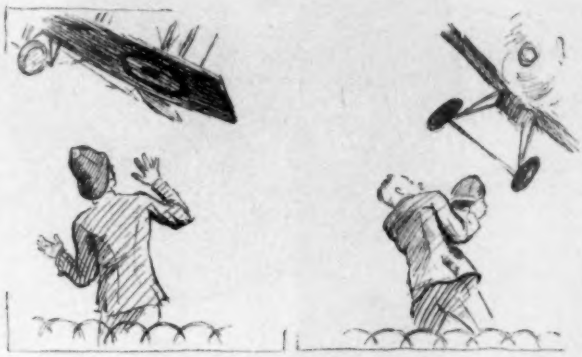
WHO SAYS WE ARE NOT AN AIR-MINDED NATION?



MORE AIR-MINDEDNESS.



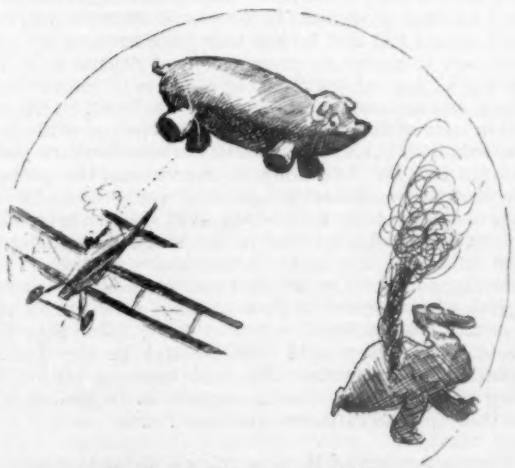
TRYING TO GET A CLOSE-UP.



TRYING TO AVOID A CLOSE-UP.



TWO WAYS WITH A SHOOTING-STICK—



BLOOD-SPORTS *à la* R.A.F.



BUT WHY NOT DO THE THING THOROUGHLY LIKE THIS?



HINTS ON THE PROTECTION OF FRUIT.

NOTHING PLAYS MORE HAVOC WITH THE STRAWBERRIES THAN A BLACKBIRD. THESE INTRUDERS SHOULD BE RESOLUTELY EXPELLED.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

THERE are few stories that can afford to be told four times over at a sitting, but the story of MARY STUART, as retold by MAURICE BARING, is one of them. With a poet's discretion he has borrowed the pens of the Queen's four MARIES—FLEMING, BEATON, LIVINGSTONE and SETON—to revive the legend of their mistress's tragic youth from childhood to Lochleven or Langside. A "Report" by JANE KENNEDY, who was by the Queen's side at the scaffold, fitly closes a chronicle of almost unparalleled pathos; and my one regret is that the same chronicler was not allowed to retail the captivity in England—the period which transmuted the very human MARY of Holyrood into the almost supernatural MARY of Fotheringay. Mr. BARING, however, knows his own business best; and his business here is to present the bewildering facets of the more dazzling half of MARY's story as they were presented to four devoted but not uncritical onlookers. He has differentiated the four narratives not only by the obvious method of greater fulness here, more subtle intimacy there, but by distinguishing the narrators' attitudes towards their mistress and her terrible circle. Best of all he has remembered like a lover the properties redolent of MARY and her age: her canopy of state, for instance, with its mystical device, *In My End is My Beginning* (HEINEMANN, 10/6), and the sandalwood work-table at which she sits sewing while her Council fulminates at Holyrood and at which she receives, at Fotheringay, the yellow-sealed warrant signed at last by her "good cousin" ELIZABETH.

It was a good idea of Mr. LUDWIG LEWISOHN's to take SHAKESPEARE's Jew and to construct from the history of his times the story of his life. This is what he attempts in *The Last Days of Shylock* (THORNTON BUTTERWORTH, 7/6), but I cannot feel that he has been fully successful. It is quite easy to accept his presentment of *Shylock* as an important banker with a finger in all sorts of international affairs, and interesting complications are based on the fact that in spite of their wealth and financial influence the Jews were subjected in civilised countries to most barbaric persecution. But Mr. LEWISOHN so overstresses the pathetic side that the romantic disappears in a mist of sentiment. He is too long getting to the story and too slow over it when he is there, and his mixture of the archaic and the scriptural in his language makes rather heavy reading. There seems, moreover, to be no particular resemblance between *Shylock* of the pound of flesh and Mr. LEWISOHN's man of affairs who, a fugitive from Venice, takes part in a Zionist effort to rebuild Tiberias and in the Turkish capture of Famagusta. His final recovery of his lost sheep of a daughter, *Jessica*, appears to be hauled in to put this right, but I'm not sure that it does.

When a novelist of M. BORDEAUX's distinction sets out to write a thriller we may reasonably hope to be kept amused and agog, and *Murder Party* (GOLLANCZ, 7/6) will

not disappoint us. The *Comtesse de Foix*, being an exceedingly up-to-date hostess, determined to entertain some distinguished friends at a murder-party, and with a keen eye for effect staged it in the glade of Crevin, where, some sixty-odd years ago, *Lassalle* was killed in a love-duel. The *Comte de Foix's* views of such parties corresponded thoroughly with my own, but his objections were over-ruled, and you will scarcely need to be told that the party developed into so real a tragedy that it brought more notoriety to the *Comtesse* than even she, socially ambitious as she was, desired. Cleverly translated by Mr. RICHARD CURTIS, this story will be appreciated as much for its fine sense of character as for its sensational incidents. And if it also helps to murder murder-parties I personally shall rejoice.

CHAPMAN AND HALL produce
Shep of the Painted Hills,
At seven-and-six; profuse
Is their dog-book in its thrills.
John Harvey of Oregon
Owns *Shep* as a sheep-dog bold
Till *John's* pard murders *John*
Along of a strike of gold.

Shep settles the murderer
And meets *Jane Houston* (*Miss*)
And makes a home with her
And is stolen, and sold; but his
Purchaser marries *Jane*,
And *Shep*, in a fierce affair,
Dies in heroic vein
Defending their infant heir.

Here's crime and sentiment—
Too much of the last, maybe—
Yet I'm perfectly well content
With the tale because, you see,
Though a super-dog is *Shep*,
He's never a dog that's dull,
And he lives and he dies with pep,
And he's made by Mr. HULL.

All lovers of JOHN LEECH—and may the new ones be as many as the old are faithful!—must profess themselves indebted to the Rev. GORDON TIDY for one of the most pleasant, enthusiastic and well-informed monographs ever written about a uniquely English master. An unkind fate, whose caprices are fully described in *A Little about Leech* (CONSTABLE, 10/6), kept one of the best-loved artists of his time without a biographer for fifteen years. And when FRITH came along with a two-decker life he was painfully out of touch with "the sporting novels written, I think, by a Mr. Surtees," which, after his immortal *Punch* themes, were obviously the great illustrator's happiest field. This deficiency has, however, been made good since FRITH'S day; and Mr. TIDY, though he gives you an excellent account of all LEECH'S activities, has chosen to cull his illustrations from a comparatively neglected source. Fourteen large wood-cuts from *The Illustrated London News* are reproduced here and their beauties dwelt on with affectionate intimacy. My own favourites are the "Fox-Hunters," old and new style: the former enjoying a debauch worthy of GILLRAY, the latter the amenities of the Victorian parlour. But "Part of Scarborough," with its classic frieze of barouches along the water-line, is the most decorative, and "Skating in Hyde Park" has the loveliest accessory landscape. Turning and re-turning these pages, you cannot wonder why QUEEN VICTORIA—though there is no record of her having been amused—was notably proud of the Leeches she had amassed among the "Drawings by the Great Masters," at Windsor.



Bo'sun (to the Doctor during rough trip). "'ADN'T YOU BETTER PASS THE WORD ROUND, SIR, THAT THE CREW IS SICK AS WELL. THAT ALWAYS COMFORTS THE PASSENGERS."

The mere idea of a naval officer buccaneering into topics such as are suggested by the title *Economy and Naval Security* (BENN, 8/6) might well be enough to occasion alarm to any honest payer of income-tax, but mercifully Admiral Sir HERBERT RICHMOND is not as others. At the bottom of his heart he hates the thirty-to-forty-thousand-

ton battleships of to-day, finds them unnecessarily large for their primary purpose of playing wolf or watch-dog to the merchantman, distrusts their ability to take punishment, has even discovered that they are horribly expensive, and longingly looks back to the days when a fighting ship was a ship, not a college of engineers, and a battle at sea was an affair all of wits and courage, and not so much a contest between chemist and metallurgist sitting up aloft to keep watch for the life of poor Jack. Starting from the already established principle of limitation of naval tonnage, he would scale down his units very much further than has yet been attempted, binding all the signatories to a maximum preferably of about six or seven thousand tons, but in any case of not more than ten thousand tons, figures he claims to be compatible with every reasonable function that a battleship can be called upon to exercise. I admit that before coming to the section of his book dealing with "Objections" I was full of them, but he met me with broadside after broadside, and for the time being I have broken off the engagement.

The reader in search of Oriental diversion has a large choice of Chinas. There is the realistic China of Professor GILES, the stark China of Mr. FRANK HARRIS, the literary China of Mr. ERNEST BRAMAH and the China of *San Toy*. It is with the last-named that Mrs. LOUISE JORDAN MILN'S China has most affinities. Her latest book, doomed, like some of its predecessors, to become a best-seller, is entitled *The Vintage of Yön Yee* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON, 7/6), and deals with relations between Chinese and Europeans in a light and popular style. Men and women, it seems, are of different vintage, and those of the sound years act in a manner approved by the author. They are scrupulous about small points of honour and spend their lives doing the right thing according to their delicate consciences, whether European or Chinese. The heroine, *Lois Allingham*, is half-English, half-Chinese, and wavers disconcertingly between the two nationalities. She has several suitors, and the story ambles along pleasantly among Chinese scenery and properties until it concludes in a perfect orgy of renunciation, everybody abandoning his or her cherished desire on what seem to us inadequate grounds. On the whole, a happy novel for a scorching summer's day, when one is ready to accept a great deal on trust. On such a day perhaps one would not be impatient even of Mrs. MILN'S passion for full-stops.

Nowadays all our authors—novelists, poets or whatever else they may be—sooner or later go globe-trotting, and then come home to tell us all about it. Most of them wait until they have established reputations to commend their itineraries, but Mr. ALAN PRYCE-JONES made his Grand Tour before he was well out of his nonage, and *The Spring Journey* (COBDEN-SANDERSON, 10/6) is his first book. Someone has said that it "may become the *Eothen* of our day," but that is rather a hazardous conjecture. Inevitably Mr. PRYCE-JONES is less ripe than KINGLAKE in wit and wisdom. His style has youth's floridity, and here and there a trace of PROUST'S, and his cosmic speculations (he himself admits it) show a tendency to wander off into the vague. But he journeyed through Egypt and Palestine and Syria, to Cyprus and Rhodes and Athens, with a fresh and observant eye, an eye rather arrogantly determined not to see, whether in fact or in the spirit, just what is seen by the average tourist. His humour is never allowed to sleep, but neither is his appreciation of beauty and the multifarious manifestations of life; and the result of his vigilance is a lively and attractive book.



Mistress (*deprecatingly*). "NORAH, THOSE EARRINGS LOOK RATHER—ER—BIZARRE."
New Maid. "YES, M'M, I BOUGHT 'EM AT THE THRIPPENNY ONE."

The Perfume of the Rainbow (BENN, 7/6) requires to be inhaled at one's leisure if complete enjoyment is to be obtained from it. For "this book of dreams and delights" which Mrs. L. ADAMS BECK has "gathered during many wanderings in by-ways of the Orient" has an atmosphere that will be appreciated all the more if taken in small draughts. Among the sixteen tales and sketches you will find only one story of horror, "Juana," which is indeed a terrible reminder that all is not beautiful in the East. It is an impressive tale told with great restraint, but for pleasure I would rather remember "The Ghost Plays of Japan," "The Day-Book of a Court Lady of Old Japan" (which is delightfully quaint), and "The Happy Solitudes." A distinguished collection, and published in a form most pleasant to handle.

Jim Maitland is given ample opportunity to exhibit his physical and mental resources in *The Island of Terror* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON, 7/6). Not only has he to fight against peculiarly villainous men, but when, for the sake of a lovely maiden and in search of hidden treasure, he arrives at Lone Tree Island he finds that it is inhabited by monsters of exceptional ferocity and cunning. From such material it is true that "SAPPER" contrives a story that in its moments of intense excitement and terror is absolutely hair-raising; but at the same time *Jim Maitland's* struggles against the ape-men seemed to me far from convincing, and in the future I hope that "SAPPER" will be content to provide him with antagonists who are only monsters of iniquity.



TO MR. PUNCH ON HIS NINETIETH BIRTHDAY.

MASTER and Friend,
Though you have now achieved a stage
Where ordinary people tend,
By sagging jowl and creaky joint, to show
Signs of excessive age,
Somehow you've not mislaid your prime's
Fresh air of morning. Milestone after milestone
As we observe you moving with the times,
Yet changing not your style's tone
To copy (save in ridicule) the last
New cult that's out to kill
Tradition dead, but holding fast
To standards tried and proven long ago—
At ninety years we find you still,
So far from growing senile,
The evergreenest thing in all this green isle.

When one more decade, only one,
Its final lap has run,
Here in your own home-land,
In Court and bungalow, in flat and deanery,
And where the outposts of the Empire stand
Surrounded by exotic scenery,
Men will be busy toasting your centenary.
Yet Time, with his so hungry tooth
("*Tempus*," in fact, so "*edax rerum*"),
On your impervious youth,
Toughened as by a patent serum
To the consistency of steel,
Will not have made the very smallest meal
During this brace of lustres;
Nor is it thinkable that, where
About your brow the laurel clusters,
He will have taken any toll,
Or one deciduous hair
Be missing from your highly-polished poll.

Let no man hint that we, your Staff,
Having no sense of shame,
Take merit for this miracle; we claim
To be but instruments in your employ,
Priests of your oracle; to you the fame
Who tell us what to say,
Solemn or gay,
Serious grain or wind-blown chaff,
Whatever to your wisdom has occurred;
Giving us, for a pious joy,
With reverent ears and eyes to follow
The prose or verse, or else the fair design,
Thrown off by our Apollo,
And then repeat it line for line
And word for word.

So that it matters not at all
If we whose office is the care
Of your bright honour and your shining bays—
If we grow old and go our ways,
For you will still be there
With other service ever at your call.

O. S.

LITTERACHURE.

I HAVE been made happier to-day by receiving the report on the County Junior Scholarships at Nottingham in the present year of grace. It is a garden of flowers. The candidates were all ten years old or under. Goaded by the spur of examination, these children, full, like other children, of caustic wit, became positively inspired.

"Tell briefly the story of the bravest deed you have ever read about in a book. Give the title of the book and the name of the author."

Could you get a good one back on the examiner there? One child did:—

"When Eustace Leigh hit the teacher on top of the head with his slate. In *Westward Ho!* by Charles Kingsley."

I should call that a hundred-per-cent reply. But it was parochial humour. Another candidate embraced the whole of modern civilisation with his irony by answering briefly:—

"Christopher Columbus: he found America."

One can excuse him perhaps for omitting to state in what author he had read of this doughty deed. Pale by comparison is the story told by another competitor of a little girl who bore up when she was "bitten by a snail."

Entrants for County Junior Scholarships are often more certain about the matter than the titles of books, if Nottingham is a fair criterion.

"The worst Book in our library is *King Arthur's Knights*. No one wants it. They say it is a baby's book," wrote one.

"Some books are very dry, often those about the auterbyography of cats," declared another. And a third discussed a book to which he gave the pleasant appellation of *Abraham's Nights*. It suggests a rather "Hollywood" view of Abraham. I commend the idea to the master-minds of the celluloid world.

But perhaps the driest wit was the boy who commented:—

"The authors of many books are dead, but you often find a writer of poems alive to-day."

Not often perhaps. But there is a weary cynicism about the whole sentence which few of our most hard-bitten critics could emulate. Had the child really been troubled in this way? Or was it speaking from hearsay evidence? It does not greatly matter. I will leave the golden saying to reviewers who like to begin their column with a devastating text.

But they were not all satirists, these boys and girls. There were some who had felt the awful itch of fine writing themselves. There was one already a tragic case and nearly beyond chance of recovery, whose infant hand (in laborious script, I imagine) traced out the following dreadful words:—

"This kind of weather is like a heartless beauty—like someone who attracts and who appears to you on a pedestal of goodness, but later you find it to be a cruel sort of beauty."

Under ten, mark you. Publishers will please note. Or perhaps they have noted already. There is the authentic ring of the dust-jacket in every syllable of that sentence; I can believe I read it outside one of X's novels yesterday, and thereafter read no more.

There are budding moralists also in Nottingham:—

"If people's hearts would be just a quarter as clean and pure as that snow was, we should have a better world."

This was on the same theme, of course, the theme of "Snowy Weather." My own heart goes out more warmly to the young Swifts and Voltaires, to the scholar who wrote:—

"After school we made a snow image of a teacher, or other vile person;" or the one who said, "Snow kills many old people and causes much damage to pipes;" or that humaner comedian, who told of the policeman who was snowballed so violently that he lost his helmet, "So we all gave him our pocket-money, which came to half-a-crown, to buy a new helmet with."

Years do little to bring age. We are as old as we feel. At ten, quite obviously, one may be a philosopher who knows the world. There was one of these Nottingham ten-year-olds who, writing on the broader theme of "Books," went so far as to classify them as those suitable for

(1) Men.
(2) Women.
(3) Children.

He added that some books, such as *Lorna Doone*, were suitable "both for children and for those who have seen ten years pass"; and he concluded with a warning that people who read too much might "damage their eyesight, as I have done."

I am glad to say that this worn-out wiseacre succeeded in his written papers and came up for an oral examination, where he amplified his previous remarks and pointed out that "all women prefer romantic stories, such as *Passio:i's Web*."

I have done my best for him. If he is not made Censor before he is fifteen, so much the worse for this England of ours. Anyhow, there are young thinkers as well as young cricketers at Nottingham.

EVOE.

THE LEG AND THE BOOT.

[The lack of damsels in distress was the subject of comment at a recent gathering of Knights Bachelor.]

IN days of old when knights were bold
And kept their armour bright,
They carried on with "dorryng don*
That longeth to a knyghte";
To strangers with a sense of wrong
They offered prompt redress,
And went particularly strong
On damsels in distress.

A female yelp entreating help
They followed as a boon;
Hot dragons came to much the same
As a mere caitiff loon;
No matter what the foe, they hacked
His head off like a shot,
And, having done their knightly act,
Married the girl, or not.

Our knights to-day are not the clay
For sporting work like that;
They do not care for iron wear
Or visor on the hat;
We draw them from the Bar, the Stage,
From men of high affairs,
From Art, from persons who engage
In politics, and mayors.

They do not fill the eye or bill
As heroes of romance,
Nor are they quite the kind of knight
For brandishing a lance;
Men they may be of mental force,
Of tough and stubborn grain,
But if you put them on a horse
Not many would remain.

The damsel, too, has changed her view;
To-day she takes a hand
In manly sports or, clad in shorts,
Goes hiking through the land;
Quite ready for a casual scrap
She roams from shire to shire,
And would decline to give a rap
For dragons breathing fire.

It's true that these are days of ease,
Of safety and of peace;
One does not droop when in the soup,
One sends for the police;
Yet even now are times of need
When all our active Press
Thrills to some errant-damsel's deed
For knighthood in distress.

DUM-DUM.

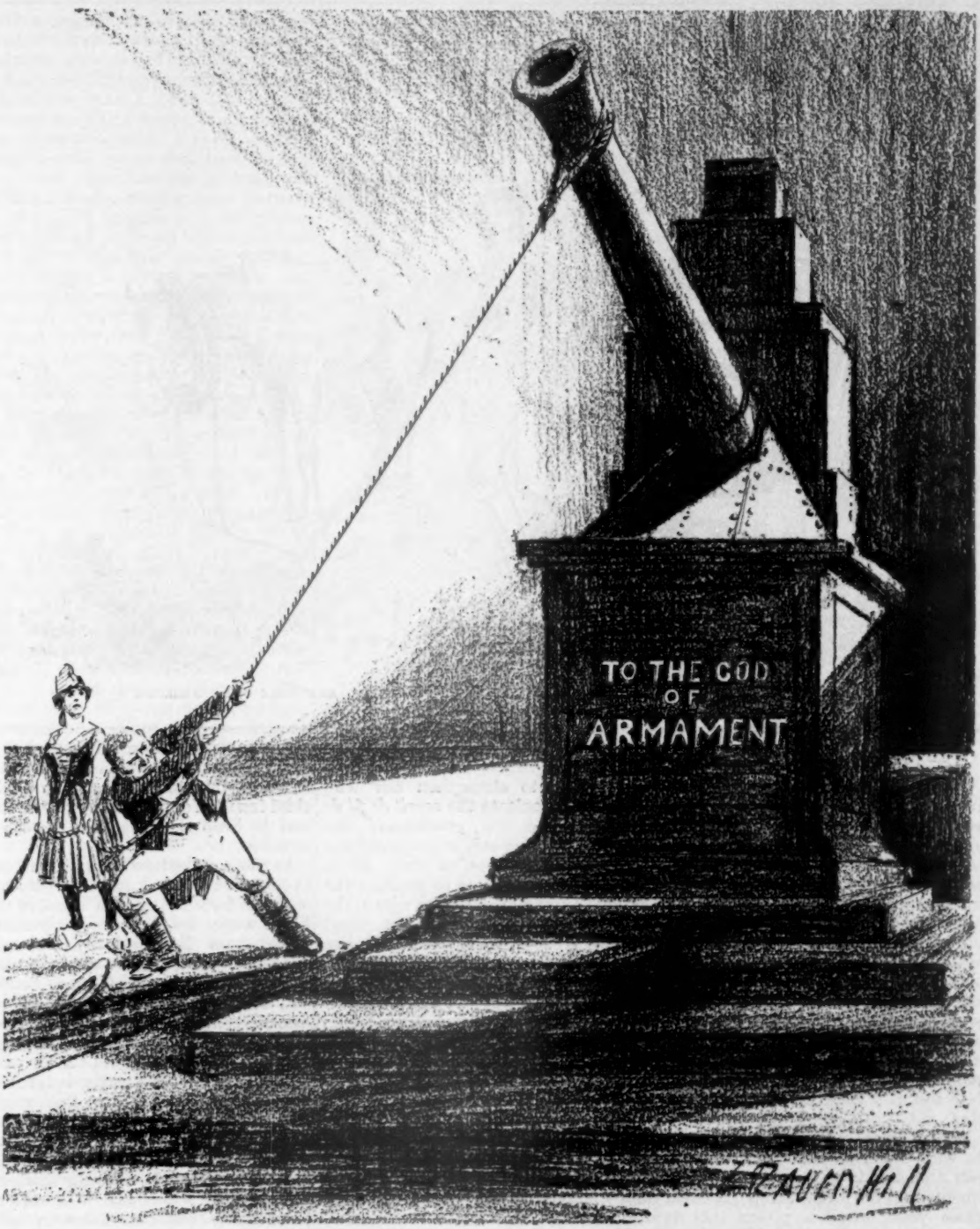
* "Derring do" (CHAUCER).

Things Which We Should Never Have Dared to Say.

"DISFIGUREMENT OF THE COUNTRYSIDE. Mr. MacDonald on View from the Air."
Daily Paper.

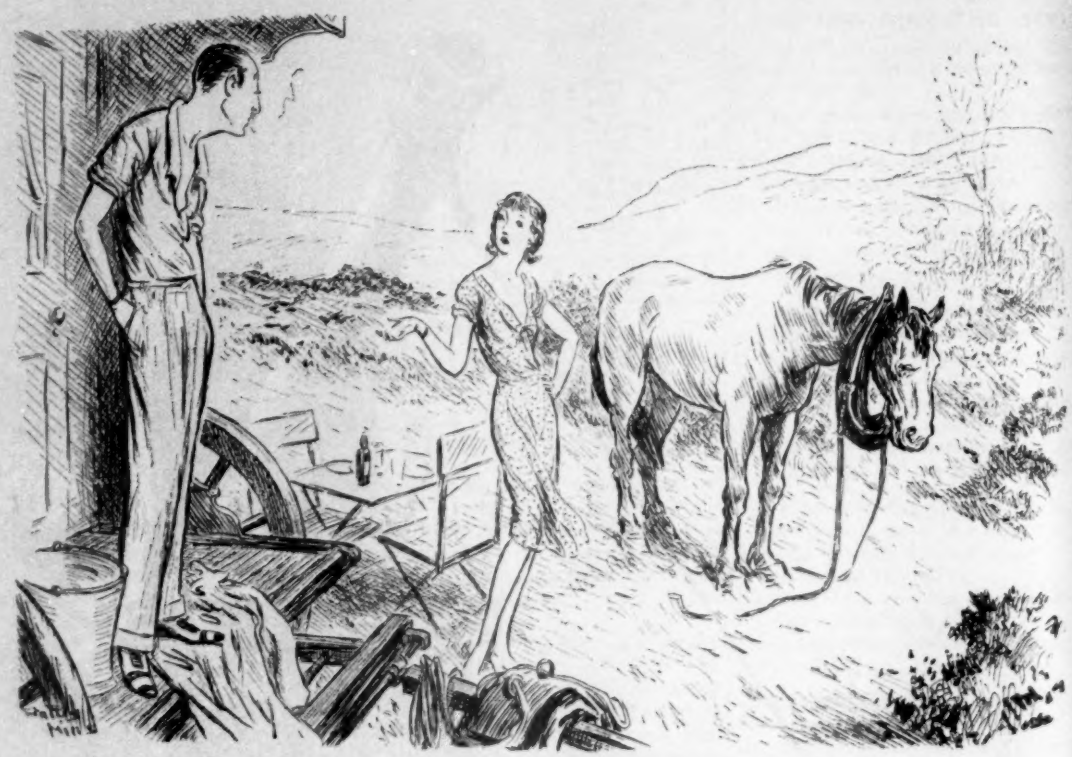
"A tour in Scotland is a tip to be remembered."
Railway Advt. in Weekly Paper.

We note the improbable use of the singular.



DIVISION OF LABOUR.

JOHN BULL (*to France*). "I TRUST, MADAM, THAT YOU ARE NOT OVER-STRAINING YOURSELF."



Wife. "WE MUST WASH THE HORSE. PASS OUT THE TOWEL AND SOME SOAP, DARLING."
Husband. "PLAIN OR SCENTED?"

WIRE IN WAR.

OUR battalion is the complete little hive of industry these days, for the manœuvre season will shortly be upon us. Now nearly all manœuvres are specialised, that is to say, attention is concentrated throughout on one particular aspect of war. For instance, we have had tank manœuvres and machine-gun manœuvres and what-to-do-till-the-artillery-come manœuvres and, of course, mobility-of-the-infantry-when-assisted-by-mechanical-transport manœuvres, known to us as "Bus-to-battle" warfare. The impending manœuvres, we gather, are to be wire manœuvres. Evidently the Big Brass Hats feel it's time for a little comic relief.

Wire in war is of course of two kinds, the wire which is extended in front of your trenches to discourage your opponents, and the wire which is extended across your trenches presumably to discourage *you*. The latter is arranged by your signallers and is invariably at the level of a man's throat—whatever the height of the man. It is the former wire, of course, about which these manœuvres are being held. Luckily.

We have already learnt the dickens of a lot about wire in the preliminary lectures designed to instil into us the wire spirit, to strengthen our wire *moral* and inculcate the *esprit de fil de fer*. "The last war, gentlemen," one Very Rare Officer said in a magnificent peroration, "was won on wire. Those nations that were able to produce the strongest and most intricate wire in the largest quantities won the war. And now all I have left to say about wire may be summed up in one familiar phrase: 'In war-time, hats off to wire!'" Which was just about what he did himself a few moments later, for on his way up to the Mess for the lecturer's glass of sherry he tripped over the remains of a practice coil which had been employed to keep troops out of the back entrance to the canteen. Those within earshot found that his final phrase had by no means been all he had left to say about wire. He discovered and touched upon several completely fresh aspects.

Then another lecturer told us that if all the wire used in the war were wound round the earth it would go round—well, I forget how many times, but the general effect was that the earth would look like something put by for Sunday supper in a spider's larder.

A third fellow informed us, with that deep insight into fundamentals only attained by Staff Officers, that the chief function of wire in trench-warfare was to keep the enemy out of your trenches.

In this our Captain Bayonet was able to confirm him, for during the War Bayonet was for some time on a part of the Front where the lines were only thirty yards apart. Each side was so anxious to keep the other out of its trenches that in the course of time British and German wire had become merged into one central belt, to which each side feverishly added (by mutual arrangement) on alternate nights. After some months the opposing units, so far from being able to get at one another, might almost have been on different continents. And as a matter of strict fact the only people they ever experienced any desire to get at were the artillery, no matter of which side, who unsympathetically smashed holes in their joint handiwork.

Well, as a result of all these lectures and the accompanying practice in erecting peculiar forms of wire, our Lieutenant Holster evolved a great scheme for removing hostile entanglements. In brief it was a kind of rocket

with a grapnel attachment to it. You fired the rocket out over the enemy's defences, then pulled in the grapnel till it fixed itself firmly in his belt of wire, whereupon with a "Yo! Heave ho!" several stalwarts would begin to pull the whole thing over. You could either drag it clean up to you, thus leaving the coast clear for you to make an attack without tearing your puttees, or you could bring it to within fifteen yards or so of your own trenches, where you left it and then simply called it your wire. Considerable alarm and despondency would naturally be caused among the enemy when they realised after a while that they were merely being employed by you to wire your front for you, a pretty disheartening thing to happen in any respectable war.

Holster's idea has unfortunately not been adopted by the Higher Command, the chief reason being that it was hardly a success when it was recently tried out in front of the Staff. Being only intended for night use, it was tested at night, which is where Holster thinks the mistake was made. As a minor point, too, the rockets did not behave quite as rockets should, but as rockets more often do. The first one, instead of clearing the enemy's wire (Captain Bayonet and "A" Company were the enemy), cleared Holster's own trench in record time by going sideways. The second went off in the right direction, burst into red, white and blue stars to an admiring "AW-AW-AW" from the hostile trench, followed by a comment from Private Pullthrough (incognito) that it must have been an addled one, and fell not only beyond the wire but well beyond the trench and even beyond a group of interested Staff who had lost direction in the dark.

"With a "Let 'er go, boys!" and a "'Gain so, heave!" Holster's lucky lads began to pull; and about the first intimation of anything wrong came to one of the Staff who, as he afterwards put it, was attacked from behind in the dark by what felt like a torpedo, which then proceeded apparently to take him along with it to its destination. . . .

Well, as you can see, a hitch, to say the best of it, had already occurred; and a moment later the grapnel scored another hitch, this time on the most ample part of the ample Private Barrel, a hostile watcher put out in the rear of his trench by Bayonet. Now, since nothing much could be heard above the cries of self-encouragement being emitted by Holster's men, the result was that the grapnel was full up and standing room only before it even reached the wire.

The situation was only saved by Bayonet, who, realising that something was wrong, told his lads to lay fast on to the rope, the grapnel, Barrel and the Staff Officer. The thing thus developed into a tug-of-war—ultimately won by "A" Company. While of course Holster's scheme was an admirable way of settling a contest, this was, as the General huffily pointed out when torches had disclosed the scene, a war, not a sports-meeting, and the idea was turned down with ignominy.

Holster now wanders disconsolately about between wiring practices; so, if you are one of those who like living dangerously, just make a noise like a rocket in his hearing—"Swisssssh! Pop! AW-AW-AW!"

Then go like a rocket yourself.

A. A.



Tiger (to Rabbit, after match). "ER—DON'T LET IT GET ABOUT THAT I PLAYED YOU."

"EDGAR WALLACE.
'The Best Story I Have Ever Written.'"
Publisher's Advt. in Sunday Paper.

What a memory!

"Mrs. G. —— was one of the descendants of the Companions of William the Conqueror who recently paid a visit to Normandy."
Local Paper.

He must have found Trouville very much changed.



LOOKING FORWARD: A NEW,



IF NOT BETTER, LONDON.



LOOKING FORWARD: PLANE-PARKING.

Attendant. "GENTLY, MISS. JUST ROOM FOR A LITTLE 'UN."



LOOKING FORWARD: WEATHER-CONTROL.

"MY DEAR, I WILL SHOW YOU THE ROCK-GARDEN WHEN THE LITTLE SHOWER THAT HENRY SPECIALLY ORDERED FOR IT IS OVER."

SIMPLE STORIES.

THE MURDER TRIAL.

ONE night when Miss Toecap came home to her flat in Emporia Mansions after winning three-and-ninepence at bridge, she found the hall-porter stretched dead on the floor of the entrance-hall.

Well she knew how to work the lift herself so it wouldn't have mattered for that, but she had always liked the hall-porter, who had treated her respectfully and given her tips for the Derby, and she thought it was only fair that he should have decent burial, so she rang up an undertaker she knew privately and asked him to come round at once and see about it. And the undertaker whose name was Mr. Shankbone was in his first sleep, but as he was rather in love with Miss Toecap he came round with a hearse and a coffin and one or two sub-undertakers and took the hall-porter away. And when the others had gone Miss Toecap asked him if he thought there had been foul play or anything like that, and he said he thought there had, but he didn't suspect her of it. And he said in the midst of life we are in death Miss Toecap, and if you could bring yourself to consider an offer of marriage I should like to take this opportunity of making you one.

Well, Miss Toecap wasn't in love with Mr. Shankbone but she was flattered at somebody wanting to marry her at her age, and she knew he was comfortably off and had been a lawyer before he had taken up funerals, and he had been kind to his first wife and put up a most expensive marble monument to her when she died of shingles with her end was peace on it, so she didn't like to say no without thinking it over first. And she said I am not used to receiving offers of marriage at half-past twelve at night in the entrance-halls of mansions Mr. Shankbone but if you could call round to-morrow afternoon I will see about it. And he thought this was quite reasonable and he said so be it Miss Toecap, and then he said good-night to her respectfully and went away.

Well by the next morning Miss Toecap had made up her mind to marry Mr. Shankbone as she didn't think she would get a better offer, and besides she had lately put nearly all her money into a gold-mine which had turned out not to have any gold in it and it was either that or starving, which she didn't care about. But the first thing after breakfast a policeman came and took her up for murdering the hall-porter, and when Mr. Shankbone called round in the afternoon to see her the new hall-porter said well you can't because she is in prison, and I am glad of it as if she had been here I shouldn't have taken the situation, the work is quite heavy enough without getting murdered.

Well Miss Toecap was committed for trial and Mr. Shankbone said he would appear for her although it was a long time since he had taken a case in court, and he was allowed to go and consult with her in her cell and he fell more in love with her than ever because she put such a brave face on it, and she told him all about the gold-mine and he said it didn't matter as he had plenty of money for both of them and all he wanted was to cherish her and make her forget the tribulation she was going through. And he made friends with the Governor of the prison whose cousin he had been at school with and asked him if he would mind his bringing in some delicacies for Miss Toecap to eat as she wasn't used to skilly and things like that and he wanted to bring her to the trial well-nourished so as to make a good impression on the jury. And the Governor said he couldn't give him permission to do that as it would be bad for discipline, but as Miss Toecap had given no trouble and he didn't believe himself that she had murdered the hall-porter if he liked to introduce some bloater-paste into her cell he would wink at it.



"HE FELL MORE IN LOVE WITH HER THAN EVER."

Well the day of the trial came and it looked black for Miss Toecap because all sorts of things came out about her, and it was proved that she had been gambling on the night the hall-porter had been found dead and that he had given her tips for the Derby so they looked rather like accomplices in crime and might have fallen out because of that. And the barrister who was against Miss Toecap didn't even trouble to make a long speech but he said my lord and ladies and gentlemen I will just ask you one question, if Miss Toecap didn't murder the hall-porter who did? and then sat down again.

Well Mr. Shankbone made a good speech in favour of Miss Toecap but he was rather out of practice as he had been so long in the undertaking business, and the best thing he could find to say was that if Miss Toecap was let off he would marry her. And the jury was impressed by this, but the judge said they must not let it weigh with them because if Mr. Shankbone was in love with Miss Toecap of course he would want her to be let off.

Well the judge was very fair in his summing-up and he complimented Mr. Shankbone on the way he had handled the case and said if he had stuck to the Bar instead of going into the undertaking business he might quite easily have been sitting where he was sitting now. But he said to the jury I should have to instruct you that in ordinary circumstances it would look fishy that the learned counsel in his capacity of funeral furnisher assisted the prisoner at the bar in getting rid of the body. But a fact has come to my notice which puts an innocent aspect on this painful affair which we have been trying to disentangle. The deceased hall-porter happened to be the brother-in-law of my chauffeur who informs me that he was subject to heart disease from childhood. The corollary inference therefore is that he died of that complaint and was not murdered at all either by the prisoner at the bar or by anybody else. This fact certainly ought to have been brought out at the inquest and it will be my disagreeable duty to report the coroner to the Government for not seeing to it. I say disagreeable, gentlemen, because only last Saturday I was playing the learned gentleman at golf and took three half-crowns off him,

being what is known as on my game. But this country would not stand so high as it does if people in my position allowed private considerations to interfere with public duty.

It only remains for me to acquit the prisoner of the serious crime which has been laid to her charge, while pointing out that if she had been a little more careful in her private behaviour she would have run less risk of being hanged by mistake. However, I understand that she is shortly to be united in wedlock to the gentleman whose eloquent words you have recently been listening to. I wish them every happiness, and in consideration of the attention you have paid to this complicated case I will let you all off serving on juries again for the term of your natural lives.

A. M.

DEAR BRUTUS AT LORD'S.

In the lunch interval we walked
On the most classic of green swards
And talked as WORDSWORTH might have talked,
If he had ever been to Lord's,
Of human conduct and the creeds
That tell of destinies or deeds.

The old question rose: Were we allowed
Some second innings, would we make
A braver show before the crowd,
Avoid the ruinous mistake
And hold the chances gone to grass,
Not only in the slips, alas?

The stage was fitted to the theme:
There was the smooth arena spread,
While here, above us and our dream,
The vast pavilion raised its head,
Closing, relentless as the Fates,
Against us its exclusive gates.

Yonder was youth's exultant sphere,
The precincts of the measured pitch,
For which we were too old—and here
The halls of privilege, for which,
A million candidates among,
We were a century too young.

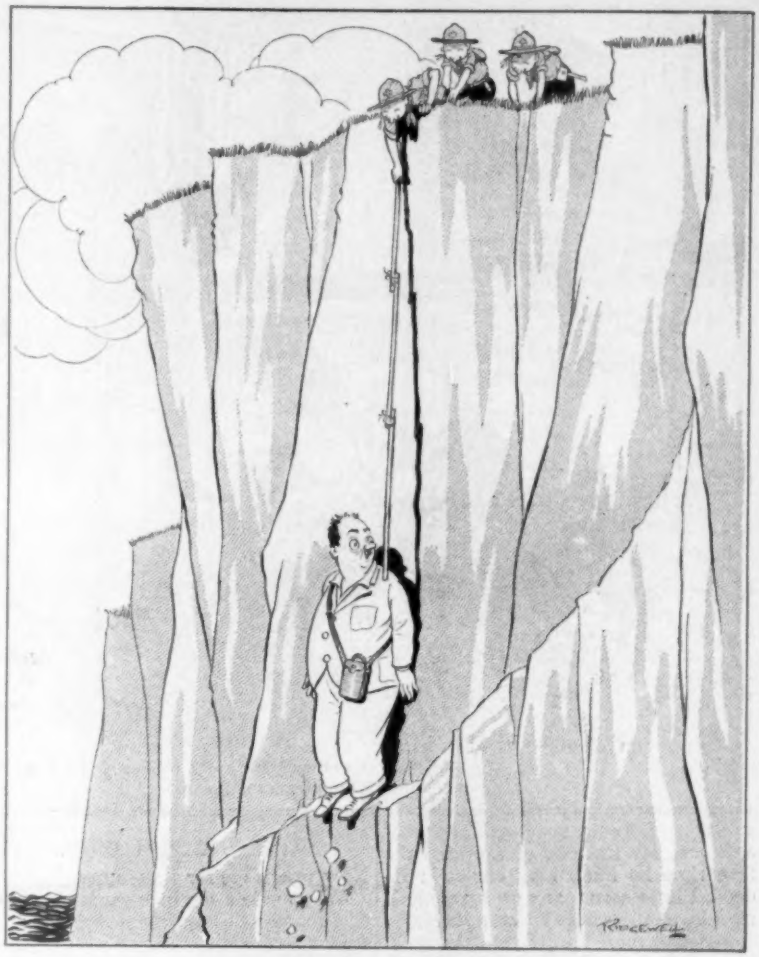
"What would you do," I said—"explain"—
As in the kindly sun we basked,
"If all the play were played again?"
"What do you think I'd do?" he asked.
"I'd get my name put down," said he,
"Much earlier for the M.C.C." A. C.

Practical Jokes in the World of Commerce.

"Required, Agents and Travellers, willing push chamois, as supplementary line, amongst their customers."—*Advt. in Daily Paper.*

From the Divine to the Ridiculous.

"Mr. —— sang the tenor song 'Lily of Laguna' with god effect, and also appeared in the rôle of a comedian with good success in 'De Rongtail's Coon.'"—*Natal Paper.*



TO THE RESCUE.

SUB-EDITORS AND SKITTLES.

JUST a small matter for the sub-editors and headline merchants.

I refer to a recent fashion of describing a successful bowling feat in County Cricket. When Mr. PEEBLES, say, takes a great number of wickets, or Surrey dismisses Sussex with unexpected ease, the papers are no longer content to record these events in cricket language; they must drag in *skittles*. It is—

PEEBLES SKITTLES PORKSHIRE

or

SURREY SKITTLES SUSSEX.

Last year, I think, it was "Skittles *Out*," but even that has now been condemned as wordy.

Now, I don't know whether the Amateur Skittles Association are taking any official action; but I must make my personal protest against this entirely unnecessary affront to the noble and ancient game of skittles. For affront it is, intentional or not. The suggestion is, you see, that, the men of Porkshire having been bowled out easily in quick succession, the (erroneous) verb "to skittle" suitably describes the event; which is to say (*a*) that the game of skittles is easy, and (*b*) that the game of skittles consists in knocking down a row of ninepins one after the other.

Both these assumptions are unwarranted. The game of skittles is not easy, but very difficult. And the object of the game is not to knock down the pins one by one (as in cricket), but to knock them all down *with one blow*. This is fairly often done, but only after long practice, and scarcely ever by a fluke. It is a great spectacle, a fine feat, and is to be compared in cricket not to the dismissal of a few tail-end batsmen played for their bowling, but to a hat-trick or to fifty runs. Even to knock down a single given skittle is not always



Player (just arrived on the tee). "LOST YOUR PEG, DARLING?"
Friend. "NO, DARLING, HIS BALL."

so easy. I would not back any sub-editor to lay low one of the nine the first time he hurls his "cheese"; indeed, I have seen many grown athletic men leave the whole lot standing.

Strictly, therefore, the skittle metaphor is only applicable to cricket in cases where a bowler takes all ten wickets with one ball. Loosely, as I have hinted, a man who did the hat-trick might be said to have "skittled out" three batsmen—at least I do not think that any skittle player would resent that. But in general, if it is impossible to describe a cricket-match in cricket language, I do beg the headliners to go to other games for their metaphors and fancies. Why should not PEEBLES "putt" Porkshire out, "croquet" Porkshire, or "polo" Porkshire? Anyhow, hands off skittles!

A. P. H.

"FLAT AS A 'NEST OF CRIMINALS.'"
Daily Paper.

How flat might that be?

"HOW TO HIKE HAPPILY.
Luggage should be as light as possible and all necessaries rigidly excluded."
Scots Paper.

A powder-puff and a volume of MARCEL PROUST will be found quite sufficient for average needs.

THE ENGLISH WAY.

Now woe is me for LANSBURY
  Who made a big beer-garden!
The fuss-pots came from every side
And "Beer," they said, "we won't abide
  And beer we will not pardon.

"For beer's the stuff when sold enough
  In parks and open spaces
Will make the people look less glum:
And English towns may soon become
  Like all those foreign places.

"So beer's a brew that will not do."
  They issued their decretals,
But Mr. LANSBURY would not bend,
He heard them to the bitter end,
  And off they crawled—the beetles.

Then up there came with cries of "Shame!"
  From all their dens and caverns,
With honest British anger warmed,
A deputation which was formed
  Of licensees of taverns.

"Is Justice dead?" the spokesman said;
  "My pals and me opposes
All this here talk of flowers and shrubs,
For drink was made to drink in pubs,
  Not in no beds of roses.

"If you put ale out there for sale
  You takes away the profit
From struggling men that came here first
And understands the public thirst—
  You blinking well come off it!"

Now woe is me for LANSBURY,
  Who equally displeases
The Temperance and the Liquor Trade
By planting in the grateful shade
  His open-air speak-easies!

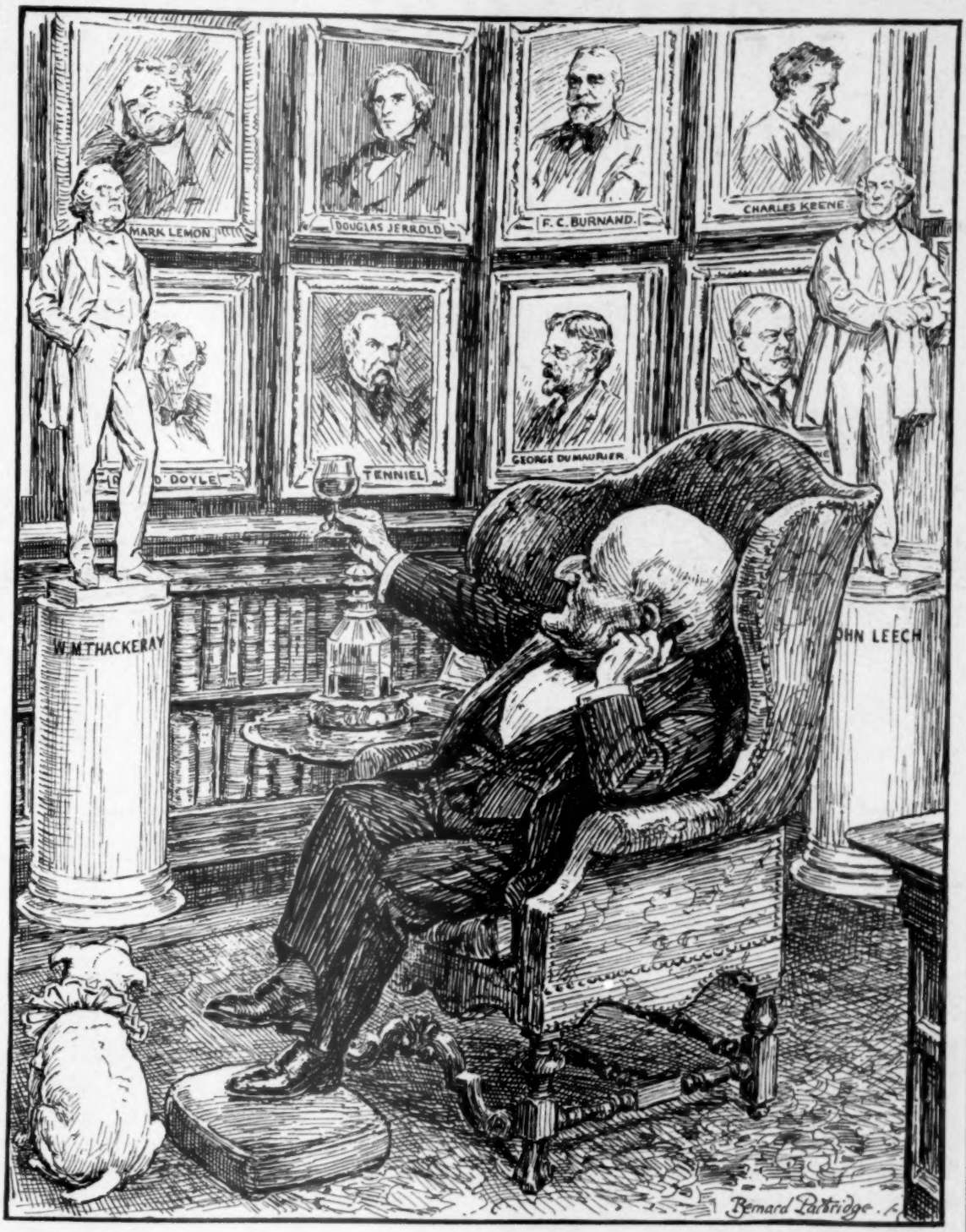
And in and out and round about
  They chase him hell for leather
Amongst his tables and his trees—
A howling mob of Pharisees
  And Publicans together. EVOE.

Splashes of the Obvious.

"The reason for the popular belief that the weather has been abnormally wet may lie in the fact that for the past four months only one week-end, June 20-21, has been without a trace of rain, while 12 out of the remaining 17 have had definite downpours."
Letter in Sunday Paper.

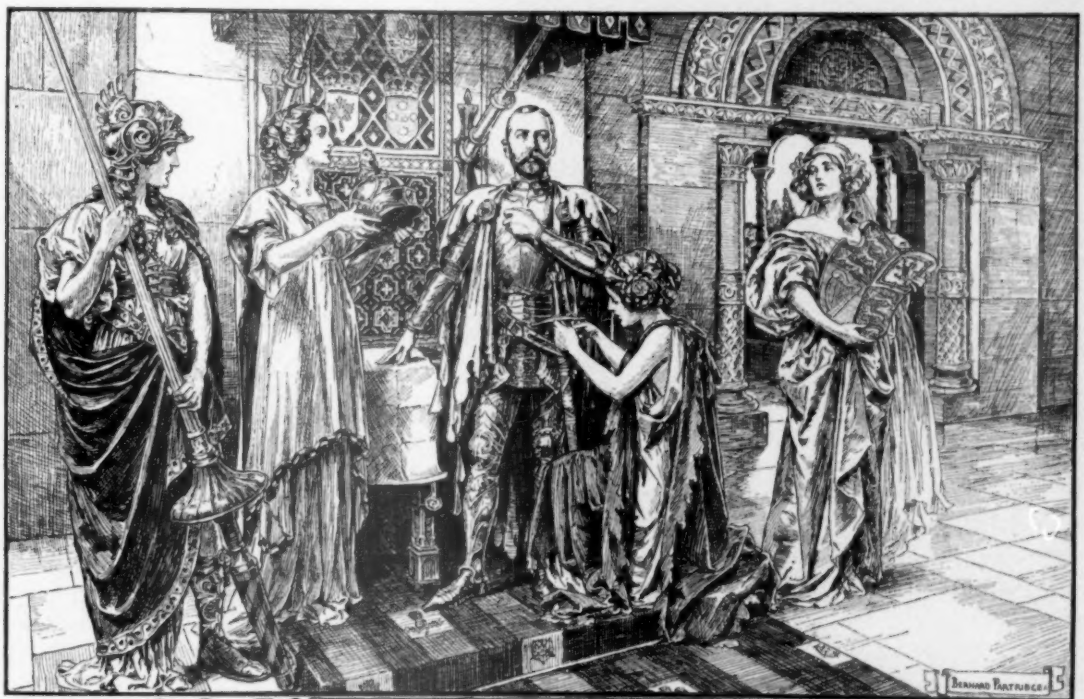
"Aberdeen, despite her distance from London, has had as much experience as more adjacent educational centres of schemes whereby parties of school children visit London and perhaps other places abroad during the holidays."—*Aberdeen Paper.*

Distant almost to unfriendliness.


MARK LEMON
DOUGLAS JERROLD
F. C. BURNAND.
CHARLES KEENE.
GEORGE DU MAURIER
TENNIEL
W. M. THACKERAY
JOHN LEECH
Bernard Partridge

MEMORIES.

Mr PUNCH'S Ninetieth Birthday Number



The Arming of the King.
FORTITVDE · WISDOM · IVSTICE · PEACE ·

MR. PUNCH, becoming this week ninety years young, has thought that a survey of the two decades since he celebrated in 1911 his seventieth birthday might be of interest. Most men, as they grow older, are a little shy of these anniversaries; but Mr. Punch is different: he has not been called a Sage for nothing, and every year brings him increasing cheerfulness and vigour. He has no objection to being called a baldhead; and when they add "go up" he is delighted, because to go up is his practice, his intention and his pride.

When he is asked to what he attributes his long lease of life he says nothing about non-smoking and non-drinking and other ungenial privations; he murmurs something about high spirits and sound circulation; and should the questioner be still persistent he takes refuge in one of his own jokes and says that, having given the matter his most careful consideration, he believes that the reason he is ninety is because he was born in 1841.

Mr. Punch's Ninetieth Birthday Number.

CONSIDERING what was to happen in the twenty years following Mr. Punch's seventieth birthday, it is worth noting that the principal cartoon in the first number for 1911 depicts the EX-CROWN PRINCE OF GERMANY—later, as "Little Willie," to be in Mr. Punch's pages a fruitful source of satire and even obloquy—as the honoured guest of the Indian Empire and enjoying a very good time. "Dear Papa," runs the home-letter which he is depicted as writing, "I am doing myself proud. These English aren't half bad fellows when you get to know them." The date is January 4th, 1911, and the title "Towards the Rapprochement."

The great event of 1911 was the Coronation of KING GEORGE V. The Liberals were in power, with Mr. ASQUITH as Prime Minister, Sir EDWARD GREY as Foreign Minister, Mr. LLOYD GEORGE as Chancellor of the Exchequer and Mr. HALDANE at the War Office. The National Insurance Act was the principal legislative performance of the year.

The Coronation was duly celebrated by picture and poem. "O. S." was in serious vein, while less reverent verses came from "DUM-DUM," who chose the Coronation chair as his theme:—

"Happy the bard, and privileged his lot,
Who finds some hallowed thing before his eyes
Whence the most torpid brain (which mine is not)
Rises to new thoughts which, with warm surprise,
He feels instinctively are good and wise;
These are the themes by poets held most dear;
Of such are poems made; and such, methinks, is here.

Yes, 'tis a sight no loyal eye may view
Without emotion; here the gaze is fed
With the great Stone of Scone (pronounce it *oo*),
Brought from old Palestine, whereon, 'tis said,
Tired JACOB rested his nomadic head.
A fine thought this; let cavillers assert
The stone is new Scotch sandstone—what are they but dirt?"



THE CAPTURE OF WINDSOR CASTLE
BY THE BOY SCOUTS, JULY 4TH, 1911.

The occasion of the Coronation brought forward a list of the other GEORGES of the day, too many of whom are no longer with us:—GEORGE MOORE, GEORGE R. SIMS, GEORGE HIRST, GEORGE ALEXANDER, GEORGE EDWARDES, GEORGE BERNARD SHAW, GEORGE W. E. RUSSELL, GEORGE ROBEY, GEORGE WYNDHAM, GEORGE GRAY, GEORGE NATHANIEL, Lord CURZON, Sir GEORGE FRAMPTON, LLOYD GEORGE.

Among other events of the year noted in these pages were the erection of the Peter Pan statue in Kensington Gardens, the elevation of "Napoleon B. HALDANE" to the peerage as Lord HALDANE, the death of Lord GOSCHEN, the theft of the "Monna Lisa" from the Louvre, the Boy Scouts' rally at Windsor Castle, which led to a very popular cartoon, the swimming of the Channel by T. W. BURGESS, Lord KITCHENER'S appointment as Agent-General in Egypt and the PRINCE OF WALES' entry into his princedom.

The month of May seems to have been not much better than it was in 1931, for we find "EVOE" condemning the foolish custom of decorating grates in the spring in spite of continual and bitter experience of the sun's treachery:—

"I call it unspeakably silly;
Yes, even in years that are hot,
I shudder, I shrink from that stilly
And ghost-haunted grot;
Ah, would that some builder would fashion
The home of my dreams, of my passion,
Where Yule-logs are rosy and ashen,
Let the weather be no matter what!"

Among the books reviewed by the Learned Clerks was ARNOLD BENNETT'S story, *The Card*.

Of the last two cartoons of the year, one appealed for funds for Captain SCOTT'S Expedition to the South Pole and one recorded the Delhi Coronation Durbar of December 12th. The statement that a NOBEL Prize is to be awarded to Mr. THOMAS EDISON for Physics has aroused, says Mr. Punch, a considerable amount of pleasurable excitement among children all over the world, who take it to mean that a really tasteless castor-oil has been discovered at last.

From "Charivaria":—

"It is now stated definitely that the Palace of Peace at the Hague will be opened next year. The TSAR, to whose initiative its erection is largely due, has, it is said, promised to be present unless prevented by war."

Mr. Punch's Ninetieth Birthday Number.

IN 1912 the Liberals were in power, with the familiar problem of Coal to occupy their attention. Colonel SEELY was at the War Office.

We had an English Eleven in Australia under J. W. H. T. DOUGLAS, the result of the tour being that we won; but when S. E. GREGORY brought his men to England for our summer season he turned the tables. These, as it chanced, were to be the last England and Australia contests until 1920–21.

Early in January HENRY LABOUCHERE died and was memorialised in an article by "TOBY, M.P."; Sir HERBERT BEERBOHM TREE accepted an offer to go on the music-halls; while on the 31st is a cartoon of Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL, First Lord of the Admiralty, wondering as to whether he shall assume the *rôle* of Demosthenes, D'Artagnan, Dan O'Connell, Dan Leno or Daniel in the Lion's Den. On March 6th there were some lines in memory of Mr. Punch's old contributor, the favourite comedian, GEORGE GROSSMITH:—

"Farewell, G. G., with aim so true
In shooting folly as it flew;
Who brought so much whole-hearted joy
To patrons of the old Savoy;
And in those pages helped to give
'A Nobody' the power to live."

On March 20th Mr. RAMSAY MACDONALD figures in a cartoon as the Leader of the Parliamentary Labour Party on the door-mat of the Coal Conference room, remarking, "If I can't get the glory they might at least let me have some of the blame," and on the 27th the cartoon commemorates the opening of the London Museum.

In April came the sad duty of recording the sinking of



"THEY'VE RUINED THEIR CAUSE NAH, ALBERT. THEY'VE LORST *MY* SYMPAFY. I'VE DONE WI' WIMMIN!"



"EXCUSE ME, SIR, BUT ARE YOU READING THE PAPER YOU'RE SITTING ON?"



Young Hopeful (who has lately started to study mechanics). "WHY DO YOU ALWAYS PULL YOUR BARROW, GRUBBLES?" *Grubbles (a pessimist).* "'COS I 'ATES THE VERY SIGHT OF 'UN."

the *Titanic*, which struck a submerged iceberg on April 15th. Beneath the cartoon were these verses by "O. S.":—

"Tears for the dead,
who shall not
come again
Homeward to
any shore on
any tide!
Tears for the dead!
butthroughthat
bitter rain
Breaks, like an
April sun, the
smile of pride.

What courage
yielded place to
others' need,
Patient of discip-
line's supreme
decree,
Well may we guess
who know that
gallant breed
Schooled in the
ancient chivalry
of the sea!"



Steward. "YOU CAN'T BE SICK HERE, SIR!"
Distressed Passenger. "CAN'T I?" (*Is.*)

In a tribute to the two famous dancers of that time, PAVLOVA, who died last year, and GENÉE, who has retired, we find the following analytical remarks:—

"Each appeals to a different mood. When it comes to actual dancing—to the precision and fluidity of the steps and movement—there is little to choose; PAVLOVA may be perhaps a shade more astoundingly accomplished. But for the most part our preference is not for the execution but for the executant. We like PAVLOVA best or GENÉE best according to our temperament, or according, as I say, to our mood. PAVLOVA is more languorous, more dangerous, more exotic; GENÉE is quicker, gay and jocund. PAVLOVA has more than an Oriental suggestion; GENÉE is one of us—a Northerner. PAVLOVA is *au fond* melancholy; GENÉE is a kitten."

In June Mr. Punch depicts that long-felt want, an underground tunnel between the wicket and the pavilion for batsmen who have



AT THE TATE GALLERY.

Dutiful Nephew (doing the sights of London for the benefit of Aunt from the Country). "THIS IS THE FAMOUS 'MINOTAUR' BY WATTS. WHAT DO YOU THINK OF IT?"

Aunt. "WELL, IT 'S A *SHORTHORN*, WHATEVER ELSE IT MAY BE."



Genial Squire. "MANY HAPPY RETURNS, WILLIAM. I WAS JUST COMING TO CALL ON YOU WITH A LITTLE BIT OF TOBACCO."

William (aged eighty). "THANK YE KINDLY, SIR, BUT I BE DONE WI' SMOKIN'."

Genial Squire. "WHY, HOW'S THAT?"

William. "WELL, I'VE 'EARD THAT BETWEEN EIGHTY AN' NINETY'S A TICKLISH PART O' A MAN'S LIFE, SO I BE TAKIN' NO CHANCES."

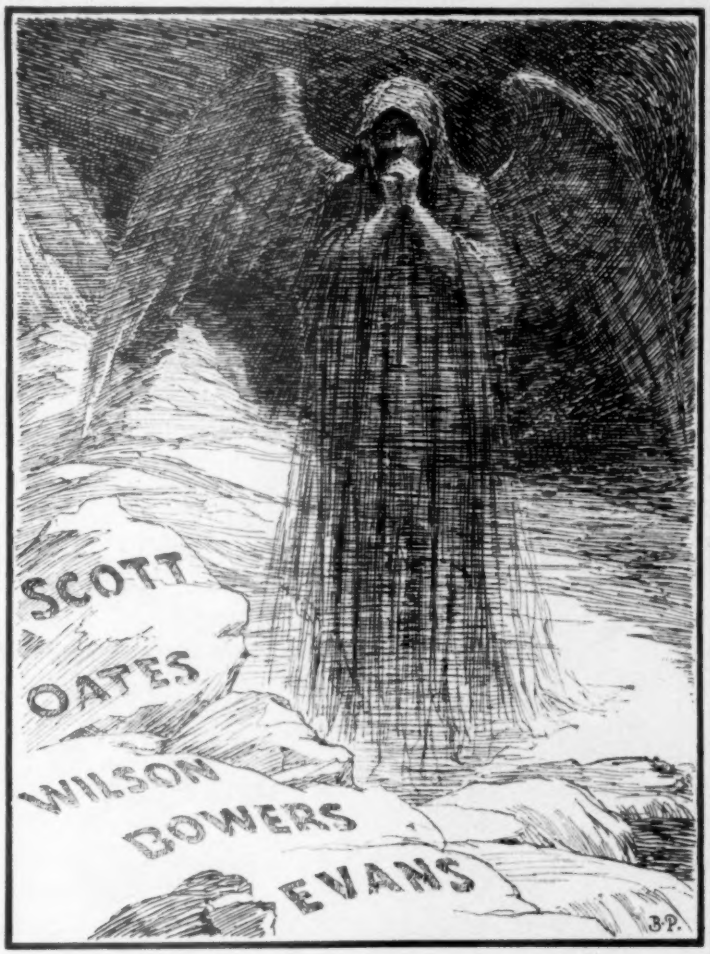
been bowled first ball. Mr. Punch is famous for his successful prophecies, but this one is still unfulfilled. At the end of a most disappointing season we find a trio of cricketers on a blasted pitch mourning the rain that has blasted it.

In September another pictorial forecast shows us a School for Pedestrians where the evasion of motor-cars may be learned; but, as everyone knows, this boon also is still to come. Yet another ingenious suggestion was that for a collar shaped very low at the back, to be called "The Henson," for the convenience and comfort of those who gaze at aeroplanes. This may have been necessary then, but to-day, nineteen years later, we rarely trouble to look up. The death of ANDREW LANG on July 20th called forth a warm tribute.

One of Mr. Punch's very popular poems appeared this year: "The Cottage Garden Prayer":—

"Little garden gods,
You of good bestowing,
You of kindly showing,
Mind the pottings and the pods;
Watchers of geranium-beds,
Pinks and stocks and suchlike orders,
Rose, and sleepy poppy-heads—
Bless us in our borders,
Little garden gods!

Little garden gods,
Bless the time of sowing
Watering and growing;
Lastly, when our sunflower nods
And our rambler's red array
Waits the honey-bee her labours,
Bless our garden that it may
Beat our next-door neighbour's,
Little garden gods!"



IN HONOUR OF BRAVE MEN DEAD.

ONE of the first articles of 1913, in the number dated January 1st, describes, in a series called "More Successful Lives," by "A. A. M.," the Collector, with particular emphasis on the celebrated bracelet:—

"Of course you know the history of this most famous of all bracelets. Made by SPURIUS QUINTUS of Rome in 47 B.C., it was given by CÆSAR to CLEOPATRA, who tried without success to dissolve it in vinegar. Returning to Rome by way of ANTONY, it was worn at a minor conflagration by NERO, after which it was lost sight of for many centuries. It was eventually heard of during the reign of CANUTE (or KNUT, as his admirers called him); and JOHN is known to have lost it in the Wash, whence it was recovered a century afterwards. It must have travelled thence to France, for it was seen in the possession of LOUIS XI.; and from there to Spain, for PHILIP THE HANDSOME presented it to JOANNA on her wedding-day. COLUMBUS took it to America, but fortunately brought it back again; PETER THE GREAT threw it at an indifferent musician; on one of its later visits to England POPE wrote a couplet to it. And the most astonishing thing in its whole history was that now for more than a hundred years it had vanished completely. To turn up again in a little Devonshire cottage! Verily truth is stranger than fiction!"

The illustrious biologist, the late Sir EDWIN RAY LANKESTER, having uttered the statement, "I am unable to discover any mechanical or physiological purpose served by a chin," Mr. Punch thus instructed him:—

"Dear Sir RAY LANKESTER,
Can't you be simple
And own that a chin
Was made for a dimple?"

The Liberals were still in power, with home politics in the foreground, although the Naval Programme of Germany demanded attention. One of the cartoons for July 19th shows Mr. CHURCHILL and Admiral TIRPITZ at a race-meeting. The whiskered German sea-dog is a bookmaker. Says Mr. CHURCHILL, "What price German Navy?" "8 to 5." "I want," says Mr. CHURCHILL, "2 to 1." "I'll make it 16 to 10," says the Admiral. "Right," says Mr. CHURCHILL, "I'll take you." The other cartoon is without levity. We saw how in 1911 there was an appeal for funds for Captain SCOTT'S Expedition. Alas! the Expedition ended in tragedy, and SCOTT, OATES, WILSON, BOWERS and EVANS failed to return. Beneath Sir BERNARD PARTRIDGE'S poignant picture are these lines, signed "O. S.":—

"O hearts of metal pure as finest gold!
O great ensample, where our sons may trace,
Too proud for tears, their birthright from of old,
Heirs of the Island Race!"

"Whoever," says "Charivaria" in March, "is looking after the war in the Near East appears to be very careless. Several battles have had to be put off owing to falls of snow, but the simple precaution of covering the ground with straw has not yet been taken."

In the same month WOODROW WILSON'S first Presidential address comes under notice. Among the social commentaries is a caustic cartoon illustrating the absurdities of the Bunny Hug and kindred dances then in fashion, while one of the pictures represents a militant suffragette failing to light a fire to boil the tea-kettle and remarking: "And to think that only yesterday I burnt two pavilions and a church!"

Mr. Punch's Ninetieth Birthday Number.

In a cartoon Mr. ASQUITH is appealed to by the symbolised Laureateship — made vacant by the death of ALFRED AUSTIN—to be abolished ; but without avail, for a short time afterwards ROBERT BRIDGES was appointed. Mr. Punch, when the time came, commented thus:—

THE PEOPLE'S LAUREATE.

(Without prejudice to Dr. Bridges.)

"Though KIPLING long had been his country's pride,
Uncrowned, except with glory,
ASQUITH ignored the People's Voice and cried:
'But that's another Tory.'"

The new Laureate, however, even if he was not welcomed by Mr. Punch, proved very useful to him, his silence leading to more quips than any number of official odes could have done. In September we find another prophetic picture boldly dated 1930. An idle man is asked to carry a bag to the station. He refuses: "Why, if I touched that there bag I'd 'ave the Amalgamated Society of Loafers on me track!" Another ingenious effort to help the traffic problem is made by the device of a perambulator with a dummy baby in it made of crockery, which is run into the road in the way of oncoming cars:—

"I thought once of using real babies. But they 're difficult to come by for the purpose, so I gave up the idea. I asked my sister for the loan of one of hers, but she was nasty about it. If you borrow them without asking the owner's leave there 's apt to be a fuss, and I hate notoriety. Besides, you can get compensation for crockery but not for babies. I never try for more than five pounds' compensation."



BRAVO, BELGIUM !

One of the autumn cartoons registers the world's debt to Signor, now Commendatore, MARCONI for his invention making the S.O.S. possible. Another records the opening, shortly after that of the pheasant season, of Mr. LLOYD GEORGE's campaign against land-owners, which now, many years later, is taking on a new lease of life in other hands.

It was in November, 1913, that Mr. Punch's Parliamentary artist, "A. W. L.," made his first appearance.

The Derby of 1913 was won by Aboyeur at 100 to 1. One of Mr. Punch's pictures—representing a restaurant scene, with an "aboyeur," or "barker," at the speaking-tube—had the honour of supplying far-sighted readers with the tip.

WE now come to 1914, a year which, though fraught with fate from August onwards, began cheerfully enough, with Mr. LLOYD GEORGE and his Land Campaign much in the public eye. In January the elevation of Mr. BERNARD SHAW to a niche at Madame TUSSAUD'S is recorded: "But Mr. CHESTERTON must not be jealous. He too, we understand, will be placed there if room can be found for him." Mr. LLOYD GEORGE'S holiday in North Africa is explained as necessitated by the importance to a Chancellor of the Exchequer of "making a close study of camels, with a view to ascertaining the nature of the last straw which breaks their backs." Lord KITCHENER had become Secretary for War.

In February is a picture of Mr. JOHN BURNS, who was so soon to disappear from public life, to which he has never since returned, as the new Secretary to the Board of Trade. A paragraph in the same month runs thus:—

"The German CROWN PRINCE has the mumps. It seems that his Imperial Father was not consulted in the matter beforehand, and further domestic differences are anticipated."

One of the most influential and illustrious members of Mr. Punch's staff died on February 25th, full of years and honour: Sir JOHN TENNIEL, the cartoonist, born in 1820. A Special Supplement in this great draughtsman's praise was added to the number for March 4th, surveying his career and reproducing his most remarkable cartoons. In March Admiral FISHER was raised to the peerage as Lord FISHER OF KILVERSTONE. "As he sat," wrote "TOBY, M.P.," "perched in Peers' Gallery immediately over the clock, a place ever associated with the genial presence of EDWARD, PRINCE OF WALES, there flashed across the mind a familiar couplet sung by DIBDIN:—

'There's a sweet little cherub that sits up aloft
To keep watch for the life of poor Jack.'

Whilst jealous for maintenance of Naval power, no Admiral or Sea Lord did more to improve conditions of life on the lower deck than did JACKY FISHER. Retired from active service, his multiform commissions under hatches, to-night his body has gone aloft to a seat in Peers' Gallery." When we recall Lord FISHER'S share in our victory in the Great War which was to break out within five months of

this time, the phrase "retired from active service" has peculiar irony. Meanwhile Mr. CHURCHILL, the First Lord of the Admiralty, is complimented in a cartoon for adding aeroplanes to his arsenal.

The War cloud did not burst until the M.C.C. had time to celebrate the centenary of the opening of Lord's in the St. John's Wood Road in 1814.



FROM OUR SPECIALLY CREDULOUS CORRESPONDENT.

Stoker. "I SEE THE TORPEDO APPROACHIN' US; SO, WITHOUT WAITIN' FER ANY ORDERS, I DIVES OVERBOARD, JUST GIVES 'IM A FLICK ON 'IS LITTLE RUDDER, AN' OFF 'E GOES TO STARB'D AN' PASSES US 'ARMLESSLY BY."

The reduction of the price of *The Times* to a penny comes under the heading, "Thunder is cheap to-day." In June Ex-President ROOSEVELT'S visit to London elicits these lines:—

"ROOSEVELT RESURGIT.

Once more the tireless putter-right of men,
Our roaring ROOSEVELT, swims into our ken.
With clash of cymbals and with roll of drums,
Reduced in weight, from far Brazil he comes.

* * * * *

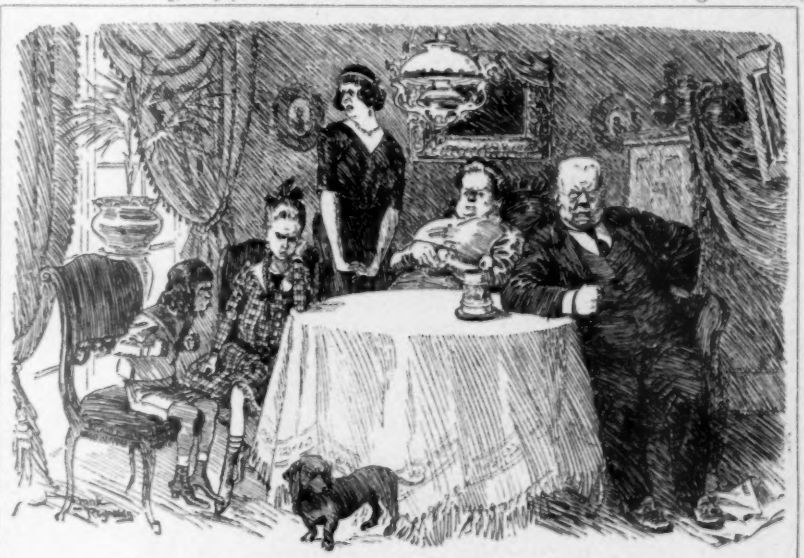
Next London sees him, and with loud good will
Yields to the mighty tamer of Brazil,
And hears and cheers the while by his own fiat he
Lectures our Geographical Society.
Soon to his native land behold him go
To take a hand in quelling Mexico.
Does WILSON want him? Well, I hardly know."

JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN'S death on July 2nd is marked by a cartoon and some lines, and on the following week we find the state of Ireland occupying all attention. "What of the Dawn?" asks the figure of Erin as she gazes over the dark sea. But there was a still more serious problem ahead; for less than a fortnight later came the War.

THE WAR.

THE breaking-out of War caused Mr. Punch to wonder for a moment if there was any place for him in a world become tragic. But only for a moment was he in any doubt; the next moment he realised that never were his gifts as an entertainer, stimulator, comforter and, on occasion, castigator, more likely to be needed, and—but with a steadily diminishing staff, as his young men left for sterner duties—he carried on. War, with all its grimness, has its humours too, and Mr. Punch's pages became the natural repository for the best of them. So thorough was he as a student and critic of the struggle in all its phases that when it was over and he was able to bring together his prose and verse and his drawings of the fighting period 1914—1918 in volume form it was, as a History of the War, found to be not only as illuminating a record as many a more pretentious work, but on the conditions of the home front far more informative than any other. If anyone wants to see the brave sardonic unconquerable English people as they were in those days of trial and stress *Mr. Punch's History of the War* is the place to look. But in the present pages there are sufficient reminders.

The first of a series of famous War cartoons was that depicting Belgium resisting the effrontery of the German advance: a resistance which led to terrible Belgian losses, but which probably determined the ultimate course of events. Had Germany been allowed to pass through as she wished, the fall of Paris was almost a certainty.



STUDY OF A PRUSSIAN HOUSEHOLD HAVING ITS MORNING HATE.

Many new charities naturally sprang at once into being, one of the first and most important being the National

Relief Fund, promoted by the PRINCE OF WALES, its purpose being the care of the children whose fathers and brothers were serving under the Flag.

The cause was commended in verses by "O. S.," containing this rallying stanza:—

"He that, leaving child and wife
In our keeping, unafraid,
Goes to dare the deadly strife,
Shall he see his trust betrayed?
Shall he come again and find
Hollow cheeks and eyelids wet?
Guard them as your kith and kind!
Pay your debt!"

Mr. Punch came out on September 2nd as a recruiting-sergeant to assist Lord KITCHENER'S call for half-a-million men, while he had something to say also for the call for Special Constables. Another urgent appeal, on September 9th, was for the Red Cross. One of the pictures in the same number depicts the GERMAN EMPEROR instructing an artist engaged in painting the ruins of the Louvain Library: "Don't trouble about architectural details," he says; "just get a broad effect of culture." With the number for September 16th was issued a Special Supplement consisting of cartoons from *Punch* illustrating the KAISER'S career, of which the most memorable was probably that one, at the beginning of his reign, dated March 29, 1890, when he "dropped the pilot." A month later Mr. Punch extended his object-lessons in a Special Supplement containing cartoons illustrating the Prussian Bully's activities from a period far antecedent to the KAISER'S, namely from 1857. An exhibition of these cartoons was held at the Fine Art Society's. Meanwhile a eulogistic ode congratulated Monsieur MAX, the gallant and defiant but diminutive Burgomaster of Brussels (who, in 1931, still holds that post), on his refusal to take German aggression lying down; and on the lighter side we find GEORGE BELCHER'S drawing of a joke, which afterwards passed into the general fund of War anecdote, about a British Tommy who was asked by an incredulous friend how he had been able to take ten German prisoners single-handed; "I just shouted 'Waiter!'" he says, "and they came along."



Mabel (who has been promised sixpence if she will extract a loose tooth). "HERE'S THE TOOTH, GRANDFATHER. BUT IF YOU'D RATHER NOT PAY TILL AFTER THE WAR YOU NEEDN'T."



Mother (whose husband has lately joined the Territorials). "DO YOU KNOW, DARLING, DADDY IS A SOLDIER NOW?"

Child. "Oh! MUMMY. THEN WILL HE COME UP TO THE PRAM AND SAY, 'HELLO, BABY, AND HOW'S NANNY?'"

In October, owing to the continuation of professional football at a time when Kitchener's Army was still incomplete, Mr. Punch printed a caustic picture entitled "The Greater Game," which was afterwards published in leaflet form for the use of recruiting-agents on match-grounds. Among other memorable cartoons of this period is the memorial design in honour of Lord ROBERTS, who died on November 14th on active service at the Front, aged eighty-two—

"This was the happy warrior. This was he
That every man in arms should wish to be."

Another represented a scene in France, where a British soldier, "having learned the language," greets the KING, who was visiting the Front in

person, with "*Vive le Roi!*" and on December 16th is a picture expressing gratitude to Admiral STURDEE for the Falkland Islands victory. A light on the Censor's activities is thrown by a caviared letter received by Mr. Punch stating that the most popular song among the British troops runs thus:—

"It's a long way to ——,
It's a long way to go;
It's a long way to ——,
To the sweetest —— I know. . ."

Mr. Punch's carefulness did not last long, for on April 7th we find this:—

"The KAISER has been presented with another grandson. It has not yet been broken to the poor little fellow who he is."

And on March 14th this:—

"'The Kaiser,' says Professor LASSON, 'is as innocent of this War as a little babe.' This is the unkindest remark about infants that we have ever encountered."

IN 1915 the Order of the Military Cross was founded, and for the first time we had a Minister of Munitions, Mr. LLOYD GEORGE leaving the Treasury, where he had been since 1908, for that post, and being succeeded by Mr. REGINALD MCKENNA. In February the Germans opened their submarine campaign which led to the sinking of the *Lusitania* on May 7th. In this year appeared one of Mr. Punch's most famous War pictures, by FRANK REYNOLDS, representing a German family engaged in its morning Hate. In Mr. ASQUITH'S Coalition Government, established in June, Lord KITCHENER was still at the War Office, and Mr. BALFOUR became First Lord of the Admiralty.

We get an early hint of the dangers of air raids in a picture of a tea-party in which the question is asked, "Why is everybody making such a fuss of that ordinary-looking little person?" "My dear," is the answer, "she has a cellar."

Another aspect of the situation is illustrated by a small boy who has heard the grocer say that the high price of eggs was due to the European struggle: "But, Mummy, how do the hens know we're at war with Germany?"

In March we have this paragraph:—

"The *Kölnische Zeitung* has paid Mr. Punch the compliment of devoting to him an entire article—written by no less a personage than a Herr Professor. To our unspeakable regret he finds some of our cartoons lacking in reverence for the KAISER; he even uses the word 'blasphemous' in one passage. Mr. Punch will, of course, be more careful in the future; one is so dreadfully apt to forget that the KAISER is a Divinity."



THE HAUNTED SHIP.

Ghost of the Old Pilot. "I WONDER IF HE WOULD DROP ME NOW!"
(April 1st is the hundredth anniversary of BISMARCK'S birth.)

Among the comments on the Germans as a whole is a picture of two friends in a beer-garden. "My friend," says one, "I don't like the look of things. They mean business. No one in England now kicks the cricket-ball." In July it is stated that Mr. PHILIP SNOWDEN moved an Amendment to the National Registration Bill, describing the measure as "an unwarrantable interference with the personal liberty of the people." "We sincerely trust," says Mr. Punch, "that this legislator has got a binding undertaking from the KAISER that, if his Huns come over, there will be no unwarrantable interference of the sort referred to."

On July 21st there is a cartoon complimenting General BOTHA on his activities in sweeping South-West Africa. One result of the Zeppelin season is said to be a boom in the fancy-pyjama trade in London. On November 3rd the death of W. G. GRACE is recorded. On the 10th we have this paragraph:—

"Germany has admitted that twenty-seven of her submarines have been caught in English nets, and has complained to neutral Powers of this method of capturing them. She considers that it would be more in accordance with the traditions of British sportsmanship if they were taken on the fly—the GREY-fly for choice."

The Home Front yields several drawings for which there is no room in this summary, but they may be referred to. In one a recruit asks his companion, "What do you think of the Major, Bill?" "He's a changeable kind of bloke," he replies. "Last night I says to 'im, 'Oo goes there?' and he

says, 'Friend,' and to-day he 'ardly knows me." "Mother, how old is Dad?" asks a small boy. "Forty-three, dear. Why?" "Oh, I *am* glad. I was afraid he'd funked." It was on December 8th of the year 1915 that the poem which led to the institution of Poppy Day, "In Flanders Fields," was printed. Finally in the Almanack we find this forecast:—

"When WILLIAM comes with all his might
And sets the river Thames alight,
I shouldn't be at all surprised
If London Town were Teutonised.

Bidding his bands to play *Te Deum*,
He'll occupy the Athenæum,
And Pallas' Owl become a vulture
Under the new *régime* of culture."



THE SHORTAGE OF MALE LABOUR.

MR. ASQUITH was still Prime Minister of the Coalition when 1916 began; but at the end of the year he was deposed in favour of Mr. LLOYD GEORGE. The War proceeded remorselessly on land, and in March the Military Service Act, receiving Royal Assent, called up every male between the ages of 18 and 41. In September we first introduced Tanks. At sea the Battle of Jutland struck a crippling blow from which Germany never recovered. In May Mr. WILLETT'S summer-time was inaugurated.

In January "Charivaria" remarks:—

"There is much satisfaction in the German Army at the announcement that iron coins to the value of ten million marks are to be substituted for nickel and copper. It is now hoped that those Crosses may yet prove to be worth something."



Visitor (*at private hospital*). "CAN I SEE LIEUTENANT BARKER, PLEASE?"
Matron. "WE DO NOT ALLOW ORDINARY VISITING. MAY I ASK IF YOU'RE A RELATIVE?"
Visitor (*boldly*). "OH, YES! I'M HIS SISTER."
Matron. "DEAR ME! I'M VERY GLAD TO MEET YOU. I'M HIS MOTHER."



Bus-Driver. "ALL RIGHT—ALL RIGHT! I SEE YER. YER NEEDN'T KEEP ON SURRENDERING."

Again:—

"The German claim that as a result of the Zeppelin raid 'England's industry to a considerable extent is in ruins' is probably based on the fact that three breweries were bombed. To

Mr. Punch's Ninetieth Birthday Number.

the Teuton mind such a catastrophe might well seem overwhelming."

Meanwhile an old lady, looking at a poster which runs: "Wanted, an Air Minister," reflects, "Ah! it'll take more than preaching to make them Zeppelins repent." In the autumn, however, a raider was brought down at Cuffley, to everybody's great relief—but not by any specific sermon. The circumstance that total exemption had been granted to a Chertsey pig-breeder elicits the comment, "The pen, it seems, is still mightier than the sword." TIRPITZ's official reason for his resignation in March, because he could not take the German Fleet out, is amended by Mr. Punch to "because he could no longer take the German people in." The cartoon for June 14th commemorated the death at sea of Lord KITCHENER, under the title, "The Lost Chief," while that for August 9th called for vengeance for the execution—"judicial murder"—of Captain FRYATT. Lord KITCHENER was succeeded at the War Office by Lord DERBY.

Soldiers on leave were a fruitful source of fun. One of the pictures depicts a Tommy in kilts watching with concern the lift-girl at an Underground station talking with the book-stall attendant. "Come on, Miss," he says. "Hurry up with the lift. I've only got five days." Soldiers in hospital led to smiles too. One of the best examples of guile on the part of a nurse is recorded under a picture showing the patient's reluctance to eat his pudding. "Come, now—don't you think you could just nibble off that salient?" "Of course," says the soldier, "if you put it that way . . ."

"The highest praise of the Tanks," says "Charivaria," "that has yet reached us comes from a member of a Scots unit, who writes: 'They plod slowly on and nothing stops them, not even estaminets.'" Another paragraph from the same watchful source:—

"The Bishop of LONDON's statement that he could make a speech on behalf of hospitals in his sleep has greatly interested a certain miser of our acquaintance, who says that under similar conditions he is sure he could make a liberal contribution to the Bishop's Diocesan Fund."



LONG LIVE THE HOUSE OF WINDSOR!

Women by this time were engaged in England for tasks commonly performed by men. In an omnibus a passenger on the top tells the conductor to take for a lady inside "dressed in blue." "Do you mean," asks the conductor, or conductress, "the lady with a panne French sailor Tête de Nègre georgette blouse, organdie collar and an all-in-one navy gab with dyed rat revers?" One of the last paragraphs of the year runs thus:—

"A correspondent has written to *The Daily Mail* asking where mufflers should be sent. Our first choice would be Messrs. OUTHWAITE and RAMSAY MACDONALD, but there are others."

Here is another:—

"A well-known German tooth-paste business was sold last week to a British purchaser for £3,000. On the other hand a well-known brand of German eye-wash, which was offered simultaneously in all the Allied capitals, failed to secure a single nibble."

THE birth of 1917 saw the Coalition Government, formed towards the end of 1916, settling to work. This year definitely saw the beginning of the end of the War, the culminating factor being the increased activity of German submarines which caused America first to break off relations and then to come in on the side of the Allies. Among innumerable shortages was that of paper, causing Mr. Punch to condense his numbers for a while into a dozen pages of smaller print.

Shortages even more in the public mind than that of paper received treatment from time to time. Thus:—

"The birth-rate in Berlin, it appears, is considerably lower this year than last. We can quite understand this reluctance to being born a German just now."

"A certain Kingston resident, when out walking, wears a white band on his hat with the words, 'Eat less bread. Do it now.' Eye-witnesses report that the immediate rush of pedestrians to the tea-rooms to eat less bread is most gratifying."

"Three men were charged at Old Street last week with attempting the 'pot of tea' trick. The trick apparently consists in finding a man with a pot of tea and giving him a sovereign to go round the corner and buy a ham-sandwich, the thief meanwhile offering to hold the pot of tea. When the owner returns the tea has, of course, vanished."

The artists also found the theme full of opportunities. At the Pomona Restaurant the waitress recommends "a very realistic mock-potato soup," while when the critic of a scene of still-life at the R.A. remarks, "Old Parsley's surpassed himself. Lamb cutlet, two chocolate-cakes and three lumps of sugar!" his painter friend replies, "I thought of one nearly as good, but I couldn't afford the models." In a London flat, with fish in the bath, a pig in a drawer and live poultry in the china cupboard, the tenants are sowing early mustard-and-cress on winter underclothing. In another drawing, a shocked sister exclaims to her little brother, "Oh, Bobby, you mustn't have a second helping! You'll lengthen the War!" and Bobby, like a true Briton, desists.



Nurse. "WHAT DO YOU THINK, EFFIE? THERE'S A LITTLE BABY BROTHER COME TO LIVE WITH YOU."
Effie. "WELL, HE CAN'T STAY UNLESS HE'S BROUGHT HIS COUPONS."

On May 2nd the death of Sir FRANCIS COWLEY BURNAND, Editor of *Punch* from 1880 to 1906, was commemorated in a poem by his old colleague, "R. C. L."

The year 1917 was notable for the appearance of several items which are favourites among Mr. Punch's readers. In March was printed the first instalment of "The Mud Larks," the high-spirited record of British grit and fatalism which the author, the late CROSBIE GARSTIN, contributed for many months. On May 23rd appeared the poem beginning "There are fairies at the bottom of our garden," which every child now knows, the first contribution of "R. F." In August came "A. P. H.'s" travesty, or adaptation, of MATTHEW ARNOLD, "The Bomber Gipsy," and Mr. BATEMAN'S famous series of drawings illustrating the phrase: "The prisoner, when arrested, clung to the railings." On August 29th there was a Special Supplement devoted to the centenary of JOHN LEECH, Mr. Punch's great early ally, who was born in 1817.

Various comments from "Charivaria" follow:—

"The Germans announced that Chérisy was impregnable. In view of the fact that the place has since been captured by the British it is felt that Sir DOUGLAS HAIG could not have read the German announcement."

"We cannot help thinking that too much fuss has been made about trying to stop Messrs. RAMSAY MACDONALD and JOWETT from leaving England. So far as we can gather they did not threaten to return to this country afterwards."

"The cow which walked down sixteen stairs into a cellar at Willesden is said to have been the victim of a false air-raid warning."

"'No amount of War Office approval will make hens lay,' says *The Weekly Dispatch*. These continuous efforts to shake our confidence in the men entrusted with the conduct of the War can only be regarded as deplorable."

"Germany is a bankrupt concern, says *The Daily Mail*. A denial is expected every hour from Herr MICHAELIS, who is Germany's Official Deceiver."

"Much sympathy is felt in Germany for Admiral VON TIRPITZ, whose proposed cure in Switzerland is off. His medical adviser has advised him to take a long sea-voyage, but failed to couple with the advice a few particulars on how to carry it out."

"There is no truth in the rumour that one of the recently-escaped Huns got away disguised as Mr. RAMSAY MACDONALD."

"An Englishwoman living in the East has a servant-girl who, when told about the War, remarked, 'What War?' Another snub for the KAISER."

"'Far better another year of war,' said the Bishop of LONDON in a recent sermon, 'than to leave it to the baby in the cradle to do it over again.' Too much importance should not be attached to these ill-judged reflections on the younger members of the Staff."

"'How the Germans never got wind of it,' writes a correspondent of the British attack on the Hindenburg line, 'is a mystery.' The failure of certain M.P.'s to ask questions about it in Parliament beforehand may have had something to do with it."



Doctor. "AND CONTINUE THE MILK DIET FOR—AH—SHALL WE SAY—AH—YES, EMPHATICALLY FOR ANOTHER FORTNIGHT AT LEAST. AND—AH—BY THE WAY, YOU MIGHT LET ME HAVE YOUR—AH—MEAT COUPONS."

"A semi-official message from Berlin declares that Jerusalem was evacuated because Germany's friends did not desire to see battles fought over sacred ground. The Sultan of TURKEY is reported to have wired to the KAISER to think of another."

"EVOE," "A. P. H." and "A. W. L." were wounded during 1917, but happily recovered.

Mr. Punch's Ninetieth Birthday Number.

THE year 1918 will ever be memorable for the signing of the Armistice on November 11th. A little while earlier the KAISER had abdicated and escaped to Holland. A sudden end to the hostilities had been foreseen for some months, and all doubt disappeared when on October 27th the AUSTRIAN EMPEROR announced his intention of suing for a separate peace. The piercing of the Hindenberg line by the British, the Italian advance across the Piave, and the American success at St. Mihiel, were determining factors.



THAT "DEMOBILISED" FEELING.

In home politics the event of the year was the end of half-a-century's struggle by women and their male supporters to obtain the vote. Lady ASTOR was the first woman to take her seat in Parliament.

Food regulations supplied Mr. Punch with many of his jokes, both in picture and paragraph, in which butter plays a leading part. "She's a clever one," says one waitress to another of a third who is flattering the manager; "she knows which side her bread 's margarined."

In "Charivaria" we read:—

"'What do we ask for? And what do we stand for?' asks an evening paper leader. We do not profess to have the detective instinct unduly developed, but we think the answer must be 'Butter.'"

"'An excellent potato butter,' says the Ministry of Food, 'can be made for fivepence a pound. Take two ounces of butter . . .' they say. Yes, but from whom?"

At the seaside we are shown an old gentleman running to the lifeboat-house. "Quick! Quick!" he cries, "The lifeboat! My food-card has been blown out to sea!" In a restaurant a guest (who had retained possession of his food-card) hands it to the waiter, saying, "Take a coupon off this and ask the band to play five-penn'orth of 'The Roast Beef of Old England.'" "This blinkin' sea's orful!" says a soldier on a rough transport. "Oh, I dunno," is the reply, "it's nice to see froth on somethink these days!"

From "Charivaria":—

"A Russian youth appealed to the Law Society Tribunal last week for exemption on the ground that he is an anarchist. The occasion when he calls the sergeant-major 'comrade' is eagerly looked forward to."

"Dr. DELMER CROFT, the American 'Old Moore,' states that in his opinion the end of the world will come in the year 3187 A.D. Every effort is therefore being made to push on with the War in order that the two events shall not clash."

"According to a German periodical the CROWN PRINCE recently presented the Captain of a particularly successful U-boat with a gold watch and chain. The report does not says whose."

"The Emperor of AUSTRIA, it is stated, has deported his wife's mother as the result of the peace-letter affair. Monarchy is not without its privileges."

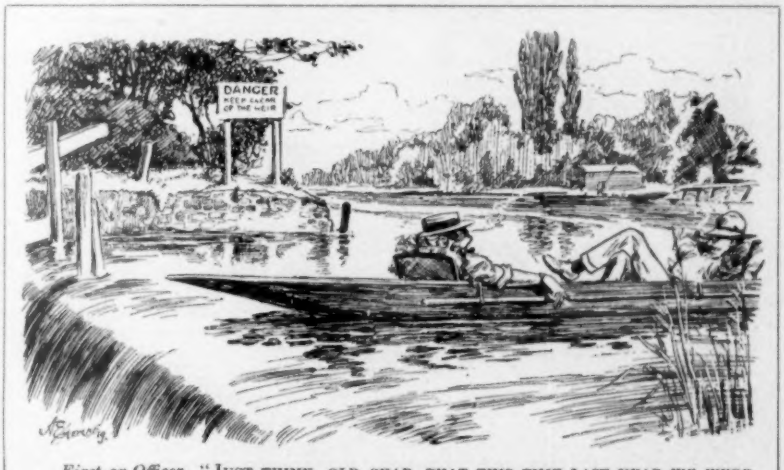
"'It is necessary for our German sword to speak,' says the *Lokal Anzeiger*. Already it is learning to say 'Kamerad' quite distinctly."

"In view of a General Election in the near future and the slender chances of some Members being returned, it appears that many of them contemplate taking up work of national importance."

"A gossip-writer states that the youngest grandson of the KAISER takes after the CROWN PRINCE. It is not known what the grandson has been taking, but there ought not to be much left after LITTLE WILLIE has been at work."

"The Nobel Committee has decided not to award the Nobel Peace Prize this year. And to think that if Mr. RAMSAY MACDONALD hadn't made those jingo Election speeches it might have come our way!"

"We have recently heard of a man who says that in a certain street he was asked seventeen-and-six for a bottle of whisky, and that across the road he bought one for twelve-and-six. 'Is it profiteering?' he asks. For ourselves we always ask, 'Is it whisky?'"



First ex-Officer. "JUST THINK, OLD CHAP, THAT THIS TIME LAST YEAR WE WERE GOING OVER THE TOP."
Second ex-Officer. "THANK HEAVEN WE SHALL NEVER DO THAT AGAIN."

Mr. Punch's Ninetieth Birthday Number.

THE year 1919 began with the Peace Conference at Versailles, under the chairmanship of President POINCARÉ, the Treaty being signed on June 29th. Thus the War was over, the League of Nations began, and Czecho-Slovakia, Esthonia, Finland, Lithuania, Latvia, Poland and Jugo-Slavia came into being as independent States.

The English Prime Minister was still Mr. LLOYD GEORGE, in his second Administration, the Foreign Secretary was Lord CURZON, and the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr. AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN. Mr. CHURCHILL was Minister for War and Air.

The Government during 1919 began to be faced with the problems, not yet solved, of the return to normal conditions. Army demobilisation went on all through the year, while the administrative offices were rejecting their feminine and elderly assistants. The shortage of houses became acute. "With regard," says "Charivaria," "to the man seen struggling in the river last week, the report that his house was immediately taken by a passer-by is untrue. The man who pushed him in got there first."

The entrepreneur of a music-hall medium, introducing the turn, says, "Ladies and gentlemen, Khagoola will now proceed to give his astounding clairvoyant, memory and second-sight act, and will answer any question that any member of the audience may put to him." A voice from the gallery: "Tell us where there's a 'ouse to let."



Provincial Mayor. "HONORARIUM! WOT'S THE USE O' THAT TO 'IM? 'E CAN'T PLAY IT. LET'S GIVE 'IM FIVE POUNDS."



VILLAGE BILLIARDS.

The Striker (at critical stage of four-handed game). "WHAT SHOULD I DO YERE, WILLIUM? YOU KNOWS I CAN'T POT?"

Partner. "WELL, GEORGE, IF YOU WAS CLEAN-SHAVEN I SHOULD SAY, 'SCREW BACK.'"

In the summer there was a threatened police-strike which came to nothing. "Stands Robert where he did?" Mr. Punch asks in a cartoon. "Good. I was afraid for a moment that my idol had feet of clay." In September a railway strike actually materialised, calling forth all the energies of the Government and the public to counteract it. Says "Charivaria" in October:—

"'Who does not remember the glorious Long Walk at Windsor Park?' asks 'Rambler' in an evening paper. But who, for the matter of that, will ever forget the glorious long walks everywhere during the strike?"

In July Prohibition was introduced into America and our own drinking habits were assailed by Mr. "PUSSYFOOT" JOHNSON on a visit to England. Although a dozen years have passed, Prohibition is still going strong—as a source of jest.

Straws from "Charivaria" show further which way the wind was blowing:—

"Writing to a provincial paper a correspondent asks when Mr. PHILIP SNOWDEN was born. Other people are content to ask 'Why?'"

"It is good to know that a perfectly noiseless motor-car has been produced. Even that nasty grating sound experienced by pedestrians when being run over by a car is said to have been eliminated."

"Owing to the overcrowding of tube-trains we understand there is some talk of men with beards being asked to leave them in the ticket-office."

"Primroses, daisies and wallflowers are in full bloom in many parts of the country [this was in March] and young lambs may now be seen frisking in the meadows. Can the POET LAUREATE be waiting for someone to get sunstroke?"

"In view of the telephone's delays people should, when calling the fire brigade, use a postcard, marking the top left-hand corner of the address side with the word 'Urgent.'"

"There is no truth in the report that the Royal Commission on Awards to Inventors has allocated the sum of £23 7*s.* 10*d.* to a newspaper proprietor who claims to have invented Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL."

"The Admiralty has agreed to the provision of arm-chairs for the lower deck. It is strongly felt that the higher criticism of our naval strategy should not be left entirely in civilian hands."

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"A large number of forged five-pound notes are stated to be in circulation in London. The proper way to dispose of one is to slip it between a couple of genuine fivers when paying your taxi fare."

"A correspondent who has a latch-key would like to hear from a gentleman who could fit a house to it."



"OH, AUNTIE, 'ZYMOTIC' IS A FUNNY WORD FOR YOU TO BE SO FOND OF."
"MY DEAR CHILD! WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?"
"WELL, DADDY SAID THAT YOU WERE VERY FOND OF THE LAST WORD, SO I LOOKED IT UP IN THE DICTIONARY."

"'There is absolutely no reason,' says a health-culture writer, 'why Members of Parliament should not live to be a hundred.' We think we could find a reason if we were pressed."

"The British people still feel themselves the victors, so Mr. RAMSAY MACDONALD told the *Vossische Zeitung*. Not Mr. MACDONALD's fault, of course."

"'It is wonderful that there are not more accidents,' remarked a Coroner last week. But surely there are."

"'Women,' says a technical journal, 'are a source of grave danger to motorists in crowded city streets.' It is feared in some quarters that they will have to be abolished."

"'Smoking,' says a Church paper, 'is on the increase among boys.' Boys will be girls these days."

"A young giraffe was recently sent from Africa by a British officer as a present to the KING. We have since heard that the look of disgust on the animal's face when it was housed at the Zoological Gardens instead of at Buckingham Palace was painful to behold."

"We understand that an interesting law case may be heard in London early next month. It appears that a gentleman who started a trunk-call eight months ago has just died without including it in his will, with the result that several of his relations are claiming the right to use it as soon as it gets through."

"The PREMIER in his great speech made no reference to the policy outlined for him by Lord ROTHERMERE. It is expected therefore that Mr. LLOYD GEORGE will have to get the country out of the present hole single-handed."

"'There are scientific questions,' said Sir OLIVER LODGE recently, 'that will never be answered.' One of these was recently propounded by the Basuto chief, who, after listening to the House of Commons for an hour, asked what it was for."

"'RITA' suggests that there should be no income-tax on brain-earned salaries of four hundred pounds. It would be interesting to know how M.P.'s would be affected by this scheme."

"'The bustle is coming into fashion again,' says a ladies' journal. But not in Government offices."

"'Occasional glasses of beer and slices of cold pie,' declares a Labour organ, 'should lie beneath the dignity of every policeman worthy of the name.' We agree. The stuff could not have a worthier destination."

IN 1920 the blessings of Peace, which in painfully disguised form are still with us, were beginning to show their claws in earnest and a strike of miners did not relieve the situation.

Let "Charivaria" tell the rest of the story:—

"A man who had half-a-ton of coal delivered to him without warning has been removed to an asylum, where he is being treated for coal-shock."

"It is rumoured that the repeated assassinations of General VILLA have made it necessary for him to resign his position as Permanent Chief Insurgent to the State of Mexico."



Epicurean. "AH, YOU LITTLE REALISE HOW THESE APRIL SHOWERS BRING ON THE PEAS."

Mr. Punch's Ninetieth Birthday Number.

"'The English comedians are great,' Mr. DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS is reported to have told an interviewer. He has already accepted an invitation, we understand, to visit the Law Courts and hear Mr. Justice DARLING ask, 'Who is MARY PICKFORD?'"

"Annoyed by a small boy who was sucking sweets and laughing, a parson recently stopped in the middle of his sermon and refused to go on with it. We are informed that the boy in question has since received several tempting offers from other parishes."



Mollie. "AUNTIE, DON'T CATS GO TO HEAVEN?"
Auntie. "NO, MY DEAR. DIDN'T YOU HEAR THE VICAR SAY AT THE CHILDREN'S SERVICE THAT ANIMALS HADN'T SOULS AND THEREFORE COULD NOT GO TO HEAVEN?"
Mollie. "WHERE DO THEY GET THE STRINGS FOR THE HARPS, THEN?"

"A man at Bow Street Court complained that the Black Maria which conveyed him there was very stuffy. Some prisoners say that this vehicle is so unhealthy as to drive customers away from the Court."

"Owing to heavy storms the other day one thousand London telephones were thrown out of order. Very few subscribers noticed the difference."

"We understand that one wealthy connoisseur has decided to give up buying Old Masters in order to save up for the purchase of a railway-ticket."

"With reference to the messenger seen running in Whitehall the other day a satisfactory explanation has now been given. He was doing it for the cinema."

"A contemporary has a letter from a correspondent who signs himself 'Tube Traveller of Twenty Years' Standing.' Somebody ought to offer the poor fellow a seat."

"On looking up our diary we find that the MAD MULLAH is just about due to be killed again. We wonder if anything is being done in the matter."

"'The EX-KAISER was responsible for the War,' says the *Kolnische Zeitung*. Our hush-hush department seems to have grown very lax of late."

"A lady with small capital would like to meet another similarly situated with a view to the joint purchase of a reel of thread."

"American whisky is said to create in consumers a desire to climb trees. British whisky, on the other hand, seems to create in the Americans a desire to cross the Atlantic."

"'Do the British people,' asks Mr. BLATCHFORD, 'understand the nature of the monster modern military science has created?' We hope to hear later what name Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL has found for Mr. BLATCHFORD."

"M. LOUCHEUR suggests that France should build houses similar to those that are not being built in England."

"'I have never been knocked down by a motor-bus,' says Mr. Justice DARLING. The famous judge should not complain. He must take his turn like the rest of us."

"The Swiss Government has issued orders that ex-monarchs may enter the country without passports. It is required, however, that they should take their places in the queue."

"Mme. LANDRU, the wife of the Parisian 'Bluebeard,' has been granted a divorce. We gather that there is something or other about her husband which made their tastes incompatible."

"A headline in a weekly paper asks: 'What will CHARLIE CHAPLIN turn out this year?' 'His feet,' is the answer."

"'Whenever I am in London,' writes an American journalist, 'I never miss the House of Commons.' Nor do we, during the Recess."



"UNE BONNE HISTOIRE."
Uncle Sam. "THEY TELL ME, JOHN, THAT YOU AND I ARE DRIFTING INTO WAR."

Mr. Punch's Ninetieth Birthday Number.

"A woman informed a London magistrate last Tuesday that her husband thrashed her at Easter, Whitsuntide and on August Bank Holiday. Our thoughts were constantly with her during the recent Yuletide festivities."

IN 1921 Mr. LLOYD GEORGE was still Prime Minister and Lord CURZON Foreign Secretary, but Sir ROBERT HORNE had become Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr. BALDWIN succeeding him as President of the Board of Trade.

In 1921 Professor EINSTEIN published his theory of Relativity. Throughout the year the question of German Reparations was continually before us.



"RIGHT-O! I'LL MARRY YOU. BUT WHILE YOU'RE DOWN THERE YOU MIGHT HAVE A LOOK UNDER THE SETTEE FOR MY CIGARETTE-HOLDER."

Some points from "Charivaria":—

"'The present generation,' says *The Morning Post*, 'will not see the fifth centenary of the discovery of America.' Rotten luck!"

"A new film entitled *Let his Follies be upon his own Head* is shortly to appear in the country. The report that it will feature Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL and his complete collection of hats still lacks confirmation."

"'There is every likelihood of a ping-pong revival,' says a contemporary. This is a good thing, for in these days it is difficult to know what to do between strikes."

"From a contemporary we learn that one of the Australian team is an undertaker in private life. We often wonder what these public cricketers do for relaxation."

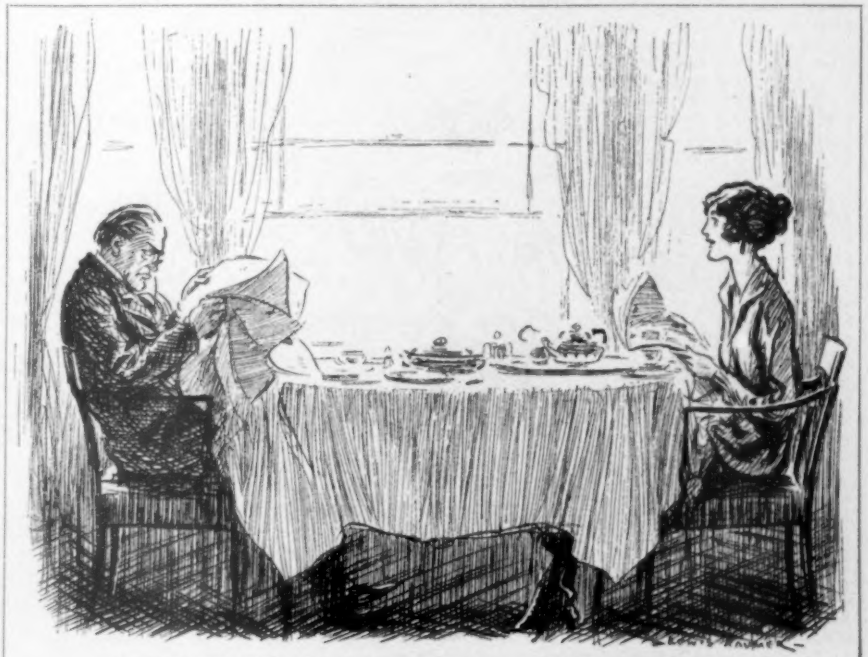
"'Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL cannot be in two places at once,' says *The Bristol Evening News*. All the same it is a dangerous thing to put him on his mettle like that."

"'Mr. "PUSSYFOOT" JOHNSON,' says a gossip-writer, 'is getting stout.' Owing to the high cost of this beverage most working-men have to be content with beer."

"Some idea of the evils consequent on a coal-strike can be obtained when we hear there was talk of a football-match in the North having to be cancelled."

The burial of the Unknown Soldier in Westminster Abbey on November 11th called forth these verses by "O.S.":—

"Here lies a warrior, he alone
Nameless among the named and known;
None nobler, though by word and deed
Nobly they served their country's need
And won their rest by right of worth
Within this storied plot of earth.
Great gifts to her they gave, but he—
He gave his life to keep her free."



Pessimist's Wife. "CHEER UP, DEAR. THE COAL STRIKE'S OVER."
Pessimist. "I KNOW. BUT THAT ONLY BRINGS THE NEXT ONE NEARER."

At the end of the year Mr. Punch suffered a serious loss by the early and sudden death of F. H. TOWNSEND, his Art Editor and a brilliant contributor. FRANK REYNOLDS succeeded to his post.

Mr. Punch's Ninetieth Birthday Number.

"An evening paper announces that a well-known footballer has become the father of a 'bouncing boy.' Very useful for indoor practice."

"We understand that the Press has decided to accept the appointment of Lord READING as Viceroy of India."

"'When Mount Everest has been climbed,' says *The Daily Mail*, 'what will there be left for man to achieve?' There will of course still be the task of getting the POET LAUREATE to open out about it."

"*The New York Herald* observes that there is a surplus of men in America. Husbands fell two points on Wall Street last week."

"Surprise has been expressed that Russia has produced no CHARLOTTE CORDAY. We should have thought it sufficiently obvious that the least likely place to find a Bolshevist leader would be in a bath."

"'What is the most-used telephone number in London?' asks a weekly paper. The answer is 'The wrong one.'"

"'Smile, boys, smile,' says Sir HARRY LAUDER in a newspaper article. What with the labour crises and other things he might have given us a few hints on how to do it."

"'Long live the British,' says a headline. Quite right; but on what?"

"A wren has built a nest in a cabbage at Lavington Park, says *The Weekly Dispatch*. We doubt, however, whether this attempt to divert public attention from the coal-strike will succeed."

"An Inverness dentist, after administering an anæsthetic, removed one of the PRIME MINISTER'S teeth last week. It is reported that several anti-Coalitionists offered to pull it out without an anæsthetic just for the fun of the thing."

"An exhibition of paintings by lunatics is being given in a library in Berne. It is not often that newspapers put it quite like that."



Very affectionate little girl. "MY DARLING MUMMY—MY SWEETHEART—MY PET AVERSION!"

"One of the New Poor had a pretty compliment paid to him one night last week. A burglar broke into his house."



Mistress (at luncheon). "JANE, WHAT IS THE MEANING OF THIS COSTUME?"
Maid. "I'M PLAYIN' 'ARF-BACK, MUM, IN THE FINAL THIS AFTERNOON, AN' THE KICK-OFF'S TWO-THIRTY SHARP."

"'Salad,' says a women's page, 'is more than ever a useful article of diet now that coal is short.' It is useful, of course, but it would be idle to pretend that we do not miss our morning plateful of coal."

"'The modern novel,' says a literary critic, 'usually ends up with the marriage of the hero and heroine.' We have noticed it, and frankly confess that we prefer a happy ending."

"'With the aid of the All-Highest,' says King TINO in a message to his troops, 'victory will come to the efforts of our race.' Now where have we heard this one before?"

"Professor EINSTEIN says that American women are the prettiest in the world. We never cared much for the Professor's other theory, but we like this one still less."

"'What,' asks a weekly paper, 'is the lesson to be learned from the fact that the ant can drag a piece of wood fifty times its own weight?' This is an easy one. It indicates, of course, that the ants have no trade union yet."

"An Eskimo trader at Manitoba has just bartered four wives for a pound of tea and some tobacco. The question is, of course, how much tobacco?"

Mr. Punch's Ninetieth Birthday Number.

At the end of December that very distinguished and graceful draughtsman and etcher, CLAUDE W. SHEPPERSON, A.R.A., was lost, through death, to Mr. Punch and his readers.

THE year 1922 saw the fall of the Coalition Government and the formation of a Conservative Cabinet, with Mr. BONAR LAW as Prime Minister, Mr. BALDWIN as Chancellor of the Exchequer, Lord CURZON as Foreign Secretary and Lord DERBY at the War Office. The rise of MUSSOLINI was perhaps the most remarkable occurrence on the Continent. In August Lord NORTHCLIFFE died.

From "Charivaria":—

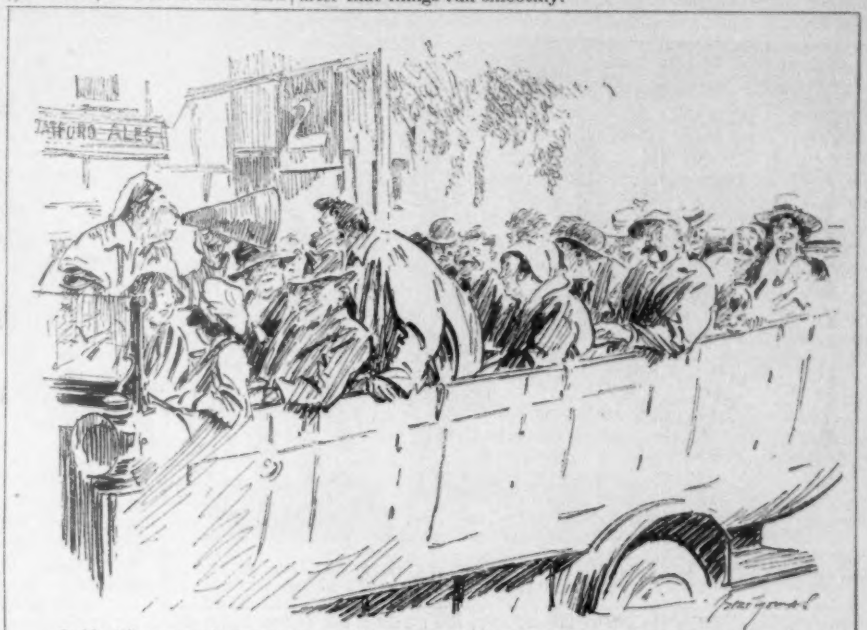
"The leech, we read, is popular again. It makes a charming pet for anyone who can't afford a tax-collector."

"The Royal wedding passed off last week without a hitch. There was no poem in *The Times* by the POET LAUREATE."

"In Scotland an April Fool is known as a 'Gowk.' 'April Fool,' of course, counts as two words in a telegram."

"An instrument has been invented which enables people to sing without being heard outside the room. All that we now need is an appliance which enables them to sing without being heard inside the room."

"Miss JANE BURR suggests that women should have a new husband every three years. The idea is approved by a Los Angeles film artiste, who says the first ten husbands are always the worst, and after that things run smoothly."



Guide. "LIDIES AN' GENELMEN, WE ARE NOW PASSING ONE O' THE OLDEST PUBLIC-'OUSES IN THE COUNTRY."
Passenger. "WOT FOR?"

"According to a famous naturalist six glow-worms throw out sufficient light to equal one candle's power. We understand that the Brighter London Society has ordered three-and-a-half dozen."



Son of the Sea. "WELL, I S'POSE IT'S ALL RIGHT; BUT WOT I SEZ IS—WOT'S THE GOOD OF 'AVIN' A OCEAN IF YER *FLIES* OVER IT?"

"A pigeon released at Newcastle last June has just delivered the message it was carrying to its owner at Letchworth. There is some talk of making this bird an honorary postmaster."

"Good footwork is essential in boxing, we are informed. That would be our only chance with Mr. DEMPSEY."

"Orators, we read, live longer than other persons. Our impression is that it only seems longer to their audiences."

"Thanks to the POSTMASTER-GENERAL the high cost of getting through to the wrong number is to be slightly reduced."

"The United States," says the Guaranty Trust Company of New York, "has gold to the value of £750,200,000." This makes our souvenir half-sovereign look very sickly.

"A man who for years had no sense of time or place was recently completely cured by a fall from a train. We have sent a BRADSHAW to the operator on the other end of our telephone."

"Fine weather at last," says a contemporary. Not a word of gratitude to the Coalition, you will observe."

"A band has played in the courtyard of New Scotland

Mr. Punch's Ninetieth Birthday Number.

Yard lately. The matter has not escaped the vigilant notice of the police."

"'The longer I live,' says Mr. WARREN STONE, of Toronto, 'the more I am opposed to the sale of liquor.' We are afraid it will be years and years before they start giving the stuff away."

"Five large bones, said to belong to a mammoth elephant, have been unearthed in Hampshire. A mammoth dog must have forgotten where it had hid its dinner."

"A wireless company proposes to broadcast speeches from the House of Commons. Every advance made by science seems to bring some drawback in its train."

"Sir THOMAS LIPTON has issued a challenge for a race in 1924 for the America Cup. This, it will be remembered, is the cup that cheers but never emigrates."

"Mr. FORD is said to build a car every seven minutes. It is too often."

"There is one thing to be said in favour of the Turks. When they started their last war they didn't threaten to make the world safe for anything."

"The Duke of LEINSTER proposes to return from America in a twelve-foot ketch. It is remarkable what people will do to get away from a dry country."



Charlady. "THAT'S JUST 'OW YOUR 'USBAND SEES 'EM? AH, MY OLE MAN SEES THINGS LIKE THAT, BUT THANK 'EVIN 'E DON'T DRORE 'EM."

IN 1923 Mr. BALDWIN became Prime Minister, on the retirement, through illness, of Mr. BONAR LAW, but had, as Chancellor, to prepare the Budget, which caused some mild enthusiasm by a reduction of sixpence on the income-tax. He was succeeded as Chancellor by Mr. NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN; the income-tax is as high to-day as it was then.

In April the nation felicitated the Duke of YORK upon his marriage to the Lady ELIZABETH BOWES-LYON.

At Wimbledon Mlle. LENGLEN won the Ladies' Singles for the fifth time in succession. She had an immense vogue and the rage for photographing her, usually in mid-air, drew forth the following jingle:—

"Why do I lose my sanity,
My usual urbanity,
And lapse into profanity?
Why does my heart grow granity,
Devoid of all humanity?
'Tis not the sight of vanity
Or rampant hooliganity
Or jazz-inspired can-canity;
No, 'tis the sheer inanity
Of picture-press Suzannity."

One of the most valuable occurrences in social life was the discovery of insulin by Dr. BANTING of Toronto.

In August the death of CHARLES HAWTREY, the comedian, was lamented in an éloge. On September 5th one of the cartoons depicted an Irish colleen, regarding herself in the glass, saying, "Sure an' I'm pleased wid mesilf at last!" Mr. BONAR LAW died in November.

From "Charivaria":—

"A garden-party on a gigantic scale is to be held at Los Angeles. We understand that tickets will be issued to admit 'bearer and one wife.'"

"'The whole of the English-speaking Press will watch with interest the courtship of the Duke of YORK,' stated a recent issue of a Chicago newspaper. It would surely be less embarrassing for His Royal Highness if a Select Committee were appointed."

"The only creature assured of constant employment nowadays seems to be the wolf at the door."

"The boy who was sent to a reformatory school for committing twenty-five burglaries in Derby and did not blame the cinema for his downfall is thought to be an impostor."



Maid (to coalman). "MISSIS SAYS WILL YOU POUR IT OUT QUIET, BECAUSE THE LITTLE DOG'S ASLEEP."

"I make no claim that my proposals are a universal panacea," said Mr. BALDWIN in his Queen's Hall speech. Mr. LLOYD GEORGE can do better than that."

"A well-known boxer is said to be taking up steeplechase-

Mr. Punch's Ninetieth Birthday Number.

riding. We still hope that some day a well-known boxer will take up boxing."

"'When are our pantomimes going to get new jokes?' asks a daily paper. Great Scott! give them a chance! The tomb of TUTANKH-AMEN has not yet been fully explored."



Father (to Uncle). "I SAY, PLAY THE GAME, OLD MAN. I DON'T SEE WHY YOU SHOULD WORK THE SIGNALS ALL THE AFTERNOON."

"Mr. HENRY FORD is reported to have said that there is a job for every man in the world. Yes. Dodging his cars perhaps?"

"'How Do You Live?' asks a weekly paper headline. The answer, if they must know, is 'Only just.'"

"An effort is being made to encourage men to wear straw-hats this summer. It is pointed out that they keep out the rain, are impervious to snow and can be fitted with lightning-conductors."

"'What music has America given to the world?' inquires a contemporary. Can it be that our contemporary has never heard the music of the cocktail-shaker?"

"'Will the British Empire last another generation?' asks Lord STRATHSPEY. That there can be even a shadow of doubt seems to point to lack of faith in Lord ROTHERMERE."

"An alien has tried to smuggle himself into this country because he wanted to live here. He has, quite rightly, been put back for the state of his mind to be inquired into."

"A microbe has just been discovered by the use of which it is possible to convert hops into motor-spirit. Hitherto the little fellow has been wasting his time by getting into the beer."

"A crocodile killed in Lake Tanganyika was found to contain eight screws, a tin-opener, a piece of rope, a packet of pins and a tin-can. The local mystery of a missing Ford car has thus been cleared up."

"It is said that a German has invented a machine capable of printing 'marks' fast enough to pay the wages of the man operating the machine."

"'Is it Peace?' asks Mr. LLOYD GEORGE. We would remind him that he was one of the first to call the present stuff by that name."

"The EX-KAISER has stated that he will never again be Emperor of Germany. His acceptance of this view makes it unanimous at last."

IN 1924 the Labour Party came into office for the first time in England, with Mr. RAMSAY MACDONALD as Prime Minister and Foreign Secretary, and Mr. PHILIP SNOWDEN as Chancellor of the Exchequer. His Budget was more merciful than those that he has concocted since. The Government, however, did not last long, falling in October, when Mr. BALDWIN came back and Mr. CHURCHILL was made Chancellor. This was the year of the very successful exhibition at Wembley.

On January 9th the first verses in "A. A. M.'s" series, "When We Were Very Young," were printed. In February Mr. Punch lost his old contributor, Sir HENRY LUCY, who for thirty-five years had recorded, under the pseudonym "TOBY, M.P.," what business was done in Parliament.

In November Mr. Punch, in a cartoon, made another attempt to get back penny postage, but without avail.

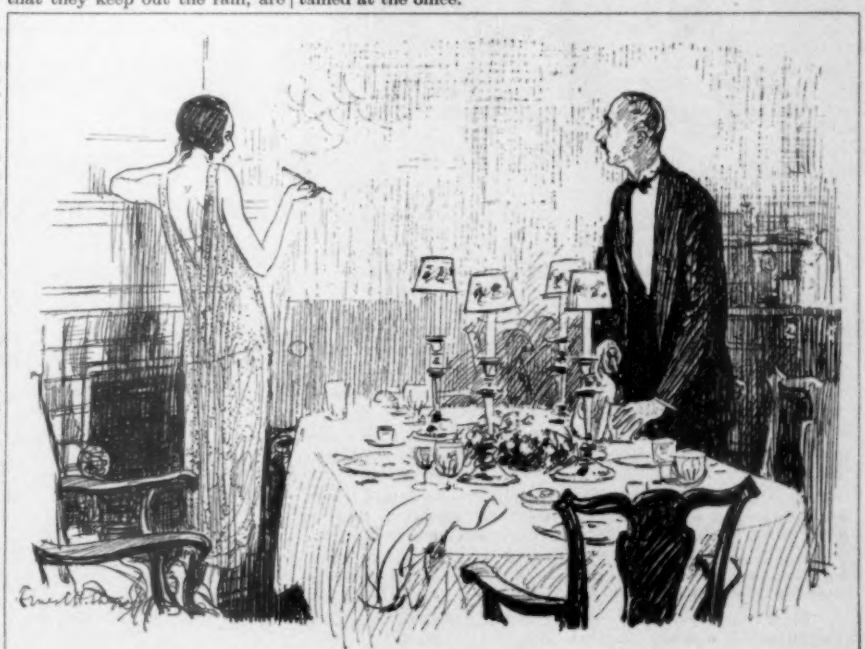
From "Charivaria":—

"To judge by the wintry weather conditions during the first few days of May anybody would have thought it was August."

"It appears that a new Parisian society is offering a prize for the Worst Book in the World. One English income-tax payer has already decided to enter his pass-book."

"It is said that only one man in two hundred is six feet tall. Then why is it that he always sits in front of us at the cinema?"

"In the opinion of a woman-writer bedtime-stories are not always successful. Quite so. Especially that one about being detained at the office."



Husband. "MOST UNFORTUNATE MRS. FLIMSTER BROWN BREAKING HER TOOTH AT DINNER."
Wife. "SPITEFUL CAT! JUST LIKE HER—DRAWING ATTENTION TO OUR PASTRY."

"A new book entitled *Half-hours with Insects*, written by a well-known entomologist, is to be published next month. But surely in the case of a mosquito this is at least twenty-nine minutes too long."

"According to Sir GEORGE NEWMAN, more men suffer from gout than women. This seems to overlook the well-established

fact that when a man has gout his wife and family also suffer from it."

"An income-tax form containing eight pages is about to be issued. We wouldn't mind betting that before we have read three pages there will be some sinister reference to money."

"'You will never stop an Englishman liking his beer,' says a daily paper. It is our proud national boast that we always cherish the weak."



Father (taking small boy to dentist). "WELL, I'VE RUNG THREE TIMES AND THERE DOESN'T SEEM TO BE ANY ANSWER."
Small Boy (hopefully). "I WONDER IF HE'S DEAD!"

"A pigeon with a gold ring on each leg has been found in an old barn at Ingatestone. A bigamist, we presume."

"The hippopotamus, we are told, often remains under water for five minutes. So should we if we had a face like that."

"An alligator at Brighton, which has eaten nothing for several months, has doubled in weight. To the local landlady this sounds like the perfect lodger."

"Mr. EPSTEIN, the sculptor, is reported to have denied that he suggested doing a bust of Mr. RAMSAY MACDONALD. So there must be some other reason for the EX-PREMIER's trip to Jamaica."

"A magistrate has advised a young woman to read less WELLS and do more housework. In the face of this sort of thing it seems hopeless to expect Utopia."

"More than eighteen thousand persons visited the Houses of Parliament on a recent Saturday. Morbid, we call it."

"It is stated that, while England is becoming smaller by coast erosion, Scotland is expanding. In course of time there will be nothing for it but for Scotsmen to go home."

"A gossip-writer recalls the story that Mr. CHURCHILL once kicked his headmaster's hat to pieces. Probably he wanted to re-mould it nearer to his heart's desire."

"Mr. BALDWIN is said to be very popular amongst the farmers. Whenever he visits an agricultural district he is invariably greeted with three ringing grumbles."



Wife (to husband with swarm of bees round him). "KEEP RUNNING AROUND THAT TREE, DEAR, TILL THEY GET DIZZY."



OUR INFORMATIVE PRESS.

Mr. Punch's Ninetieth Birthday Number.

MR. CHURCHILL in his first Budget was able to do a little for the relief of income-tax payers. Among the events of 1925 was the discovery that St. Paul's was in need of repair: hence the coster's retort to a sandwich-man, with whom he was in disagreement: "The trouble wiv you, George, is that your blinkin' dome's cracked." Cross-word puzzles settled down to a sway that they still exercise. "A well-known business man," remarked "Charivaria," "living in the North of England has had a nervous collapse, caused by cross-word puzzles. It is said that he worried too much over a word of five letters beginning with 'PE' and ending with 'CE,' meaning, 'that which brings relief from war.'" While, to show how interest in these puzzles permeated the home, we have a picture of a vicar consulting his wife: "My dear, a tropical fruit—four letters—beginning with 'D.'" Before his wife can reply, the parlour-maid (hitherto irreproachable) volunteers the solution, "'Date,' Sir." But those simple days, except for competitors in the cheap newspapers, are over. The modern clues become more and more abstruse.

The vogue of the detective-story, which has hardly yet seriously begun to decline, was then beginning. "Let me see," says a lady to a cottager, "you've got one of those detective-stories, haven't you? How are you getting on with it?" "Well, I be only halfway through 'un," is the answer, "but, do you know, Miss, I begins to suspect roguery."



Nervous Youth (by way of opening conversation). "DO YOU LIKE BOBBED HAIR?"
Old Lady. "I DON'T REMEMBER TO HAVE TASTED IT."

In July the Railway Centenary led to a Special Supplement, and in October Mr. Punch began his series of "Personalities," to run through many months, with a caricature of Mr. BERNARD SHAW:—

"Some may think it wrong to rank
BERNARD as a mountebank;
Others find it just as odd
To regard him as a god."

On November 25th the principal cartoon depicted Britannia standing in grief by the tomb of QUEEN ALEXANDRA.

A few illuminating shafts from "Charivaria":—

"A new cocktail in Paris is called 'Tiger's Milk.' It is said that after one dose you fill up your Income-tax form under the impression that you are entering for the guessing competition at Wembley."

"A new exclusive Night Club has been started in London. We are given to understand that it is open to receive police-raids only on Mondays and Fridays."

"During his Scottish tour Mr. LLOYD GEORGE declared that the



Leader of Waits. "'ERE, BILL, GO A BIT STEADY. THAT SOUNDED MORE LIKE 'ICCUPS."
Indignant Artiste. "WHAT D' YER MEAN—'SOUNDED LIKE 'ICCUPS'? THAT *WAS* 'ICCUPS."

Mr. Punch's Ninetieth Birthday Number.

skirling of the bagpipes made him want to go for somebody. Preferably the piper, we hope."

"According to Mr. GLENN FRANK, 'with all its stammering and halting, humanity is not standing still.' Except when it is told to pass farther down the car."

"A cricket statistician points out that W. G. GRACE made more "ducks" than HOBBS has. Still, the Surrey batsman has years of cricket before him yet."



New Maid (emerging from service-hatch). "DO I HAVE TO COME THROUGH THIS HOLE EVERY TIME?"

"After scoring his one-hundred-and-twenty-sixth century at Taunton, HOBBS made another century the next day. Perhaps he thought we didn't notice the first one."

"'To make a good Yorkshire batter,' begins a cooking hint. Take a little SUTCLIFFE——"

"With reference to the burning question, 'What is a night-club?' our definition is that it is a place where it is bad form to appear at breakfast except in evening-dress."

"We understand that the germ which inoculated MUSSOLINI with influenza has since apologised by saying that it didn't realise exactly who he was."

"The trouble with the Socialist leaders seems to be that they are not quite big enough to see over the heads of their followers who are marching on in front."

"'Our gramophone smashes all records,' says an advertisement. We must buy our neighbour one of these."

"It is claimed by an American newspaper that Dr. PAUL FERNEL of Chicago can alter the shape of a human nose in less than a week. Those in a hurry could of course engage Mr. DEMPSEY."

"It is the business of a publicity agent to adopt new stunts when the old ones are wearing thin. An actress is reported to have *found* a string of pearls."

"'The only horse I know anything about is the clothes-horse,' said a woman witness recently. That's the one to put your shirt on."

"We don't mind a man calling a spade a spade, but we do object to his calling it three no trumps."

"The Bishop of ELY declares that one of his life's aspirations has been to jump off London Bridge into the cold clean water and rescue someone from drowning. We can imagine nothing more refreshing than being rescued from those limpid depths by a Prelate."

"When reading a telegram a lady in Enniskillen mistook the word 'Govt.' for 'goat.' We don't know what Government was referred to, but it sounds like a very natural mistake."

"'What are Scotsmen coming to?' asks a contemporary. The answer is England."

"'Romantic young people often become very prosaic later on,' says a writer. It's saddening to think that a couple married at Gretna Green may settle down in Golders.

"'BABE' RUTH, the crack baseball player, has been suspended, and yet there are people who say that nothing really serious ever happens to America."

"Owing to the difference between summer-time in Northern Ireland and the Free State, some trains crossing the border arrive earlier than they start. Truth is stranger than *Bradshaw*."

"We know of at least one man who went to Olympia merely to look and was forced to buy a car to bring home all the catalogues he collected."

"*The Daily Mail* has unearthed a village with the name of Tadley-God-Help-Us. We understand that our contemporary offered to respond to the call."

"The demand for sealskin coats made of rabbit-skins is so great at the moment that artificial artificial sealskin coats are being made of sealskin."

"It is said that you can tell a man's character by what he eats, but we should hate to think that Mr. BERNARD SHAW had the temperament of a Nut."

"Professor STEINACH claims to have discovered a new method of rejuvenation which is applicable to women. If this proves successful it will mean that women of fifty-two years of age who used to be thirty-nine will now be twenty-one."

"Asked to write an article on the subject of aviation, Mr. H. G. WELLS replied that he could say nothing worth saying on the matter. Few writers would have let a little thing like that worry them."

"Earrings are being made from fish-bones. Good for the cat burglar."

"The very latest thing needed is a transparent leather so that ladies can wear Russian boots and still expose a good deal of leg."

"Captain BENTLEY now claims to be the first inventor of the tanks. The subaltern who originated the idea of overdrafts at Cox's still wishes to remain anonymous."



First Boy. "WHAT'S THEM STRINGS ON 'IS 'AT?'"
Second Boy. "WIRELESS, O' COURSE."

THE year 1926 will be remembered as the year of the General Strike, which early in May would have paralysed the country but for the magnificent efforts of volunteeers in every walk in life. Mr. Punch managed to publish, but not exactly as usual, and on May 12th we find him appealing to his readers to overlook the reduced size of the number and its imperfections. Among "Charivaria" comments we find these:—

"A baby born during the General Strike was named THEOBALD ULYSSES CORNELIUS, after the T.U.C. We predict that he'll have something to say about this when he acquires a vocabulary."

Mr. Punch's Ninetieth Birthday Number.

"On one day *The British Worker* said, 'British Public Backs Strike.' Should not this have been, 'British Public Strikes Back'?"

"It is reported that on the evening of the day when the strike was broken the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER attended a musical comedy. The man never relaxes!"

"There is some talk of playing future Test matches for an unlimited number of days. A futile idea. It can rain longer than that."

"It is the opinion of Dr. CHARLES GORE that ADAM and EVE never existed. In that case it would be interesting to know who first started raising CAIN."



SENSATION AT A MEETING OF A CHRISTMAS SHARE-OUT CLUB WHEN IT IS DISCOVERED THAT THE TREASURER HAS *NOT* ABSCONDED.

"It is reported that both Test teams recently visited a revue. The glance to leg is of course the mainstay of modern batting."

"According to a paragraph in *The Daily Express*, Mr. BALDWIN appeared in public wearing a top-hat and smoking a pipe. Yet he must have known it would get to Lord BEAVERBROOK'S ears."

"Sir THOMAS INSKIP says that Englishmen must save England as they have done in the past. It's far too expensive to let Americans do it."

"'Football emerges from its summer sleep,' says a writer. We understand, however, that several referees are still unconscious from last year."

"Viscount GREY is urging us not to let the motor-car deprive us of the use of our legs; but one can get very good artificial ones these days."

"A gossip-writer has discovered that ANTHONY TROLLOPE wrote from Switzerland on notepaper bearing the heading of a well-known London club. Our feeling is that no useful purpose is served by these scandalous revelations."

"A cart-horse belonging to a Hampshire farmer lies down after about six hours' work and refuses to move. We hear of a movement on foot to purchase it for Mr. COOK."

"In consequence of Signor MUSSOLINI'S order for the restriction of the size of newspapers, editors are beating their scissors into pruning-shears."

There was also a coal-strike this year, and the Thames floods were worse than usual. "What do you think of it?" asks a riverside dweller in a boat conversing with a neighbour. "Oh, not so bad," is the reply. "Gone down a lot. I can tell by the marks on the table-legs." Mr. Punch's "Personality" for April 28th was Mr. JOHN MASEFIELD.

It was this year that Sir ALAN COBHAM flew to Australia and back.

From "Charivaria":—

"Sir JAGADIS CHANDRA BOSE, the Indian scientist, believes that plants can fall in love. We shall engage a chaperon for our aspidistra."

"According to Lady ASTOR it is Puritanism that has made England what it is. On the other hand, some people still blame Mr. LLOYD GEORGE."

"Mr. EDSEL FORD recently visited the Ford works at Manchester. We understand that upon seeing him all the little cars raised their bonnets."

"'Mr. CHURCHILL will get what is coming to him,' says a leader-writer. He has already got what was coming to us."

"A sensation was caused in commercial circles last week. An office-boy asked for a day off on the occasion of the first Test match so that he could take his grandmother."

"Mr. EPSTEIN is exhibiting a piece of sculpture without a name. His experience is that names are readily supplied by the public."



Father (on way to kirk). "STOP YE' WHUSTLIN', ANGUS. I'LL NO HAE A CONTINENTAL SAWBATH HERE."

Mr. Punch's Ninetieth Birthday Number.

"An exhibition of coffins has been held in Leeds. Yet they say nothing is being done to brighten provincial town life."

"TUNNEY announces that he is planning to do something that no champion has done before. Can he by any chance be intending to fight?"

"'Everybody wants to fight TOMMY MILLIGAN,' says a boxing headline. That is an exaggeration. We don't."

"We understand that the HOME SECRETARY'S refusal to admit TOMSKY to this country also applies to Dicksky and Harrysky."

"A Yorkshire farmer has a hen that lays two eggs a day. But a hen, of course, has no trade union."

"It was recently discovered that Mr. BERNARD SHAW was not on the list of authors banned by the Vatican, but we understand that he is bearing up as well as can be expected."

"'Saxophonist at Liberty,' says a contemporary advertisement. We can't imagine why he was let out."

"MUSSOLINI has sent a signed message to *The Daily Mail*. He must be careful or he'll lose his amateur status."

"There are now so many medical students in this country that a glut of doctors is predicted. We must eat more apples."

"It is said that dogs are going to be popular as Christmas presents. So be careful how you open your stocking on December 25th in case you find an Alsatian in it."

"The greatly increased size of *Who's Who* for 1927 makes more than ever apparent the need for a handier volume entitled *Who's Not Who*."

IN 1927 Mr. BALDWIN was still Prime Minister, with Sir AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN as Foreign Secretary and Mr. CHURCHILL as Chancellor of the Exchequer. In May the Australian new capital, Canberra, was inaugurated by the Duke and Duchess of YORK. In the same month CHARLES A. LINDBERGH flew alone from New York to Paris in 33½ hours. In the summer the PRINCE OF WALES visited Canada, where he had as companion for part of the time Mr. BALDWIN. "A. P. H.'s" very popular series, "The Trials of Topsy," began in August. The cricket season, in which Lancashire came out as winner, was deplorably wet, leading to this epitaph:—

"Here lies poor Summer, deep beneath the ground,
Who, hapless maid, in her own tears was drowned.
Stranger, who standest by this clammy heap,
Sigh an thou wilt, but, prithee, do not weep."

Further sidelights on the year may be obtained from "Charivaria":—

"'1927 is not a leap year,' declares a contemporary. Except of course for pedestrians."

"A Gloucestershire man is said to have held his breath for two minutes. We are informed that he was a frothblower on furlough."

"A London man can write with the toes of either foot. This should put Mr. EDGAR WALLACE on his mettle."



Flapper. "I SAY, SMITHERS, HAVE YOU GOT AN ALARUM CLOCK?"
Butler. "I HAVE, MISS JOAN."
Flapper. "WELL, JUST BRING IT HERE AND SET IT TO COCKTAIL-TIME, WILL YOU?"



MANNERS AND MODES.

Mother. "GRACIOUS HEAVENS! MY DEAREST CHILD, WHAT HAVE YOU DONE TO YOUR FACE? YOU LOOK POSITIVELY GHASTLY."
Daughter. "BUT IT'S MEANT TO BE LIKE THAT, MUMMY. IT'S 'POUDRE CADAVRE' AND TERRIBLY SMART."

Mr. Punch's Ninetieth Birthday Number.

"A visitor to London says it is extraordinary to see the number of men in buses who sit and beam at the other passengers. One theory is that they are ex-B.B.C. uncles whose professional smile won't come off."

"Dr. SERGE VORONOFF announces that he has successfully grafted pancreas glands from monkeys on two Italians. It is hoped that experiments of this kind will eventually lead to the perfect organ-grinder."



LESS-KNOWN SIGHTS OF THE WORLD.
SENDING OFF A DEPRESSION FROM ICELAND.

"America has produced a road-cleaning machine which picks up stray pieces of metal with magnets. Two-seaters are giving it a wide berth."

"A French painter declares that English artists have no imagination. We must send him a few of our seed-packets to look at."

"Once a feudal lord defended his estates with his lance. Nowadays he sends a man round with it to pick up the paper left behind by picnic-parties."

"It is satisfactory to note that, though the season has barely begun, several of our eminent cricketers are already writing at the top of their form."

"'Shirts that laugh at the laundry' are advertised by a certain firm. One of ours, bought elsewhere, had such a keen sense of humour that it arrived home the other day with its sides split."

"It is estimated that one in five of our population has learned to drive a car. The other four are still learning to jump out of his way."

"A Los Angeles cinema actress was seen out walking the other day with her husband. It appears that he is a this year's model."

"A West-End firm is offering to give lessons in spring-cleaning to young housewives. We may be prejudiced, but it seems a peculiarly morbid idea."

"A lady-novelist thinks that thirty is a nice age for a woman. It is, especially if she happens to be forty."

"There are stated to be more centenarians in Spain than in any other European country. A possible explanation is the national habit of putting off dying until to-morrow."

"'I think men will be wearing suits of yellow this summer,' says a fashion-writer. We very politely ask him to think again."

"'What does Mr. CHURCHILL want?' asks a daily paper. The answer is that all the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER wants is what we have left."

"GEARY, the M.C.C. bowler, has shot a panther. The creature was completely deceived by the flight of the bullet."

"London's water is to be dearer. Milkmen deny that they intend to pass the increase on to the public."

"'Is cremation better than burial?' asks a contemporary. In our opinion they would be equally useful in taking one's mind off the Budget."

"We are asked to contradict the rumour that a well-known Society girl is giving a ball for her débutante mother."

"'The income-tax is never a popular thing,' says an evening paper. Is there nothing hidden from these sleuths of the Press?"



Ethel. "I RECKON THEY OUGHT TO PUT MONKEYS ON THE DOGS TO GIVE IT A LITTLE 'UMAN INTEREST."

"Just when everybody is thinking about world peace comes the mournful news that things are once again normal in Mexico."

"It was so cold last week that everybody thought that summer had come back."

"Jazz, we are told, is dead. Hundreds of thousands are attending its funeral every night."

"'A Girl of To-day,' writing in a morning paper, wishes she was fifty. Lots of girls of to-day are."

Mr. Punch's Ninetieth Birthday Number.

"Sports wear is to be allowed in the stalls of the Shaftesbury Theatre. We have often felt that wicket-keeping pads are the only satisfactory protection against people who come in late."

"There's one consolation about the new electric-hare craze. These greyhounds can't write articles for the Press."

"Much excitement is said to have been caused in a provincial town the other day. It appears that a lady-motorist signalled that she was about to turn right and she did so."



Crook (to plain-clothes officer). "BLIMEY! I WISH YOU WAS IN LOVE WIV MY SISTER, SAME AS IN THE DETECTIVE STORIES."

"We understand that there is little prospect of an agreement between Kensington and Bayswater on the question of parity on the Round Pond."

"The new Treasury notes are to have slightly different wording. But they will be worth just as little as the old ones."

"The Athenæum Club is to be closed for four month for internal alterations, but it is understood that the members will ultimately be replaced in their original positions."

"All we seem to need now in this correspondence on stag-hunting is a letter from a stag saying how much he enjoys it."

"Because a girl refused to marry him, a man in Essex has stayed at home for fifty years; but we've known a man to do that just because the girl did marry him."

"It is understood that a new skating-rink to be opened in London will have sitting accommodation for quite a large number of beginners."

"At Lowestoft a herring has been caught recently with a shilling inside it. The Aberdeen fishing-fleet is expected at any moment."

"*The Daily News* points out that JONAS HANWAY was the first person to carry an umbrella. Yes, but whose?"

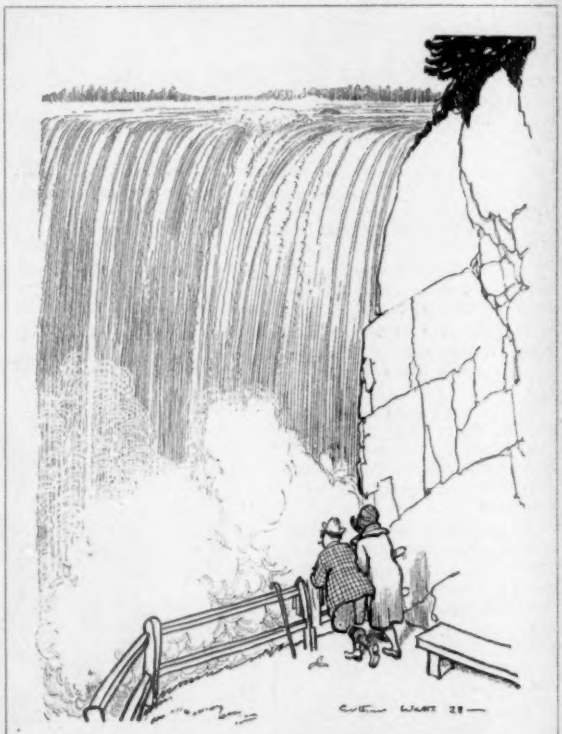
THE year 1928 was notable for the acceptance of the KELLOGG Pact. As a public remembrancer Mr. Punch was kept sadly busy in the early part of the year. On January 18th he had to chronicle the death of THOMAS HARDY and his burial in Westminster Abbey:—

"The Nation's Temple claims her noblest Dead;
So to its care his ashes we confide,
But where his heart would choose a lowlier bed
There lay it, in his own loved countryside."

On February 8th the principal cartoon paid tribute to the late Field-Marshal Earl HAIG, the Commander of our Forces during most of the War—"a great soldier and a friend of soldiers"—with these lines associating him with Poppy Day and his untiring post-War work for ex-Service men:—

"Their flower, the blood-red flower of sleep,
Strew for a token on his grave
That in the land they died to save
Still with the Dead our faith we keep.

Strew poppies, strew above his bed
Their sign for whom his loyal heart
Kept, to the end, a place apart—
The Legion that he loved and led."



"DO YOU REMEMBER THAT AWFUL TIME, HENRY, WHEN ALL THE PIPES BURST?"

On February 22nd the late Lord OXFORD, better known as H. H. ASQUITH, was honoured; and in July Dame ELLEN TERRY, with this quatrain:—

"Still, in the years' despite, beneath the spell
Of that most lovely grace of youth and May,
Imaged or in remembrance guarded well,
All hearts were hers, and so are sad to-day."

Once more the Thames rose to disagreeable heights. "How are things with you, old man?" asks an undefeat-

able victim, talking from his boat to a neighbour in a half-submerged house. "Mustn't grumble, old boy," says the true Briton. "Caught a lovely fish in the letter-box this morning."

An Englishman, Mr. BERT HINKLER, flew to Australia in sixteen days, winning a cartoon of praise. Mr. RAMSAY MACDONALD is the hero of another cartoon, but with less esteem, for his handling of the ZINOVIEFF letter. "I'm the last person to want to expose these embarrassing remains" [a skeleton in the cupboard], he assures us; "but as a leader I must go where I'm pushed." Another cartoon shows us little KING MICHAEL of Rumania in his nursery expressing the hope that the country's friendly relations with foreign Powers will not be compromised by his poor dear papa's indiscretions.



Old Gentleman. "I SEE THAT A MAN IN LONDON IS RUN OVER EVERY HALF-HOUR."
Old Lady. "POOR FELLOW!"

"Charivaria" on the rest of the year:—

"A new play in Ireland was howled off the stage after the first twenty minutes. We have still to learn the cause of the delay."

"An author proposes to attempt the Channel swim next year. This is a reversal of the usual order of things, the custom being to attempt to swim the Channel and then to attempt to become an author."

"A Scot walking round the world is reported to have reached the Black Sea. We understand that he pushed on after filling up his fountain-pen."

"In a London theatre the experiment has been tried of placing loud-speakers all over the auditorium. Usually they are seated just behind us."

"An American film-actress says that she has only been in love once. She does not say how many husbands ago."

"*The Weekly Dispatch* mentions that Mr. BALDWIN recently



Little Girl (at her fourth wedding). "MUMMY, CAN'T I BE A BRIDE SOMETIMES 'STEAD OF A BRIDESMAID?"



WHERE IGNORANCE IS BLISS.

Mr. Punch's Ninetieth Birthday Number.

lost his way during a walk in Worcestershire. Yet he persists in dispensing with Lord ROTHERMERE's guidance."

"It is pointed out that under the D.O.R.A. restrictions an apple may not be sold after 9.30 P.M. Not even if it is urgently needed to keep the doctor away."



Burglar. "SORRY, GUV'NOR, I SHALL BE WANTING THAT PILLOW-SLIP FOR THIS STUFF."

"A Russian charged at the Thames Police Court admitted that he struck his wife with a hot poker. He shouldn't have heated it."

"An entomologist reports that he saw a tortoiseshell butterfly flying across Oxford Street last week. But why not? It is surely safer than walking across."

"A *Daily Mail* reader has announced that unless the *Royal Oak* sentences are quashed, she will not allow her son to enter the Navy. This places the Admiralty in a very awkward quandary."

"According to an essayist you can always tell how old an Egyptian woman is by walking behind her. In our own country you can't even tell if it is a woman."

"Mr. SIDNEY WEBB's failure as a Parliamentarian is ascribed to his having vast knowledge but no voice. What is wanted at Westminster is a vast voice but no knowledge."

"A man arrested in London last week was found to be wearing fourteen shirts. He is supposed to have been saving up for a flutter on the Derby."

"One thousand pounds was paid for a tankard at CHRISTIE'S last week. Some men would have wanted it filled with beer for that money."

"A loud-speaker is suggested at the Opera House for calling taxis. But why not utilise one of the spare baritones?"

"Fifty-six extras were scored in one innings at Brighton last week. Sea-air has the same effect on landladies."

"One consolation about the new bobbed-haired lady cat-burglar is that our wives won't be so ready to make us get out of bed at the slightest noise."

"A boy of sixteen who was called as a witness at Wood Green said that he could not read. Mr. EDGAR WALLACE is reported to be bearing up as well as could be expected."

"At one time codfish formed the currency in Iceland. We are very glad that we didn't have to go round with the plate in church."

"A successful author is the man who can draw a composite picture of HELEN OF TROY and JOAN OF ARC so convincingly that every girl thinks he means her."

"A lady informs a paper that she once bowled W. G. GRACE. The Selection Committee should give her a trial."

"It has been stated that at the end of the year Mr. LLOYD GEORGE will give up writing newspaper articles. In recognition of this fine spirit several Fleet Street journalists have given up the idea of becoming Prime Minister."

"It is now thought that the car which jumped a wall near Bath mistook a scarecrow in a field for a pedestrian."

"A strong objection to the Sunday opening of theatres, which is advocated by Sir GERALD DU MAURIER and others, is that it would entail additional hardship to playgoers."

"'Work is the key to a fortune,' says Mr. ROBERT DOLLAR, the Canadian millionaire. There's always a catch somewhere."

"A weekly paper writer states that he does not know what to think of Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL. We understand that Mr. LLOYD GEORGE has offered to tell him, and to do so free of Entertainment Tax."

"A ten-year-old Northampton boy is known as 'Frederick the Highwayman.' We understand that his childish ambition is to be the proprietor of a garage."

"A woman has wakened up after a sleep of eighteen years. Now, of course, somebody will have to break MUSSOLINI to her as gently as possible."

"Miss HILDA SHARP smoked cigarettes during her Channel swim, it seems. We can remember the time when it wasn't considered the thing for young girls to smoke while swimming the Channel."



Grandma. "NO, MY GOOD MAN. I SEND MY SUBSCRIPTION DIRECT TO THE AFRICAN RELIEF SOCIETY."

"The question is asked: 'Is the purest English spoken in Chicago?' The local answer is 'Yep.'"

"The abolition of a time-limit for the Test matches is considered to be to the advantage of batsmen who are apt to be a little shaky for the first few days."

"A lady-writer asks: 'Does a woman prefer a husband who gives way to her, or the other sort?' What other sort?"

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THE KING'S illness had caused much anxiety at the end of 1928. In January, 1929, he went to Bognor, since known as Bognor Regis, to convalesce, and in a cartoon Father Neptune welcomes him. By May 1st Mr. Punch was able to have another cartoon confidently worded "Long to reign over us!"

The General Election of May, 1929, brought the Labour Party back to office, and it is still there, although not too firmly seated. Mr. MACDONALD was again Prime Minister, but this time he handed the Foreign Secretaryship to Mr. ARTHUR HENDERSON. Mr. SNOWDEN was again Chancellor of the Exchequer. Our taxation per head had now reached the sum of £15 2*s.* 8*d.* as against £3 11*s.* 4*d.* before the War, and Mr. SNOWDEN was not the man to reduce it.

An early cartoon represented the arrival of a Dutch frigate bringing Holland's masterpieces of art for the Exhibition at Burlington House, with the old couplet thus adapted:—

"In matters of painting the charm of the Dutch
Is grudging so little and lending so much."

At the end of the year the DUCE is complimented as "MUSSOLINI the Magnificent" for lending to Giovanni Toro priceless Italian pictures for a similar purpose.

In January died Mr. Punch's old colleague, "R. C. L."—RUDOLPH CHAMBERS LEHMANN—who for many years had been a valued contributor of prose and verse and human kindness. In March is a cartoon in memory of Marshal FOCH:—

"Now Death for him has set its deathless seal
On virtues tested where the furnace flamed—
Swift mind and simple faith, a hand of steel,
A heart that thrice repaid the trust it claimed."



Absent-minded Vicar (receiving large vegetable-marrow for decoration of the font at Harvest Festival). "IS IT A LITTLE BOY OR GIRL?"

And in May the death of Lord ROSEBERY was recorded with affectionate respect. Among other cartoons is one in celebration of the centenary of the Zoo; one in which the arrival of the Talkies, then in rather discordant and nasal infancy, is recognised; one giving a hand to the German liner, the *Bremen*, for its breaking of the Transatlantic record, and a fourth marking the restoration of temporal sovereignty to the POPE.

"Charivaria" was as observant as usual:—

"The favourite food of Mr. WILLIAM WALKER, aged 107, the oldest man in England, is pork. Vegetarians maintain that he is bound to suffer for it in the long run."

"A gossip-writer mentions a man who used to sell oysters and is now an editor in Brazil. This just shows the danger of selling oysters."

"'I don't think the piano will ever disappear from private houses,' says a musical critic. Quite right; we must have somewhere to stand photographs."

"The admission by the Louvre authorities that a picture attributed to LEONARDO DA VINCI is not authentic is calculated to increase the uneasiness among art-lovers as to what they may safely admire."

"The remains, now deposited in the British Museum, of a horse with claws constitute a relic of the days when race-horses did their own scratching."

"A Spanish woman has had five children at a birth. We understand that Dr. MARIE STOPES is going as on well as can be expected."

"With reference to the forthcoming production of a play about CHARLES PEACE, it is recalled that he played the violin. We have always understood that there was something against him."

"'I never walk the streets of London,' writes a provincial visitor, 'without feeling I may run up against BERNARD SHAW or H. G. WELLS, or some famous actor, painter or politician.' This peril of our streets has been exaggerated by gossip-writers."

"'I came along in an omnibus to the office to write this article, and all the time the conductor was whistling a tune,' says Lord CASTLEROSSE. It is well that the newspaper-reading public should know what our gossip-writers have to put up with."

"Mechanised music, according to a song publisher, is ousting the amateur vocalist. But not from the bathroom."

"We understand on good authority that both *The Daily Mail* and *The Daily Express* have graciously decided not to publish the final result of the Election until after the polling has taken place."

"A skilled mechanic advertises himself as a car-doctor. It is to be hoped that he has a good roadside manner."

"Dust from Vesuvius is alleged to be affecting the colour of our skies, but not, it is thought, to a degree necessitating representations to Signor MUSSOLINI."

"A woman-writer reminds us that wives are not furniture. That is so. The instalment people will take furniture back again."

"A writer asks what is the origin of the vibrato in singing. One theory is that it was first used by a nervous vocalist who had heard that certain sections of the audience were armed with ripe tomatoes."

"A naturalist expresses her conviction that field-mice have short memories. We can only suggest that they should tie knots in their tails."

"A card-player complains that we get too many of our bridge ideas from America. He doesn't believe in hands across the sea."

"'Do Cocktails make Good Mothers?'—title of article in morning paper. We cannot say, but we know many mothers make good cocktails."

"A competition at a women's institute in Sussex was for eating jelly with knitting-needles. Yet anti-feminists maintain that women are incapable of tackling big problems."

"A young artist's declared preference for living in the native quarter of a small North African town, where he can forget all about civilisation, is regarded as a nasty knock for Chelsea."

"It is rumoured in motoring circles that one of this year's

Mr. Punch's Ninetieth Birthday Number.

pantomimes is to be called *Ali Baba and the Forty Garage Proprietors.*"

"'Every speech,' says a K.C., with special reference to after-dinner oratory, 'should have a beginning, a middle and an end.' We ourselves are not convinced that the beginning and the middle are indispensable."

"A luxurious gambling resort, on the lines of Monte Carlo, is to be formed on the coast of Dalmatia, and fears are entertained that it will be an inducement to go to the spotted dogs."

ONE of the most gratifying events of the year 1930 so far as Mr. Punch was concerned was the completion of arrangements for the regular issue of an edition of his paper in Braille for the delectation of the Blind. This publication has proved to be a very real boon. Selections from the text are given verbatim, while the pictures are suggested with sufficient explanation.

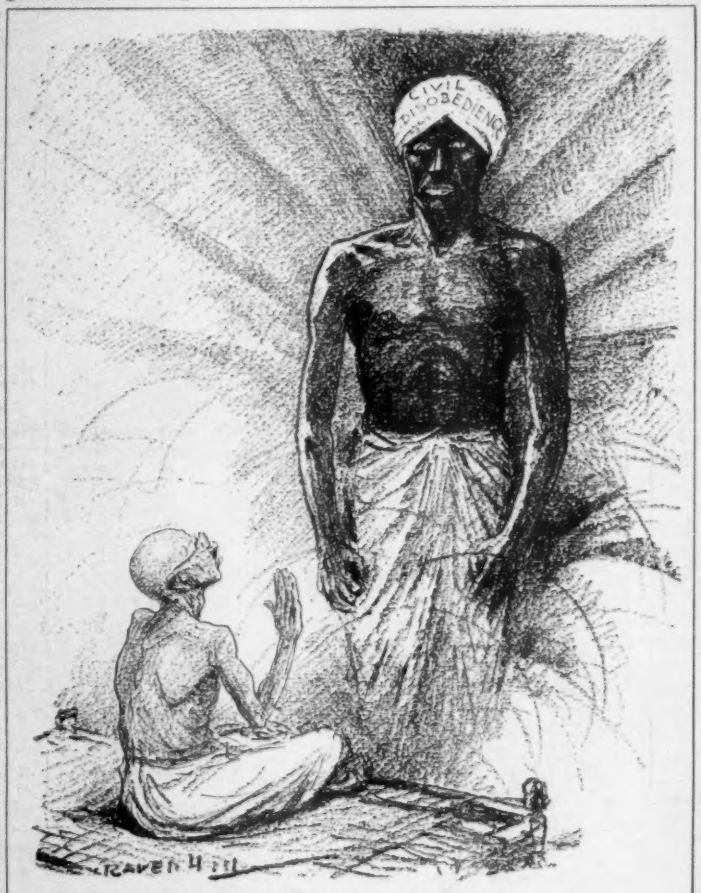
In March occurred the death of Lord BALFOUR, commemorated in a cartoon entitled, "To a Great Servant of His Country." Mr. MACDONALD'S Cabinet difficulties were illustrated in a cartoon which made use of the Australians' very successful visit to our cricket grounds. The PREMIER remarks to the English captain that he has a fine team. "Yes," replies Mr. CHAPMAN, "all keen; every man on his toes." "Ah," says the PREMIER, "I envy you. *My* team's mostly on *mine*."

Among the comments of the year these may be extracted:—

"An American dramatist says there is no demand for plays with a sad ending. And particularly is that so in the case of those that end sadly after the first four or five nights."

"A crested grebe shot by a Barmouth sportsman is being sent to the Welsh National Museum. We think that accommodation should also be found for the Barmouth sportsman."

"It is said of LA BELLE STUART, who came to England during CHARLES THE SECOND'S reign, that the King would kiss her for half-an-hour at a time.' Despite the frantic efforts of American film-producers, this close-up record still stands."



A FRANKENSTEIN OF THE EAST.

Gandhi. "REMEMBER—NO VIOLENCE; JUST DISOBEDIENCE."
Genie. "AND WHAT IF I DISOBEY *you*?"

"A Leicestershire sportsman fired at a rabbit and hit a golfer. He may have hit a rabbit after all."

"The price of tin jumped over four pounds a ton the other day. That's the sort of news that makes a sardine reckless."

"A marriage that took place near London the other day was partly conducted in the Welsh language. The idea is believed to have been to break it more gently to the bridegroom."

"We fear it will be some time before the Pleomorphic Streptococcus, the newly-discovered influenza germ, will become a household name."

"Fifty million powder-puffs were sold in this country last year. Some lucky manufacturers are making hay while the nose shines."

"'Should Women be Hanged?' asks a headline. Not unless they have committed a murder, we think."

"There is much to be said for the short skirt of to-day. For one thing it shows which way the wind is blowing."

"A school for brides is being opened in New York. Many a young married woman over there hardly knows how to set about her first divorce."

"'Why do people stand in queues outside theatres for fifty hours or more?' asks a writer. One theory is that they want to see the play."

"A motorist sees no reason why men should not give their cars appropriate names. People who buy second-hand ones often do."

"A gift of safety-razors sent to Mr. GEORGE BERNARD SHAW has revived interest in the rumour that the famous beard is being purchased for the nation."

"Even the three-months-old baby has its special charm, says a medical writer. For one thing, it is a this year's model."

"Miss FRANCES PITT tells of foxes rearing their young beside busy main roads. Scarcely less remarkable is the daring shown in this respect by pedestrians."

"On reading a critic's objection that Mr. HENRY AINLEY neglected to make an aside of the word 'Wormwood,' we are reminded of the absent-minded *Hamlet* who added 'Scrubs.'"

"Conjecture is rife as to what the purchaser of a ducal coronet at a sale by auction intends to do with it. Our suggestion is that it would add distinction to the hat-rack."

"According to a weekly paper the police always stop the traffic to let Mr. GEORGE BERNARD SHAW cross the road. The idea of stopping Mr. SHAW to let the traffic pass is said to have been abandoned years ago."

AND so we bring this review of twenty eventful years to a close with the assurance that Mr. Punch is now concentrating his gaze on July 17, 1941, when he will have reached his century and be still not out. At whatever age his demise occurs—an improbable event which he refuses to consider seriously—he promises to die young.

E. V. L.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Friday, July 3rd.—With no desire to disparage the richly critical eloquence of the right hon. Member for Edgbaston, we are compelled to admit that his assault upon the Finance Bill was not the *pièce de résistance* of to-day's oratorical bill of fare, nor was Mr. PETHICK LAWRENCE's defence of it, though he defended not only the substance of the Bill but the Government's ruthless application of the guillotine with a pretty spirit.

What Members had gathered to hear was Sir JOHN SIMON's parting word on conscience to the LLOYD GEORGE Liberals and Mr. LLOYD GEORGE's valedictory observations hurled in the receding wake of Sir JOHN SIMON, Mr. E. BROWN and other dissidents.

Sir JOHN stuck austerely to his one point, as a lawyer will do when he knows his point is a good one. The CHANCELLOR's Land Tax was in effect a penalty imposed on the landowner for daring to own the land which "God gave to the people." It bore no resemblance to the Liberal principle of taking a share of the unearned increment of land values for the State, and it violated the principle of no double taxation. He (Sir JOHN) had a conscientious scruple against violating those principles. His Nonconformist conscience was not the "occasional monitor" of Bishop STUBBS. The course taken by the Liberal Party in supporting the Government's Land Tax proposals would not have commended itself to the "true exponents of Liberal principle," Sir HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN and Mr. ASQUITH. ("The right hon. gentleman the Member for Carnarvon Boroughs will forgive me if I do not quote *him*," added Sir JOHN, with just a *soupçon* of cold poison in his voice.)

The right hon. gentleman the Member for Carnarvon Boroughs needed no quoting; he was there to speak for himself, and he up and spoke in no uncertain terms. True, he had not much to say about the Finance Bill or even about the Land Tax, except to declare, amid derisory "Oh's," that the object of the Bill was "that land, the value of which had been created by communal enterprise and expenditure, should make its contribution to taxation on the basis of its real value." His real defence of the CHANCELLOR's measure was practically that of the nursemaid in *Midshipman Easy*, who excused the arrival of an irregular offspring on the ground that it was a "very little one." The Liberal Amendment, accepted by Mr. SNOWDEN, had reduced what would have been a tax of £2 1*s.* 8*d.* on a five-hundred-pound site to one of 5*s.* 2½*d.* To Sir JOHN SIMON, Mr. LLOYD GEORGE continued rather bitterly, it would have been all the same if it had been 2½*d.* It was a question of his conscience—a twopenny-halfpenny conscience—the sort that strains at a gnat and swallows the whole camel of Protection.

Mr. LLOYD GEORGE might have delivered himself less acidly if the taunts of the gentlemen above the Gangway had not so obviously got home on him. There was certainly little or nothing in Sir JOHN SIMON's speech to provoke such an onslaught. Perhaps the Liberal leader was blustering to drown the voice of his own "occasional monitor"—more vocal on this occasion than is its wont.

Time was short and the other speeches, including that of Mr. SNOWDEN, were perforce short too. It did not matter, for it had all been said before. The House went home with the clash of steel on Liberal steel still ringing musically in its ears. It was a rare and on the whole refreshing noise.

Monday, July 6th.—Mr. A. M. SAMUEL is one of those simple souls who believe in barter and exchange. He has heard that Italian foodstuffs are reaching this country in wagons from Italy *viâ* the Harwich Ferry. Would the SECRETARY OF THE OVERSEAS TRADE DEPARTMENT see that the wagons returned to Italy laden with North Sea fish and pottery? Vistas of an official existence enriched

> ". . . . with amber grapes, and Chian wine,
> Green bursting figs and tunnies steeped in wine,"

to say nothing of caller herrin' and the louder kinds of cheese rose before Mr. GILLETT, and he announced in his firmest tones that he would do nothing of the kind.



The Chicks (*MEGAN and GWILYM*). "WE AT LEAST WILL NEVER DESERT YOU!"
Dissident Ducklings: SIR ROBERT HUTCHISON, SIR JOHN SIMON AND MR. ERNEST BROWN.

The arrival in this country of Dr. "STRABISMUS" BUKHARIN of Moscow (whom the Devil fly away with, as "BEACHCOMBER" would say) was explained by Mr. CLYNES. He is a scientific historian, it seems, as well as a professor of applied political catalysis. Why, asked Mr. HORE-BELISHA, had the Government refused similar facilities to Mr. TROTSKY? Mr. CLYNES explained that the circumstances were very dissimilar. Therein he is correct. Mr. TROTSKY did not try to enter the country disguised as something different.

Questions being concluded, Mr. MAXTON arose and, looking more like a sombre penitent than he has ever looked like a ferocious pirate, made humble apology for his recent recourse to unapostolic blows and knocks in defence of his recalcitrant and still contumacious colleague, Mr. MCGOVERN. Messrs. KINLEY, BUCHANAN and BECKETT abased themselves in like manner, and the PRIME MINISTER, with the concurrence of the leaders of the other two Parties, handsomely accepted the *amende honorable* and moved that the proceedings be entered on the Journals of the House.

He then moved the Second Reading of the emergency Coal Mines Bill, which was passed without a division, but not without some apprehensive shudders at the thought that the coal-spectre should so soon be clanking its grisly chains in the House's helpless ears. Perhaps the most astringent note was sounded by Messrs. RUNCIMAN and C. WILLIAMS (a coal-mines debate fairly bristles with Williamses, so it is necessary to know which is which), who protested against the coal industry rushing to Parliament whenever it was in difficulties, but admitted that so many people in the House had a finger in coal that nothing else was to be expected.

A Drinker of the Milk of Paradise.

"Sentiment, emotion, love of the beautiful, artistic and poetic feeding is further shown."
Reading of hand-writing in Women's Paper.

"The old clerk fetched down two heavy lodgers from the shelf, and after blowing the dust from them, laid them open on the desk."—*Magazine.*

It sounds like the opening for one of the monthly choices of the Crime Society.

CHARIVARIA.

THE pronouncement of a London magistrate, that not even a bookmaker is allowed to knock his wife about, will be welcomed in sporting circles, where the desirability of a ruling on this controversial point has long been felt.

***

To overcome the present economic crisis Soviet scientists are to reconstruct mathematics. They are expected to scrap the capitalistic method of reckoning how many years make five.

***

A county captain urges representative teams to go all out for a win. Too often they are all out for an inadequate score.



Scottish Barber (*engaging assistant*). "A PAY LOWER WAGES IN THE SUMMER, BECAUSE THE WORRK 'S EASIER."
Applicant. "BUT PEOPLE GET THEIR HAIR CUT JUST THE SAME."
Scottish Barber. "AY, BUT YE DINNA HAE TO HELP THEM ON WI' THEIR OVERCOATS."

A newspaper correspondent writes from the Highlands to say that he has seen a sea-trout leap at a chaffinch; but we doubt whether anglers would score any marked success with artificial birds.

***

"There is a lady who seems to have a baby every Tuesday afternoon," says Lord CASTLEROSSE. It is too often.

***

According to the same authority, several of his readers are gloomy about his future in the next world. Where gossip-writers go when they die has often been the subject of speculation.

***

"Dyspepsia," says a writer, "makes people pugnacious." A diet of dressed crab for our heavyweight boxers seems to be indicated.

***

Juvenile readers of a daily paper are informed that, though Vega, which is approaching us at the rate of five hundred miles a minute, radiates fifty times the heat and light of our sun, it is so remote that it will not seem perceptibly larger or brighter in a hundred years. This should relieve the little ones of immediate fears of Vega-stroke.

***

An actor who had lost his way in a coal-mine heard a faint tapping and found that it was caused by a *confrère* collecting geological specimens. He is believed to have been under the delusion that it was the applause of the pit.

***

Various rumours have been current as to the personal relations between Mr. LLOYD GEORGE and Mr. PHILIP SNOWDEN; but the truth would appear to be that they are no longer on singing terms.

***

London parks are observed to have escaped any great invasion of ants. They are, however, infested with sluggards.

***

In a popular daily paper which devotes a feature to children's hobbies advice is given on the care of pet snails. We have heard of a little boy whose snail was so fond of him that it used to follow him to school.

***

It appears that egg-production in this country has been doubled since 1913. The average hen seems to have grasped the idea that an egg a day keeps the poulterer away.

***

A vicar visualises the church of the future as a cinema. The "preachies" are bound to come.

***

Relief was felt that the "standstill" order for livestock was lifted in time to allow the annual southward movement of Scottish footballers.

***

The world's biggest apple-pie, made in Birmingham the other day, was twelve feet long and ten feet wide. Thus our boyhood dreams at last come true.

***

A doctor says that sun-burnt people are often inclined to be very bad-tempered. This bears out our independent view that sunburn suggests rude health.



"DO YOU SEE THAT MARK ON THE WALL? WHEN OUR BOY WAS AT CAMBRIDGE HE JUMPED AS HIGH AS THAT."
"DID HE REALLY? BUT I SUPPOSE THE CEILING WAS HIGHER THERE."

Although Messrs. GATTY and POST succeeded in flying over sixteen thousand miles in nine-and-a-half days, they don't appear to have got anywhere after all.

* * *

It is said that the first question asked by them when they had completed their round-the-world flight was, "What day is it?" Those of us who have just emerged from a traffic-block in London are content to ask what year it is.

* * *

"I have not heard the cuckoo this year," writes Mr. N. HAMBER in *The Daily Express*. We think he did right to get into touch with Shoe Lane.

* * *

A bomb thrown into a dance-room in America exploded without harming any of the dancers. It is said that a jazz band was playing at the time and the explosion passed unnoticed.

* * *

In the opinion of the Curator of the Royal Botanical Gardens the decrease in insect-life in London is due to the motor-traffic. It is pathetic to think of a mosquito being knocked down by a motor-car and crippled for life.

It may assist towards a proper realisation of Mr. Punch's longevity to remember that at the time he first saw the light of day ZARO AGHA was a mere lad of about sixty.

* * *

The recent disturbance in the House has aroused apprehension as to what will happen if the country ever puts a Left-Wing McGovernment into power.

* * *

A new book entitled *The Bank of England from Within* is said to reveal the Old Lady of Threadneedle Street as having a heart of gold.

* * *

In the American golf championships a ball was melted by the great heat. We understand that the player took a spoon to it.

* * *

It is estimated that after the recent protest-meeting of six thousand taxi-cab drivers on a hot afternoon in Hyde Park, about eighteen thousand waistcoats were picked up.

* * *

A jazz band plays in an American zoo. The idea is to keep the animals as wild as possible.

HERO-WORSHIP.

I DID but see him passing by;
I merely brushed his arm and I
Experienced the thrill of my
  Existence;
It 's true that I had often sat
And gazed upon his form, but that
Had been invariably at
  A distance.

Your deep contempt I well may earn,
For many a man, I've lived to learn,
At hero-worshipping will turn
  His nose up;
But, I repeat, it fired my brain
With momentary bliss to gain
So near a view—in fact obtain
  A "close-up."

You may, upon the other hand,
Endorse my satisfaction and
Acknowledge that you understand
  It fully;
You might yourself have been imbued
With joy at having closely viewed
A star of such a magnitude
  As WOOLLEY.

C. B.

"L.C.C. STIR UP THE TRAFFIC POOL."
Evening Paper.

Muddy work.

THE PERFECT CITIZEN.

I HOPE I have more reverence than to tease the L.C.C.; but I must put this matter of my wall on record, for it is one more landmark in the steady march of civilisation and the making of the good citizen.

Three-and-a-half years ago the London Thames rose up and committed a flood; and here in Hammersmith we have not finished paying for it yet.

On its way out of our premises the Thames removed the low wall which normally stands between the gardens of this humble row of houses and the river.

Exactly one year later the L.C.C. came along, removed the remains of our Queen Anne bricks and built a new wall of nice twentieth-century concrete.

They also sent the owners the bill, according to the provisions of some fantastic statutes called the Thames River (Prevention of Floods) Acts, 1879 to 1929. A little hard, this, we thought; for in the genial arguments we had about the concrete wall we were told very frankly that the purpose of the wall was not to keep the Thames out of *our* houses, but to protect the public sewers and the citizens who dwell in the hinterland. A little hard, therefore, that a public authority should expect *us* to pay for the erection of a public breakwater. They would not expect us to pay for a road which was damaged by an earthquake. However, let us leave that ancient wound alone. They are, I believe, still expecting.

About two years after the flood the authorities in their wisdom decided that the wall was not high enough and must be raised by eighteen inches all the way from Chiswick to Putney. Nothing, however, happened.

At the beginning of this year I incautiously went to Australia; and when I came home I found that the L.C.C. had got into the house.

You will scarcely believe it, but I found that my wall—*and my wall only*—had been raised by eighteen inches. All the other gardens in the row remain inviolate; every factory and wharf and dwelling from Chiswick to Putney is as it was; only my little frontage of about twenty feet has this large, ugly and inconvenient parapet of concrete.

I gazed at this addition to my home with undisguised astonishment. I thought at first that the L.C.C. out of their great love for me must have devised special measures to protect me from floods. This was my welcome home; the L.C.C. had given me a parapet. Indeed, I was just about to ring up County Hall and thank them for the kindly act when some cynic remarked that Father Thames, if he did want to flood again, would probably have the sense to come round the corners of my birthday parapet.

I then concluded reluctantly that the L.C.C. had gone mad.

The only other tenable hypothesis was that the parapet was not intended as a flood-work at all; it might be some kind of monument or memorial, or perhaps some navigation mark to guide the shipping. Possibly the L.C.C. intended to put up a plaque on the parapet to say that "HERE HADDOCK LIVED, 1915—." Premature, perhaps, but a nice thought.



Amateur. "EXCUSE ME, SIR, BUT WOULD YOU RECOMMEND THIS VIEW AS EASY FOR A BEGINNER?"

It grieved me to think that the London County Council might have gone mad. I rang up the Engineering Department to inquire, half-expecting to be answered with hoots and gibbers. But I was put through to a gentleman who not only sounded quite sane but was extremely obliging; and from him I heard this very remarkable story.

The London County Council have not gone mad. I want to make that perfectly clear. I don't want the tugmasters and bargees to burst into cruel laughter as they pass my parapet. I don't want the people on the pleasure-steamers to point and say, "Look! there's the Mad Memorial of the L.C.C.!" What happened was this:—

Under the Flood-Prevention-and-What-not Act the Council sent out orders to the owners of every riparian property to forthwith and so forth raise their floodworks by eighteen inches, to a height so-and-so above Ordnance datum, free of average and Trinity high-water mark. But these orders, like the first part of the command, "Fix Bayonets!" were not intended to be obeyed. For one thing, if the sixteen owners of this row of houses had obediently put in sixteen contractors and built sixteen new bits of wall the floodworks might not have been wildly uniform, and this would have upset the tidy mind of the L.C.C. And no public body likes any private body to arrange his home in his own way. What is desired in such cases is that the owners shall ignore or disobey the orders; then, after the statutory interval for objections, the Council step in and do the work with their own contractors, sending the bill to—— However, I promised not to talk about that.

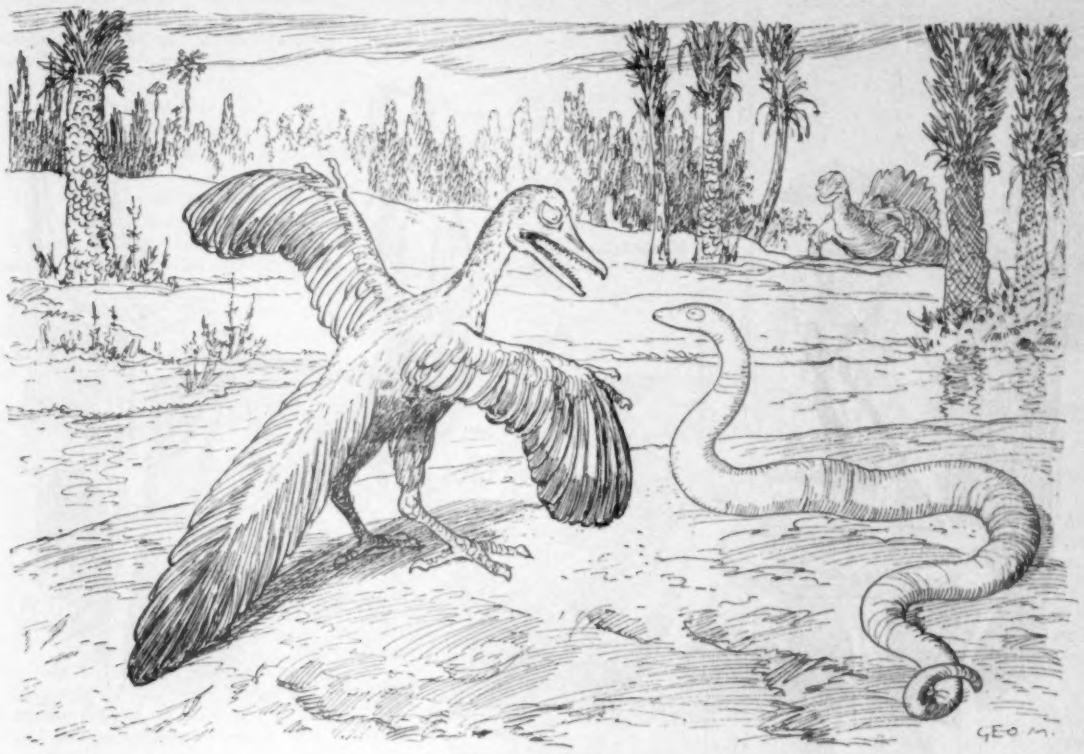
And this as a rule works smoothly enough. For it is the instinct and practice of every good Briton, when he receives an unpleasant and obviously lunatic order from a public authority, to fling it into the waste-paper-basket, or at least thrust it out of his mind.

That was the course pursued in this case, it seems, by every riparian owner from Chiswick to Putney, excepting some who angrily objected or reasonably pointed out the imbecility of the Council's proposals.

But there was one other exception—*my landlord.*

My excellent landlord lives far away in the country. And he is, it seems, a rare citizen, a perfect citizen—a citizen so conscientious that, whenever he receives an order, however lunatic, from a public authority, however misguided, his first instinct is not, as with you and me, to blaspheme, but to obey. And he wastes no time. He does at once what he is told.

So it was in this rather tragic case. He received from the L.C.C. a pompous printed document in odious Parliamentese, studded with *Whereas's* in black type and entitled, NOTICE TO



NATURE NOTES.

UNDOUBTEDLY THE ARCHÆOPTERYX WAS AN EARLY BIRD, BUT FOR ALL WE KNOW THE EARLY WORM MAY HAVE BEEN A MATCH FOR HIM.

EXECUTE FLOOD-WORKS; also a large and alarming plan (with cross-section) indicating (but obscurely) the nature of the flood-works required to be executed under the Flood-Prevention-and-What-not Act.

What does my landlord do? He immediately hands the whole bag of tricks over to a contractor and says, "Go ahead! Avert this flood. Execute the flood-works mentioned and described in the plan hereafter mentioned as necessary for repairing the said bank, removing any cause of danger thereto and rendering the same sufficient for the purposes aforesaid." And it was so.

Imagine the consternation of the L.C.C., confronted by a citizen who instantly does what he is told! In another year or two, maybe, the L.C.C. and the rest of them will decide that it is quite unnecessary after all to raise the river-wall by eighteen inches. (They will, if they have any sense; for the way to prevent a Thames (London) flood is to divert it with sluices and things into the uninhabited regions lower down the river, not to build at enormous expense horrible high walls all round the Western suburbs.) When they do arrive at this decision they will not send a printed document to every riparian owner, saying, "Our so-and-so of the so-and-so is cancelled; we were quite wrong and you are no longer required to raise your walls by eighteen inches." They will allow the whole thing to slide quietly into oblivion, and the riparian owners, glad to be left alone, will not complain.

That at least is what would happen in the ordinary course. But now that my landlord has dutifully erected this ridiculous instalment of the new flood-works anything may happen. The L.C.C. may be forced to complete the whole silly scheme, merely to make the rest of London uniform with my preposterous parapet. For, if not, such parapet will be left alone and naked, a perpetual memorial to the wisdom of the L.C.C. And I shall have painted upon it in large white letters: "ERECTED BY ORDER OF OUR GLORIOUS L.C.C.—1931," so that all those who use the river may see it.

Or shall I knock the darned erection down—now, forthwith? I have a mind to do that, for the thing is a foul nuisance, has ruined my garden and view and interfered with my boating. But no more of that. The point of this story is general, not personal—and the point is that we have reached a pretty stage of social thingummy when the orders of public bodies are so notoriously absurd that even they do not expect them to be obeyed, and a citizen who does obey them is a freak and a nuisance.

There is also another point. According to the L.C.C. this part of London is in danger from another disastrous flood while the river-walls are at their present height. Yet the last disastrous flood happened three-and-a-half years ago, and (with the exception of my memorial parapet) the walls are exactly the same dangerous height now as they were then. Either the new flood-works are unnecessary or they are necessary; and in the latter case the L.C.C. has for three-and-a-half years disgracefully failed to take the necessary steps, thus exposing us to peril. They really cannot have it both ways.

But of course they will. A. P. H.

"An anonymous cheque for £500 was among the donations received yesterday by the Foundling Hospital Site Appeal Committee."—*Daily Paper.*

A signed one would have been still more welcome to the Committee.



"MUMMY, I'VE COME TO THE CONCLUSION THAT YOU ARE MORE BEAUTIFUL THAN ME. WHAT A MERCY WE'RE DIFFERENT TYPES!"

ERRORS AND OMISSIONS.

"BIG ships," remarked Leading-Signalman Harding as he replaced his empty glass on the bar-counter, "is all right for them as 'as hexpectations, but give me the Destroyer Navy."

"Proper lot of pirates," observed Leading-Seaman "Bungy" Williams, who was afflicted with a first-class gunlayer's rating, which doomed him to big ships and big guns for ever.

"Pirates!" said Tosh Harding wrathfully; "I'd 'ave you know——"

"All roight—all roight, mate," cut in Bungy hastily, "No offence meant. Will you 'ave the other 'arf?"

"Well, I don't mind if I do," conceded Tosh.

"Right. Two of the same again, Miss. And you was saying as 'ow you prefers destroyers, Tosh. For why particular?"

"Well, it's Navy and yet it ain't Navy, if you takes my meanin'."

"Not quite I don't."

"Well, see 'ere. What 'appens in a battle-squadron when a ship makes a pot mess of station-keepin' or the like?"

"Signal whacked in from Flag, 'Indicate name of orficer of the watch.'"

"Eggzactly. Proper official-like every time. No 'umour about it. Frock-coat and sword, as one might say."

"Well, if yer starts bein' 'umerous with twenty-five thousand tons, as likely as not something else'll get cracked besides the blinkin' joke."

"Just what I'm saying. But with destroyers it's different. There's a lot of things can be done with destroyers as would make the oak-leaves on an Admiral's lid give birth to twin acorns if you was to try 'em on with capital ships."

"For hinstance?"

"Well, I was thinkin' particular of a turn-out we 'ad last week."

"When your division was doin' a drop o' gunnery?"

"No, we was runnin' mouldies. We was due to leave with the rest of the division at 0730 in the mornin', and we was a bit adrift. You know, one o' them days when everything goes wrong, and what with one thing and another it wasn't far short of eight bells afore we was steamin' through the 'ole in the breakwater to join the rest of the division what was already at sea. They was doin' about twelve knot in line a'ead with a ruddy great gap be'ind the leader of the division where we ought to 'ave been. Well, our skipper 'e crams on to twenty knots and makes to join up, thinkin', I daresay, as 'ow 'e would take orf a bit from being adrift by makin' a bit of an evolution of gettin' into station in the line."

"Did 'e do it neat?"

"No, it weren't a neat mornin'. Whether it was 'is liver affecting 'is eye or 'is eye 'is liver I dunno, but 'e put 'is 'elm over too late and shot through the line and out the other side like as though we was givin' an ex-'ibition of knittin'."

"Lumme!"

"You're right. Over goes our 'elm again and back we shoots through the line and out the other side again. Well, I leaves you to picture to yerself what would be 'appening on the upper bridge of a flagship if a battleboat was to start playin' croquet with 'er squadron like that. There'd be a proper dress ship over all with flags askin' 'igh 'eaven in general and the ship in particular what the 'ell she thought she was up to."

"Didn't your divisional leader take no notice, then?"

"Not like that."

"'Avin' 'is breakfast, per'aps."

"No, 'e was watchin' all right, 'cos

as soon as we'd sort of darned ourself into the line up goes our pennants and in comes a signal—one word: 'GOOD,' followed by the code time, 0815—that's all."

"What did 'e mean?"

"You wait. I wrote it down on a pad and 'ands it to the Owner. 'E looks at it and frowns.

"'Are you sure you read it right?' 'e asks. 'Wasn't there no more to it?'

"'No, Sir,' I says, 'that's all,' and I points out as they've 'auled down our pennants again.

"'Well,' 'e says, 'that's odd. I should 'ave thought——' and 'e does a turn round the bridge lookin' fair puzzled. Then 'e 'ands the pad to the sub-lootenant who was on watch.

"'What d' you make of that, Sub?' 'e asks.

"Well, it was a difficult turn, wasn't it?' says the Sub, clever-like.

"'Yes,' agrees the Skipper, 'it was—with that difference in speed—yes——' an' 'e takes the signal-pad back and does another squint at it.

"'Per'aps it didn't look as bad as it felt,' 'e says after a bit.

"'No, Sir,' puts in the Sub; 'I'm sure it didn't.'

"'Probably looked a bit spectacular,' went on the Owner, 'oo I could see was 'alf-way to persuading 'imself that 'e'd 'andled the ship a treat after all.

"'Yes, Sir,' says the Sub, encouragin' like.

"'Humph!' says the Skipper, an' does a grin. 'Well, that's a good end to a bad mornin'. I'm going down to get some breakfast,' an' 'e turns to the bridge ladder. But 'e 'adn't got more 'n 'alfway down when up goes our pennants again in the divisional leader.

"' 'Nother signal comin' through, Sir,' I sings out.

"'Oh,' says the Owner, an' stops on the ladder.

"'My 0815,' I reads. 'Word after GOOD—LORD.' "

GUN DOGS.

X.—THE WAVY (OR FLAT) COAT RETRIEVER.

In days devoid of hurry
And leisurely of life,
When squires were squires in Surrey
And lairds were lairds in Fife,
Or ever cars ran hooting
Or maids desired to vote,
No gentleman went shooting
Without a Wavy Coat.

Up in the morning early
Their titled ways men took
In whiskers, combed and curly,
In Billy Coke (or Cook),
To manors (with a rental
That gave the squire his due);
And, bold and black and gentle,
The Wavy Coats went too.

There grandsires, hale and Tory,
Rammed powder home and shot;
There Youth in all its glory
Breathed, "Breechloaders—why not?"
But, ramrod in the barrel
Or cartridge in the breech,
In wavywise apparel
Would be the dog of each.

For, when the gun was frequent
From Frant to John o' Groats,
No nose as sure ("*Hie-seek*") went
As his, old Wavy Coat's;
In mustard and in mangels
He stuck to lines like wax,
To lines and tortuous angles
That EUCLID's self might tax.

Men say his day is over;
They add that pace and style
In covert, corn and clover
Can beat him by a mile,
And that his case is *Cave*
The Labrador, and that
His coat, that once was *Wavy*,
Has fallen very *Flat*.

Yet, when I go, at hearty
Invites (*per* Dreamland posts),
To join a shooting-party
Of dear bewhiskered ghosts
On manors with a rental
To pay a squire his due,
Then, wise and black and gentle,
A Wavy Coat comes too.

P. R. C.



Captain of visiting side (to hefty substitute). "YOU'D BETTER GO OUT IN THE DEEP, THEN YOU CAN MOVE THE SCREEN ABOUT."

Smith Minor Again.

"'Quidquid in utraque parte' means 'Two pounds each way.'"—*Schoolboy's Answer.*

AT THE PLAY.

"THE LOVE GAME" (PRINCE OF WALES'S).

I AM not quite sure whether *The Love Game* was devised by Mrs. CECIL CHESTERTON and Mr. RALPH NEALE as an honest entertainment or as a subversive feminist tract, but incline to the tract hypothesis. Certainly they have provided us with a gallery of the queerest people. True, *Margaret Armstrong*, comely middle-aged wife (the authors seem to think just over forty middle-aged, which is a profoundly discouraging thought), devoted to her something-considerable-in-the-City husband, is normal enough except for an exaggerated sense of the importance of being a *Mrs.* The rest are all exceedingly odd, and situations however intriguing are apt to lose their interest if the characters involved are lacking in plausibility.

David Armstrong (Mr. MALCOLM KEEN) is evidently doing very well—with the help of an exceedingly clever secretary, *Ann Page* (Miss PHYLLIS THOMAS). *Margaret*, his comely wife (Miss MARIE LÖHR), dresses exceedingly smartly and runs her comfortable house efficiently, though we are a little surprised at her taste in parlourmaids. Her son, *Jack*, is at Cambridge, and not, I think, likely to be very popular there unless tastes have notably changed of late. Her daughter, *Jill* (Miss MERCIA SWINBURNE), is an engaging wide-eyed young cynic, wooed tentatively in the modern manner by a pleasant young man, *Cyril Field* (Mr. EDWARD ROBSON), with a nice skill in the building of playing-card houses, Radical views on fathers as an institution and an almost morbid control of his temper. When that peevish youth, *Jack*, sweeps away one of his airy structures the architect does not even rise to a protesting "Tut-tut!" Then there is the formidable *Stella*, *Margaret's* sister, a person of positively Cromwellian views (and aspect) and of such devastating frankness of comment on matters that don't in the very least concern her that we feel that her husband, *James* (who does not appear), would have long ago put arsenic in her coffee.

The First Act begins with one passionate kiss and ends with another, the intervening matter being on the quiet side. The first is delivered by *Jack*, who is evidently on terms which tactful counsel would describe as intimate with the pretty parlourmaid; the second by *David*, who, when the competent *Miss Page* arrives to put in some overtime, rushes rashly into her arms and is therein discovered by young *Jack*.

In the Second Act the young Cambridge moralist gives his father a stark lecture on the iniquity of husbands making love to their typists in their wives' drawing-rooms. "What about the parlourmaid?" says *David*, not very resourcefully. "Oh, that's different," says *Jack*, with some reason, no doubt. *David's* plea that even a man over forty has his temptations and his hankerings after adventure and romance is coldly received, and he is all but stabbed with the paper-knife by his son in a passion of fury.



MIXED DOUBLES.

THE GENTLEMAN, AFTER THE LOSS OF A LOVE GAME, SUGGESTS A CHANGE OF PARTNERS.

David Armstrong . . MR. MALCOLM KEEN.
Margaret (his wife) . MISS MARIE LÖHR.

From this spirited if extravagant scene we pass to another in which *Margaret* hurls the exceedingly expensive diamond ring which *David*, after the manner of conscience-stricken husbands, has brought as a birthday-present, at her faithless spouse and explains to him, pleading ardently to be divorced, that however heroic her tolerance and understanding of the vagaries of middle-aged romantics may be she never, *never* will surrender her position as an authentically married woman. This all went down very well, I am bound to say, and the players took many calls at the curtain's fall.

But our authors have further pleasant surprises in store for us. *Margaret* repents her of her unsympathetic attitude. Five whole days have passed, in which she finds that life still has much to offer even when much-loved husbands prove resolutely unkind. Dress still has its charms; good food still flatters the palate; the sun is no less warm than hitherto. She will give *David* his divorce like a true sportsman.

And at this point I am sure Mrs. CHESTERTON takes charge and Mr. NEALE gracefully retires. "Whatever made you suppose I wanted to marry you?" says *Ann Page* to *David*, excitedly communicating his good news. "We had interesting work, passion, intimacy. The only thing left is housekeeping. No, thank you!! Good-bye." And *David*, who has meanwhile discovered that cold mutton and an egg cooked by the parlourmaid are not quite in his line, creeps back to his forgiving *Margaret* and all is well. The authors, in fact, decline to be serious.

T.

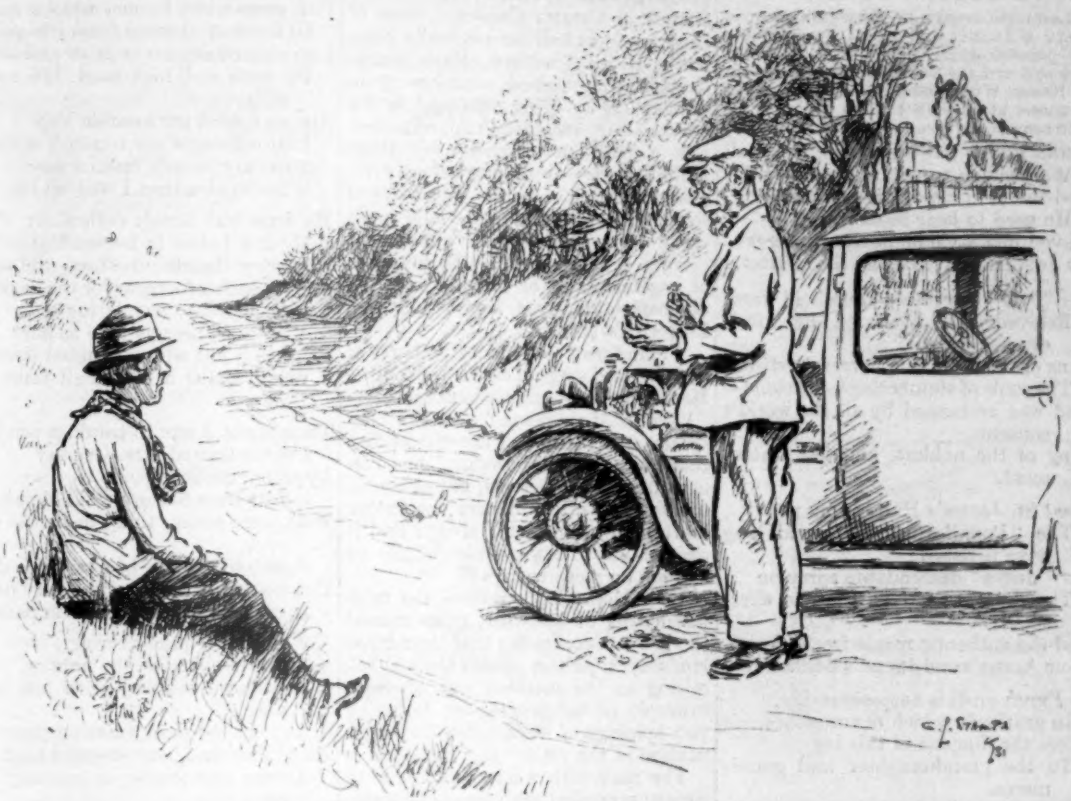
AT THE OPERA.

"LE MARTYRE DE ST. SEBASTIEN" (COVENT GARDEN).

WE were told that this was to be the "first and only" performance of Signor D'ANNUNZIO'S play. In selecting it for the opening of her season Madame IDA RUBINSTEIN showed less wisdom than in her determination not to repeat it. For its gloom was without relief except for a little unpremeditated humour.

Sebastien, Captain of Archers, is witness of the courage of two brothers, converts to Christianity, who decline, in the face of imminent torture, to sacrifice to the pagan gods. Moved by the resistance they offer to the threats of the mob and the pleading of their mother and sisters—even to the point of refusing light refreshment—he passes into a state of "holy delirium," from which he never completely emerges till his death (at a very late hour). Calling upon Heaven for a sign, he shoots an arrow into the air which doesn't fall to earth (or, if it did, nobody knew where) and then dances on live embers "which have for him the coolness of bedewed lilies." This closes the First Act.

His new faith is put to a further ordeal (after an interval of about thirty minutes) when the *Emperor* (DIOCLETIAN), who has heard of *Sebastien's* miracles and thinks that he has the makings of a god if only he would return to pagan orthodoxy (the ladies are content with worshipping him as Adonis),



Patient Wife (to Husband, who has been taking portions of his car to pieces to remedy running trouble). "I HOPE, DEAR, YOU HAVEN'T HAD ALL THAT TROUBLE FOR NOTHING."

Husband. "ON THE CONTRARY, NOW THAT I'VE RE-ASSEMBLED IT I FIND I'VE GAINED TWO SPARE PARTS."

commands him to sing to the accompaniment of Apollo's lyre. He cuts its strings with a knife. The *Emperor* then tries again, handing him a figure of Victory as a symbol of his suitability as a candidate for godship. *Sebastien* flings it to the ground. This annoys the *Emperor*, who orders him to be put to death.

It falls to *Sebastien's* own company of archers to implement the Imperial command. There might at first blush appear to be a certain irony in this, as when Actæon was torn to pieces by his own hounds; but actually the archers, being very fond of him, are opposed to the idea of carrying out his execution and their Lieutenant presses him to escape. *Sebastien*, however, insists that they should discharge their duty, and under protest they shoot him where he stands against a large tree, each of them uttering a loud wail of anguish as he lets fly.

Even after death *Sebastien's* miraculous gift does not desert him, for the arrows leave no wounds behind. This did not surprise me as I had seen nothing of the arrows (the shooting took place in a very bad light, against which nobody appealed) till they suddenly arranged themselves horizontally in the tree-trunk after *Sebastien's* body had been removed by his friends.

To the general gloom, not unimpressive, of the atmosphere was added a portentous excess of what—the words being French—must be called declamation, but would, if they had been in English, be described as mouthing and ranting. The elocution of the *Emperor* (M. DESJARDINS) was comparatively free from this defect. Madame IDA RUBINSTEIN, whether in gilt armour (Act I.), in Court dress (Act II.), or in *décolleté* (Act III.), was always a gracious figure and brought to her work a devout sincerity worthy of a better cause. In the *décor*, designed by M. BAKST, there was a lavish splendour tempered with appropiate solemnity, and no less generous was the supply of super-supers, mostly immobile.

Apart from the overture and interludes Signor D'ANNUNZIO had left M. DEBUSSY very little to do. I don't know if he was conscious of this neglect, but it seemed to leave him rather subdued. The vocal music, largely confined to the Chorus, was not noticeably inspired.

The production was received by the audience with respectful enthusiasm; but a good many must have held the private opinion that the most mysterious thing about this mystery play is the fact that it was considered to be worth producing.

O. S.

"WIMBLEDON 'DOUBLES.'
Ladies' Ex-champions Pass Out."
Sporting Paper.

Poor dears, it was very hot.

"Swift (Jonathan) History of the Four Last Years of the Queen (Elizabeth), goof copy of the first edition, scarce, 42*s*."
Bookseller's Advertisement.

We question whether the Dean ever got so near to the heart of a goof as Mr. WODEHOUSE does.

TO JOSEPH JOACHIM.

[Last night JOSEPH JOACHIM's grandnieces, JELLY D'ARANYI and ADILA FACHIRI, and his granddaughter, GABRIELLE JOACHIM, took part with the New Symphony Orchestra, Sir HENRY WOOD and Mr. DONALD TOVEY in a concert at Queen's Hall to celebrate the centenary of the great violinist's birth.]

WHEN *Punch* was very young, his stall
Was seldom vacant at the "Pops,"
And there, in old St. James's Hall,
He used to hear immortal "Ops"
Played in a style he never can forget
By JOSEPH JOACHIM and his quartet.

For "JOE" was then a household word,
Beloved and honoured by musicians—
Long ere his strenuous namesake stirred
The souls of slumbering politicians—
And was acclaimed by all the world's consent
King of the noblest, kingliest instrument.

Alas! St. James's Hall is gone;
The "Pops" they harboured long have perished;
But "JOE'S" descendants carry on
The great traditions that he cherished;
And the authentic magic freely flows
From ADILA'S and JELLY'S fiddle-bows.

So *Punch* on this auspicious day,
In gratitude which never ceases,
Offers the homage of this lay
To the granddaughter and grandnieces,
"Blest Sirens," who in pious concert hymn
The glories of great JOSEPH JOACHIM.

C. L. G.

THE PARTY SPIRIT.

BY OUR SOCIETY CONTRIBUTOR, THE HON. PETUNIA POTTS.

(The parties given by the Hon. Petunia Potts at her modern flat, a converted stable in Soho, are a notable feature of the London Season.)

ISN'T entertaining delightfully simple nowadays? I just rang up two or three friends and asked them to come in for a cocktail and a spot of food. By ten o'clock there were quite forty-one people on the staircase. It is that perfect blend of Bohemia, Mayfair and *je ne sais quoi*, with just a *soupçon* of *quien sabe?* that constitutes the really successful party, don't you think?

Of course the latest cocktails were served, including the favourite "Bookie's Dream," which was handed round in mugs. As everyone is slimming nowadays the birdseed arranged on cubes of ice was much appreciated. For the ultra-moderns there was carrot-juice absolutely neat.

My real excuse for a party was to show a perfectly divine collection of modern paintings lent to me by artist friends in Greater Chelsea. None of these pictures had been actually hung in the Royal Academy. Many people thought they gained considerably in atmosphere by being exhibited in my cocktail-bar. Included in this collection was a tritonic symphony by Dicki Muffelheimer—quite marvellously indescribable but somehow suggestive of several arms and a leg amidst jade watercress. I sometimes wonder whether the picture is symbolical of the influence of vegetarianism or just the triumph of inspiration over mere technique. Posterity will judge.

I found poor old Colonel Chaparty in an advanced stage of emotion gazing at Mezzitoff's post-impressionistic effort, "View in Afghanistan" (five chutney-bottles in a ravine). I thought at first that the "Bookie's Dream" had disagreed with the Colonel, but of course modern art often renders one rather inarticulate. In fact I always find it simpler not to express too definite an opinion on pictures myself.

Dear Moravia Shropshire, the most fascinating of half-wits, quite missed the point in confessing that she adored landscapes, as the picture she was admiring at the moment was a chaste example of neo-pointillism, featuring two helpings of *Wienerschnitzel* with a portion of the artist's mother.

The man with whom I drifted in to supper reminded me vaguely of someone I met in Cairo last winter, but of course one cannot be certain. I could not help wondering who the people were that sat opposite us, but no doubt their names will be in the Press. They seemed to arrive with some American people, but one cannot be sure.

A great feature of the evening was some new music, including the first performance of "Prohibitiana," a tone poem for saxophones and bagpipes. The subject seemed to call for a good deal of dissonance. Most of the guests left after this, but everyone seemed to think everything was too amusing. "Such fun!" they all said.

"'REVOLUTIONARY' ENGINE.
Run on Liquid Instead of Gas."
Headlines in Morning Paper.

Those we have heard in Hyde Park seem to run on both.

"The Duke and Duchess of York arrived at Henley shortly before noon, and, after boarding the Thames Conservative launch, they travelled down the river. Mr. Stanley Baldwin was another interested spectator."
Exeter Paper.

In his proper station at the wheel of the launch, we hope.

THE INCOMPLETE HIKER.

FOR years when I could work a spell
Of leave of absence from the galley
I've roamed afoot o'er moor and fell,
By path and high-road, hill and valley;
And as I went my humble way
I little thought my conduct striking,
But did my twenty miles a day
With no idea that I was hiking.

My dress was tamely orthodox;
My feet I shod in honest leather;
Nor knew that tennis-shoes and socks
Were fitting footgear for the heather;
I never bared to wondering eyes
A pair of knees as pale as suet
Beneath a kilt whose blended dyes
Would make a Scotsman faint to view it.

Though not, I like to think, a prude,
I never flouted Mrs. Grundy
By ostentatious solitude
À deux from Saturday till Monday
With some young thing in shorts of puce,
A garb which may be now the fashion
But would have played the very deuce
In my case with the grandest passion.

Nor did I ever join a throng,
As oft depicted in the papers,
Who cheered the way with jest and song
And cut the most amusing capers;
Alone I walked, and counted high
Among the journey's pleasing features
The opportunity to fly
From contact with my fellow-creatures.

And when night fell "The Carters' Arms"
Or some such comfortably low house
For me possessed more potent charms
Than the most up-to-date Yo-Ho-House;*
Replete with ham and eggs and beer,
I'd turn the local paper's pages
Or mark with half-attentive ear
The discourse of the village sages.

In fact, confronted in the Press
With those whom hikes o'er hill and dale lure,
I feel myself in tastes and dress,
Manners and modes, a total failure;
I think I'll buy a nice bath-chair,
Turn aeronaut or motor-biker,
Acknowledging with dull despair
That I shall never make a hiker.

"BOOM IN MOTORING ON THE WAY."
Headline in Daily Paper.

On the roadway, we hope.

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* The possibly onomatopœic and deceptively alcoholic abbreviation employed by a certain section of the Press for the Youth Hostel Rest-houses.

A RECORD ROUND-THE-WORLD DASH.



"A PLEASANT JOURNEY, MY BOY— AND A SAFE RETURN. . . ."







"WHAT, BACK ALREADY? FORGOTTEN SOMETHING?"



THE PSYCHOLOGY OF WINDOW-DRESSING.
THE APPEAL.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

A NOVEL which deals darkly with the dark dealings of bookies and police puts me much in the position of *David Copperfield* overhearing the mysterious dialogue of *Mr. Gulpidge* and *Mr. Henry Spiker*—a dialogue (you remember) eked out by nods, winks and significant dashes, which was designed by its promoters to make the rest of the company look extremely callow and ignorant. I would not do Mr. MONTAGU SLATER the injustice of suggesting that he meant his first novel to have this effect upon its readers, but I do feel that a book attacking a social abuse stigmatised as notorious ought to be considerably more explicit than *The Second City* (WISHART, 7/6). This relates how *Maurice Jones*, one of the brightest protégés of the University Settlement of Stocklemeals, was arrested in the act of collecting betting-slips. The boy had foretold the coup; and a local Labour Member is led to suspect that the prosecution is less straightforward than it looks. As a matter of fact the case is a test-case concocted by *Maurice's* patron, the bookie, to reduce the rates of blackmail levied by the police; and before it is over—and we leave *Maurice* facing a jury—we are up to our eyes in the sordid connivances of public life in an only too recognisable North-Country metropolis. Incidentally we are given several tart portraits of incompetent pundits and venial officials, Mr. SLATER'S humour so far favouring HAZLITT'S "juxtaposition of the incongruous" that the physical idiosyncrasies of professed idealists are described with rather irritating frequency.

Friends and Adventures (CAPE, 10/6) is the eminently suitable name given to his book of reminiscences by "T.," whose signature is known to all who read our notes on the drama of the day. His adventures are pleasantly different from those of most men of eminence—literary, legal or martial—who at the approach of middle-age feel it incumbent upon them to publish their recollections in book-form. Chiefly they were of the spirit, for he was at Stonyhurst, and a Jesuit novice (in which capacity he describes himself as doing the work of housemaid, parlourmaid, undergardener, boots, probationer-nurse, charwoman and scullion). He even learned enough cooking, it would seem, to serve up a savoury hare-soup, having first (*more Glassico*) killed his hare with a collector's gun, borrowed and, I suspect, unlicensed. Then he was at Oscott, until summoned by Cardinal VAUGHAN, already a sick man, to fill a teaching vacancy in the choir-school at Westminster. But VAUGHAN died and Cardinal BOURNE succeeded, and "kindly but quite firmly refused to take the responsibility" of ordaining a student who was clearly not built on normal lines. So "T." became a "spoiled priest," as he terms it, thrust out with fifteen pounds of capital—and a talent for making friends which proved even more valuable. And for the story of how he became a commercial traveller (of sorts), an expert in typography, founder of the Agenda Club and

dramatic critic I recommend you to the book itself—urbane, original, with here and there a touch of agreeably acid malice. Artist friends have provided various portraits, from which an intelligent reader may form a fair idea of what "T." looks like in real life.

The Career of Julian Stanley Williams is the clever story
Of a cad without a manly
Motive in his repertory—
For (since I am no detractor
Of the stage) I'm loth to state
That *Julian* is a youthful actor
Married to a charming mate.

Though plot lacks, you 'd say and not err,
Nothing much the central theme ails
As the study of a rotter
With a hopeless taste in females;
Julian picks each pretty dear up
And philandering goes to seed
Till he winds his mean "career" up
As a criminal indeed.

Here is writing apt, ironic—
ADRIAN ALINGTON has done it;
Nothing in his histrionic
Tragedy should make us shun it;
CHATTO sells it, WINDUS also,
And the price? Why, what they fix
Could you say was aught but small? So
Go and pay your eight-and-six.

It seems to take a woman nowadays—though her voice may unconsciously echo the voice of RUSKIN—to realise that economy was a domesticated word before it was a political one and that the principles that go to govern a decent home might very well be extended to the governing of a decent country. This, I feel, is the finest lesson deducible from the Duchess of ATHOLL's interesting little textbook on contemporary politics, a primer which, though ostensibly written for the guidance of the newly-enfranchised woman, would in many respects come in equally handy for the average male voter. *Women and Politics* (PHILIP ALLAN, 6/-) deals first with the forms of government, national and imperial, under which we find ourselves, with Ministries and the services they control, and with the conflicting problems of War and Peace, Free Trade and Tariffs, Capital and Labour. Finally, having disposed of general issues, it surveys the specific work of women in legislation and the latest political proposals affecting family life. Clear and kindly as it is—and in many ways extremely accomplished—the book would have carried greater weight had it preserved a greater measure of impartiality. Now and again it runs serious risk of becoming a mere Tory counterblast to Shavian Socialism; and from a woman who is at pains to urge other women to distinguish between fact and assertion some of its statements strike me as tactical errors. These defects apart, the work is as skilful in performance as it is happy in intention.



Visitor. "NO, LEAVE IT ALONE. I 'LL CARRY IT MYSELF. I 'M SICK OF THIS PERPETUAL TIPPING."
Porter. "BUT, SAIRE, I VERY POOR MAN. I HAF THE SEVEN WIFES AN' THE THIRTY-TWO CHILDRENS TO MAKE SUPPORT FOR, NOT 'ARF, YES?"

"Mr. and Mrs. Robert Warmstry and their family, having disposed of No. 3, Victoria Place, Chelsea, have gone into residence at Paggitts, Bodsey, Titcham, which will in future be their permanent address. Telephone: Titcham 2." To be sure that wasn't the actual form of the announcement that *Helen* and *Robert* did send to the papers when they made their exodus, if indeed they ever sent any announcement at all. It was only *Helen's* half-jesting idea. "Gone into residence" was too pompous for *Robert* altogether, nor was "Paggitts" the name of their new house. It was hard to name it. Of the *Warmstry's* four children, who made up *Four in Family* (CHATTO AND WINDUS, 7/6), *June* suggested

the title, "Lovers' Leap," and *Crispin* "Ye Olde Hutte," but in the end they called it "Romanfield." It was a very pleasant house, very modern and delightfully adapted to the scenery. It was built by *Robert's* future son-in-law, and was therefore everything that *Robert* wanted it to be; and *Robert's* family came from that part of the world, somewhere near Severnhampton, to be precise. Going to live at Bodsey, therefore, meant knowing the "county," which is always (at least in inverted commas) a complicated and amusing affair. In many ways the "county" considered the family rather odd, and the family reciprocated the "county's" view. The family had the whip hand, partly because they were *Warmstrys* and partly because of their sense of quiet fun. Mr. HUMPHREY PAKINGTON has sketched the characters of important local ladies, and of the *Bishop of Mandalay* (afterwards diocesan of Severnhampton), with abundant humour and a very observant eye. He can sum up the foibles of a house as surely as those of its inhabitants. This is a very entertaining book.

In 1857, Mr. JAN H. HOFMEYR reminds one, recalling an almost forgotten past in the pages of *South Africa* (BENN, 15/-), there were to be found five Republics and three Colonies in territory where now a single Union maintains its autonomy. In following the chequered history of that resolution into unity the writer is determined that he at any rate will create no new antagonisms, for he applies tactful discretion so lavishly that one may almost hear it drip from his gear-box on to the trackway of his narrative. Of all the volumes of this Modern World series none, I think, is concerned so much with gloomy past and glooming future, so little with an immediate present that is really not too bad. The transition from a national struggle between White and White to an impending economic and cultural conflict between White and Black is the writer's central topic, and it is only with a visible effort that he rises at times to a chastened optimism. Yet he writes so well and has a story to tell so rich in adventure and heroic accomplishment—and, moreover, he keeps one so constantly guessing as to what bits of best-forgotten history he will leave out next—that he is livelier company perhaps than he realises himself to be.

Hatter's Castle (GOLLANCZ, 8/6) is a large book, in which no concessions are made to the frivolous reader, and it is written in a style which depends to a great extent on piled-up adjectives and rather cumbrous Latinisms. The theme is the decline and fall of a provincial hatter who is both a pathological case and a brute, whose speech is the uncouth dialect of the Clyde; and yet, despite all this, one can have no hesitation in saying that here is an outstanding book, and that as a character *James Brodie* may never be forgotten—so strong and so mature, even in a first novel, is the writing of Dr. A. J. CRONIN. *Brodie* is a man of enormous physical power, with the wits of a moron and the kind of crass egotism which results when mistaken pride takes root in a fuddled mind. Because of an illegitimate relationship with a noble house he considers himself too big a man to be concerned with the petty troubles of either his shop or his home, except in the exercise of a blind and crushing tyranny. When his world begins to collapse, everything slips away from him quickly; death relieves his unhappy wife, his mistress is carried off by his son, and his crazy ambition for his younger daughter is baulked. We leave him, a broken hulk, alone with a whisky-bottle. A grim book, but one that has been moulded with the certainty of a master out of the rough clay of life.

It is a moving and supremely courageous story that Princess PETER WOLKONSKY has to tell in *The Way of Bitterness* (METHUEN, 7/6). In May, 1919, she escaped from Russia into Finland, but soon afterwards she heard that her husband had been arrested in Petrograd, and despite the protests of her friends she determined to return. To get back into Russia was as difficult as it was to get out of it, and the dangers and hardships which she encountered both on the journey and after her arrival are put before us so clearly and vividly that the picture of Soviet Russia in 1920 is as distinct as it is tragic. Anyone less devoted to her mission must have been defeated by the countless obstacles which were put in her way, but eventually she succeeded in obtaining her husband's release from prison. In this really amazing tale of adventures and misadventures the PRINCESS is especially to be commended for the care with which she distinguishes between truth and rumour, and for the tributes she pays to those who, not in some cases without danger to themselves, stood by her in her hours of greatest need.



PERFECT MANNERS.

THIS TRAVELLER, HAVING GIVEN UP HIS SEAT TO ONE LADY, GIVES UP HIS STRAP TO ANOTHER.

The memoir of *Gray of Bradfield* (OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS, 7/6), which Mrs. GRAY has compiled "from unpublished reminiscences and other sources," gives us a calm and well-considered account of a remarkable man. In reading its pages one cannot help being impressed by Dr. GRAY'S terrific energy; even his holidays were spent in cyclonic exhibitions of activity. But more than energy was required in the young man who became Head of Bradfield when its fortunes through various causes were at a low ebb, and unquestionably it can be said that Dr. GRAY was the happy possessor of those qualities which famous headmasters require. His name will live, as it deserves to live, in connection with Bradfield, but those who study this memoir will find that it is not only as a schoolmaster that he is worthy of admiration and remembrance.

"Detached Freehold House, good garden, garage, owner."
Advt. in Daily Paper.

We should prefer the owner detached too.

CHARIVARIA.

MR. JOHN DRINKWATER has completed the first volume of his autobiography. In literary circles some surprise is expressed that he has not produced it in dramatic form, with the title of *John Drinkwater*.

***

We gather from the results of the recent campaign that drinking milk is a cure for almost everything except the milk-drinking habit.

***

When the police of Chalons-sur-Saône wanted to arrest the village blacksmith for bathing in the nude he defied them and had to be lassoed and dragged ashore. Nothing like this was visualised by LONGFELLOW.

***

At a gymnastic display in London a boy scout threw thirty somersaults in fifty-three seconds. There should now be no need for him to do another good turn for a month.

***

A news item mentions a Russian woman of noble birth who is now employed in an American post-office. We rather fancy that the girl who served us with stamps the other day started as a Grand Duchess.

***

"What is wrong with the modern novel?" asks a reviewer. One of its worst faults is that the covers are too far apart.

***

Motorists going to Switzerland are warned that in some cantons the speed-limits are strictly enforced. No encouragement is given to Alp-hogs.

***

Certain cricketers are criticised for stopping the ball with their feet when fielding. They risk incurring the reproach of "Buttertoes!"

***

"Forty Years On" is said to have been translated into Chinese; but little credence is attached to the rumour that a Pidgin-English version of the Eton Boat Song is to be heard on the Yang-tse-Kiang.

***

M. BUKHARIN is reported to have been seen drinking lemonade and eating buns at a Bloomsbury reception. This lends colour to the suspicion that he has leanings towards Bolshevism.

Many Territorials going into camp were observed to be carrying suit-cases instead of kit-bags. Anti-militarists regard this as a hopeful sign.

***

We receive with caution a rumour that at a smart seaside resort a young woman has caused a sensation by appearing on the beach in a skirt.

***

A newspaper reader considers that the worst English is spoken in Belfast and Glasgow. We question the wisdom of publishing opinions calculated to provoke Mr. ST. JOHN ERVINE, who has been fairly quiet of late.

***

Bookies are said to have lost a million pounds this season. Backers have no doubt as to who will have to find it.



Polite Guest (in crowded boarding-house, to man about to retire for the night). "DO YOU MIND IF WE HAVE A HUNDRED UP BEFORE YOU TURN IN?"

An American writer says that Dean INGE "looks every inch a Dean." What did he expect him to look like? A slight depression passing over Iceland?

***

A shop at Hackney has been visited by smash-and-grab raiders twice in the same week. This looks like a case of bad staff-work.

***

It is complained that on one housing estate in Staffordshire the rats go into the houses at night for food. The remedy seems to be to take it out to them.

***

We read of a Chicago man who, seeing spots before his eyes, consulted his doctor and was relieved to discover that it was only bullets after all.

***

The recent wet weather is blamed for an increase of pests. More than one driver of a small two-seater has complained of having crashed into a slug on the road.

***

Speaking in the House of Commons, Mr. T. REID, M.P., mentioned the case of a Scotsman who lost his job because his accent was so broad. To avoid misunderstanding, Scotsmen asking a friend, "What's yours?" are advised to write it down on a piece of paper.

***

A doctor declares that germs always work in threes or fours for company's sake. We are glad to hear this as we should hate to think of a measle suffering from that solitary feeling.

***

The wife of an American archæologist renowned for his researches in Mongolia has obtained a divorce on the ground that his prolonged absences amounted to desertion. It is a moving thought that among the martyrs of science must be recognised the pathetic figure of the fossil-widow.

***

Speaking of the modern popular song, a writer said the other day that, if it is too easily remembered, it becomes cheap and banal. We know of one that became cheap and bananal.

***

At Brighton last week we succeeded in taking a snap of a picture-paper photographer who was taking a snap of one of its readers who was taking a snap for its competition.

***

Pupils at a London infants' school learn the alphabet with lettered balls with which they play. One little girl shows promise of being a telephone-operator by the way she rolls her *r's*.

***

A caddie, we are informed, should be perfectly dumb whilst a golfer is preparing to hit the ball. And perfectly deaf when he foozles it.

***

"English people should be careful in using American slang," says a writer. For instance, a visiting lawn-tennis player would be pardonably annoyed if somebody called him a racketeer.

***

A woman reader of a morning paper says that watches and clocks stop whenever she enters a room. We should advise her to see a face-lifter.

NAME THESE CHILDREN.

I ACCEPT the authoritative view that a flower's perfume is independent of its name; indeed I would go further and say that, if a flower has no name at all (which is inconceivable to the botanist but quite common in my own experience), it doesn't smell any the worse for that. But I still think that it would be a great convenience to have some recognised terminology by which to distinguish a native of these Islands from an overseas member of the British Commonwealth.

This long-felt want was brought home to me more poignantly than ever after the recent Varsity Cricket Match. As a generous-hearted Imperialist (and Cantab), I should have liked to congratulate some Oxonian from overseas on the fact that, out of 414 runs compiled from the bat in Oxford's first innings, no fewer than 369 were credited to transmarine members of the team, the native contingent furnishing only 45; but I foresaw that language would fail me if I tried to find distinctive names of reasonable length for these two sections. To have referred to the native batsmen as "Englishmen" would have been to expose myself to the indignation of Scotland, for there was among them a gentleman of the name of SCOTT and another who hailed from a school in Perthshire, and I have before now been the object of injurious remarks for having loosely employed the word "Englishmen" to include dwellers beyond Tweed.

I might, of course, have referred to the home members of the team as "Britons," but this is a term which people seldom employ except when making the disputable assertion that the race so described will never be reduced to slavery. Besides, it is ambiguous, being equally applicable to the rest of the Empire. And the same may be said of the epithet "British."

Nor could I approve of an Oxford friend who alluded to his University's Eleven as "Home and Colonial." For the term "Colonial" has long ago been repudiated by our overseas Empire; and no substitute based on the word "Dominions" has yet been found for it. Even American culture, which organises the adaptation of the English language to modern needs and invented that revolting expression, "Britisher," has not yet thought of "Dominioner;" and, anyhow, this wouldn't embrace the Nawab of PATAUDI.

Geographically we may distinguish the Motherland from the Daughterlands by the terms "Great Britain" and "Greater Britain"; but to draw a corresponding distinction between their respective human products by calling them "Great Britons" and "Greater Britons," though such a distinction, with its physical and moral implications, might meet the particular case of Oxford's Cricket eleven, would mean that we should be liable, if we applied it generally, to outrage the sensibility of the home native.

For ordinary purposes I am content to describe myself as an Englishman; just as I should, no doubt, be content to describe myself as a Scotsman or an Australian if either of these descriptions reflected the facts. But there are times—and the occasion of the University Cricket Match was one of them—when I feel a craving for a more generic nomenclature, and at present, though the term "British" may be applied to any member of the Empire, there are (as I have been trying to show all this time) no names to distinguish a home member from an overseas member. In these days, when the Government is sparing no pains in its noble effort to unite the Empire by preferential bonds, it is most desirable that a home Imperialist and an overseas Imperialist should at least know how to address one another. This need seems to me to be even more clamorous than the need to reform the National Anthem, and I shall be greatly obliged to any reader of *Punch* who will supply me with its solution. O. S.

THE NEW HOLIDAY PASTIME.

"MY angel"—I addressed my wife—
"The time has come for broaching
The annual topic of the way
In which to spend our holiday;
July is getting on in life
And August is approaching."

I hate to dogmatize, but I
Am always pretty certain by
The 22nd of July
That August is approaching.

"For me, my inclination leans
Towards marine immersions
With solar baths and urban bands;
I vote for thickly-tented sands
And piers and penny-slot-machines
And pleasure-boat excursions."

I know it may evoke your sneers,
But, I repeat, my fancy veers
To penny-slot-machines and piers
And pleasure-boat excursions.

She answered me: "In sandy sloth
I too adore to grovel
And coax a comely dermal tan;
But I suggest another plan
That's widely advertised and both
Ingenious and novel.

"The sport of lying in the sun
Until one's hide is nicely done
Is hardly—though it may be fun—
Ingenious and novel.

"The notion," she continued, "is
To taste of Nature's riches:
To scour the sylvan haunts of birds
And streams and brakes—in other words,
To sample the amenities
Of rural nooks and niches.

"One might appreciate the looks
Of glades and spinneys, brakes and brooks,
If one could find these rustic nooks
And reach these rural niches.

"A recently-invented ruse
Enables one to view them,
For England's fairest corners are
Invisible from train and car;
The scheme suggested is to use
One's feet for walking through them.

"For seeing places off the beat
I never came across so neat
A notion as to put one's feet
To use in walking through them.

"The dress adopted, so they say,
Is singularly striking;
The girl enthusiast resorts
Most manfully to shirts and shorts—
The recreation, by the way,
Is designated 'hiking.'

"At first it seems a moral lapse,
But girls are justified perhaps
In wearing knees with naked caps
For purposes of 'hiking.'"

"Enough," I cried; "I scorn the cranks
Who flock to bathing-centres;
The pleasures they provide are tame;
We'll try this modern 'hiking' game,
Remembering, I hope, the thanks
We owe to its inventors.

"In short, we'll take to walking, though
I trust that we shall not be slow
To recognise the debt we owe
To 'hiking's' shrewd inventors."

C. B.

"THE FLYING SCOTSMAN AGAIN RUNS NON-STOP
from 20th July to 12th Sept."
Advt. in Weekly Paper.

Why not spend a long holiday in the restaurant-car?

"His guests having fallen out through illness, a young man, owner of motor yacht and high-speed car, seeks congenial companion(s) for his August holiday."
Advt. in Evening Paper.

We shan't risk a tumble out of either of his toys.



THE UNTOUCHABLE.

PEER (*doing a Constitutional*). "ANOTHER OF THOSE NASTY THINGS YOU SEE WHEN YOU HAVEN'T GOT A GUN."

[Under the Parliament Act the provisions of the Finance Bill are constitutionally immune from alteration by the House of Lords.]



Shopman (discussing bathing costume). "REALLY, I CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT SHRINKING, UNLESS—ER—YOU'VE ACTUALLY BEEN IN THE SEA WITH IT."

WHAT'S WRONG WITH THE CHURCH?

"ALL previous records of pulpit marathons," so runs the pregnant paragraph before me, "were smashed to-day, when the Rev. T. A. SANDIFER of the Baptist Church, Cotton Valley, Louisiana, wound up forty-eight hours' continuous preaching. His subject was, '*What's Wrong with the Church?*'"

Very little, I reply. Or at least very little with the Baptist Church in America. I have not the least doubt that in any open pulpit marathon or lectern salamis for ministers of all the churches in the world, one of their hundred-per-cent he-men would at the present moment carry off the palm. What are we, what is any country except America, doing to build up the stamina of its young divines? Has any Anglican bishop been round his diocese lately looking for a long stayer of English pedigree and parentage? I doubt it. Are the Free Churches testing the wind of their likely lads or picking useful sky-pilots against the day that will surely come? Not they.

I seem to see it all so clearly:—

ANOTHER BELT GOES TO AMERICA.
PREBENDARY BIFFIN BEATEN BY FIVE HOURS UP IN WORLD'S THEOLOGICAL WATERLOO!

And then the letters to *The Times!* The letters to *The Times!*

Surely we ought to get our boys on to the track immediately, and see that they have lung-massage and larynx exercises every day.

I notice by-the-by that so far these contests have not been regularised. There is no Central Body of Sermon Control nor any means of obtaining a national handicap. Fast and slow deliveries are equally eligible to compete. It is not stated that stop-watches have been employed or that any referees have been appointed to check such abuses as secret reading from manuscript or to take time out for quotations and texts.

All this, no doubt, will come. I have known preachers commit a doubtless unintentional foul by pausing for nearly half-a-minute whilst they surveyed their congregations; so long, indeed, sometimes that there was a little rustle amongst the pews as if the contest were now—by grace—at an end. Clearly there should be a count of ten at all these intermissions, and the man who cannot get into his stride again after "nine" has been called must be disqualified. Nor should any other unfair devices be allowed to interfere with the hours of play. I refer chiefly to the lifting and lowering of the bookstand, the readjustment of spectacles, waiting whilst spectators leave the arena or stopping whilst they cough. There may be other questionable tricks in vogue. Whatever they are and whenever detected they should be sternly suppressed in the interests of the sport.

Remains, then, the question of nourishment. Mr. SANDIFER, we read, of the Baptist Church, Cotton Valley, Louisiana, kept up his strength by eggs and chocolate and by drinking coffee. It is not stated how the eggs were served. I am inclined to think that a boiled, perhaps even a poached, egg should be ruled out in pulpit marathons if a clean and

healthy spirit is to be preserved. Against the egg beaten in sherry (where permitted) or the scrambled egg, administered by a verger or perhaps by the people's warden, I have nothing to say. In all probability, however, a continuous supply of chocolate fondants is the most suitable dietary, as they can be munched without serious loss of rhetorical power. DEMOSTHENES, after all, sucked pebbles, and many leaders of the modern Bar absorb a peppermint bull's-eye before beginning their perorations. It is scarcely necessary to note that caramels and all toffee preparations should be avoided, as they are almost certain to impede doctrine and throw exegesis out of gear. I heard of a very promising candidate the other day who was expected to pull off a local trial but, owing to want of forethought in this matter of refreshment, bunkered his fifthly in a stick of green nougat and was forced to retire.

The attitude of the spectators in this, as in all other sporting encounters, should of course be quiet and undemonstrative. Nothing is so certain to cramp a thermopylæ preacher's style as murmurs and ejaculations during the periods. It will often be found, I anticipate, that, towards the close of a thirty- or forty-hours' address, enthusiasm and excitement are hard to restrain, especially when some local or national rivalry is at stake; but the pent-up feelings of the spectators must as far as possible be suppressed in the interests of sportsmanship and fair play. Congregational yells, for instance, should be absolutely forbidden. No wagers should be allowed nor should final results from other churches be hoisted on the hymn-board. The competitor in a pulpit actium may be quite unaware that he has only to stay out a few more sentences in order to lift the Diocesan Shield or beat the close Presbyterian figures for Scotland and Northern Ireland combined. And applause may put him off his paragraph; he may foot-fault, or damage his fist, or run into the rails. The last ten hours in a sermon are always the most critical and the likeliest to find out the weak spots in a welter-weight's vocabulary.

Granted, however, that we make up our minds early that we are not going to yield this title, as we have yielded so many others, to our cousins overseas, there are gleams of hope, I think, on the horizon. England has been noted in the past for her long-distance orators. There is a bulk of eighteenth-century sermon literature, the very perusal of which fills us with admiration for the polished athletes of the past. Yet these men went into the pulpits untrained, as training is now understood. They ate and drank heavily. They wore wigs. They had none of the lithe grace, the panther-like agility nor the outdoor exercise which fit the modern curate for his task. There must be young Sandifers, ay, better and longer Sandifers, in the making throughout the theological colleges of our land.

But there must be no shilly-shallying. America's high spot homily men will not give up the International Harangue Vase without a bitter fray.

EVOE.



MANNERS AND MODES.

THE ORIGIN OF A VOGUE.

"It is known, of course, that there was a burial ground in that street, which, acquired in 1251 by the Great Western Railway Company, is now the site of the Arcade."
Midland Paper.

It was only a few years earlier that Sir CHARLES PARSONS fitted the first steam turbine to the Ark.

Summer Fashions for Parliamentarians.

"The bride was given away by Master Joseph Hunter, the ten-year-old son of Dr. Joseph Hunter, the Scottish Liberal Whip, who wore an Eton suit."—*Sunday Paper.*

Just the costume for a liberal whipping.

"Rev. H. M. —— will occupy the pulpit to-morrow, after which he goes on his annual vocation."—*Scots Paper.*

We, too, often feel that we are born holiday-makers.

"Her friends include people of all types, some of them the greatest of the day. A note or telephone message from her can move mountains of all descriptions."
Yorkshire Paper.

Mr. SMYTHE must take her on his next expedition.

PEEPS AT POSTERITY.

THE BRAINS TAX.

THE central feature of Mr. SNOWDEN'S Budget of 1933 was the Brains Tax. The principle of this tax had been perceptible for several years in our taxation arrangements; but it was left to Mr. SNOWDEN, with his famous sense of logic, to put the idea into a clear and consistent shape.

It will be recalled that in 1931 some excitement was caused in the Socialist Party by Mr. SNOWDEN'S discovery that "God made the Land for the People." The land, however, was in the possession of rich dukes; and the first proposal was to take all the land away from all the dukes and give it to all the people. But then there came a "sensational hitch." *It was found that the people did not want the land.* The people had, in fact, for years been showing an increasing distaste for the land, and openly expressed their preference for the squalid cities. Cold shivers went through the people at the mere idea of protracted contact with the land, and the vituperation of an earnest Socialist who was promised a piece of the land by Mr. SNOWDEN shocked even Mr. LLOYD GEORGE. All this was a great disappointment to these two gentlemen. But facts had to be faced sometimes, even in 1931; and since the people did not want the land it was decided to make the owning of land a criminal offence, but to compel the dukes to go on owning it. This killed several birds with one stone, and the people were able to go on singing the Land Song with a good conscience.



Maid. "MR. SMYTHE-JONES HAS JUST TELEPHONED TO ASK YOU TO DINNER AT HIS HOUSE TO-NIGHT, SIR; AND WILL YOU PLEASE TAKE YOUR LAWN-MOWER WITH YOU?"

The Brains Tax, already foreshadowed in Mr. Punch's pages, had a rather different history. Quite early in 1932, when the Government was tottering as usual, it was discovered that the original intention had been for all the people to have not only the land but brains. A Royal Commission, under the Chairmanship of Lord PASSFIELD, was appointed, with instructions to find out who had got the brains. The Commission reported that the brains of the country had been foully diverted into the heads of quite a few citizens, many of whom were the same noble lords who had bagged the land; also that the people, in proportion to their numbers, owned a most unfairly meagre amount of brains; also that nearly all Socialists had been cruelly deprived of brains, since those who had been born with brains had failed to develop them owing to the dukes' owning the land.

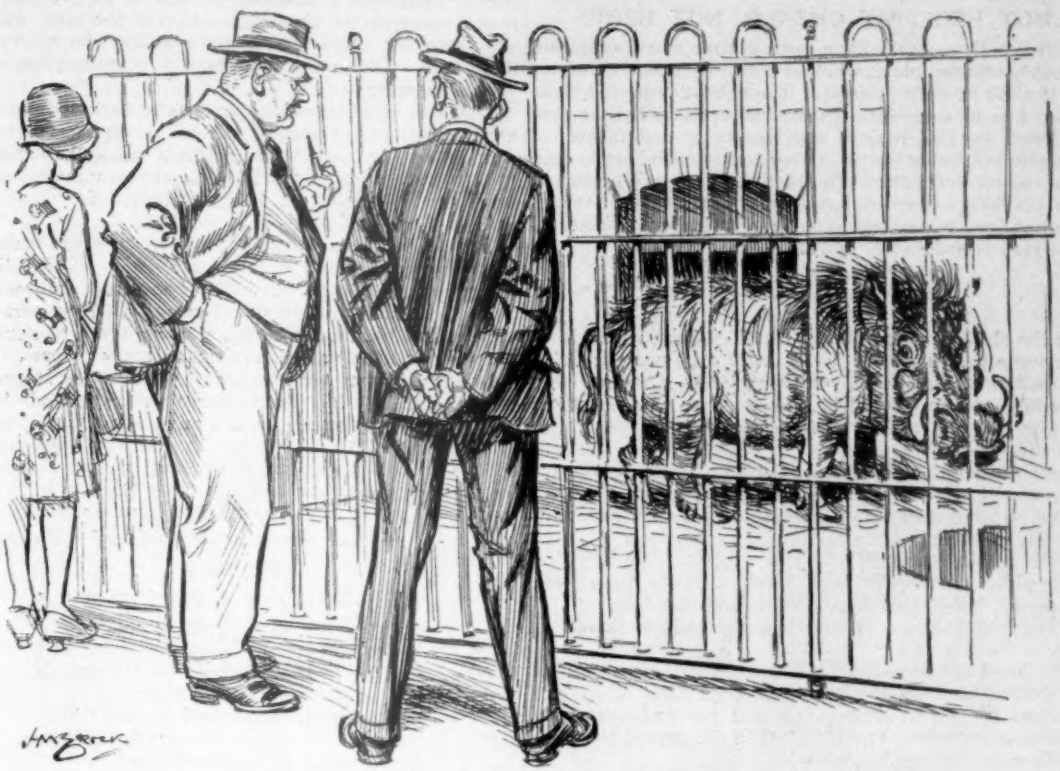
The rage of the Ministerialists was extreme, and the Brains Tax followed at once. It was an easy matter to value the brains of the nation. The famous Form B 29 (Q) $\frac{3}{1589762}$ was soon in every citizen's hand. There were sixteen principal "values" of brains:—

(*a*) Cradle value.
(*b*) Infant value.
(*c*) School value.
(*d*) Potential adult value.
(*e*) Actual adult value.
(*f*) Industrial value.
(*g*) Artistic value.
(*h*) Publicity value.
(*i*) Social value.
(*j*) Commercial value.
(*k*) Political value.
(*l*) Real value.
(*m*) Bogus value.
(*n*) Assessable value.
(*o*) Improved value *and*
(*p*) Value.

The principal tax (20 per cent) was levied on the Potential Adult Value or the Actual Adult Value (*plus* three times the Social Value) whichever was the larger. Children (one beauty of the scheme was that children for the first time made their due contribution to the Treasury) paid on Cradle, Infant and School Value according to their ages and state of education. A small child who was heard to say that he was going to be an engine-driver was taxed on the union rates of pay for engine-drivers *less* 4. To find the School Value of a boy at Eton the assessor took one-third of the Parents' Actual Value and added the amount of the boy's school-bills. Thus, the more that was spent by a parent on his son's education the higher the tax, so that nearly all Socialists paid very little, which was considered just.

The debates at first took a smooth course. But a slight breeze arose over the Improved Value and Undeveloped Brains Taxes. The principles of these taxes were perfectly clear, though at first sight contradictory. The Potential Adult Value of a man's brains was taken to be ten times the Cradle Value or five times the School Value. Now where the Actual Adult Value exceeded that figure it followed that the individual should pay tax on the Improved Value of his brains, which he owed to the exertions of the community; on the other hand, if the Actual Adult Value was *less* than the Potential Value he had failed to develop his brains and must pay accordingly. Those who had worked hard at their studies paid Improved Value Tax, and those who had not worked hard paid Undeveloped Brains Tax. And, of course, in the case of such classes as parsons, schoolmasters, artists and poets, who had failed to make a proper commercial use of their brains, tax was paid on the difference between their actual earnings and the earnings they might have received if they had gone into business.

All this was stated to be perfectly simple and just. Mr. LLOYD GEORGE in a speech at Pwlwlwllwy said that it was not; but Mr. SNOWDEN, as a concession, said that retired Generals should only pay on three-fifths of their Undeveloped Commercial Value instead of four-fifths; the Liberal Parties set to partners, Mr. LLOYD GEORGE in a speech at Westminster said that everything



Visitor to Zoo. "BY JOVE, THAT'S AN UGLY CUSTOMER!"
Commercial Friend. "DON'T SAY THAT. NO CUSTOMER IS UGLY IN THESE TIMES."

was quite all right, and the Clauses were carried in Committee.

Then somebody pointed out that nearly all the Cabinet would have to pay Improved Value Tax and nearly all their supporters Undeveloped Brain Tax. A storm burst. The Second Wing from the Left put down an Amendment on the Report stage :—

Provided that in no case shall any tax be payable by a member of the Socialist Party.

Mr. LLOYD GEORGE said that this was a very unusual provision and all the Liberal Parties put down Amendments.

Mr. LLOYD GEORGE's Liberal Party's Amendment ran (for about three miles) thus:—

Provided that, where the tax payable in respect of Undeveloped Brain Value would, but for the provisions of this sub-section, exceed one-eighth of the assessable Adult Value by a sum less than three-quarters of the difference between the Cradle Value and the School (Secondary) Value, the tax payable under this Section by a Member of the Socialist Party shall, notwithstanding the provisions of Section 4, be assessed as if for the words "Adult Value" in Section 3 the words "School Value" were substituted.

Mr. LLOYD GEORGE explained the effect of this to be that only those Socialists who had developed their brains beyond their assessable School Value would pay tax at all, and they only a fraction of a penny in ten pounds.

This satisfied most of the Socialists, but the Left Wings were adamant (as Left Wings, strangely enough, always are) on the ground that the Amendment still admitted the evil principle that Socialists might be taxed. Political crises crowded the placards. The Liberals went through agonies of indecision. Several fled to the Continent rather than make up their minds. The crisis became so acute that it almost looked as if something might happen. Good sense, however, prevailed. The Government offered to scrap the Brains Tax altogether and adopt a suggestion made once or twice in these columns. They put down a simple new Clause to the Finance Bill:—

Except as hereinafter provided it shall be a criminal offence to earn an income exceeding £500 in any one year,

Provided that nothing in this Section shall apply to the classes or persons mentioned in Schedule A attached to this Act: and it shall be lawful for the Chancellor of the Exchequer from time to time to add to the said Schedule, by Order.

Schedule A.

Cabinet Ministers and Members of Parliament.

Mr. LLOYD GEORGE at once said that this proposal was repugnant to Liberal principles, and threatened a mass-meeting of the leaders of the Liberal Parties. Mr. SNOWDEN remained unmoved by this familiar spectacle, and the Clause was pressed to a division.

The Liberal Parties voted as follows:

10 Liberals voted with the Government.
10 Liberals voted with the Opposition.
10 Liberals abstained.
9 Liberals fled to the Continent.
6 Liberals had heart-attacks on the way to the Lobbies and were not counted.
5 Liberals were found locked up in bathrooms and cupboards, making up their minds.
4 Liberals were away with bad hay-fever.
3 Liberals had nervous break-downs.
2 Liberals went mad.

The Clause was carried. A. P. H.

"AGRICULTURAL MARKETING BILL.

. . . Lord Wolmer strongly disagreed with a scheme that would lead the Board to send its officials to pray all over the farms. . . ."
Scots Paper.

It would be better if Archdeacon Addison just said a few words in Whitehall, wouldn't it?

NOT HERE, MY CHE-ILD, NOT HERE!

I THINK there must have been a time when managers definitely selected plays, whether classic or modern, with an eye to their juvenile interest. It may have been that their reason was to secure the patronage of the ladies, or that childhood on the boards was merely a last flicker of Victorian sentiment; anyhow they have enabled me to look back and receive picture after picture of dramatic infancy.

It is invidious to select, but my retrospective fancy twines about the seven-year-old apparition which was evoked by the Three Weird Sisters and chanted:

"Muckbaeth!
Muckbaeth!
Muck—baeth!"

And the child of melodrama! The high-born lady with a passionate past (legalised, but A Pity), who proudly defied the villain's threats of exposure and, thrusting her "che-ild" at him, caused him to exclaim, "He ought ter call you '*Miss*'!" To which the lady nobly replied, "He—ought—to call me—*Mother!*" (CURTAIN.)

And the scene on the moors, with the apparent waif clinging to his unsuspected mother. (She wore—I can see it now—a large wool tam-o'-shanter of tartan, pierced with an eagle's feather.)

"Tell me—a stor-ay!"

To which the heroine, with much plummy tenderness, responded, "Yes, yes, dear. What shall it be about?"

"Tell me—that one abaowt Beautay and the Bayst!"

* * * * *

The knell of the stage-child as a regular institution of the drama began, I think, to toll after *Little Willy* had breathed his last in *East Lynne*; and the end came with *His House in Order*. The L.C.C. then discovered that late nights were stunting to growth.

Farewell to the velvet suit, to the starfish lace-collar, to the sausage curls! For this virtually restricted the stage-angel to Act I., after which (at about nine o'clock) the creature was hustled home to bed. So the dramatists, abandoning the juvenile appeal for good, took, as it were, to drink.

But aftermaths of the struggle still persist, and at Christmas the whimsical author is faced with the dilemma of matinées only, or of causing a youth of quite sixteen, standing five-feet-four in his Eton jacket and with his voice breaking, to be put to bed by the Nannie of the play. The L.C.C. is appeased, but the effect is curious.

Children on the stage, as opposed to the stage-child, are not absolutely defunct; but you must know where to look for them. And I annually solace myself with the pantomime Prologue, in which a nurse in starched streamers and heavily-rouged puts to bed a real child, who, the stocking hung and the limes dimmed, seldom fails to pipe, "Eu, Nursay, tell me a good-night stor-ay!" To which the nurse (a direct descendant of the heroine who had the past that was A Pity) replies briskly, "Well, then, just one. Which shall it be?"

And the child will call for "Cindereller," "Puss in Bewts" or "The Fortay Thaives," according to what pantomime is billed outside that particular theatre.

And so I sit, and my youth is brought back to me—the Christmas when, at seven years old, I unsuccessfully petitioned authority to let me too be a "Scarlet Runner" in *Jack and the Beanstalk*, and sing "See how the Bean is Growing," in emerald tights.

And now that the cocktail school of drama seems to be with us permanently one fact stands out. The modern play is completely childless. It is commonly about couples who talk of marrying and don't marry; couples who borrow each other's husbands *pro tem.* or for ever, for any reason on earth but the continuation of the race; couples who love but don't marry, and couples who marry but don't love. In every case the *ménage* is entirely barren of visible offspring.

The uttermost concessions made us by modern dramatists are (1) allusion to the child upstairs, or (2) allusion to the death of the child before; in streams of talk and an epigram or two washed down by Martinis the couples get on to more vital topics (such as birth-control, free love and careers for wives).

It is felt, I believe, that children on the stage make for a certain dowdy effect of domesticity that will invalidate the epigrams. It is perceived that one cannot embrace the child and shake the gin simultaneously. It is certainly known that behind the scenes children are a confounded nuisance and their attendant mothers much worse. It is a fact that it comes much cheaper to cause the stage-wife to exclaim, "Gerald, you've never understood our boy," than to bring on the boy for five minutes and get him misunderstood at £3 10*s.* a week. It is almost certainly felt that the voice, accent and inflexions of the stage-child are like nothing on earth or under it.

But, in spite of all these considerations, I miss the brat.

RACHEL.

GUN DOGS.

XI.—THE SONG OF THE POINTERS.

WE once were the popular people;
We once were the pets of the squire;
And, as far as you'd see from the steeple,
We'd gallop all over a shire,
And northwards of Tweed not a ben'll
But be one that we ranged far and near,
We dogs that *you* only unkennel
For less than a fortnight a year,
Oh, dear,
For ten little days in a year.

We passed with the scythe and the sickle
And the men who poured powder and shot
Into Purdeys, we passed with the fickle
New coming of those who did *not*;
With the coming of butt and of hurdle
We passed, and with times out of joint
When there's scarcely a corn-stalk to girdle
A partridge who'd sit to a point.

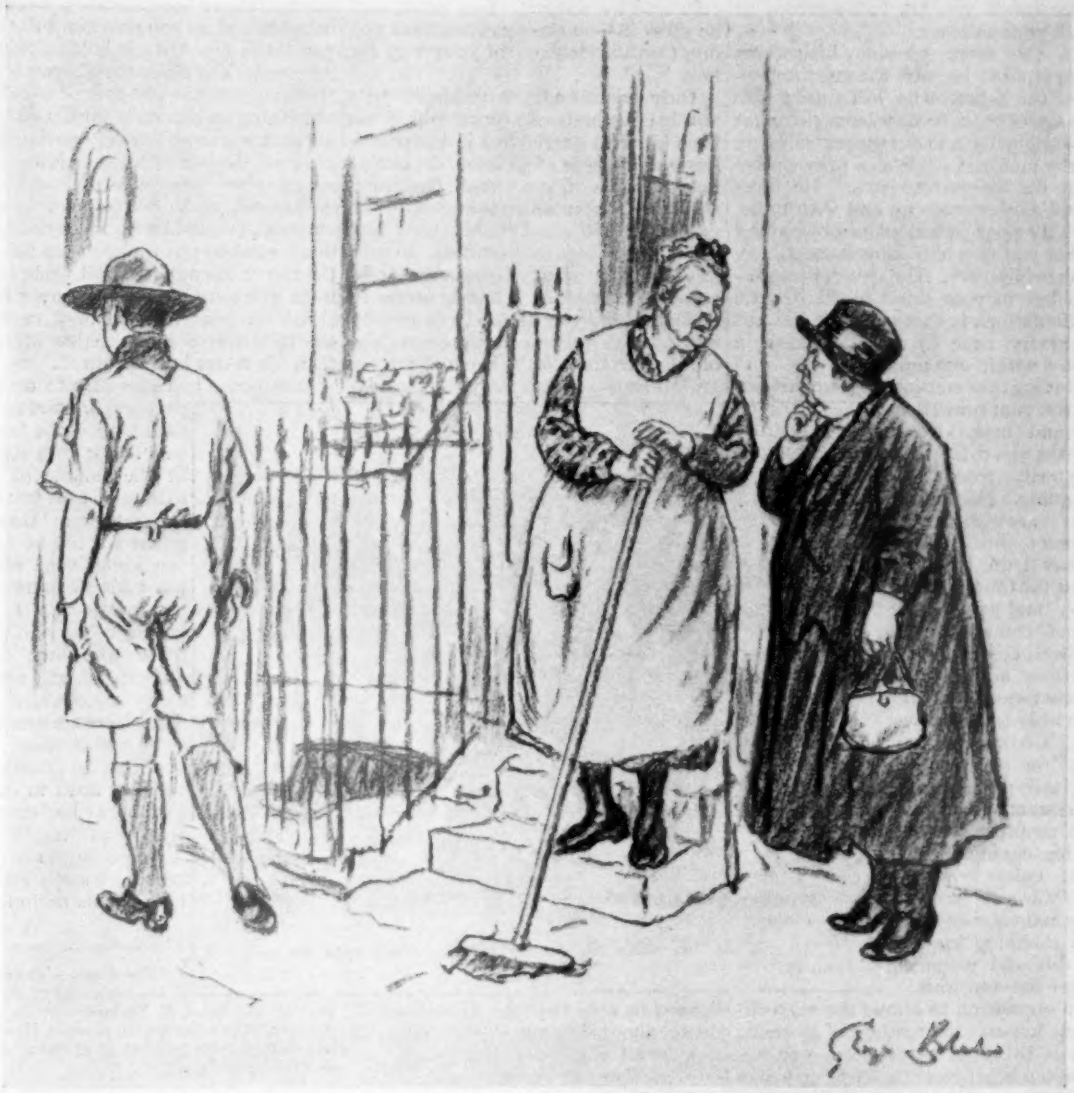
So we wag at the kennel's high railing
And wistful we wait on the flags,
The teams who were once so unfailing,
The very essential of bags,
Or ever a driven bird sped fast,
Or ever two guns were a craze;
For only the heather is steadfast
And pays us our merciful days,

Wherein, come each August, we shall up
And, again at the ancient command,
Stretch out in our hurricane gallop
To quarter, to back and to stand.
And you whom we serve? Why, you then'll
See style that your fathers held dear,
And the dogs who come out of your kennel
For less than a fortnight a year,
A year,
For ten little days in a year.

P. R. C.

Post-Office Candour.

"IF YOU WANT A QUICK REPLY—TELEGRAPH."
Advice in Sydney Telephone Directory.



"YOU WOULDN'T BELIEVE THE THINGS HE DOES, MRS. GREEN. I HEAR THAT LAST SATURDAY HE TOOK EIGHTEEN WOLF-CUBS TO THE ZOO."

SEASON OF LIFTS AND MAIN-ROAD FRIENDLINESS.

THIS is the time of year when you frequently find yourself rushing joyfully along the high roads with summer in the heart, five gallons in the tank and a general feeling of benevolence to all mankind enveloping your whole car. You smile at babies, slow down for undecided hens and give lifts indiscriminately to hikers and pikers.

At this season, therefore, it is advisable that the motorist should know something about the different types of "liftee" that he is likely to meet on his journeyings. The doubtful and dishonest characters—whom it is best to ignore—may be passed over lightly. Chief among them is the tramp, who on the slightest encouragement gets into your best seat, wearing two antique wardrobes and carrying a third, and with further personal luggage, of which tin-cans, boots and socks are by no means the only items. Generally he is terribly chatty and informative on topics of which you have not the faintest knowledge, even if you could understand his dialect. He only becomes intelligible when he tries to beg "arfer loafer bread, Sir," or—failing that item, which is not usually carried by motorists—a car-rug, a map or even a can of petrol.

Or there is the more respectably-dressed man, who is, however, liable, if he gets the offer of a lift, to produce a wife and several unpleasant children from concealment in the hedge. And sometimes it is a suspicious fellow sitting on the wayside, who turns out to be an unemployed walking from Liverpool because he has heard there are jobs going at Southampton, or from Southampton because he has heard there are jobs going at Liverpool, according to the direction of your travel. Naturally

he has no money, and as like as not will either touch you for half-a-crown or pinch your suitcase.

Of the more genuine lift-seekers there is, first, because the most noticeable, the fellow who has during the passage of years come to consider what was originally a spontaneous courtesy on the motorist's side as a prescriptive right on the pedestrian's. He faces round as you come up and with unbelievably poor judgment of your speed waves you to a shrieking standstill by sheer will-power. The general impression left in your mind by his frantic gesticulations is that someone has cut an artery near by and he needs a doctor within one minute.

Having thus considerably worn down for you your tyres, temper and brake-shoes, he asks you rather peremptorily where you are going. He ponders your answer for a moment, finally says, "That 'll do, if you 're going the Chittinghurst way," and gets in. He is not communicative during the drive, though he does address you once or twice—probably peevishly to direct you the "Chittinghurst way" as against your originally planned route—his manner being that of a profiteer speaking to his chauffeur. In fact, unless you are pretty firm about it, you may find yourself at the end thanking him for the lift and preparing to get out and walk.



"IF IT'S ALL THE SAME TO YOU, CONSTABLE, DON'T CALL MY HAT A TRILBY."

In opposition to him is the very diffident fellow. His method of stopping you is to adopt as he hears you approach a heart-rending limp. He does not turn round; he does not wave or shout; but his back, bowed with a physical weariness which seems to reflect a greater weariness of soul, the result of constant spurning by previous stony-hearted motorists, is more eloquent than many fluent words. By the time you are close behind you have already slowed down, practically in tears; and as you draw level he half turns his head and just gives you one short glance. Unassuming, pathetic, wearily brave, that expression is a masterpiece.

Stricken to the heart, you offer him a lift. He shakes his head—couldn't think of troubling you; why, he only has another seven miles now and his foot isn't really very bad. Choking back your sobs of pity you repeat your offer and he wavers. You insist, and he gives in—on the condition that you don't go an inch out of your way for him.

Duly ensconced, he suddenly tells you his destination, a point which has been hitherto overlooked in the prevalent atmosphere of pathos. As like as not it is miles off your track, beginning at a side-turning which is already within sight. You simply can't push him out after a bare half-minute, so you have to turn off at the junction indicated. After which it hardly seems to matter where you go, and you end by driving him right up to the front-door of "Laburnum Cot." He is effusively grateful and, better still, you are delighted to note that the drive has evidently done his foot good; for he doesn't limp at all as he goes up the path.

Next there is the man who apparently signals you by a kind of mental telepathy. He turns and fixes you with a simple expressionless stare which follows you as you pass. You are several yards beyond him when it seems to be suggested to your mind that he wants a lift. You draw up and he is at your elbow, having had sufficient faith in his own powers of thought-transference to run after your car.

Much the same procedure is adopted by the very coy man, except that he doesn't run after you; with the result that once you have stopped you are immediately doubtful whether he wanted a lift after all. You wait till he comes up, and he, thinking apparently that you have possibly stopped for some reason of your own, plods busily past without a glance. Realising that you must have been mistaken you drive on again and, as you pass him this time, you think his attitude holds a hint of reproach. You again stop beyond him, this time with the pretence of adjusting something on the dashboard. Concluding that you must have stopped for him after all, he comes up hopefully, but, seeing your preoccupation with the dashboard, again passes very briskly and with averted face.... Well, if you don't want to go on playing at this for the rest of the day, the best thing to do is to drive up to him and over him, throw the body into the back, carry it the distance of a reasonable lift and then tilt it out into the ditch.

It is not a bad idea also to do this right at the start to the final type—the truculent fellow who stands in the middle of the road and stops you like a policeman. Having secured a lift he talks the whole time about the iniquity of luxurious motor-travel, the face-grinding habits of those who own cars, and in short makes every derogatory remark he can about private automobiles, except that he "wouldn't be seen dead in one." Probably he guesses that you might be tempted to take the necessary steps for defeating this prejudice.

A. A.

"The reported discovery of the upraising of the sea floor off the coast of Yorkshire by Captain Ovrevik, of the Norwegian steamer Havbris, has caused little interest in shipping quarters."—*Daily Paper.*

There is a general feeling, however, that he should be made to put it back.

"Naturally, the Castle ruins, literally steeped in history as they are, have interested many. . . ."—*Scarborough Paper.*

We hate to have our architecture literally drenched with dates.

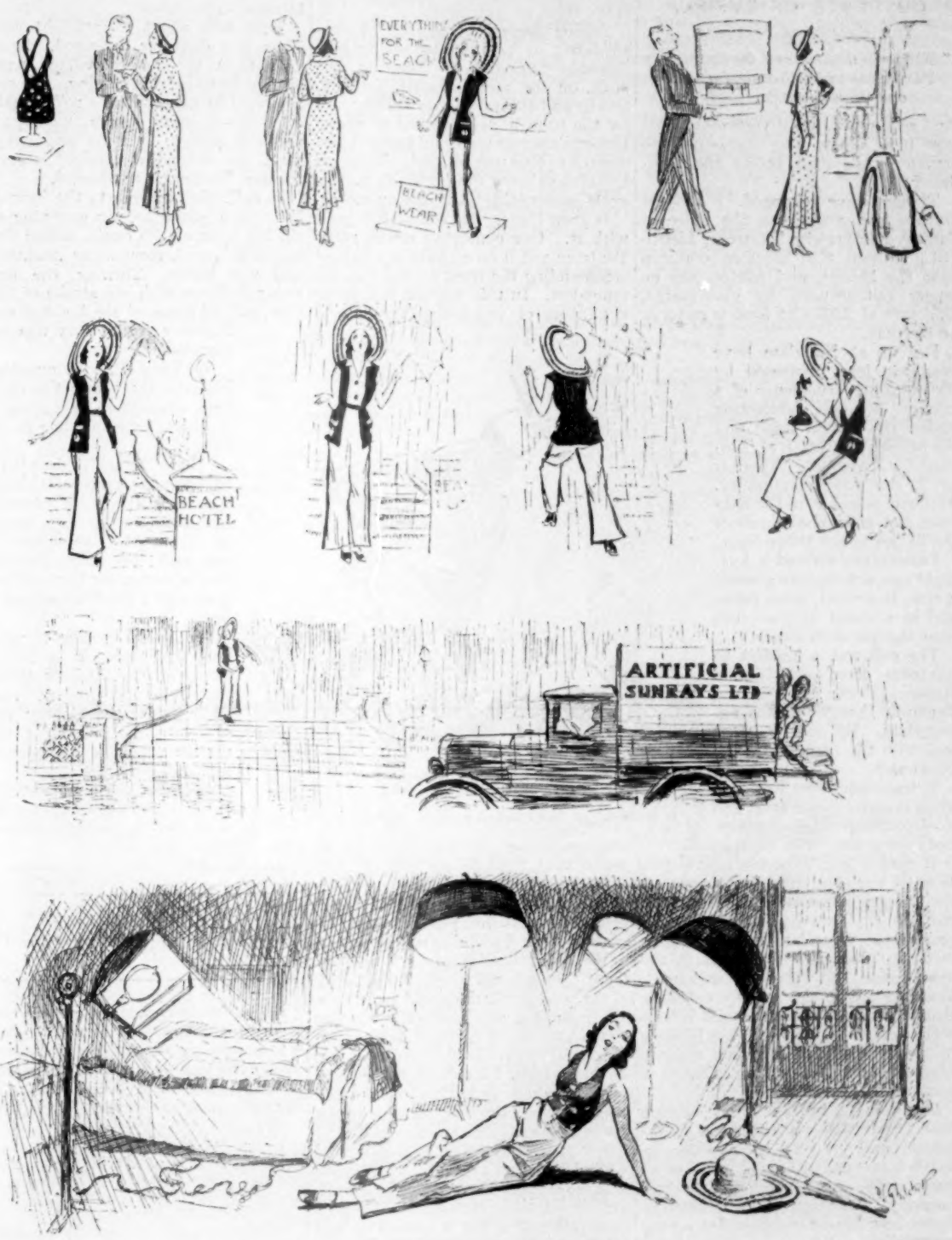
"Miss Norma Shearer has earned the reputation of being the best-groomed star on the films."—*Daily Paper.*

Many prefer to aim at being the most frequently-groomed film-star.

"But then Lieutenant Bonaparte was not a Wesley. . . ."

Mr. PHILIP GUEDALLA in Sunday Paper.

If we remember right he was very far from being a Nonconformist at all.



THE COMPLETE SUN-BATHER.

OUTPOSTS OF EMPIRE.

THE RELIEF OF NAFADAM.

"They say the lion and the lizard keep
The courts where Jamshyd gloried and drank deep."

And so they did until yesterday. But now it is left to the lizards only to scurry in the dust before the Residency.

Things have changed. District Officers can walk into the office of Jamshyd (otherwise Tantrum, Lieut.-Col.) without that sidelong crabstep past the kennel, and puttees are no longer autographed by claw-marks. One part of Africa at least is restored to freedom.

For we at Nafadam have been too long oppressed by the snarling truculence of a mangy lion-cub, sheltering under the Union Jack and the official protection of Tantrum (or Jamshyd). There is joy in our small community. You can detect it in the subdued but triumphal throb of the drums in the police lines.

Deliverance arrived a fortnight ago, although we guessed it not. It arrived, quite potty and in a cloud of dust, but none the less deliverance.

The cub was a present to Tantrum from old Garaba Hassan, chief of Tukawa. Tantrum thought it was appropriate. He said it went well with the flag outside the Residency.

It was about two feet long when it arrived, yellowish and woolly, and growled at everybody over saucers of tinned milk.

It sprang into Tantrum's favour at once by chewing the brims nearly off the helmets of Rhodes and Bridger of the P.W.D. They had left their headgear on the verandah while discussing road-estimates with Tantrum in the inner office. Worsted in argument, Tantrum soothed his soul by watching them depart, red in the face and furious with anger, the half-severed helmet-brims flapping gracefully in a manner suggestive of ladies proceeding to a garden-party.

The cunning brute realised early on that Tantrum was official head of Nafadam, and grew as sycophantic towards him—and as aggressive to us of lower rank—as a native clerk. It was uncanny. Tantrum said it was wonderful how beasts recognised a strong personality.

If a week passed without any complaint he would suspect his pet of suffering from anæmia and ginger it up with curry from his own table.

Seizing the right moment, it consolidated its position by eating four chickens belonging to Meagrim, the M.O., on the morning after Tantrum and he had quarrelled over bridge; and by the time it ran in front of young Roberts's motor-cycle and brought him down its place was assured. Tantrum had always hated the sound of a motor-cycle interrupting his afternoon snooze.

It grew bigger, and complaints grew with it. Our concerted wrath made Tantrum put it on a chain in a kennel commanding the front entrance to his bungalow. In this position it became a mixture of watch-dog, tyrant and customs-officer. It tore anything to pieces that tried to get through. It clawed at the passing toes of Ali, Tantrum's sentry, until the latter's beat became a semi-circle outside the radius of the chain. The thing was a curse.



"IT CLAWED AT THE PASSING TOES OF TANTRUM'S SENTRY."

We dined on Saturdays with Tantrum. We refused to run the gauntlet of the beast in the dark on one occasion when leaving, so Tantrum grudgingly showed us out by the back, whereupon Meagrim, unfamiliar with this exit, fell down the well. He emerged full of purpose and dirty water, and sat up half the night rubbing white arsenic into a piece of meat. In the early dawn he threw this from behind the low mud wall of Tantrum's garden.

It fell short of the brute in the kennel, and the watching Meagrim had the poor consolation of seeing it picked up and swallowed by a vulture, which managed to get as far as Meagrim's own garden, where it threw a last convulsive fit in the middle of the only pink hibiscus in Nafadam.

That was about a fortnight ago. Then our deliverer appeared. Loud yells from the native village were all that heralded his coming. He approached in a hurry and a rolling halo of dust—a small, brown, wild-eyed, slavering pi-dog. Leaping and snapping, he steered a straight course through Tantrum's compound.

It took him straight to the kennel. Without a pause he ran snapping at the big beast on the chain, which fled into the kennel, recognising madness, and was bitten. Turning, the lion squared things with one stroke of the paw, and Ali removed the body of our deliverer, whose duty was accomplished.

We knew it in the evening. Meagrim came into the Club with triumph in his eyes and a glass microscope-slide in his hand.

"Bugs," he said; "dear little hydrophobia bugs! Old Tantrum's pet is probably infected. This is where the M.O. comes in. I got Ali to show me the dog and this slide goes to Headquarters for bacterial report, and I know what that 'll be."

And so it has come to pass. And this afternoon a firing-party of police, dissembling their pleasure in the task while under the gloomy eye of Tantrum, carried out the official order for the speedy removal of his pet.

Meagrim has just pinned a joint death-certificate to the mud wall of the Club verandah. It runs thus:—

Name.	*Cause of Death.*	*Remarks.*
Leo, Felis	·303 bullets	Derogatory
Dog, Pi-	Killed on Active Service by paw of above	Complimentary

(*Signed*) Adam Meagrim, M.O.

This evening Tantrum sits bereaved, suspecting Meagrim of chicanery and, it is rumoured, contemplating a crocodile as his next pet. But in the meantime there is peace and the lizards have the compound to themselves.

Smith Minor Again.

"The Zoo is owned by a Benelephant Society."—*Schoolboy's Answer.*

"BUCKFASTLEIGH *v.* ASHBURTON.

At Buckfastleigh, and won by the home tea."—*Devon Paper.*

It is more usually the lunch that turns the scale in favour of the home side.

THE WORLD AS IT PASSES.

(*With acknowledgments to "The Observer."*)

As we foreshadowed several months ago Sir Peregrine Tofee died last night with startling suddenness in his house in Park Lane. Although he did not always agree with our views we bear him no grudge. He is survived by a widow and two children. We wish them well.

* * *

Words fail us at this juncture to describe Mr. LLOYD GEORGE in the present crisis of his Party. It is not that our vocabulary has run dry. Indeed we know the exact word which fits him. But we respect him too much to print it.

* * *

There is something wrong at present with British industry. All the businesses in the country are controlled by men who have been brought up in them, who have devoted their lives to their success. Indeed the very existence of these men depends on the success of their businesses. But their methods are all wrong. Unfortunately we have not the time at present to take personal direction of all the businesses in the country. But they must be brought into conformity with our ideas and that quickly. We insist on it.

* * *

We have recently shown in our columns, by aid of diagrams to make things clear, how to bore four holes at one time in ten plates, getting thereby forty holes by one movement of a machine. It may be true that the machine costs five hundred pounds, that you may only want to bore four holes at a time and that your present machine, written down in your books to nothing, is adequate for this purpose: but you should look forward to the future potentialities. Some day you might want forty holes. We hope you may. We wish you well.

* * *

Our statesmen have recently devoted much time to exploring avenues and making gestures. These exercises are all to the good; and we have little sympathy with the Unionist who said he would like to buy the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER at his (the Unionist's) valuation and sell him at Mr. SNOWDEN'S. But ours is a wider outlook, and we know how much can be done, notionally, by speaking and writing. We want either Free Trade or Protection and are determined to get at least one of them.

* * *

We rejoice that Mr. HOOVER has adopted our idea of a year's moratorium. It is gratifying for us to reflect that he has done this without our having ever expressed the idea in print. We shall ensure that France, once she has fallen into line, stays there.

* * *

Someone anticipated us in pointing out that Youth will not be denied, but there is something in it; and we applied the aphorism when we refused our sanction to the Ryder team because it was chosen from the professional sec-



REMARKS THAT DON'T RING TRUE.

Cinema Actress. "IF IT WASN'T FOR THE HORRIBLE PUBLICITY, I—I'D DIVORCE MY HUSBAND."



Tactless Lady. "MY HUSBAND IS *so* SORRY HE COULDN'T COME, LADY DUMPERLEIGH, BUT THE POOR DEAR HAS PARTIES EVERY NIGHT FOR THREE WEEKS AND FELT HE *had* TO GO TO BED EARLY FOR ONCE."

tion of the Senior Golfers' Society. As BACON said, "Yea, it is not so important to count the number of games a man hath played in his life as to consider the form he sheweth at the hour of contest." With this also we agree.

Old Men of the Sea.

"Every captain gets a score of frivolous complaints before he has commanded a liner a thousand years."—*Sunday Paper.*

"RIOTING IN KOREA.

Last night, at Chemulpo, a hundred or more Koreans raided Chinese shops, eating houses and barbers."—*Daily Paper.*

Rioting must be hungry work.

". . . at the entrance to the Palace will be posted the Edinburgh High Constables in their sapphire uniforms braided in silver, and black cock-tails in their blue hats."
Glasgow Paper.

Hip-flasks would be less obtrusive.

"Hon. P. J. Cashin, Newfoundland's Minister of Finance and Customs, said he anticipated no great difficulty in the task of raising the required loan of eight million dollars, which was taking him to Montreal and possibly New York."—*Canadian Paper.*

We should have thought that with reasonable economy it might have taken him even further.

THE PASSING OF MELLS.

["The Postmaster-General has decided that we are to have an automatic telephone system, and that our wires henceforth are to run in pipes underground. . . . A small army of men descended on us from afar. They brought electric drills. . . . They blasted great holes in our roads. . . . They broke our windows. The tiles which roof our houses were shattered. . . ."—*The Rector of Mells, in a letter to "The Times."*]

POPPIED cornfields, cows and rabbits
Pleased the simple folk of Mells;
They disliked our modern habits,
They detested modern smells.

Stole no whisper from the wider
World beyond them; evening found
Ancients sipping mugs of zider
With a zoft and gurgling zound.

Leafy were the holts and hangers
In the heart of green July;
Cherries grew, but cherry-bangers
Came not near: they passed it by.

Progress had not spread her fibres
Through that sweet and rural zone
Save for twenty (odd) subscribers
To the postal telephone.

These, when they would rouse its slumbers,
Took it from its old-time frame,
Lisped the necessary numbers
And, it seems, the numbers came.

Chequered light the sun was casting,
Golden stood the buttercup
When the workmen started blasting
Mells, and it was taken up.

Lorries through the street came rumbling,
Took the corners with a lurch;
Cottages and barns were tumbling;
All the women ran to church.

"'Tis the Danes a-come to pillage;
Ah, I knowed how it would be!"
Cried an old man in the village;
"'Tis the Northmen vrum the zea!"

Stones flew up, the air was shaken,
Throbbed the insane electric drill. . . .
All was over—smashed, forsaken,
Dynamited, Mells lay still.

* * * * *

Treads no more the human foot there,
Ruined Mells to Tyre is kin—
But the G.P.O. have put their
Automatic service in. EVOE.

"HEAR GLORIA SWANSON SING."
Cinema Advt.

But not a swan-song, we hope.

"GOLF EFFLUX TO FRANCE."
Financial Article in Daily Paper.

Mr. Punch was definitely under the impression that it had gone to America.



THE TELL-TALE POCKET.

GERMANY (*to France*). "WON'T YOU PLEASE HELP ME? AS YOU SEE, I'M DESTITUTE."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, July 13th.—The Camberwell Beauty has gone from Camberwell, and most of the beauty too. The more credit, therefore, to their congregated Lordships for rising up and denouncing in no uncertain voice the nefarious agreement come to between the Underground Railways and the Camberwell Borough Council to erect a railway station on half-an-acre of Camberwell Green. Lord DICKINSON called attention to the outrage, observing that the agreement was probably *ultra vires;* Lord CRAWFORD pointed out that by way of aggravating the offence the railway was pledged to spend six thousand pounds on the "improvement" of St. Giles' Churchyard, adjoining the Green; and Lord BUCKMASTER described the arrangement as being "difficult to characterise in decent language." On the motion of Lord HAILSHAM their Lordships adjourned the debate in order to consider how best to hamstring the monstrous scheme.

In the Commons the SECRETARY OF STATE FOR INDIA'S rather naïve assertion that anybody who has a grievance in the North-West Province and the Punjab now puts on a red shirt as a token of his divine discontent, and that not a third of the red-shirted ones are really members of ABDUL GHAFFAR KHAN'S Youth League, was tempered by an admission that the movement had "dangerous possibilities."

It was Captain EDEN who wrung from the FOREIGN SECRETARY the admission that he had "strafed" the League of Nations Union for sending the Mandates Commission a letter on the subject of the Iraq minorities without previously consulting him and "without a full realisation of the full facts of the situation or of its probable effects." Captain CAZALET innocently inquired who would protect the rights of the minorities in question when the British mandate terminated. "They will be in the same position as any other country," replied Mr. HENDERSON vaguely. The League of Nations Union may be undiplomatic, but its apprehensions would seem to have some foundation.

The Report Stage of the Agricultural Marketing Bill was dealt with in a pleasant spirit of give and take, as sometimes happens in the absence of outstanding political personalities. The Third Reading was formally opposed by various Liberal and Conservative Members on the general ground that it was idle for the MINISTER to assume the *rôle* of an agricultural inquisitor with an interfering nose in every barn and hen-coop unless there was to be some control of imports, but was carried by a substantial majority.

Tuesday, July 14th.—The Lords, practical as ever, wasted no great amount of time on the Finance Bill, a measure which, as Lord PARMOOR rather gloatingly pointed out, they could not tamper with and could only briefly delay. Lord PEEL dealt shrewdly and at some length with the Land Tax, but the bulk of the "many noble Lords



THE FLIGHT TO THE MARK.
[Cancelled.]
THE PRIME MINISTER.

extremely competent to discuss financial questions" saved their breath for more profitable occasions. Briefer than that of Lord PEEL, but more formidable in substance—for after all the Land Tax may never materialise—was the speech in which Lord LOTHIAN dealt



PAUL PRY.
THE MINISTER OF AGRICULTURE.

with Mr. SNOWDEN'S "Budget of mingled hope and necessity," and foreboded an imminent winter when we shall be faced with a crisis "far more serious than that which has confronted this country in the memory of living man."

"What steps are taken to protect tourists in Scotland?" asked Mr. MCSHANE of the PARLIAMENTARY SECRETARY TO THE BOARD OF TRADE, who had been patiently explaining to Lieut.-Colonel MOORE why no statistics of tourist traffic in Scotland were available. There was no reply. Presumably no statistics of the Scottish brigand industry are available either.

"Could the SECRETARY FOR WAR say how much had been raised for Military charities by the Aldershot Tattoo?" asked Mr. DAY. "Not for some weeks," replied Mr. SHAW. "Could the right hon. gentleman say when another question could be put?" asked Mr. DAY. "No," said Mr. SHAW. Sufficient for the Day. . . . .!

The Housing (Rural Authorities) Bill is one of those measures as to which there is no disagreement about what requires to be done, but a very pertinacious diversity of opinion about how to do it. In Committee to-day Sir KINGSLEY WOOD disagreed to the point of offering an Amendment to the clause in the Bill empowering the MINISTER, on the recommendation of a Committee appointed by him, to make special contributions to the housing schemes of rural district authorities and under such conditions as he may think fit.

Mr. GREENWOOD objected to inserting in the Bill a limit on the cost of houses to be subsidized and other hard-and-fast conditions, but assured the Right Hon. Member for West Woolwich that the latitude of discretion sought would not be used to effect substantial changes in the Bill without reference to the House. Meanwhile Mr. JACK JONES had spoken of landlords with something more than his usual discursiveness, and Lord WOLMER had expatiated on the difficulty the MINISTER would have in refusing to relax the conditions of the Bill at the behest of, say, the Right Hon. Member for Carnarvon Boroughs "when the monthly crisis was impending."

It was anybody's argument, the Opposition contending in effect that, as the Government stood under the Bill to make good to the tune of one hundred per cent any losses on the rents of houses built pursuant to it, the Bill should limit the cost of the houses; the MINISTER replying that this might in certain cases result in the rural workers getting no houses at all. However, Mr.

GREENWOOD with an unusual graciousness agreed to amend the Bill in such a way that the MINISTER would be empowered to vary its conditions only by Order laid before the House.

Other Amendments carried the debate into the small hours, whereafter a brief but lively debate on the Second Reading of the British Sugar Industry Assistance Bill found Mr. BRENDAN BRACKEN vigorously trampling the corns of Conservative colleagues. He may be the baby of the House, but he certainly is not its sugar baby.

Wednesday, July 15th.—The Lords, at the instance of the Duke of MONTROSE, discussed the biology of Beaks and to what extent their appointment should be influenced by politics. The LORD CHANCELLOR said that politics must be a consideration, though not the most important one, and contended that there were not nearly enough Labour magistrates. Lord HAILSHAM agreed, provided that no attempt was made to give political direction to the choice of the local committees. He confessed that he had once appointed a magistrate without consulting anybody, but it happened to be a Socialist member of their Lordships' House. The debate concluded on a note of unanimous praise for the British magistracy.

Is the female of the political species more deadly than the male—when there is something to be deadly about? One so concluded when, long after the black bat, Night, had flown and the Opposition, cheered by the strange spectacle of the Party in power stinging itself to death with its own tail, like the fabled scorpion, had gone to bed, the battle still raged about the Dole Anomalies Bill, as it is called. For it had become a battle of the Amazons. While mere men, weary and haggard of face, stole away to remembered armchairs in the Library or nodded drowsily on the benches the women, neat of habit, bright of eye and unflagging in spirit, threw themselves again and yet again into the fray.

There were men there, of course—Mr. MAXTON battling for the soul of the I.L.P., Mr. OLIVER BALDWIN fighting in the absence of his patrician leader for the New Party's place in the sun, and an odd Liberal or two apparently intent on showing that that unfortunate Party is able to be fissiparous even in support of other people's quarrels. And of course there were male supporters of the MINISTER OF LABOUR, among them Mr. J. H. THOMAS, yawning heavily on the Treasury Bench.

One of his yawns had unfortunate consequences. "I see the right hon. Member shaking his head," said Mr. W. J. BROWN, pausing in the midst of his *n*th oration. "The hon. Member flatters himself," retorted Mr. THOMAS; "I was going to sleep." "The right hon. gentleman is merely carrying out the tradition of the last twenty years, of going to sleep whenever the interests of the working-classes are involved," thundered Mr. BROWN. There



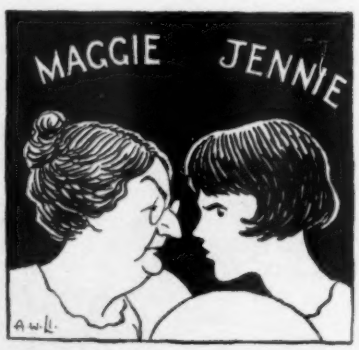
THE MAD ALL-NIGHT PARTY.

"The dormouse had closed its eyes by this time and was going off into a doze."
Alice in Wonderland.

The Mad Hatter . . MR. W. J. BROWN.
The Dormouse . . MR. J. H. THOMAS.

was no reply from Mr. THOMAS. Slumber's chain again bound him.

Men were there in adequate numbers, but it was the women's battle. Four-square and imperturbable, Miss BONDFIELD, armed only with a high sense of duty and an eau-de-cologne bottle, fought the good fight, and the end of it, nineteen hours later, found



AMAZON *v.* AMAZON.

MISS MARGARET BONDFIELD AND MISS JENNIE LEE.

her still serene and resolute and self-possessed. Against her came Lady CYNTHIA MOSLEY, and that dark spirit of the Left Wing revels, Miss JENNIE LEE. To her aid in desultory fashion came Miss ELLEN WILKINSON and Dr. MARION PHILLIPS and Miss RATHBONE. Now and again the alignment changed. At one period all six ladies were on their feet one after another. At other times they brooded above the strife like those classic goddesses who hovered above, and now and again took a hand in, the battles of Trojan and Greek.

At last it was over. The long hours had dragged by, the world had risen up to buy and sell again, and victory, inevitably the perquisite of the big battalions, perched on the MINISTER'S banners. They were not exactly flying colours that she emerged with, but she emerged, and that in the circumstances was a triumph in itself.

Thursday, July 16th.—The Lords sat long enough to be informed by Lord PASSFIELD that they had left very little of the Representation of the People (No. 2) Bill by the time they were through amending it. They would hear from the Government when the Bill came back from the Commons.

The Commons, to the accompaniment of a good many stifled yawns, heard the PRIME MINISTER, in answer to Mr. BALDWIN, explain that his and Mr. HENDERSON'S projected visit to Berlin had been postponed as the GERMAN CHANCELLOR had decided to proceed to Paris. There would be a conference of Ministers in London as already announced.

After Mr. MILLS had apologised handsomely to Mr. MAXTON for wrongly assuming that he had had no industrial experience, Mr. LEES-SMITH gave the House, in Committee of Supply, an account of his Educational stewardship, first pausing to praise the fine work of Sir AUBREY SYMONDS, late Permanent Secretary to the Board of Education. The MINISTER laid some stress on the fact that from the only period—between the ages of one and five—when the child was not, and had no chance to be, under the care of the State, something like twenty per cent emerged with physical defects. The needs of the rural child, the mentally deficient child, the child that cannot pass examinations and, last but not least, the Scottish child, were dealt with by various Members.

Followed a bright little debate on the Report stage of the Rural Housing Bill, in the course of which Miss LAWRENCE referred to Sir THOMAS INSKIP'S "pompous solemnity." Sir KINGSLEY WOOD (more, one feels, in sorrow than in anger) called Miss LAWRENCE'S remark "impertinent and insulting," and Miss LAWRENCE called Sir KINGSLEY WOOD "uncivilized." For once the SPEAKER seems to have been in general agreement with everybody. At any rate he refrained from calling anybody to order.



Bandit Chief (to prisoner held for ransom). "AH, SEÑOR, I 'OPE THEY SENDA DA MONEY QUICK. BUSINESS VER' BAD. MY MEN 'AVE 'AD NO WAGES FOR LONG TIME. IF I NOT PAY SOON THEY WILL, LIKE YOU SAY, 'GIVA ME DA BUMP.'"

"TAKE A POUND OF——"

THE tale has been advanced by those prophetically gifted
That somewhere in the future—more than that they cannot state;
I gather that the veil has not sufficiently been lifted
For anyone to specify the date—
Ourselves if we are lucky, or at any rate our scions,
Will cease to be carnivorous and batten on the dead,
And, leaving that to anacondas, crocodiles and lions,
Enjoy synthetic articles instead.

That isn't all by any means. There's plenty more to follow.
From butter to asparagus, whatever it may be
Of all the other things we multitudinously swallow
To make a modest dinner, lunch or tea,
Will all be lumped together with the substitutes of slaughter,
Compressed and neatly hammered to a tabloid or a pill
Which, taken with the customary modicum of water,
Will give us quite a satisfying fill.

An admirable system, and it ought to be a winner;
It does away with shopping and eliminates the books;
There won't be any problem of "what *shall* we have for dinner";
There will be no more cooking, no more cooks.
The housewife's song will fill the land; her joy will be unblemished;
The uninvited visitor, the pot without the luck,
Will only mean at worst an extra tabloid from the chemisht
(Pardon the "h," but I was rather stuck).

It may afflict the gourmet with a certain inner sinking,
But ought to win approval from the intellectual sort
Whose plainness in the living leads to highness in the thinking
(I take it that they're not including port);
From me it has at any rate a genuine adherence
With one exception only that I feel compelled to make:
I cannot, and I will not, brook the smallest interference
With my devoted tenderness for cake.

O idol of my youth, and of my manhood still the treasure,
O crisp and crummy crustiness, O currant and O seed,
Especially O saffron, I protest against this measure
And will do, while I have a tongue to plead.
The loss of other trifles I for one should not repine at;
The scientist may pound them to a tabloid or a pill
And pestle them to Jericho—but cake I draw the line at;
I've eaten it from childhood, and I will. DUM-DUM.

A FATUOUS FABLE.

LONG, long ago there was a famous maker of viols. He was a very great artist but a very small man, and when he had at last constructed in sections the most perfect and beautiful double-bass that there ever had been or ever could be, and had all but completed the assemblage of its parts, he got inside it so as to finish his work with greater accuracy.

But, this being done, he could not get out, and he would allow no one to interfere with his masterpiece by taking it to pieces.

So there he was, and he had to be fed with sandwiches through the "F" holes.

And when he died he was buried in it, for no one could play upon it with him inside, and anyway that saved buying a coffin.

Moral. Be careful how you lose yourself in your work.

AT THE PICTURES.

A WOMAN PRODUCER.

IF I had not given up generalising from the particular I should, on the strength of the excellence of *Honour Among Lovers*, venture the statement that women make the best producers



SEC. APPEAL.

Jerry Stafford . MR. FREDRIC MARCH.
Julia Traynor . MISS CLAUDETTE COLBERT.

of films. But to say that, since it is the first film I can remember produced by a woman, would perhaps be rash. Better therefore merely to say that DOROTHY ARZNER, who has directed this picture, has done her duty so thoroughly as to create a new standard. For some time to come I shall find myself, I feel sure, measuring other films by *Honour Among Lovers*. That Miss ARZNER is fortified by some of the best film-acting I have seen and some of the best photography does not in the least detract from her triumph, for I take it that the actors and the photographer were her own choice.

The circumstance that the story follows familiar lines need not trouble anyone and does not trouble me in the least; put CLAUDETTE COLBERT into a sympathetic part and I sink back in supreme contentment, for she has everything most to be valued in a movie star and seldom found in such profusion together: beauty, charm, dignity and a caressing voice. She is also actress enough to persuade me that, as the perfect private secretary on dangerous Christian-name terms with her employer, she could have at once served him faithfully and kept him in his place, although I felt all the while that she ought to have fallen for so attractive a millionaire-magnate as Mr. FREDRIC MARCH makes him. Love, however, being blind, and a drama of passion to last for an hour or so being required, her marriage with another had to intervene That is all that need be said of this admirable and absorbing film, except that Mr. CHARLIE RUGGLES is in it too, bibulous as ever and sound as ever.

Another film which I can recommend, for rather different reasons, is also a Paramount: *Dude Ranch*, directed with no little ingenuity by Mr. FRANK TUTTLE, who has made almost equal use of the machinery of the old movie and the new talkie. The blend is both amusing and exciting, for not only are there some good lines, in the mouths of JACK OAKIE, as a false cowboy, EUGENE PALLETTE (who was a stranger to me, but henceforth will be a friend) and that most accomplished Infant Phenomenon, MITZI GREEN, but horses gallop and buck, thieves break in and steal, a sheriff's posse pursues and fires, a motor-car turns somersaults down a ravine, a caravan at a level-crossing waits patiently to be knocked to splinters by an express train, and there is enough hand-to-throat fighting to satisfy the more gluttonous.

But if I award *Dude Ranch*, which does not claim to be a riot of fun, many marks for its high spirits and tense drama, what am I to say about *Jailbirds*, which asks to be considered a masterpiece of humour but merely



Julia (at police-station, to husband, who is confessing to her). "SH-H! YOU OUGHT TO KNOW BY NOW THAT THEY'LL BE LISTENING. HAVEN'T YOU *EVER* SEEN IT ON THE PICTURES?"

Philip Craig . . MR. MONROE OWSLEY.

deepened any depression I might have been suffering? This is the first full-length picture in which those favourite nonsense-makers, LAUREL and HARDY, have appeared. Considering their fame I feel that I must have had bad luck with these partners, for they have never made me laugh, and in *Jailbirds* this inability was emphasised. To some extent it seemed to be a burlesque of *The Big House*, but memories must be very long if, in the rush of new films, a clear enough impression of an old one can be retained for the proper appreciation of a joke upon it. For the rest, the fat man (HARDY) and the thin man (LAUREL) behave as usual; but I doubt if prison life is a good background for farce. The contrast between the savagery of the officials and the irresponsibility of the convicts is too marked. The director, Mr. JAMES PARROTT, seems to have recognised some of his difficulties, but whether he successfully conquers them by interpolating a surfeit of glee-singing and a sentimental moon song by HARDY escaping from justice, is a question.

E. V. L.



HATTER'S TRIUMPH.

MESSRS. OLIVER HARDY AND STAN LAUREL.

"ARCHÆOLOGICAL FINDS ON EXHIBITION.

Of great interest is a gold brooch which apparently was lost by a girl living 4000 years ago in the mud of the main street of Tel el Ajjul."—*Scots Paper.*

She must have been a woman-novelist living in the mud to get copy.

"'Lemonade,' he told me. 'I am still drinking lemonade, despite my luck. I am not going to let it turn my head.'"—*Interview with Sweepstake Winner in Daily Paper.*

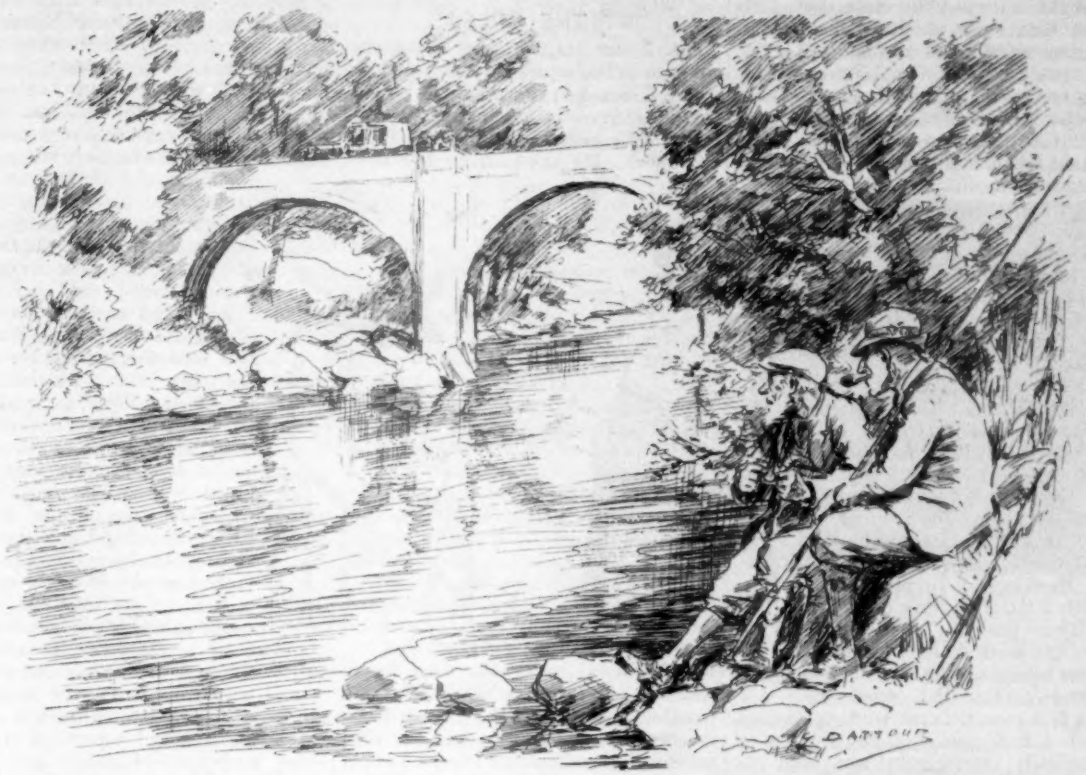
It seems a perfectly safe drink.

"Among the numerous fragments of pottery found were several pieces of Simian ware, which definitely indicated the period of the Roman Conquest."—*Local Paper.*

This attempt of the Romans to monkey with our Celtic art-forms has not been sufficiently condemned.

"Fire broke out on the prairie near the C. P. R. viaduct on Monday evening about six o'clock, but the blaze was extinguished before damage could be done by the local brigade."—*Canadian Paper.*

Fire will break out again if the local brigade reads this.



Old Gillie. "YE MICHT AS WEEL BE FUSHIN' IN PRINCES STREET. YON'S THE THIRRD MOTOR-MACHINE TO CROSS THE AULD BRIG THE DAY."

LOUNGERIE.

"WE want a fabric for covering a divan," said Maria as we made bumpy landings on two of those bicycle-tube armchairs in which you pass the time looking for the pedals. "Modern, please, in plain blacks and buffs and greys."

The young man, who had a lot of soul in his eyes, and trousers too slick to be embroiled in commerce, disappeared into the back-room.

"I hope they've got something which isn't *too* much of a riot," Maria said; "but it'll be a rest to get away from the rhododendrons and love-birds and tropical vegetables on which our parents took their ease. Agatha's been through the furnishing mill pretty well of late, poor darling, and she says this is the only shop. And for a small one they don't sting you too badly."

The young man returned. His eyes popped with soul, and over his left arm was a roll of stuff which he spread out on a frame. Then he stepped back and half closed his eyes as though something had hit him very hard between them. Suddenly one realised that he had really been hit, and by what. It also hit us, and it had a lot of punch behind it, that pattern. It staggered the eye with a whirl of curves and a series of optical reports which shook up all one's sensibilities. A few moments' contemplation of it were mercifully enough to cause a thick film of tears which enabled one to keep a grip on things.

"Our most effective formula," the young man murmured, partly to us, "a perfection of dissymmetry which even the best artist can only hope to attain once or twice in his life. And in your shades. I think you will agree that the symbolism itself is rather exquisite?"

Maria was the first to come to. As women sometimes will, she took the easy line and hedged.

"Quite lovely," she said—"so strong. But I never knew that a bus overturned in a cornfield could be so actually *explosive* as that—or am I wrong?"

"When you say it's strong you are right," I said; "but in your reference to the bus you are sadly out. The subject of the design is clearly 'The Wild Party Chez Euclid.' The main mass I take to be the bar, and the smaller rhomboids to be the guests, ranged around at tight angles. Their happy interchange of cushions, bottles and soda-water gives the artist a picnic with his curves. In the foreground we have Professor Euclid himself, engaged in tracing a parallelogram on the back of a guest named Lady Pythagoras. I imagine she's much too isosceleased to mind. The blurred quadruped moving off at a tangent is Mrs. Euclid going to telephone for the police, while the anarchist biting the chandelier——"

"Have you any record of the artist's intention?" asked Maria of the young man, who continued to gaze in a drugged manner at the fabric.

"I beg your pardon?" he asked, edging up to it and taking a quick look at the ticket.

Maria asked again.

"It's called 'Earthquake in Piccadilly Circus,'" he murmured reverently. "You will observe that in the general consternation the traffic has commenced to revolve in an anti-clockwise direction, with some delightfully geometrical results. The elemental clash between the forces of Order and Panic is very powerfully suggested. And the point-policeman,

who has climbed the lamp-post, adds just that little touch of the subtly-humorous which is so sought after."

"It's too funny," said Maria, shielding her eyes and shuddering. "Could we see some others, please?"

"How quiet the room seems now," I said when It had gone. "You were a coward, darling, to ask."

"Still, it *was* a bus, wasn't it?"

The young man came back and redraped the frame.

"Just in from Vienna," he said. "A simple mathematical design."

"The Disintegration of the World?" I asked.

"It's called 'Two and Two Makes Three.' The implications are not profound, but it's very satisfying to the eye. Do you——?"

"No," we both said firmly, and he substituted another.

"This was designed by Goshki himself to represent the Age of Machinery. Involved, but with a lot of rhythm in it."

There probably was. When you get three or four locomotives racing up the face of the Chrysler Building, most of the Shannon Scheme with the lid off, and a bad dream of Mr. FORD'S all magically intermingled and then put through one of those new-fangled perspective-pulpers, you can't reasonably expect to avoid a sort of rhythm.

We signalled for another: faintly dromedarian objects diving on to cog-wheels from a great altitude. And another: giant pylons playing cat's-cradle with their cables. And another . . . And then Maria did a brave thing.

"These are all very well for the suburbs," she said haughtily to the young man, "but we want something which at least approaches the modern. Haven't you something which definitely arrests?"

My heart went out to him. He changed colour several times and three low gurgles escaped his twitching throat. Fumbling wildly at his collar he disappeared upstage.

As he did so Maria took me very firmly by the hand and we beat it.

ERIC.

Unhappy Propinquities.

"EXETER FREEDOM FROM CRIME.
111 SITUATIONS VACANT."
West-Country Paper.

"Sir Arthur Balfour is chairman of a number of well-known firms in Yorkshire—he was Master Cutlet of Sheffield in 1911–12."
Evening Paper.

We know a man who was once the Big Bath Chap.

AT THE OPERA.

"THE PIPER" AND "THE FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH" (LYRIC, HAMMERSMITH).

SIR NIGEL PLAYFAIR has no reason to be ashamed of his further experiments with native contemporary English opera. He has with his two new samples, grave and gay, provided an excellent evening's entertainment. His flair for discovering new talent has not deserted him, while he contrives to maintain that note of spontaneous, quasi-amateurish, friendly informality, as of a Lyric family-party, which is one of the charms of his productions.



THE UNDER-PAID PIPER.
The Town Clerk . . . . MR. SCOTT RUSSELL.
The Piper . . . . . MR. PERCY HEMING.

The Piper is an adaptation for music of ROBERT BROWNING'S *Pied Piper of Hamelin*, by HERBERT FERRERS. There was a pretty scene when the composer was led on to the stage to acknowledge the genuinely enthusiastic plaudits of the audience and, waiving the customary halting acknowledgments, planted a fatherly kiss upon the cheek of little Miss OLIVE DYER, who had played and sung with sincere feeling the (interpolated) part of the *Lame Boy* unable to follow his companions when the outraged *Piper* piped them down the High Street across the Weser and into the cavern on the hill. Mr. PERCY HEMING, as the bizarre *Piper*, sang effectively his recitatives and occasional arias, had an authentic air of mystery, and made a brave and swaggering show with his pipe on the stage while a quiet and exceedingly accomplished gentleman in the orchestra played with great skill upon his clarionet the queer haunting phrases of the composer's themes. The adaptation is in a graver and more poetic mood than the original and, reinforced by a romantic yet austere setting, attained a perhaps unexpected impression of beauty and sincerity. The music had the quality of imaginative suggestion and was free from obvious (and tempting) tricks.



SECOND BABYHOOD.
DAISY DALEBROOK (MISS MARGERY HICKLIN) FINDS HERSELF THE DAUGHTER OF TWO BONNIE BABIES.

The Mayor (Mr. HARRY BRINDLE) with his *Town Clerk* (Mr. SCOTT RUSSELL), *Councillors* (Messrs. HARRY HILLIARD and JOHN THOMPSON) and gigantic muscular halberdiers (unnamed) gave us such comic relief as the composer's record allowed. An effective device of production showed us on a transparent back-cloth a "still" of the headlong passage of the rats to their watery grave.

The Fountain of Youth, by W. GRAHAM ROBERTSON, with music by ALFRED REYNOLDS, the popular *Kapellmeister* of the Lyric, is also a tale of magic—with a difference. In Yongly Village (by derivation Young Lea, we are told) the villagers are gathering to celebrate the thirtieth anniversary of the wedding of old *Farmer Dalebrook* and his wife (Mr. ROY RUSSELL and Miss NELLIE BRIERCLIFFE). There is the facetious churchwarden, *Vachery* (Mr. HARRY HILLIARD, who has a happy vein of nonsense), and the ghoulish sexton, *Mugwort* (Mr. SCOTT RUSSELL). There are ancient beer-loving peasants with their jaded women-folk and hoary jokes. And young *Tom Hazel* (Mr. JOHN THOMPSON) comes faint-heartedly courting pretty *Daisy Dalebrook* (Miss MARGERY

HICKLIN). And then the magic begins to work. An old dried-up spring in the farmer's cellar begins to flow again. Old Growler, the bob-tailed sheep-dog (who had made an effective entrance and given us all a steady and, as it seemed to me, distinctly scornful look—he has the admirable gift of "repose," this excellent actor), has been seen lapping it up. He has then mysteriously disappeared and a dazed and woolly youngster sidles in, recognisable as Old Growler when a pup. The *Fons Juventutis* has been at work.

The author's general intention is now clear. The farmer and his wife drink of the water and renew their youth. So do the elderly peasants. The spry *Vachery* sees money in it. Yongly Wells, Ltd., is floated as a company. The farmhouse becomes an hotel, the garden a cabaret with the rejuvenated peasants turned into sophisticated beribboned Strephons and high-gartered and highly seductive Phyllises. *Mr.* and *Mrs. Dalebrook* have, owing to an overdose of the waters, slipped back into puling infancy, to the embarrassment of their daughter, *Daisy*. The sexton's sinister occupation's gone. *Sir Bullion Blunt* (Mr. PERCY



THE GRAVE-DIGGER'S GRIEVANCE.
Mugwort (*Mr. Scott Russell*). "IF THE FOLKS IN THIS VILLAGE INTEND TO LEAVE OFF DYING, HOW'S AN HONEST MAN TO LIVE?"

HEMING) arrives just as the stream has ceased to flow, but naturally sees in that no obstacle to continuing the business with himself as Chairman. There is plenty of other water to sell.

It only remains for *Mr.* and *Mrs. Dalebrook* to be restored to their happy old age by shock, and for *Sir Bullion* to be punished by a forced draught from a hoarded bottle of the rejuvenating fluid. A pleasant moral is implied, a diverting, absurd and original tale is gaily told, and we all depart in good humour into the drab purlieus of the Lyric, recognising with admiration that Sir NIGEL has still things up his sleeve for our entertainment. T.

AT THE PLAY.

"DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE" (SAVOY).

How unsophisticated a stage-play *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde* now seems to us—trebly unsophisticated in the Savoy, with its smart modern airs! If it was necessary for Mr. WILLIAM SENIOR to make a new version of the R. L. S.—COMYNS CARR confection he might well have avoided the extremely tedious preparations and explanations of a long or long-seeming First Act. For the plain truth is that we all know all about poor old *Jekyll's* strange obsessions and experiments and *Mr. Hyde's* disgusting vagaries, and it must have been difficult for Mr. FISHER WHITE (as *Jekyll's* sententious friend, *Dr. Lanyon*) and Mr. MULCASTER (as his lawyer, *Mr. Utterson*) to keep on pretending that we were interested. Moreover, since HARRY IRVING'S still-remembered performance we have had Mr. JOHN BARRYMORE'S silent-screen version, which shows us with astonishing plausibility transformations which the stage version can only hint at behind closed doors.

So that the new interpreter comes to his task under a handicap which is definitely too heavy for him. He has his moments, or perhaps rather I should say his moment, when the hunted, terror-stricken *Hyde*, twisted with the agony of the transforming drugs, changes into the kindly *Jekyll* in the presence of the appalled *Dr. Lanyon*. There was little in Mr. PHILLIPS'S characterisation of *Jekyll* to suggest the virtues and charm of the good-angel half of the dual personality. We had to take all that on the word, or the many words, of his friends. And as for the *Hyde*, he was too much the gibbering contortionist to be interesting. The notion of the formidable blonde, *Rebecca Moor* (Miss RUTH MAITLAND), being "more sinned against than sinning" (as the phrase went in the pleasant period jargon) roused many of us, I am afraid, to ribald laughter, reduced out of politeness to strangled chuckles.

There were no surprises for us in a business which depends on surprises. When our *Dr. Jekyll* disappears into *Rebecca's* inner room we know that our *Mr. Hyde* will presently emerge, and all that happens meanwhile upon the stage is so much boredom. These are difficulties inherent in any presentation at this date, and only some significant touch of subtlety or imagination or grim power in the characterisation of the hero-villain could reconcile the grown-ups amongst us to this rather ill-judged and ill-timed revival. Our nephews might, I think, still find something to take their fancy, except that they are nowadays so confoundedly sophisticated. T.



THE STRANGE FACE OF MR. HYDE (which shone in the dark).
Mr. Hyde . . MR. ARTHUR PHILLIPS.

THE NEW ECONOMY.

MY barber, a most intelligent fellow upon whom I rely to keep me well-informed on world politics, has told me all about the "Hoover Plan," which impressed me so favourably that I at once called on my tailor to sound his views on the President's gesture.

He professed himself as entirely in favour of it, which pleased me so much that I was emboldened to put forward the suggestion that he should grant me a year's moratorium for my overdue account, in return for which I would then and there order five new suits, provided he would lend me the money to pay for them.

This, I pointed out, would start the wheels of trade revolving and increase his turnover. Oddly enough he did not jump at the suggestion—at least, he did not jump in the way I had hoped. Instead he asked what was to happen at the end of my proposed year's moratorium. Obviously, I explained, the process would be repeated and a further large order placed with him under the same condition. I should have thought any intelligent businessman would have understood this without being told.

I find that a similar lack of the larger vision is not uncommon among our tradesmen.

A POSTSCRIPT TO "C.S.C.'S" "ARCADES AMBO."

[A correspondent of *Notes and Queries* deplores the alteration of the Piccadilly front of the Burlington Arcade. "There is," he notes, "an arch on which are placed two busts, one of a simpering lady, the other of a man, of whom the less said the better."]

THE Burlington Arcade (whose ways and wares
Cannot be said to breathe Arcadian airs),
Where gilded youth habitually goes
In search of highly-coloured socks and hose,
Has now for fifty seasons sadly mourned
The peerless pair, resplendently adorned,
And in the stately glory of their prime
Mirrored in CALVERLEY'S immortal rhyme.
'Tis true that satirists were wont to grumble
At the alleged iniquities of Bumble,
But, robed in livery of brocade and gold,
He added lustre to the days of old;
And he was human too—as when at Cheadle
A rash old lady sat upon a needle,
Threaded and safely drawn out by a beadle—
And also was the earliest to divine
The massive truth that Law is asinine.
Alas! we have no beadles now, and yet
Their passing moves us to a fond regret
Mixt with a longing that indignant urge
Might prompt some modern JUVENAL to scourge
The vandals who have ventured to deface
The portals of their temple, and replace
Two sumptuous beadles by two smirking busts,
Whose leer the soul of *N. & Q.* disgusts—
Worse in its rigid and inane jocosity
Even than EPSTEIN'S flatulent* ferocity. C. L. G.

ANN AND THE ANTHROPOLOGIST.

I HAVE a baby, an engaging scrap of femininity six months old and just beginning to make sounds faintly resembling human speech. My father-in-law, who is an anthropologist of repute and the discoverer of the fragment of a sub-human skull known as the Northumbrian Proboscis, records in a diary the various noises as they proceed from Ann's rosebud mouth day by day. He is staying with us for that express purpose. The noises illustrate, he says, Ann's progress through the millions of years of evolution from a bit of protoplasm to *Homo sapiens*. She has now reached, apparently, an anthropoid state of development, and when she clutches my ear in a sudden gush (as it seems to me) of daughterly affection he tells me that subconsciously she is swinging from a convenient branch in search of a juicy banana. It is an irritating theory, and he is a singularly irritating man. I wish he would go away.

As a matter of fact I have a theory of my own about Ann's noises. Like her mother, she has a keen sense of humour and no sense of reverence, and I fancy that her repertoire is an ironic commentary on the truly extraordinary sounds which her various admirers insist on making within a few inches of her defenceless face. Thus my Aunt Janet, who in many ways resembles a horse, always talks to the child in a peculiar whinnying fashion. Ann now whinnies deliciously. Again, there is a Major-General, a connection of my wife's, who is the proud possessor of a pair of magnificent walrus moustaches. He has an engaging trick, which gives the child intense pleasure, of puffing out his cheeks and producing a series of tempestuous snorts. The sound suggests, I am told, a walrus blowing off steam after a long plunge, and Ann, though lacking the necessary properties, gives quite a decent imitation. These are the most striking of her vocal efforts, but she has learnt from less inspired sources to twitter like a bird, croak like a frog and make all the noises usually associated with a hen.

My father-in-law, to do him justice, makes no noises at the child, and even tries ineffectually to prevent the others doing so. He says in his pompous way that it may affect the authenticity of the phenomena, and when Ann first gave her celebrated whinny he merely recorded in his diary: "Neighed like a horse. Suspect corrupting influence." Which was, I thought, a little hard on Aunt Janet, who is thoroughly respectable.

The pace has been growing hotter. Each day, as Ann lies crowing and chuckling in her pram, the man of science lurks close at hand in a deck-chair, registering expectancy. It is pleasant to be able to record that his expectations were eventually gratified.

It was a hot morning, and from my study I could hear an unusual sound proceeding from the garden—a kind of nasal snuffle which rose and fell in a rhythmic cadence. Tracking the sound to its source I was not surprised to find my father-in-law sleeping peacefully in his chair, the pencil drooping from his flaccid grasp and his mouth wide open. I winked at Ann and she answered me with a roguish smile.

That afternoon my own siesta was rudely interrupted by a sudden ecstatic cry comparable to that of the sage ARCHIMEDES when he stepped into his brimming bath, or possibly to that of NEWTON when the apple fell on his head. I rushed into the garden. The anthropologist was crouching eagerly over the pram, from which proceeded a nasal snuffle, something between Aunt Janet's whinny and the General's walrus imitation. Ann had added a new turn to her repertoire and was enjoying herself.

"Listen," said the enraptured man—"listen!"

I listened. Ann was in fine form.

"Have you read," he continued, "my monograph on the Northumbrian Proboscis?"

I shook my head.

"I have there proved beyond all reasonable doubt that, owing to the peculiar structure of the proboscis, such distinctive sounds as were produced by man at that stage of his development were of a nasal and sibilant character. Listen!"

Ann again obliged.

"There is no doubt whatever," said the anthropologist, "that the child has just reached the sub-human or Northumbrian stage. I shall write a monograph immediately."

I looked at him with a new understanding. Often have I tried to find an adequate epithet for my father-in-law, but the *mot juste* has hitherto escaped me. He is clearly sub-human; by his Proboscis shall ye know him.

*The epithet applied by the sculptor himself to the features of his statues.

Bournemouth is so Brazen!

"Mr. Tom Purvis, the well-known commercial artist, expressed his considered disapproval of the posters in which girls of the vamp type with 'goo-goo' eyes smirk at pedestrians and others, at the Master Printers' Congress (Bournemouth)."—*Sussex Paper.*

We are reassured to learn that there is nothing fishy or calculated to bring heavyweight boxing into bad odour in the proposed SCHMELLING-SHARKEY fight.

The Holborn Borough Council are contemplating certain alterations in the uniform of their Mace-Bearer in order to prevent his being mistaken for a cinema-attendant. It is understood that the War-Office are taking similar precautionary measures with the full-dress uniform of their Field-Marshals.



SOLVING OUR TRAFFIC PROBLEMS: BIGGER AND BRIGHTER ISLANDS.



Husband. "I SAY, SOMEONE'S PINCHED MY CLOTHES!"
Wife (with interesting book). "WHAT ABOUT A SUNBATH, DARLING?"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

To lovers of the Lake District, exiled or at home, and to all for whom a sedate yet slightly fantastic reconstruction of the past offers piquancy and charm, I commend *Dutch Agnes, Her Valentine* (HEINEMANN, 6/-), the imaginary diary of an authentic seventeenth-century curate of Coniston. Antiquarian scholarship and poetic sensibility have collaborated over an historical picture in the style of MICHELET, "the outline is fact, the shading inference and the colouring imagination"; and, as with MICHELET, where the imagination is most seized the colouring is most vivid. Even Mr. W. G. COLLINGWOOD's somewhat monochromatic opening, which sets Master ROBERT DOWSON four-square among a flock of Cumberland yeomen and German copperminers, has noteworthy graces of landscape-painting and diction. But more intimate interests enter with the curate's patron, Squire BOLD and his childless wife, whose shortcomings prelude the topic of the incumbent's own marriage, a marriage which his patron's second partner—a masterful lady, more than suspected of Papistry—takes in hand. The most animated passages in the diary are indeed not concerned with the little "Almain" AGNES, his Valentine, but with JAMES FLEMING's BESS, the simple Lakeland maiden selected by the lady of the manor as a useful and reasonably ornamental helpmate for an ecclesiastical celibate of thirty-four. But although Master ROBERT dallies in dreams and much graceful verse with the lure of feminine charms, a conviction that Heaven is best served single-hearted prevails. Mr. COLLINGWOOD has wisely refrained from turning his diary into a novel. Its mainstay from first to last is reverie rather than action.

No sooner had I read a page or two of *Puppets in Yorkshire* (BLES, 7/6) than I realised how much I must have missed in missing *The Peep-Show* and *Vagabonds and Puppets*. Still, if I have not tramped Somerset or Hampshire with Mr. WALTER WILKINSON and his Punch and Judy, I have followed his pipe as closely and affectionately as a Hamelin rat through the length and breadth of rural Yorkshire, with Bradford, Hull and York itself thrown in. I like to see him setting up in a country market, like that of Ripon, where farmers' wives sell their own butter from their own baskets and every cauliflower has a local history. I like him too giving a private show in a farmyard, preluded by a Yorkshire Sunday dinner and topped by a Yorkshire Sunday tea. I like him (though we were both a bit ashamed of this declension from our principles) on the boards of the Repertory Theatre at Hull. In fact I like him everywhere. He has the right attitude towards England, the right approach. He is gaily and sagaciously appreciative of simple people and beautiful places, of roads "with broad green verges not yet stolen by motorists," and of hospitality which begins and ends with home-made bread and runs the gamut of almost everything else home-made in between. His puppets won young Yorkshire's approval as "ever so much nicer than the pictures," and old Yorkshire's as "a reet good show." And, if the dramatic performance was half as delightful as the literary one, both critics were justified.

When you come to consider it there is every reason why

there should be stirring history behind the Austrian Tyrol, a land of mountains which were constantly in the way of neighbours who wanted to get at one another for intercourse which was generally unfriendly. Yet somehow I had scarcely thought of it in that light, and Mr. IAN F. D. MORROW, in *The Austrian Tyrol* (FABER AND FABER, 15/-), reveals all sorts of excitements in the one thousand years or so through which he traces its story. He also has many interesting things to say about its present institutions and customs, and he really seems to know the place inside out. But that is because he has spent as many years there as most of us have spent days, and I for one shall try to see more of it than just that delightful spot, Innsbruck, if I am again in those parts. And I shall take the book with me.

I'm one of those who think (or say)
The old Victorians, saints or sinners,
Compared with what we have to-day
Are, generally speaking, winners;
But I should not have held the view
That PEACE the burglar, though a killer,
Could hold his own among the crew
Of crooks that grace the modern thriller.

Yet EDGAR WALLACE takes the man—
A nasty little worm he found him—
And weaves, as none but WALLACE can,
A really stirring tale around him;
The Devil Man's the lurid name
By which you may identify it;
COLLINS AND SONS produce the same,
And seven-and-sixpence net will buy it.



A HEDGE TRAGEDY;
OR, THE MAN WHO WAS DETERMINED TO GET IT EVEN.

In India, it is written in the report of the Simon Commission as in every page of history, "the great masses of the people desire personal rule." Mr. L. S. S. O'MALLEY, in *The Indian Civil Service, 1601—1930* (MURRAY, 12/-), makes it abundantly clear, though only between the lines, that he is everlastingly proud to have been one of the band of immortals that has counselled, cared for and controlled an almost innumerable host of fellow-subjects stirring to nationhood through a term of centuries. His book, however, is not a mere glorification of his Service, still less an anthology of yarns of village and jungle, being even perhaps a little over-rigid in its close application to historic detail. Quite a considerable space is devoted, for instance, to a note of the varying methods that have been employed to pick out boys from English schools in order to make them, with a turn of the hand, into judges and demi-gods controlling the destinies of provinces as large as English counties, yet in the net result it simply has not mattered what way has been used—the schools have always found the men. In a sense inevitably this volume points to changes that are the conclusion of an epoch. Quite non-political though it is, loyal to the writer's Indian colleagues, free from any refusal to accept the passing of the old order, there is in it the underlying suggestion that the time has come for writing down the story of the Service, because to-day that story is a tale that is nearly told.

The character of the first figure in *Challenge to Clarissa* (MACMILLAN, 7/6) is revealed in the first sentence of the first page: "'The thing I'm afraid of,' Fitzmaurice had said piteously, 'is that she means to marry me.'" *Fitzmaurice* happened to be married already, but, as he said, "A thing like that wouldn't stop Clarissa Marley." Nor did it, for *Clarissa* bid five thousand pounds (payable to his wife on the day when the divorce was made absolute) for her second and second-hand husband, established him and his daughter with her and her son in a large country house, and so enabled herself to become a sort of managing director of as many lives as possible. It is perhaps suitable that so dominating a person as *Clarissa* should tend to obscure the other people in the book, but I cannot help feeling that Miss E. M. DELAFIELD might have made more of her secondary characters, especially of the pleasanter ones. Some have a fantastic air; and, though the hero and heroine are quite nice, they are nothing more, which is particularly disappointing,

since it is on their account that the final challenge to *Clarissa* is made. I think the truth is that the author is not particularly interested in heroes and heroines, and prefers a villain, villainess or eccentric as target for her pointed wit. Miss DELAFIELD has an unerring aim with the dart, but she has yet to prove her skill as a thrower of bouquets.

The parson of fiction, from FIELDING's day onward, has not usually been treated very sympathetically, and the central figure—one can hardly call him hero—of Mr. DAVID STEWART'S novel, *Treasures Upon Earth* (HEINEMANN, 7/6), is no exception to the rule. Briefly the story is of a typical modern padre of the kind who writes for the popular Press, throwing himself with such enthusiasm and energy into the task of raising a fund in a given time for endowing a Church Institute in a poor London parish that he finishes up by making the fund into a sort of Moloch upon whose altar he sacrifices his own domestic happiness and that of the three other members of his household. Mr. STEWART handles dialogue with ease and skill, and his characters are well drawn on the whole, though they, like the book generally, would be all the better for a touch of humour. But I own that—unless it be a plea for a celibate priesthood—the purpose of the book escapes me, and that my sympathies at the end of the story were not in the least where I feel sure the author intended that they should be. The *Rev. Bruce Kettering* may be a trifle too much on the breezy side for some tastes; but he is really quite a decent fellow and his fund an admirable object of its kind; while one can well imagine even the most broadminded of clerics finding so insufferably superior a specimen of the artistic prig as his brother-in-law, *Denis*, by no means an easy person to live with.



Aunt Emily. "WELL, I'VE BEEN WATCHING IT TWENTY MINUTES, AND IT HASN'T MOVED YET."

Some sixty years ago there was trouble enough and to spare in a certain Arizona town, and Mr. W. R. BURNETT makes a stirring and most readable story from it in *Saint Johnson* (HEINEMANN, 7/6). The town, which here is called Alkali, was a lawless spot, and *Wayt Johnson*, with the help of his brothers and two or three friends, determined to remodel and reform it. "Alkali," *Wayt* said, "will be a different place and as safe a city as you'll want in no time." He was unduly optimistic, for there was a faction living in and around Alkali which had no intention of being kept in check by anyone, least of all by the *Johnsons*. And when *Wayt's* favourite brother was murdered by one of the opposing gang *Wayt* gave up caring about law and order and thought solely of revenge. Of its type this is as excellent a tale as one can hope to find, and Mr. BURNETT gives distinction to it by the care with which he draws the characters of the leading actors in his drama.

Mr. ALAN SULLIVAN proves himself a novelist of considerable promise in *The Ironmaster* (MURRAY, 7/6), but he must learn to distinguish between sentiment and sloppy sentimentality. *John Driver*, the youthful hero, thought in terms of iron and steel, and not until he fell headlong in love with an ultra-modern young woman did he reveal unmistakable signs of non-metallic humanity. His marriage was of course a failure, but then came the War and with it opportunity for drones to wake up and show their worth. Perhaps Mr. SULLIVAN draws a rather highly-coloured picture of the purifying results of war, but it is at the same time a very pleasant one and it will linger in the memory. The concluding scene of his tale is to my mind a mistake; for, although it may be popular with those who like stories to end in undiluted happiness, from an artistic point of view it is more than a little overdrawn.

JOHN MURRAY has done a great service to the public in presenting them with most of the longer works of Mr. F. ANSTEY, in an omnibus volume (8/6). *Humour and Fantasy* contains *Vice Versâ*, *The Tinted Venus*, *A Fallen Idol*, *The Talking Horse*, *Salted Almonds* and *The Brass Bottle*, and in a preface of great modesty their author expresses the hope that these stories will have weathered the long journey to 1931 and arrive with some power to please the present generation. Believing *Mr. Bultitude*, *Horace Ventimore* and many of his other characters to be immortal, I reverently urge this book on those young people (if any) to whom Mr. ANSTEY's creations are still an untasted feast. For a feast they are, and, reading *Vice Versâ* again, I wondered if it was not indeed the funniest thing ever written. "F. A." joined Mr. Punch's Round Table in 1886, and it is a significant tribute to the imperishable humour of this great Victorian that his collected works should be the Book Society's choice for July, 1931.

"THE AMERICAN SLANGUAGE."—*Punch.*

A correspondent suggests "Chicargot" for a variant.

"COUNSEL'S LITTLE JOKE IN SINGER'S SUIT."—*Evening Paper.*

The judge must inevitably have had another about fancy-dress in Court.

CHARIVARIA.

THE Nottingham woman whose husband stated in evidence that she had thrown a custard at him is believed to have been corrupted by the films.

* * *

"A great many people who are now concert stars," says a critic, "took up singing merely to kill time." They might have adopted a more humane method.

* * *

The Charing Cross Bridge Advisory Committee recommends the promotion of an urgent Parliamentary Bill. In some quarters this tendency to unseemly haste is strongly deprecated.

* * *

The devil-fish, or octopus, is reported as invading the coast waters of France. A refined octopus will appear in nothing less than an eight-piece bathing-suit.

* * *

On his departure from London, Mr. GEORGE BERNARD SHAW said he had no special reason for going to Russia. So much for the belief that the famous dramatist contemplated writing a Ten-Year preface to the Five-Year Plan.

* * *

Mr. SHAW is said to have told someone he met at a luncheon in Moscow that he was a Marxian before LENIN was born. And a bit of a Shavian too.

* * *

It will be gathered from the newspapers that upon his arrival in Moscow he did his best to make the Russians feel at home.

* * *

A gossip-writer tells of a beautiful brunette film-actress who arrived back in America from England with hair of a different colour. Absence makes the hair grow blonder.

* * *

The latest medical theory is that blonde sun-bathers blister very quickly. So Blisters, like Misters, prefer Blondes.

* * *

The Men's Dress Reform League has condemned the bustle. This decides us not to wear one.

* * *

Attention is drawn to a craze for ringing-up film-stars on the telephone in order to hear their voices. There seems no limit to morbidity.

Mr. JAMES DOUGLAS relates that, as a boy, he went to the theatre wearing a false moustache and read forbidden books on the sly. He little foresaw that one day he would be editing a Sunday paper quite openly.

* * *

At a school Speech Day the boys were advised not to believe that farmers don't make money. In agricultural circles it is realised that grumbles would be wasted on Smith minor these holidays.

* * *

Mr. C. B. COCHRAN declares that he takes off his hat to the modern girl. We too observe this old-world courtesy.

* * *

People are urged to refrain from offering advice to artists sketching from nature. Nothing, for instance, is more calculated to cramp an artist's style than being advised to take to a camera.

* * *

According to a naturalist horses once had claws. That may explain but does not excuse the conduct of an animal we backed the other day, which seems to have stopped in the middle of the race to scratch its head.

* * *

In view of recent world-happenings perhaps it would be a good idea to ask Professor PICCARD to get out his balloon again and see if the clouds ten miles up have any silver linings.

* * *

A political writer is of the opinion that all-night sittings in the House of Commons are quite unnecessary. What troubles most people is what goes on there during the day.

* * *

According to a West-End hairdresser, curly hair is regarded as effeminate. Then why do so many women bother to have theirs waved?

* * *

Experiments have been made with a talking-picture show on the "Scarborough Flier" express. It is felt that this will eventually lead to "Non-Talkie" compartments.

* * *

An M.P. deprecates mud-slinging by Government departments. In the Post-Office, of course, they sling most of it into the ink-wells.

* * *

We receive with caution a correspondent's claim to have been the first this year to hear the remark that the evenings seem to be drawing in.

* * *

With reference to the complaint that the B.B.C. do not give sufficient all-Welsh programmes, one explanation is that they fear that the Welsh language would be mistaken for atmospherics.

* * *

Mr. PHIL SCOTT has written to the British Boxing Board of Control resigning the title of heavy-weight champion of Great Britain. We understand that the Board decided to count him out.

* * *

A University professor states that "mental work can be done more effectively when one is lying down." RODIN should have been told about this before he composed his "Penseur."

* * *

The President of the State of Andorra in the Pyrenees receives a salary of thirty-five shillings a year. We can only suppose that he is worth it.

* * *

"Nowadays," says a writer, "a cook will refuse to do any work except the actual cooking." And even that very often is underdone.

* * *

French wine-growers are tearing out their vines and planting the hillsides with potatoes. When you order French *pommes de terre sautées* be sure to ask for a vintage year.

* * *

A daily paper declares that it will soon be possible for an airman to fly from America to England and back again in twenty-four hours. Not if he is really thirsty.



The Lady. "I THINK I SHOULD TURN BACK NOW, GEORGE, OR WE 'LL BE LATE FOR TEA."

THE TWO INVASIONS OF LONDON.

[In the recent air-raids, which coincided with the London Conference, the enemy squadrons ("Harts," etc.) are judged to have taken points off the home forces ("Furies," etc.).]

WHEN, to protect our ancient foes
From imminent financial blows,
  The 7-p.-p.* Conference was sitting
(They took the most enormous pains
To pool their various kinds of brains),
On London's head the raider planes
  A loathsome hail of lethal bombs
    were spitting.

Our local "Furies" chased the "Harts"
As they attacked our vital parts,
  And sometimes caught but rather
    often missed 'em;
And, now that they have had their
    fight,
Conducted both by day and night,
The latter craft (and they are right)
  Claim to have punctured our defen-
    sive system.

Germany may be saved, or not,
From going to immediate pot
  Where neither credit (short or long)
    nor cash is;
But this is certain—that the scene,
Lately so restful and serene,
In which we Cockneys move has been
  Reduced in theory to dust and ashes.

Yet on our usual rounds we go,
Indifferent slabs of stolid dough
  Unlightened by Imagination's
    leaven;
For London, having always lacked
Fancy that serves to colour Fact,
Regards itself as still intact
  And not dispersed to all the airs of
    Heaven. O. S.

* Power-power.

PENDING PROCEEDINGS.

"I'M a bit worried," I said. "It's about an accident I had this afternoon. I ran into a man."

Briggs laid down his *Harris on Criminal Law* which he had been studying and showed signs of interest. "Killed him?" he asked hopefully.

"Shook him up a bit, but that's all."

"Bruised him?"

"Well, yes, I suppose so."

"Were you under the influence of alcohol?" he asked.

"Of course not."

"Had you had a drink?"

"I had a glass of beer with my lunch, but——"

"In that case," interrupted Briggs, brightening, "it might still be murder. Unlawfully killing a reasonable creature in being and under the King's Peace, with malice aforethought, expressed or implied, the death following within a year and a day. How do you know he won't be dead within a year?" he challenged. "From internal injuries, for instance."

Briggs is studying for his Bar Finals and often talks like that to try to impress people. This time, however, I wasn't going to allow him to get away with it.

"Supposing he is," I argued; "even then it's only manslaughter."

"Being in a drunken condition while in charge of a mechanically-propelled vehicle," said Briggs. "You can get six months for that alone. And if he dies it's murder."

"Well, he won't die," I said impatiently. "And suppose you listen to my story first and give me your advice afterwards."

Briggs got out of his chair, crossed over to the writing-table, produced a pad and pencil and tried to look like NORMAN BIRKETT.

"You needn't take notes," I informed him. "Legal knowledge isn't going to help us here."

"Pardon me," said Briggs with dignity, "it always helps. Now go ahead and don't leave out any of the details."

I gave way. If Briggs insisted on hearing the whole story then the quickest way of getting to the point I wanted to raise was to tell him the whole story.

"Very well," I began. "First of all, it wasn't my fault. I was driving along in the car quite slowly when——"

"One moment," interrupted Briggs. "Whose car?"

I glared at him. "Reggie's, of course."

"Did he lend it to you?"

"Well—er—you know I'm always borrowing it."

"Did he lend it to you? Answer my question."

"He wasn't in, so I just took it out of the garage. I knew he wouldn't mind."

"That's not the point," said Briggs. "You admit you were driving the car without his permission?"

"I suppose so," I agreed reluctantly.

Briggs looked grave. "Taking a motor-car without the owner's consent, that's an offence under the new Road Act, you know. You can go to prison for it."

"Anyway," I resumed, "I was driving along quite slowly."

"How slowly?"

"Oh, about twenty miles an hour."

"Do you swear that?"

"Well, it wasn't more than twenty-five."

"And where was this?"

"Regent's Park."

"Exceeding the twenty-mile limit," said Briggs smugly. "That'll be about a thirty-bob fine anyway." He scribbled something on his pad. "And what happened next?"

"This man stepped right in front of my car. I jammed on the brakes, but they're not too good and——"

"What's this? Driving a car with defective brakes to the public danger. This is getting worse and worse. Go on."

"I hit him in the back and carried him for a couple of yards on the radiator," I said curtly. "That's all."

"Did you break his back'?"

"No."

"Was he unconscious?" persisted Briggs, refusing to give up hope.

"On the contrary, he swore at me like the devil when I went to pick him up, so naturally I swore back at him for jay-walking."

"Using foul language calculated to provoke a breach of the peace," said Briggs. "Then?"

"We both calmed down a bit, and I asked him whether he'd like a nip of brandy to steady his nerves."

"Attempting to defeat the ends of justice by corrupt means. Next?"

"I gave him a lift to the nearest pub and we both had one. Then I drove him home."

"But he's still going to take proceedings against you, isn't he?"

I shook my head. "He admitted that it was his own fault and we parted on the best of terms."

Briggs seemed perplexed. Then suddenly his face cleared.

"I've got it," he said. "It's the policeman, of course."

"What policeman?"

"The policeman who took down particulars."

"I'm sorry," I apologised, "but there was no policeman. In fact there wasn't anybody except us. That part of the park was quite deserted."

"Not even one witness?" said Briggs appealingly.

"Not even one."

Briggs rose from the table, tore up his notes and flung them violently into the fireplace.

"Then there's no case," he declared in disgust. "For the life of me I can't see what you're worrying about."

I lit a cigarette thankfully. Now at last we could get down to business.

"I was wondering," I said, "how on earth I'm going to induce Reggie to lend me his car again once he's seen that enormous dent in his mud-guard."

Mr. Punch's Bedside Bookshelf.

"LEWES (G. H.) LIFE OF MAX ROBESPIERRE (*stained and dull*), 1899. 2/-."
Bookseller's List.

It sounds as if the commentator was a Royalist.



THE INADEQUATE DOG.

BRITISH FARMER. "QUITE A NICE LITTLE ANIMAL, BUT NOT WHAT YOU'D CALL A REAL PROTECTION."

[The Agricultural Marketing Bill may have its merits, but offers no protection against dumped foreign wheat and other farm produce.]



"FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE TAKE THAT CHEERY LOOK OFF YOUR DIAL. EVERYBODY'S WEARING THE 'COMING CRASH' EXPRESSION."

LIGHT AND DARK.

FILM stars must now be blonde. So I am told by one of those people who hear the latest about the ladies of Hollywood. All this gold has gotten to the damsels' heads. Raven tresses and eyes like sloes are turned away hourly from the studios and sent round to the nearest drug-store to be bleached. You may see photographs of them before and after gilding.

This news, if it is true, arouses in me a great curiosity about the world's taste in women. How was it suddenly discovered, after all these years of cinematography, that the public pined for blondes? True that Miss ANITA LOOS wrote a book about it, but that was some years ago. And is the public a gentleman? The problem is strangely obscure, and it does not become clearer when I turn to literature, or even to history, for enlightenment.

Are there cycles in fair maids and nut-brown girls? Who settles these things? I will take it that Helen won the heart of Paris with her blue eyes, and that the topmost towers of Ilium were sacked by a natural blonde; and I will assume on the other hand that CLEOPATRA was dark. It can scarcely have been otherwise. Hollywood should remember that the world has been once well lost, at any rate, for the sake of a fairly experienced and not too youthful brunette.

If I had not such a lazy mind I suppose I could recover many more instances, mythological and historical, or a mixture of the two. I seem to remember a fair ROSAMOND, to whom I should attribute, though without authority, blue eyes. Was ANNE BOLEYN fair? Something tells me that AMY ROBSART was mid-brown. I should like to have an exact specification of NELL GWYNNE. But I turn with more pleasure and relief to literature, and here I find that the most marvellous chaos exists.

Many of the poets are mere obscurantists about the colouring of the ladies whom they loved. The habit of comparing eyes to stars has caused a lot of confusion, stars being actually either yellow or pink. Silken tresses do not assist us either. Silk may be purple or green.

Memory evokes most easily the shade of Lord BYRON when one thinks of beautiful women in the mass. One would like to know exactly how he stands in this affair. Rather to my astonishment I discovered that this nobleman preferred blondes. Or perhaps it is simpler to say that he preferred blondes while he was in this country and only took to brunettes when he reached the Mediterranean, where there was nothing much else available for loving. Here he had to be content with dusky maids of Athens, daughters of corsairs and the like. Blue eyes were undoubtedly his early taste, though it is a curious fact that most of the women about whom he wrote seem to have had only one eye. Even that one was quite frequently an orb. But there is no doubt that it was blue—

> "Here I can trace—ah no! that eye
> Whose azure floats in liquid fire. . . ."

They were also inclined, these damsels of his, to have only one lip, which had been pressed long, long ago, and only one cheek for blushes to mantle in. But they had plenty of locks, or tresses, and these were usually gold:—

> "This band which bound thy yellow hair
> Is mine, sweet girl, thy pledge of love. . . ."
>
> "Oh! little lock of golden hue
> In gently waving ringlet curled
> By the dear head on which you grew,
> I would not lose you for a world. . . ."

But would not BYRON perhaps have been happier if he had preferred brunettes? There were brunettes about in his day. *Elizabeth Bennett* was a brunette:—

"Mr. Darcy had at first scarcely allowed her to be pretty; he had looked at her without admiration at the ball, and when they next met he looked at her only to criticise. But no sooner had he made it clear to himself and his friends that she had hardly a good feature in her face, than he began to find that it was rendered uncommonly intelligent by the beautiful expression of her dark eyes."

Let us pass on. *Miss Ethel Newcome* was a brunette:—

"In Miss Ethel's black hair there was a slight natural ripple, as when a fresh breeze blows over the *melan hudor*—a ripple such as Roman ladies nineteen hundred years ago, and our own beauties a short time since, endeavoured to imitate by art, paper, and, I believe, crumpling-irons. Her eyes were grey. . . ."

Jane Eyre was jealous of a brunette.

"Tall, fine bust, sloping shoulders, long graceful neck; olive complexion, dark and clear; noble features; eyes rather like Mr. Rochester's, large and black, and as brilliant as her jewels."

But it was not only gentlemen who preferred the dark ones. They had a more popular vogue.

"One black-eyed young lady, in a very nice little pair of boots, with fur round the top, was observed to scream very loudly when Mr. Winkle offered to help her over."

What, by the way, was the colour of the pretty housemaid's hair?

I have had a lot of trouble about Lord TENNYSON'S *Maud*. Two or three of my friends opined that she was dark. I offered to prove the contrary, and the earliest relevant passage that I could find ran thus:—

"From the delicate Arab arch of her feet
To the grace that, bright and light as the crest
Of a peacock, sits on her shining head. . . ."

It seemed doubtful at first whether this referred to her hat or whether she had a peacock-coloured *chevelure*. But I soon clinched my point—

"Shine out, little head, sunning over with curls,"

and

"What if with her sunny hair,
And smile as sunny as cold,
She meant to weave me a snare. . . ."

These phrases fix *Maud*, I think, for ever in the blonde class—with a natural wave.

It begins to look as if poets liked them pink and yellow and prose-writers black and tan. But MEREDITH was a poet and a prose-writer as well; and was it not written of *Diana of the Crossways*—

"She has a straight nose, red lips, raven hair, black eyes, rich complexion, a remarkably fine bust, and she walks well and has an agreeable voice; likewise delicate extremities"?

These last were, I take it, her feet.



Light-hearted Excursionist. "IF IT AIN'T A RUDE QUESTION, 'OW DID YOU GET OUT OF WHIPSNADE?"

Was it not also written—

"Perry Wilkinson is not so elaborate. He describes her in his recollections as 'a splendid brune'"?

I will not stray further in literature. Let everyone select his own heroines and ask himself frankly whether they were dusky or fair. Such observations as—

"My love is like a red, red rose
That 's newly sprung in June,"

merely evade the point, unless we are to assume that the Highland lassie had scarlet curls.

On the whole I am inclined to think that Hollywood is being troubled about nothing. There is probably a fifty-fifty taste in vamps and sugar-babies amongst honest-to-goodness cinema-fans and an equal place in the public's heart for the dame with corn-coloured fixings and for the splendid brune.

EVOE.

What Miss Loos Didn't Foresee.

"The proposals do not envisage an immediate long-term credit to Germany because a public offering of blonds for them would be impossible while the German financial chaos continues."—*Manchester Paper.*

Couldn't we sacrifice a few long-term brunettes?

"Krilenko appeared to-day in his usual shooting suit, looking more than ever as usual."—*Devon Paper.*

Some people have a distressing faculty for appearing increasingly the same.

A CHAT ABOUT FINANCE.

ALL this financial fandango has made a sad mess of our conversation; and we really must not have any more financial fandangoes. Custom decrees that we must talk while taking our food, and most of us can babble through a meal without disgrace, provided that some decent subject is the topic of the day. I hope we are all prepared to hold forth about Politics, Art, the Theatre, Religion, Hygiene, or Naval and Military Strategy. But when this mucky finance monopolises the news the ordinary diner has to admit that here at last is something which he knows nothing about.

It is now clear that the financiers of the world do not know much more; but that is a small consolation. The financiers can still talk about it in a knowing way. And if they fail to carry conviction they can always leap into an aeroplane, fly to some other city and demand a long-term credit. But we have to sit on here in a ghastly hush. I have never encountered so many hushes as in that week of crisis, the last crisis but one. In the home, in the club or the pub, it was the same. The Briton was not, of course, disturbed or apprehensive; he simply could not think of anything to say about the news except, "Well, it beats me." And if he did vamp up an intelligent question he seldom received an intelligible reply.



Hiker's Wife (to Friend). "THERE'S MY HUSBAND ABSOLUTELY TIRED OUT. YOU SEE, DEAR, IT'S TOO MUCH FOR HIM—HIKING ALL DAY, AND THEN HE DOESN'T KNOW THAT HE WALKS IN HIS SLEEP."

An earnest young lady turned to me during the fish and said, "What exactly *is* the Gold Standard? And why are there no half-sovereigns?"

That has always seemed to me a very reasonable pair of questions; but I did not even attempt to answer. I preferred my fish.

If an expert in finance had sat in my place he would have answered in about a column of courtly English prose; and the young lady would have been no wiser than she was before. It seems to follow, therefore, that the Gold Standard at least is not a fit topic for polite conversation. I do not allow my own daughters to speak of it. In these days of rapid communication it should be possible to explain anything with any sense in it in less than a column of *The Times*; and there is something fishy somewhere.

Then, about the bird, the young lady said suddenly, "*Why did sterling slump to-day?*"

I choked and impotently waved my bread at her. That question had worried me too. That day and the previous days Great Britain had been standing four-square as usual, doing the right thing, remitting debts, lending money all over the world, behaving, in fact, like a benevolent millionaire. And I, poor boob that I am, should have said that Britain would have boomed—credit, sterling and everything else. But no, sterling had slumped.

Somebody explained that this was due to a nasty habit of the French. The French, it seems, put a lot of short-term gold in London, and at awkward moments they take it away, merely to annoy. That seems a simple trick, does it not? You and I, brother boobs, would know how to deal with the cunning French. Either we would not let them put their gold in London or we would not let them take it away. Anyhow, if we were expert British financiers sitting in the monetary capital of the world, we would not let any foreign financier baffle us like that and send sterling down on a day of crisis. Well, would we? Perhaps they haven't. Have they? And, if not, why not tell us about it?

It was a dreary meal. But during the savoury, talking of slumps, I did open out; and in a few mouthfuls I abolished all the Stock Exchanges. I have had to speak about the Stock Exchanges before. All this trouble, as I explained to the young lady, comes of things going up and down. And why do things go up and down? They go up and down because in the Stock Exchanges there are thousands of gentlemen who live by things going up and down. When things do not go up and down the Stock Exchanges stand about and go nearly mad. So naturally things do go up and down. Also they are a rather childish and nervy lot of men; the smallest thing upsets them; and when they are not making things go up and down things are making them make things go up and down. If they hear that the Government has fallen in France they make nitrates go up in Chicago; if Miss GLADYS COOPER had a motor-accident tin would fall in Germany; and if Mr. HOOVER had a bad cold Heaven knows what would happen to jute!

Now all this going up and down is evidently unhealthy, and seems to me to be most unnecessary. If Mr. GALSWORTHY had a poor day at Ascot or an unkind review the price of his books would not fall in America, nor would it go up in England. There might be two earthquakes in Italy and still the price of my tobacco and trousers would be constant. If the price of an author's books did go bounding up and down like nitrates and tin he would not get a publisher to publish him; or if he did there would be things like the Wall Street crash and the HATRY affair in the publishing world.

You think I am talking through my hat; but these views are evidently held in high places. For when things go really mouldy what is the first thing the high authorities do? *They shut the Stock Exchanges.* They regard the Stock Exchanges as wild beasts which cannot be trusted in a crisis. These ridiculous "bears" will rush about depressing markets, destroying confidence, upsetting industry, frightening investors and generally making a nuisance of themselves. But if they cannot be trusted to do the right thing in a crisis can they be trusted in the days of peace? If they have to be locked up when the chickens are about ought they ever to be let out except on a leash? "When I run the country," I told the young lady, "I shall allow the Stock Exchange to open once a month."

She absolutely agreed. Then we got on to the fall in commodity prices, which baffled both of us, to our surprise. We seemed to remember that the great thing after the War was to get down the cost of living, that is, I take



Lady Caller (*indicating cars*). "I'M AFRAID WE'VE INVADED YOU WHEN YOU HAVE VISITORS."
Very rich Hostess. "NOT AT ALL. THERE'S NO ONE HERE. OH, THE CARS! THOSE CHILDREN AGAIN—THEY *ARE* SO UNTIDY."

it, to reduce prices; and that was the great defence of Free Trade—that it kept prices down and things cheap. But now every statesman tells us that all our troubles are caused by the *calamitous fall in prices*. Everything is too cheap, so cheap that nobody buys anything; and there is talk of a move to raise prices artificially. That, I suppose, will raise the cost of living, and then there will be trouble again. Am I going mad, or who?

Meanwhile I don't find that anything I want to buy has suffered a calamitous fall in price. My young lady told me she could get some things cheaper; but man, as usual, seems to suffer just the same. My wife has made me get a new suit; and my tailor quoted the usual staggering price. I said, "Do you realise that there is a world-wide fall in prices?" He did not seem to have heard of it. I said, "Tin and nitrates and jute and all that stuff are down to rock-bottom; how is it that my trousers are still selling at peak prices?" He did not know.

Nobody does know. On the other hand I am quite surprised by the number of people I have met in the last few days who *did* know all about this German totter long before it happened. Ordinary people like you and me; but long ago, when you and I were saying how prosperous Germany was, they knew perfectly well that Germany was going to crash. Few of them, however, seem to have mentioned it at the time.

But, if these ordinary people knew all about it, much more must the expert financiers have known about it. For they know all the rules which govern world-prices and everything; and whenever I suggest some original idea to save the world they say that it is all nonsense, because by Thingummy's Law such-and-such a thing is bound to happen. And I am told that in this case they did know what was going to happen. Then why in the world didn't somebody do something about it earlier? Nothing in international finance is so maddening to an orderly mind as this eleventh-hour business, these midnight conferences, this frantic dashing about in aeroplanes. Having let things slide for years, they suddenly wake up, telephone across the Atlantic, fly across Europe, sit up all night and expect in the morning to be patted on the back as the saviours of the world.

Well, reader, if you and I conduct our finances or businesses in that way nobody pats us on the back; somebody issues a writ. Tell me, reader, why one of these know-alls didn't tell the good Mr. HOOVER all about it a few months sooner. Man to man, reader, strictly between you and me, reader, I don't believe these financial fellows know their job. They talk as if their job was an exact science—if x happens y must follow. So they make x happen and wait for y; but y doesn't happen; something quite different happens, k or g or a slump in jute.

"Ah, but they are dealing with human material." Well, so are the much-abused kings of Hollywood; and when they want to produce a certain effect, admirable or not, nine times out of ten they produce it. Nor do they wait till the eleventh hour. You hear of nothing else for weeks beforehand. Finance might take a tip or two from Hollywood——

But no more; else I foresee a sad slump in A. P. H.

FILM LIPS AND FILM LASHES.

FROM the first time I saw her
I felt, if I knew how,
I'd give the world to draw her;
I have no wish to now.

Not for her tale of features;
Let it be understood
I have seen other creatures
In that respect as good.

Her accent and her acting
I could have done without,
But not her most distracting
And admirable pout,

And not her wondrous lashes
Which in their length and curl
Swept all my heart to ashes;
Ah, how I loved that girl!

O Paula* Something, Paula,
How little then I knew
That those delights were all a
Matter of gum and glue.

Those lashes, which to brood on
Would knock a hermit flat,
I learn are only glued on;
How could I guess at that?

Or that the pout I trusted,
On which my heart relied,
Is, as a fact, adjusted
By chewing-gum inside?

O faked and fraudful Paula,
Lord, what a girl you are;
I shall not quickly fall a-
gain for a talkie-star. DUM-DUM.

THE PROFESSIONAL GUISE.

THE beauty of flowers tickles my æsthetic sense as readily, I hope, as the next man's. At any rate I am certain that a yellow primrose on the brim is to me something more than a portent of the Budget. But while I find that a garden in riotous bloom is very nice, I recoil from the thought of the prosaic preliminary processes just as the average gourmet shudders at the thought of peeling potatoes. And my abysmal ignorance of the mysteries of horticulture makes my position amongst the gardening clique on the morning train unenviable.

I say "makes," but "used to make" would be more correct, for lately I have been getting them down. My ascendancy has followed closely upon my connection with Mr. Jorkins, who is my new jobbing gardener. He gives me Tuesdays and Saturdays; I give him easy money.

What Mr. Jorkins' plans are for my garden I cannot find out. He is as expansive as Mr. WEDGWOOD BENN at Question-time, and I think it would be as easy to discover what Mr. WEDGWOOD BENN is doing about India as what Mr. Jorkins is doing about the herbaceous border.

Mr. Jorkins has a carping manner, and he resents constructive suggestions. If I throw out a hint that I should like to see some particular flower contributing to the colour harmony of my garden he receives the idea very much as Sir HENRY WOOD might if one suggested helpfully that his orchestra could be improved by the addition of a first and second ukulele.

Unconsciously, I suppose, I must have picked up Jorkins' manner, and that has enabled me to assert myself on my morning train. The beginning of the change was about a fortnight ago. My horticultural acquaintances were exchanging gardening-notes and, as usual, they were shutting me out, very much as young mothers talking baby tend to rope off a spinster aunt. Presently one of them, who could find no listener amongst his fellow-craftsmen, condescended to talk down to me from a great height about his method of transplanting lilies-of-the-valley. Without knowing quite what I did, I took him up short in the irritating way that Jorkins has with me. "You should *never* transplant lilies-of-the-valley," I said bluntly, staring stonily at the horizon.

He flushed with annoyance and began to be categorical. I took my pipe slightly out of my mouth, as Jorkins does when he propounds an unalterable truth. "You—should—never—transplant—lilies-of-the-valley."

A few little encounters on these lines rapidly improved my standing. I made great play with Jorkins' stock objections, "It's too early to do this" and "It's too late to do the other." I doubt whether Jorkins himself could have got a more biting emphasis than I did into: "What's ranunculus? Just a sort of buttercup!" and, "Chrysanthemums, you say? Do you want to attract all the earwigs in the neighbourhood?" A very effective one was, "You *must* have the right leaf-mould for asters," though it wants declaiming with a very exact shade of expression; Jorkins can make this simple line bear the implication that the right leaf-mould comes from a remote spot known to him alone. Now and again I came down heavily with Jorkins' ever-ready defeatist rejoinder (put into my own words): "This soil don't do for [any suggested flora]; not for [flora suggested] it don't."

Gradually I acquired a reputation, which was never in any danger until yesterday morning. Rather abashed by my presence, they were settling down quietly in the carriage, each one severally to his new issue of *The Amateur Horticulturist and Weedkiller*. Just as the train moved off, Smithers jumped in.

"Cut it rather fine," he said at large. "I was putting in some myosotis after breakfast."

The carriage seemed to be leaving it to me—the senior gardener, as it were—to answer him. I was not anxious to cross swords with Smithers, doyen of the coterie, but I had my newly-acquired reputation to think of, so I replied in Jorkins' crib-biting tone—as near as I could get to it: "*Myosotis?*"

Smithers glared at me over an obtrusive buttonhole of godetia—very likely his own produce. "Have you got anything against myosotis?" he asked challengingly.

I hadn't as a matter of fact; I didn't even know what myosotis was. I began to feel that I had been a little unwise in trying conclusions with Smithers—Smithers, an occasional contributor to *The Amateur Horticulturist and Weedkiller*; Smithers, a man who thinks nothing of being Very Highly Commended for Alstrœmeria. For a moment I could think of no reply to meet the situation. Would it be any use saying, "It's the wrong time of the year for putting in myosotis," and stick to it? Then in the nick of time just the right quotation from Jorkins' *obiter dicta* came to my mind. "What I am always saying about myosotis," I said wearily, as if tired with a daily struggle to dispel misconception about this hardy annual (or whatever it may be), "is that, if you once let it get into a garden, you will never get it out again."

Not a bad rejoinder that. Delivered with one of Jorkins' sagacious rolls of the head, it placed Smithers as the champion of a mere weed in his proper relation to one whose notions of gardening embraced little under hot-house rank.

"GLOOMY PIG."

[The latest Atlantic flight was partially sponsored by Mr. EMIL SZALAY, who mortgaged his sausage-factory in order to finance the venture.]

AIR: "Lazy sheep, pray tell me why."

"GLOOMY pig, pray tell me why
Gleams this moisture in your eye?"
"Sir, my melancholy springs
From my woeful lack of wings;
I—like all the porcine race—
Long in vain to be an Ace."

"Pig, take heart: you have your share
In the conquest of the Air;
For the latest non-stop dash
You, O pig, put up the cash.
Yours the nobler part—to die
So that other folk may fly." JAN.

* Not the real name. It didn't rhyme.



Mistress. "WHAT WAS ALL THAT SHOUTING IN THE KITCHEN, JENKINS?"
Jenkins. "PLEASE, MA'AM, IT'S BETTY AND ME NOT BEIN' ON SPEAKIN' TERMS WITH ONE ANOTHER."

LITTLE HUMAN BLOSSOMS.

IN every "woman's" paper you will find a page—generally headed "His Majesty, King Baby," or "Little Human Blossoms," or with some other equally revolting title—which is devoted to information about babies and gently wise answers to worried maternal correspondents. Some of these queries should not in any circumstances be studied by the unsuspecting male reader; others, assuming they are genuine, fill you with pity for any infant whose mother's mentality is such that she can ask an apparently urgent question about her offspring's health and then calmly wait till, say, to-morrow week for her answer. I have not actually seen "*My little daughter, aged eighteen months, has just swallowed her christening-spoon. What is the best thing to do?*" but some of them are not far off.

The worst thing about all this, however, is the calm assumption that women are the only ones who have anything to do with babies. This is not true. Many a young father doubtless wishes it were. Yet, although men often get involved with babies to a considerable extent, I have never yet found a "Little Human Blossoms" page in any really masculine paper. A pity. I should like to give a sample of what I imagine it would be like. You will notice, of course, that, as it is for men and takes count of the average man's reaction to a semi-human object swathed in white, the first thing to go by the board is that sickening "King Baby, Bundle of Delight" phraseology. Its place will be taken by something

more sternly virile; indeed the page will probably be headed thus:—

THE LITTLE DEVIL IN THE PLAY-PEN,

or even

HELL IN THE HOME,
BY
PATERSARDONICUS.

This month, my poor paternal fools, I propose to deal with that most damnable of problems: What to do when you are inadvertently left alone with the baby. Many a designing mother has secured hours of leisure, if not absolute pleasure, by skilfully selecting a moment when her husband is alone with her and the baby to say, "One moment, dear!" and shoot out of the door before he can bleat out a protest. This leaves the poor fish overwhelmed with terror and responsibility and doomed to amuse his half-witted offspring until his so-called helpmeet chooses to return.

Now the best course in this eventuality is the boldest. Don't yield your watch, your fountain-pen, your moustache or your face to infantile demand. Don't start crawling all over the floor saying, "Boookie! Boookie!" If it whimpers, don't try any he-man stuff and shout, "Be quiet, Sir!" (or "Madam"—for you will, of course, have been let into the secret) or even, "Hold your dam row!" Simply wait a moment or two till the coast is clear and then go out yourself. The child will at once start to yell its diaphragm out. Let it. The noise will either recall your wife to her duty or will at last die away from sheer lack of breath. And as it will probably yell whether you are with it or not it is obviously better not to be with it.

Moreover, this line of action has one great advantage. If and when your wife returns she is almost sure to accuse you of making the animal cry by *going away*. You thus have a perfect answer ready to use on the next occasion when she accuses you of making the little toad cry by *coming up* to it or looking at it, for obviously you (or your face) cannot have two such diametrically opposite effects, even in feminine logic.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*DEAR PATERSARDONICUS,—I am perpetually worried at meals by my son, aged one year, who constantly throws all his toys from his high chair onto the floor for me to pick up. If I don't he yells; if I protest my wife says, "It's only his play"; if I do I have no time to enjoy my food, and as a result get indigestion. What should I do?—*FATHER OF ONE—AND QUITE ENOUGH!

You should bring your brain into play, Father of O. and Q. E. However poor it is, it cannot very well be inferior to your son's at his present age. I suggest, for instance, that you tie a toy to each end of a piece of string and let the string run freely through a ring fixed on the tray in front of him. When he exclaims "Bah! Bah!" and heaves the celluloid rattle overboard on the starboard side, the impetus will at once pull up the rubber baa-lamb dangling on the port side to a ready position on deck. The jettisoning of this latter will immediately cause the rattle to reappear, and so on. By this device you can avoid indigestion; but, if you are such a poor wet smack as not to be able to get the better of a baby, you deserve chronic dyspepsia.

* * *

*SIR,—My wife's baby, Pamela, insists on pointing to flies settling on the wall, and is never satisfied till one of us (which means me) has lifted her up to a position whence she can drive them away with her hand. Is this a morbid sign, and anyway can't it be stopped?—*PHILIP POOP.

Of course it can be stopped. Simply get an artist friend to *paint* a fly on the wall. After you have lifted the child up to this a few times not only will she lose interest in it but will naturally ascribe a similar permanency to all flies on walls, and will soon realise that the whole thing is sheer banana-oil.

No, the desire to make flies fly reveals no hidden complex that I know of. But perhaps you'd better look up your FREUD and make certain.

* * *

*SIR,—My child is always running out of the nursery and falling downstairs. How can I prevent this without going to the expense of a gate to the landing?—*INQUIRER.

Put the nursery on the ground-floor.

* * *

*SIR,—How am I to stop my little Erasmus crying?—*SEBASTIAN DEARBODDY.

This, my Dearboddy, depends on how fond you are of your little Erasmus. Write and let me know. A. A.



Voice from interior. "HURRY UP, MAHOMED ALI! WHAT *are* YOU DOING WITH THOSE SHOES?"

Mahomed Ali (his first introduction to black suède). "BRINGING, MEMSAHIB! SHINE JUST COMING."

The Risks Our Children Take.

"Would Master, non-resident, care to join Lady, with suitable house, furnished as school, in starting prep. school for small boys in Sept.? Decapitation basis considered."—*Advt. in Church Paper.*

Things which might have been expressed more gallantly.

"From 2.30 in the afternoon, when the procession of decorated carts, tableaux and comic characters, headed by the Lady Mayoress . . . set off from the moor, the festivities never flagged."—*Yorkshire Paper.*

"OVAL DOG RACES?"
Evening Paper.

We have always found that the round tubular kind runs best.



WHEN A MAN COMES UPON YOU SUDDENLY, ROBS YOU AND BOLTS—



YOU MAY BE CALLED UPON TO IDENTIFY HIM, SOMETHING IN THIS MANNER, AND YOU MAY FIND IT VERY DIFFICULT.



OBVIOUSLY THE CORRECT METHOD WOULD BE TO RECONSTRUCT THE CIRCUMSTANCES OF THE CRIME.

SIMPLE STORIES.

THE DIVORCE CASE.

WHEN Mr. and Mrs. Titubate had been married about ten years Mrs. Titubate found that she didn't love Mr. Titubate any longer, and she thought it was more honest to say so instead of going on pretending.

And Mr. Titubate said I have noticed lately that you have always blinked when I kissed you, but I thought it was because you didn't like the smell of my cigars. And she said well they do smell rather like bad drains, but I could put up with that if I didn't find you so revolting in other ways, and it is growing on me, I think we had better have a divorce, it will be better to have it now, as if we put it off I might be too old for somebody else to want to marry me. I like the idea of being married, the only thing I object to is being married to you.

And Mr. Titubate said well it hasn't turned out quite as I thought it would when I married you, you are beginning to get fat through eating too many chocolate-creams. And she said that's right, be a brute, I shan't have to put up with it much longer. And he said I shouldn't have mentioned it if you hadn't said you had left off loving me, what with business and golf I have a lot to think of besides being a husband, what about the children?

And she said oh of course I must have them, at their age they couldn't do without a mother's care, and you must give me enough money to have a nice house for them and a governess, and to keep a motor-car, but they shall come and see you sometimes and I shan't speak against you to them more than I can help, if I am not always being aggravated by having to live in the same house with you I dare say I shall come to think of you more kindly.

Well Mr. Titubate loved his four children and he really loved Mrs. Titubate more than he made out, and it was only because he was wounded to the heart by her saying she didn't love him any more that he said that about her getting fat, which he didn't really mind as he was getting rather fat himself. So he said he would think about it, but he had already made up his mind not to have a divorce and the next morning he told her so.

Well that made her all the more determined to have one, and she said to him I should have let you off being shown up in the newspapers if you had been reasonable about it, but now we shall have to have a regular divorce case, and I shall take the children to stay with mother until it is all over.

So she did that, and her mother whose name was Mrs. Humid was quite on her side, and she said if she had known what Mr. Titubate was like she would have let herself be stretched dead on the floor before she would have allowed her to marry him. And he was very miserable at being left alone in the house, and played golf so badly that his handicap was put up from eighteen to twenty-four, and he had to have dinner at the most expensive restaurants so as to be able to eat anything at all.



"AND HE WAS VERY MISERABLE AT BEING LEFT ALONE."

Well the trial came on, and one thing that was brought up against Mr. Titubate which he hadn't expected was that he was in love with the cashier in his office whose name was Miss Linseed, which he wasn't at all as she was too scraggy for him, and he hardly ever spoke to her except to draw five pounds from petty cash, but he had done that so often since Mrs. Titubate had left him that they said it was quite plain that he had made it the excuse for talking to Miss Linseed. And it didn't make it any better for him when he said that he had drawn more from petty cash than usual so as to pay for having dinners at restaurants and going to theatres, because they said that if he loved Mrs. Titubate as much as he said he did he would have spent his evenings at home listening to talks on the wireless instead of going out and enjoying himself.

Well the judge had been rather in his favour up till then on account of his saying that he still loved Mrs. Titubate, because he loved his own wife and hardly ever gave a verdict without asking her opinion about it first. But when it came out about Mr. Titubate saying that Mrs. Titubate was getting fat he turned against him, and he said my own wife is so fat that she can't go upstairs any longer, and I have had to instal a lift in my residence, but she is still the joy of my home and if she were to die, which she will if she is not a little more careful about potatoes and pastry, I should think twice before I fell in love with anybody else. When a man conjoins himself in matrimony with a woman he takes her for richer for poorer, for fatter for thinner, and the prisoner at the bar doesn't seem to have thought of that.

Well it looked as if the case was as good as over after that, but when the barrister who was in favour of Mr. Titubate made his speech he poured scorn on what the judge had said, and he told the jury that the judge had had his verdicts upset several times through being weak in his law, and he produced a notice from the Dean of the College he had been at as a young man gating him at eight o'clock for a week for being out three nights running after twelve, which was rather unfair as it was a good many years ago and he wouldn't have stayed out after twelve now because of what his wife would say. And the judge didn't half like it, and he told the jury not to take any notice of it, but three of them were women and of course they did take notice of it, and when they were told that Mrs. Titubate had tried to get Mr. Titubate to agree to a private divorce and he wouldn't because he loved her their sympathies were all with Mr. Titubate, and as the rest of the jury were men they were naturally on his side and they all agreed in a verdict of Not Guilty.

Well the judge really wasn't sorry for that because his wife had told him that he wasn't to divorce more people than he was obliged to so as to uphold marriage as an institution, and he said

now can't you two people make it up together? I have been favourably impressed with Mr. Titubate and am thinking of putting him up for my own golf club. I can quite understand Mrs. Titubate wanting a change after ten years, as my experience in this court goes to show that a lot of people do, it is human nature. But what I would put to her is would she be likely to do any better?

Well Mrs. Titubate had become tired of living with her mother Mrs. Humid who was poor and stingy and liked quarrelling. So she was quite glad to take the judge's advice and go back to Mr. Titubate. And he was so pleased to have her back that she found she did rather love him after all. And the judge asked them both to go and have dinner at his house, and his wife whose name was Lady Crumble took a fancy to Mrs. Titubate and advised her how to slim. A. M.

Travel Tips.

"Above all, never stop in a town whose name you have seen on a hundred kilometre stones, until the distance has gradually been reduced to 0·."—*Sunday Paper.*

It is always better not to stop in a town until you get there.

A GOOD SOUND SYSTEM.

So helpful is my paper that from paying
My daily penny down I do not shrink;
Its gossip tells me what the world is saying,
Its leaders tell me what I ought to think;
But most I love the way that it engages
To show the things our stables seek to hide
And tears each morning, in its sporting pages,
The future's veil aside.

In them no *single* prophet's idle chatter
Tempts me to risk my hard-won pound or bob;
I joy to find a so momentous matter
Rightly regarded as a four-man job;
Zealous on every course in their attendance,
The note of prophecy *four* sages strike
And (witness to their sturdy independence)
They seldom choose alike.

The "Guide" is quite convinced that Tarradiddle
Will prove the winner of the three-fifteen,
While "Father Frank" detects in Second Fiddle
The only horse whose chance is worth a bean;
"The Lance-Jack" goes for Cain (if absent, Abel),
And, sure that he's achieved a useful tip,
"Senior Wrangler" sees in Ping Pong Table
The perfect each-way snip.

Seeking the wealth that I'm intent on gaining,
The chosen four I carefully expunge
And from the starters that I find remaining
Proceed to make my random choice and plunge;
And, if my system may not be perfection,
I know at least, when venturing my tin,
The odds are longer and my rash selection
Is just as like to win.

"HOT BUN TAKEN OUT OF LIVERPOOL CUP." *Daily Paper.*

We prefer cucumber and a lump of ice in this weather.



Modiste. "DOES MODOM REQUIRE AN ORDINARY DAY FROCK?"
Lady. "CERTAINLY NOT. I NEVER HAVE AN *ORDINARY* DAY."



THE PACE WE LIVE AT.

THE LADY WHO WORE HER ASCOT HAT AT GOODWOOD.

THE BURGLARY.

["Thieves who arrived on a motor-cycle, and who broke into the home of Mr. JOHN MASEFIELD, the Poet Laureate, at Boar's Hill, near Oxford, took away his wireless-set and a gramophone."—*Daily Press.*]

BRIGHT was the night, I wonder,
That brought those pals along
The enchanted hill to plunder
And crack the crib of song?

Looked down the orbéd maiden
On hedgerow and on dyke
When men with booty laden
Bunked off upon their bike?

That wise face, like a melon's,
Surely in wrath it clomb
When two confounded felons
Burgled the Muses' home.

Surely in height and hollow
The shrill-voiced nightingale
Sang to the sleuth to follow
The foul marauders' trail;

And came the Sister Graces,
Whose dancing now must cease,
Sadly with anxious faces,
And 'phoned for the police;

And Oread nymphs, fast flocking,
Wept when they heard the news;
Naiads exclaimed, "How shocking!"
And searched the hall for clues.

Sweet unto hearts so shattered
To learn that naught was missed
Which very greatly mattered
To England's lutanist.

For when by bars and shutters
With stealthy feet they came,
Those sacrilegious butters
Into the shrine of fame,

Through mist and meadow vapour,
And, versed in ways of sin,
Used treacle and brown-paper
To bash the windows in,

Awe seized them at the entry;
With pulses beating hard
They felt the unseen sentry,
The Music of the Bard.

From bookcase and from flat stand
His voices seemed to wake;
His harp was on the hat-stand
Through some absurd mistake;

There, where his hand had thrown it,
Trembling in every string;
Much though they longed to bone it
They durst not take the thing.

Through nooks and coigns remotest
They searched with faltering mind;
His bay-leaf crown they noticed,
But that they left behind.

They left his Court apparel,
His garb of minstrelsy;
They spared that awful barrel
Which none may broach but he.

Bound by the usual cable
They left his wingéd steed
Still in the LAUREATE'S stable
Munching its whack of feed.

Then, as they still disputed,
Uncertain of their plan,
From the near hill there fluted
The strange wild call of Pan!

They heard—no blinking error—
The goat-god in the wood,
And legged it in their terror,
Seizing what stuff they could.

Mounted they fled, and tireless—
From all that heavenly zone
They merely nicked his wireless
And pinched the gramophone.

EVOE.

"'I did it because I love her so much,' said Mr. William Creco [of Pittsburg] who, during a passionate good night embrace, bit off the end of his sweetheart's nose. He was arrested while on a visit to his fiancée in hospital."—*Evening Paper.*

It looks like love at first bite; but it is feared that he will not be allowed the privilege enjoyed by dogs in such cases.



THE ANGLO-AMERICAN BRIGADE.

BOLSHEVIST (*to Germany*). "JUMP INTO MY ARMS!"

FIREMAN BULL. "KEEP YOUR HEAD, MADAM; MY MATE AND I WILL GET YOU OUT OF THIS."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, July 20th.—Nobody expected the Lords to reject the Second Reading of the Agricultural Marketing Bill, and Lord DE LA WARR's disarming "Let's get together" speech made the event still more unlikely. Lord STRACHIE and Lord BANBURY stressed all its objectionable features, its powers of compulsion, its expenditure of public money, its multiplication of officials, its investment of the Minister with autocratic powers. Lord LOVAT urged that it was useless to pass the measure until the Government had done something to protect the farmer. Opposition to the Bill was none the less weak. As Lord STANHOPE pointed out, the British farmer may know his job of farming as well as any in the world, but it is equally true that when it comes to marketing his product his individualism puts him at a great disadvantage. Even if he had Protection, it was argued, the farmer would never get much good out of it unless he undertook some such scheme of organised marketing as this Bill provided. Lord HASTINGS put the thing in a nutshell. There was much in the Bill that should be amended in Committee, but it gave the majority of the farming community power to coerce the minority, and that was unfortunately what was needed.

Either pride of Empire or a passion for verbal exactitude has brought matters to a pass where the term "foreign animal" does not apparently include a denizen of the Dominions or Colonies. To meet this difficulty Lord DE LA WARR found it necessary to seek the amendment of the Destructive Foreign Animals Bill by substituting "non-indigenous" for "foreign" in five places. We shall now be able to swat that musk-rat without waiting to examine its passport too closely.

Remembering what happened on the last occasion when a Conservative Motion of Censure on the Government was introduced by Private Members—the House was counted out after a dreary and dwindling debate from which the Opposition Front Bench conspicuously absented themselves—Lord HARTINGTON and Captain BRISCOE may well have wondered secretly if they would fare any better.

It was, we were informed beforehand, to be a Back-Benchers' carnival. The rank and file were to have an unequalled opportunity of fleshing their unpractised teeth in the Government's vulnerable tegument. Without a doubt they did their best. Little the public knew, urged Lord HARTINGTON in accents that would have wrung tears from the most hardened film fan, that behind the fresh green boscage of the countryside, behind the placid sheep and the lowing herds, the well-tilled fields and the prosperous-looking homesteads, stalked the grim spectre of unemployment and bankruptcy. What had the Government done for the farmer? The Scrub Bulls Bill; the Marketing Bill, which might do a little something for hops and potatoes but otherwise would only benefit the hordes of officials it created; the Land Utilisation Bill, which threatened to raise up a flock of smallholders in subsidised competition with the existing farmers; and the Town and Country Planning Bill, which rendered the farmer whose land had been improved by an arterial road liable to pay up seventy-five per cent of the improved value at once, though he might not be able to realise it for years. But it was the Government's sins of omission that the Opposition harped upon, and that meant a debate on Protection; and *Hamlet* minus the ghost is a roaring melodrama compared with a debate on Protection minus the Conservative Front Bench.



Nurse MacDonald. "I'M AFRAID, DAVID, YOU'LL FIND IT BADLY SHRUNK AND MANGLED."

On the other hand, Mr. TOM JOHNSTON, who replied for the Government, was none too happy. Assailed by Captain BRISCOE for not redeeming promises to help cereal cultivation, he suggested the substitution of pigs for cereals. Embarking on a handsome exposition of the amount of British butter being sold in the North through the efforts of the Empire Marketing Board, he was promptly deflated by Messrs. CHAMBERLAIN and LLOYD GEORGE, who wrung from him the admission that he could not say how much was home-produced butter as opposed to Empire butter, or if there had been any increase at all in the home-produced article.

Mr. GRAY pointed out that the Liberals held in this debate the position of referees. They must decide whether the Conservative or the Labour Government had treated the farmer worse. The Conservative De-rating and Tithes Bills had both hurt the farmer, though the first-named had benefited the landlords. The Conservatives had spent thirty million pounds on beet sugar, but the farmers would not have so applied the money, which mostly went into the pockets of beet-factory owners with un-English names, if they had been asked.

So on they went, hammer and tongs, the Duchess of ATHOLL excoriating the LORD PRIVY SEAL, Mr. DALLAS assailing the Duchess (with a side-swipe at the LORD PRIVY SEAL's pigs), Mr. BUTLER lambasting Mr. DALLAS, Mr. LLOYD GEORGE embracing the whole Conservative Party in his anathemas, and Mr. ROSBOTTOM releasing fresh battalions of antagonists with his Amendment. Few debates can have had so much meat in them—for your agricultural Back-Bencher knows his stuff if anyone does—and few can have been so unproductive of result. Dr. ADDISON wound up the debate by declining Party controversy and offering to discuss agricultural remedies with anybody and everybody—a lofty gesture which did not, however, convey the impression that he will go down to posterity as the Saviour of British Agriculture.

Tuesday, July 21st.—It was a glad moment when Lord ONSLOW was able to announce that, thanks to their Lordships' vigilance, Camberwell Green was not to be desecrated with a railway-station. Lord MARLEY's subsequent announcement that the Government had decided against the 24-hour system of computing time disappointed Lord NEWTON, but his protest remained unechoed.

The Commons heard with real regret the MINISTER OF WAR's announcement that cadet camps had been cancelled on account of spotted fever, and rejected Major CHURCH's Bill for the voluntary

sterilisation of mental defectives, in spite of the speech made against it by Dr. MORGAN. A comparison of the merits of Portsmouth and Plymouth, as ports of ceremonial call for German warships, found Sir C. CAYZER and Mr. C. WILLIAMS at grips. Presumably it is the sea air that makes these dockyard Members such ardent propagandists. Perhaps one should say "maritime Members," for Mr. WILLIAMS merely keeps a fatherly eye on Plymouth from pacific Torquay. Perhaps for that reason also one felt that it would be a case of "*aut Cayzer aut nullus*," but the FIRST LORD soothingly pointed out that if the German Fleet came it would make its own arrangements.

Unpleasant people who delight to say that British Governments will always yield to rebellion what they will not surrender to justice found singular confirmation for their theory when the LABOUR MINISTER, on the Report Stage of the Unemployment Insurance Bill, surrendered so handsomely to the contumacious Left-Wingers that the House wondered for a moment whether there was anything left of the Bill. Miss BONDFIELD produced an Amendment dealing with part-time work which in effect provides that a part-time worker shall still have the dole unless the wages received for the part-time exceed the normal wages paid for whole time in that district and in that industry. The MINISTER admitted that practically speaking no such fortunate moilers existed, but added rather naïvely that the intent of the Clause was to combat "slanderous statements about men drawing £8, £10 and £12 a week and drawing the dole as well."

Content with the formidable spoils of rebellion the Left Wing allowed things to proceed speedily. Then came the Third Reading, notable only for the upstanding of Sir CHARLES TREVELYAN for the first time in his new *rôle* of a Captain of the Left. Very likely he felt like *Coriolanus* without that worthy's strong strategic position.

The Bill being read a third time, the House girded up its loins for another late sitting and turned to the financial provisions of the Consumers' Council Bill. A breezy speech by Captain CROOKSHANK enlivened proceedings a bit, but as time dragged on and the Consumers' Council gave way to Scottish Smallholders, with Mr. HANNON as the worm turning against the "Scottish Members, who have been bamboozling the House for generations," exhaustion overcame the House, and lady-Members were seen draping the Benches in recumbent attitudes, like mermaids on a rock. With a final and appropriate go at the Gas Undertakings Bill the House went to bed as 4.30 struck and many twitterings announced that the sparrows were going into matutinal session.



THE BEAR AND THE DANCING MAN.
MR. ARTHUR HENDERSON.
(Anglo-Russian relations as seen by certain members of the Opposition.)

Wednesday, July 22nd.—The Opposition could scarce forbear to jeer when Dr. DALTON explained to Sir WILLIAM DAVISON that Mr. HENDERSON was going to speak quite tersely to the Soviet Ambassador about the way in which Russian procrastination has for months prevented the Anglo-Soviet Debt Commission from getting on with it. Mr. HENDERSON has had the Russian rope tied round him for too long, his feet have danced too nimbly on the hot bricks of Soviet arrogance, for any change in his demeanour to be likely or effective.



THE LATEST ARISTOCRATIC SANSCULOTTE.
SIR CHARLES TREVELYAN.

There are moments when the temptation to spell Mr. MANDER'S name with a "u" becomes almost irresistible. Such a moment came to-day, when he asked the UNDER-SECRETARY FOR AIR if a study was being made of the possibility of abolishing military aviation by agreement between all countries. Mr. MONTAGU replied that certainly an intensive study was being made. Apparently it is merely a matter of finding a way to make belligerents keep the agreement and determining what a belligerent, attacked from the air by a forsworn antagonist and himself defenceless, is to do about it.

A debate on Export Credits revealed that the House possesses an astonishing number of Members who are prepared to talk about any conceivable topic that may chance to crop up. The substance of the debate was mainly confined to export credits to Russia. Sir PHILIP CUNLIFFE-LISTER and others insisted that it was absurd to give such credits to a Government that was still repudiating its debts to this country and that used the money it received from us for its exports to purchase from the United States precisely the sort of goods that it could secure from this country. Mr. E. D. SIMON pointed out rather astutely that the first of these was an argument for doing no business with Russia, while the second was in effect a demand that we should do more. Which way did the Conservatives really want it?

It was on the whole the sort of debate that the House might well have more of, and if for once it was the Conservatives who seemed inclined to let politics interfere with business there were many instructed speeches that dealt strictly with the economic questions under discussion.

The New Jerusalem?

"CITY OF 9,000 A.D.
SIR FLINDERS PETRIE'S FINDS IN SYRIA."
Daily Paper.

"MYSTERY OF THE GOLD DRAIN."
Daily Paper.

It seems to contain both the essentials for a best-seller.



NATURE NOTES.

DISCOVERY OF A GREEN FLY (APHIS) IN KEW GARDENS.

HIGHBROWS OF THE FILM-WORLD.

THE lecturer concluded: " . . . with his revelation of unsuspected aspects and relations, his manipulation of continuousness, we may claim that he has revealed to us virtually a new world."

Discreet applause followed, and one was increasingly conscious of High Endeavour and horn-rimmed spectacles.

The speaker was approached by an Earnest Inquirer. She had a willowy figure, large, slightly pathetic eyes and still larger beads. It was a poor Movement, one felt, that had never rejoiced in her support.

"My wretched memory!" she said. "Tell me, what was the name of that *wonderful* man you spoke of?"

"Eisenstein."

"Thank you so much. You were *so* clarifying. Now I feel that I really understand Relativity."

The lecturer's jaw dropped a shade, but a flood of approbation revived him. Eisenstein, it appeared, was the sound stuff. Before him Kino-æsthetics were not, and dynamic rhythm but dimly adumbrated. As the girl with the rücksack so happily put it, "his superimposition of opposed syntheses was too terribly actual." His subtle reversal of the objective norm was quite highly spoken of; while the youth with side-whiskers held for his almost savage ideality.

"Of course," he continued, "the Public will never look at him."

The Earnest Inquirer concurred.

"I'm afraid we can't expect it. But still I don't think they ought to have painted Rima green."

The lecturer moistened his lips. "I'm sorry," he corrected gently; "it was Eisenstein we were discussing."

The red-haired man in shorts, who had been seething with dumb revolt, snorted. "Eisenstein! Utterly gone! There's only one man who counts—Dovjenko."

"But look at his superb montage!"

"Montage! He's done a bit of Hollywood-cutting, if you like."

This wouldn't do at all. The Eisenstein party closed its ranks and attacked. They allowed that Dovjenko turned a pretty crank, but his upward shots were pallid tripe and he left his lighting to the stage-carpenter. A small but vocal group advanced Podovkin—he was the only man who understood group work—and then it was anybody's fight.

Words more blessed than Mesopotamia reverberated through the air. Mighty spirits from Mid and Eastern Europe were evoked—great-hearted pioneers whose names none could pronounce without emotion, and few could pronounce at all. Some dolt who mentioned CHARLIE CHAPLIN crept away to die. . . .

The red-headed man had the last—the crushing—word.

"Commercial! Barring Dovjenko, we shall see them all grinding out stock at Elstree."

A hush fell on the room. There could obviously, in the opinion of the company, be no lower hell.

The silence was disturbed by the entry of a lady. Her draperies had something of the East—a suggestion of the *sari* or the *djibbah*. The Earnest Inquirer flew at her and the two mingled beads.

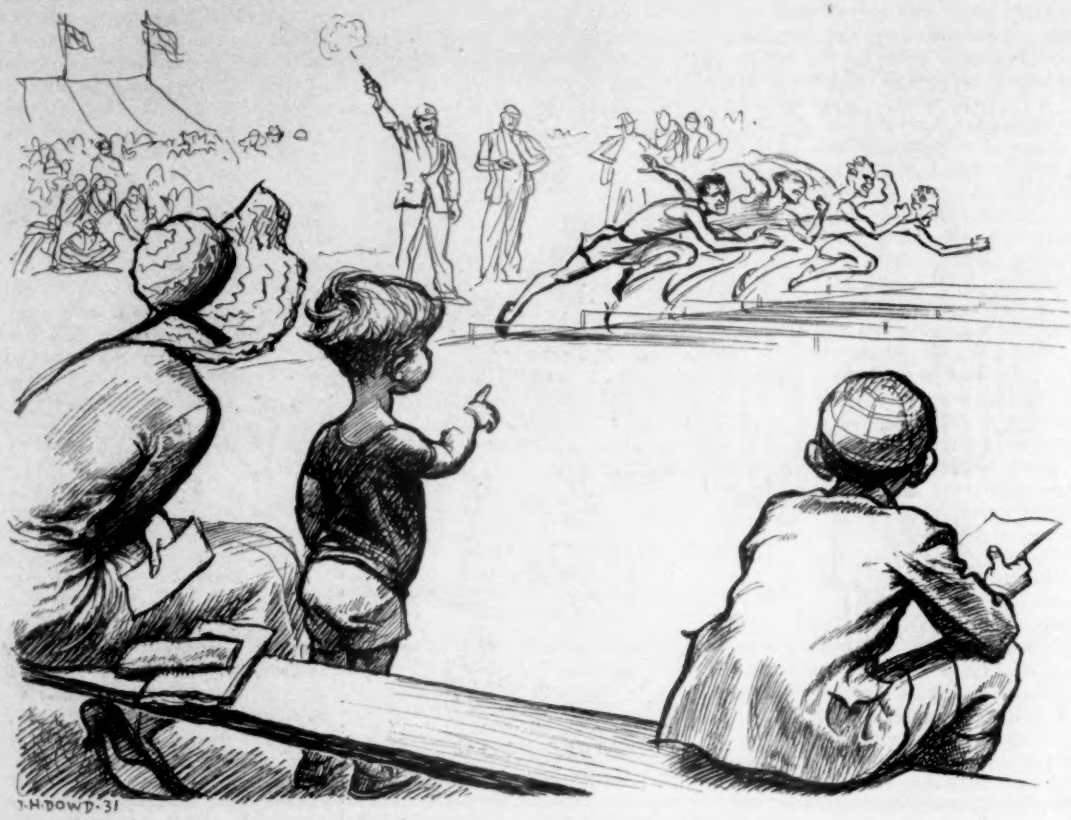
"So sorry I'm late," said the newcomer. "The Gandhi League, you know."

"Oh, but you shouldn't have missed it," protested the Earnest Inquirer. "We've been hearing all about the *marvellous* work that GERTRUDE STEIN has been doing for the films."

An Impending Apology.

"MEMOIRS OF A POLYGAMIST BY WILLIAM GERHARDI."

Local Library List.



New Sports Fan (as starting pistol goes off). "OH, LOOK, MUMMY, HE'S FRIGHTENED THEM ALL AWAY!"

SOMEWHERE IN SOUTH DEVON.

To those whose ears are deafened by the din of London streets,
Who hanker for refreshment in delectable retreats,
After prolonged experience of many a coast and clime,
I say with firm conviction, "South Devon every time."

The climate is propitious; here you can drowse or dream,
Or lubricate your larynx with endless clotted cream;
The cherries and the cider are good to eat and drink,
And the cliffs make things look rosy, for they're always in the pink.

Here are no piers, no pierrots; no public gramophone;
The loudest sound that greets you is a passing airplane's drone;
Here every prospect pleases, to Portland in the East,
And the coastline bending Southward is one perpetual feast.

In the well-appointed hostelry wherein I lurk obscure
Few of the guests are youthful and most of them mature;
And none are seen a-sprawling full length upon the strand
Or show themselves desirous to be fashionably tanned.

And yet the wildest horses shan't force me to report
The name or situation of this peaceable resort,
For in keeping off the tripper I've always been inclined
To recognise the merit of the dog-in-manger mind.

But in this canine context I must discharge my debt
To two enchanting creatures I recently have met,
Who, though they trace their lineage across the Atlantic foam,
In the mild airs of Devon are very much at home.

They did not swank or swagger, as well they might have done,
When I tell you more than fifty first prizes they had won;
But the mother and her daughter a cordial welcome gave
To the undistinguished mortal who pens this doggerel stave.

My shooting-friends inform me that sportsmen, all agog
For speedier mass-destruction, eliminate the dog;
But how can such improvements console us for the lack
Of these admirable ladies and gentlemen in black?

Their manners are perfection, not forward nor aloof;
Their coats are soft and sable and always waterproof;
And, though surpassed in leaping by Alsatians and Danes,
They have far better tempers and bigger hearts and brains.

I've watched our Bright Young People as they chatter on the shore
Or sedulously slither upon the dancing-floor,
But none that I have studied impress or please me more
Than the kind and good companions we owe to Labrador.

C. L. G.

THE PERFECT FORM.

How much nicer it would be for us, and how much easier for them, if, about Christmas, say, "They" sent us an illuminated parchment inscribed as follows:—

SCHEDULE D.

TO OUR TRUSTY AND WELL-BELOVED HADDOCK

Greeting!

WHEREAS *it has come to Our notice that you, of your great diligence and industry, have earned and received during the present Year of Grace certain monies and profits,*

WE *do most heartily thank you for these exertions, whereby many of Our people have been maintained in employment, and We congratulate Ourselves for that in Our realm there remains one subject upon whose unceasing labours We may still repose Our trust; and of this We do especially assure you, remembering how in time past certain of Our roguish Ministers and Commons have made a sport and mock of such as you, speaking lightly of your anxieties, deriding your petitions, and in divers fashions entreating you as a base sort of enemy to the realm, who are, in truth, as here We do most gratefully acknowledge, Our very dear and trusted servant.*

(1) KNOW *you, nevertheless, that the expenses of Our realm are numerous and burdensome; as, for example, We would maintain throughout the coming year Our Fleet, Our Army and Our Air Force in a condition sufficient for Our dignity and your protection, and, for example, We did incur for the prosecution of the late wars certain debts and obligations, including the payment of Pensions to Our wounded and disabled sailors and soldiers,*

And WHEREAS *for the purposes aforesaid We do require a sum approaching to £400,000,000 sterling, We do hereby command you to make a due contribution to these ends, which are the concern and care equally of every subject of the realm, namely, a tenth part of all your profits and gains in the year past, or two shillings in every pound sterling.*

And (2) WHEREAS *by the incompetence and folly of Our Ministers and Commons Our Exchequer has been depleted and Our expenses augmented beyond what is necessary and right, as for example by the education of children without charge to their parents, who should be required to bear some part of this expenditure, lest being relieved of their natural duties they be tempted to bring children into Our realm without due thought and responsibility, and, for example, by the increase of restrictions, the multiplication of officials and the maintenance of needless offices such as the Passport Office, and whereas by the harsh extortion of taxes and reckless distribution of public money the said Ministers and Commons have disabled many of Our employers from providing employment and discouraged many of our work-people from seeking it, and whereas through these and other causes many of Our subjects are in want, whether from age, sickness or poverty, and these it is Our humane pleasure to relieve so far as lies within the resources of the realm,*

KNOW *then that for the second set of purposes mentioned herein We do require a second sum approaching to £400,000,000 sterling, wherefore We do request and pray of*

OUR WELL-BELOVED HADDOCK

that of his charity and loving-kindness he will contribute a second sum of such magnitude as he may think proper and sufficient,

REMEMBERING *always that in this second case We would by no means command him so to contribute, inasmuch as of the second sum of £400,000,000 mentioned above not one penny will be expended for his benefit, sustenance or education, to relieve him in sickness or support him in old age, but the sum aforesaid will be expended by way of charity for the benefit, sustenance or education of other citizens or their offspring, of whom many are improvident and none have by any particular act or deed deserved the charity of the said*



Husband. "BUT, MY DEAR JILL, IT SURELY WASN'T NECESSARY TO BUY *both* HATS?"

Wife. "THAT'S WHAT I THOUGHT, DEAR, BUT THE ASSISTANT SEEMED SO STRONGLY IN FAVOUR OF MY TAKING THE TWO."

Haddock, who would, without doubt, prefer, and rightly, to bestow the blessings of his charity upon deserving persons or societies personally known to him,

NEVERTHELESS, *holding a high faith in Our trusty Haddock, in his love for Our person and Our realm, in his inexhaustible capacity for toil, and in his generosity towards the poor and needy many times manifested heretofore by the eager payment of excessive taxes, We do earnestly pray and request, since no man may be commanded to do a charitable act, that he will of his bounty make a free-will offering as aforesaid, in addition to the first payment already commanded.*

PROVIDED *that, as to the second sum mentioned, what may not be commanded cannot be fixed, but We would quite vaguely suggest for the consideration of Our beloved Haddock a sum not less than one-tenth of his profits or gains, to wit, two shillings in every pound sterling.*

NOR *will We, either Ourselves or by Our Ministers, attempt to determine with vexatious questionings an exact reckoning of Our Haddock's profits or gains, being well assured that these are by no means nicely proportioned to his merits, knowing that not after this manner are charitable payments most rapidly extracted, believing that he who bestows trust will receive fair dealing, and remembering always the burdens already laid upon Our Haddock by reason of his numerous children and responsibilities.*

LET *him, therefore, without further questioning, solicitation or menace, after making due provision for the said children and responsibilities, despatch to Our Exchequer for the relief of Our anxieties and the benefit of Our realm any such sum as in his conscience he may consider proper and just.*

LET *him believe himself always to be an especial object of Our favour, and deliver the sum suggested on or before January 1st, 1932. . . .*

And, by gosh, I believe he would!

A. P. H.

An Apology to Swaraj which Impends.

"Gandhi walked, clad in a simple loin-cloth. Bandit Jawaharlal Nehru, the extremist leader, rode up on horseback."
Sunday Paper.

"This fashion [beach pyjamas] is rapidly coming within the reach of everyone, for there are gay suits of printed cotton and cretonne to be had for an absurdly small figure."—*Indian Paper.*

We are not interested in freak in-sizes.

"Both Perry and Austin after the victory were extraordinarily modest. 'Lucky' was the monosyllabic comment of Perry in answer to congratulations on his match."
Daily Paper.

"*Épatant*," cried the French, not to be outdone in compression.

AT THE PLAY.

"SPILT MILK" (EVERYMAN).

BOTH hero and heroine of *Spilt Milk*, by E. G. COUSINS, are distinctly original characters. Young *Dick Falkoner* (Mr. ERIC BERRY), son of an affluent baronet (Mr. PATRIC CURWEN), Harrow and Cambridge and all that, is obsessed with the notion of adopting plumbing as a career. Even the kindly offer by his indulgent parent of A Thousand-Pounds-in-Notes from the safe under the escritoire to buy a sports-car is disdainfully refused by him because he thinks it a bribe to seduce him from his peremptory vocation. For the same reason he turns down a lucrative job in Egypt—the kind of job that rich baronets wangle from ingenuous friendly Gentlemen in the City for sons who have no obvious qualifications—



Mrs. Mull (burglar's widow). "I REALISE ONE OF THE DIFFICULTIES OF MY LATE HUSBAND'S PROFESSION."
MISS BARBARA GOTT.

until he realises that it is connected with Irrigation, which, after all, is Plumbing-in-excelsis. He therefore feels free to take it and persuades his cousin, *Patricia* (Miss MARY COBB), to come and irrigate with him.

The heroine, *Mrs. Loder* alias *Mull* (Miss BARBARA GOTT), is the relict of the most famous cracksman of his day, who dies untimely as the result of mistaking the wrong for the right end of a new patent burglar's blow-pipe. The author (a lady?) gave the impression that an up-to-date burglar's blow-pipe is an apparatus which the operator works with his mouth; hence the tragic issue of the little mistake.

Mrs. Mull carries on her late husband's business with the help of her daughter (Miss BETTY ASTELL), whom she has had trained as a French maid—a six-months' course, in which the student masters the French tongue, broken English and the other qualifications of an efficient maid for a baronet's ward. *Mrs. Mull* has "planted" her daughter in the baronet's household. But the widow's heart is not in her late husband's profession, but rather in cooking and housekeeping, so that when she applies for the post of housekeeper to *Sir Richard* by way of taking a good look at the safe, and is engaged at once by that guileless gentleman, she feels that she cannot take advantage of such innocence to rob him of the thousand pounds, the pearl necklace of his ward and the diamonds of his late wife, though she has prepared all the detail of the robbery with immense care. Her daughter and young *Charley Wilkes* (Mr. PATRICK GOVER) are made of sterner stuff. And they would have got away with the swag if it had not been for *Mrs. Mull's* sensitive conscience and enormous bulk. She comes to spoil their game, but is wedged in the burglar-proof contraption designed by the young plumber, which is contrived so as to admit only thin burglars, like *Charley*—and all is discovered. The good-hearted baronet, however, confirms conscience-stricken *Mrs. Mull's* appointment as housekeeper; his ward retains the French maid in her service; young *Charley* is promoted butler *vice* the preposterous and equally dishonest *Potter* (Mr. WINGOLD LAWRENCE), retired.

I am afraid this fairy-tale is not embroidered with sufficient humour to commend it to the flippant; while the too unlikely characterisation and incident prevent the sophisticated from taking it at all seriously. T.

"APRON STRINGS" (VAUDEVILLE).

To *John Olwell* (Mr. ARTHUR FINN) and his wife (Miss HENRIETTA WATSON), bickering in their comfortable home "in a thriving metropolis within motoring distance of Chicago," comes a smart friend, *Inez* (Miss DIANA WILSON), as advance courier to their daughter *Barbara* (Miss URSULA JEANS) and her lately-acquired young man, *Daniel* (Mr. KENNETH KOVE). The announcement is made with such a lack of enthusiasm that *Mrs. Olwell* is suspicious. What's the catch? *Daniel*, says *Inez*, is a Fish—a technical term perfectly understood by the parties to the conference. And when *Daniel* arrives he certainly looks it. He is a delicate-looking young man of high principles—not so much his own principles as those of his famous mother, the uplifting columnist, *Pansy Pomeroy*, who, before her lamented death, had ladled out advice to all and sundry on every sort of matter connected with the conduct of life through the medium of a widely-read newspaper. She has left for her son's guidance a number of letters in the hands of the boy's uncle, *Ezra Hunniwell* (Mr. JOSEPH COYNE), a

lawyer of distinctly unpansylike morals and a sedulous patron of the bootlegger. These letters, dealing with the various problems of a good young man's life, are to be handed over by *Ezra* to his nephew as occasion arises. *Daniel* has evidently been conning the one labelled "Correct Approach to the Solemn Business of Marriage." He does not seem to *Mrs. Olwell*—who knows pretty thoroughly her ardent and sophisticated *Barbara* (student of FREUD and HAVELOCK ELLIS, and not ignorant of the arts of petting and necking)—a likely mate, but as he happens to be a goldfish she very properly stifles her maternal misgivings. The marriage duly takes place. A fortnight afterwards *Barbara* is back again in her home, furious and humiliated. Instructions from *Pansy* on the Galahad-like reticences to be observed by a chivalrous bridegroom until such time as the inevitable timidities of an ignorant bride shall have gradually evaporated, have evidently been strictly followed by the Fish.

Inez and *Barbara's* mother convey their appreciation of the situation by nods and becks, wreathéd smiles and tactful aposiopeses; *John* and *Ezra* with ribald masculine candour. *Daniel* comes in pursuit of his flying bride, is outraged by the sight of her in a ravishing suit of Lido pyjamas and overwhelmed by her detailed views on fish. It is *Uncle Ezra* who, with a bumper of neat whisky—the kind that, when spilt, burns a hole in the carpet—removes the inhibitions of the high-principled prig. And all is well.

The author is tactful enough to spare the blushes of all but the oldest amongst us. Perhaps Mr. KOVE, who specialises in perfect asses, became a trifle monotonous, and certainly never so much as gave us a hint of any single quality in his *Daniel* which could have inspired the ardours of *Barbara*. I conceive it was his duty to do so, though I don't think the author gave him much help. Mr. ARTHUR FINN's harassed business-man was a competent study; Mr. JOSEPH COYNE's whole-hearted roguishness, flamboyant gestures and extravagant contortions were pleasant to watch; *Barbara* and *Inez* were a delight to the eye; Miss MARY MACKIE amused us with the portrait of an independent and austere Scotch maid; and Miss HENRIETTA WATSON was entirely delightful in her careful and clever characterisation of the formidable social climber and husband-tamer, *Mrs. John Olwell*. On balance, an entertainment not to be disdained. The author knows how to write a good line.



VENUS AND ADONIS.

"... flint-hearted boy:
'Tis but a kiss I beg; why art thou coy?"

Daniel Curtis . . . MR. KENNETH KOVE.
Barbara Olwell . . . MISS URSULA JEANS.

And Mr. JACQUES BROWN, with the artful air of a weary cynic, definitely enlivened the intervals with sophisticated rhythms, assisted by three competent colleagues. T.



A BOOTLEGGED LOVE-POTION.

Ezra Hunniwell . . . MR. JOSEPH COYNE.
Daniel Curtis . . . . MR. KENNETH KOVE.

"PLAYGOERS WANT BODY."—*Daily Paper.*
The ghouls!

LETTERS TO AN EXILE.

DEAR ROONA,—To what extent you read about politics and the shortcomings of the Government I don't know; but if you take any interest at all in our Cabinet you must have been struck by the fact that, whereas everyone else in it is dangerous or incompetent or both, praise is always reserved for Mr. LANSBURY. Mr., or Comrade, LANSBURY has in his time been a source of no little anxiety to the cool-headed and sagacious, but as Chief Commissioner of the Office of Works he wins golden opinions. And since he is over seventy this shows once again that it is never too late to mend. Among the activities nearest to his imagination and heart is the humanisation of the London open spaces, and but for him I should not have had such an entertaining hour as I spent the other afternoon observing the bowlers in Hyde Park.

There was no public bowling-ground in Hyde Park when you went abroad; there is now one that is used from morning till night, where you may watch the intentness and guile and zest and excitement of the performers in this most placid yet most keenly contested of games, in which the suspense continues to the last second of time. They are elderly players for the most part, and I thought I detected signs that more than one of them, when the dreaded hour struck, would have to be busy in the pantry or wine-cellar, and a little later would don evening dress. A few were younger, but it is a pastime for the mature and ripe, and it is they who provide the greatest interest, even to the last contortion of the spine as it follows hopefully and urgently the curve of the wood. Mr. LANSBURY, who thinks of everything, has provided rubber over-shoes for every player, so that no harm comes to the turf.

You are missing a lot—maybe—by your wilful abstention from this little isle, where all the talk is of hopelessness and poverty and there are so few outward indications of either. On the day of the Eclipse Stakes at Sandown, for instance, the daily double on the Tote yielded for every two shillings paid in £301 16*s*. My arithmetic doesn't run to working out these odds, but they must be very heavy. I hardly need say that there were very few winning tickets: only four, in fact.

The last time I was in Paris I saw two remarkable things, very different

but each memorable in its own way. The first was the lighting of the Colonial Exhibition. The Exhibition itself may or may not reward attention: I was too quickly or too completely exhausted by walking on the gravel paths to be able to judge. But when, after dinner, the electricity was turned on, the place became magical. To begin with, it is in reality an exhibition of fountains. There may be pavilions filled with the produce of foreign lands, with special emphasis on French dependencies, but the real attraction is the water, which mounts into the air (and descends in spray) on every side all the time, and at night is intensified and illuminated and made more beautiful by changing hues. But the water is not all. There are the fantastic buildings too, chief of them the great golden temple of Angkor, on which floods of light are thrown. The Bois de Vincennes, where these punctual miracles occur, is a long way from the centre of Paris, but the journey is worth making.

The second strange thing that I saw was surprising too, but it did not stir the emotions or enchant the eye; rather did it leave one with a sense of pitying amazement. Passing the Cirque Medrano, where I have seen so many amusing and daring turns and where ANTOINETTE and BÉBÉ have recently caused so much good French laughter, I saw that it was given up to a display of endurance dancing. This, I believe, is an American invention; indeed, the placard stated that the competition was similar to those held at Los Angeles, Chicago and Miami.

I entered. The ring had been converted into a ball-room floor, on which six young men and six young women, in couples, were moving, but only just: the merest changing of step, almost like slow motion on the film. One or two were reading papers; most were smoking cigarettes. The men were without coats or waistcoats; one of the girls was in black pyjamas. Their friends sat in the front row of the stalls, exchanging remarks and now and then handing chocolates or flasks or smelling-salts. According to a notice, these six couples had already danced for 423 hours, and for all I know some of them may be dancing still.

Meanwhile a vigilant American overseer, also in shirt-sleeves, was watching their steps and occasionally rebuking a slacker, and a gramophone was singing, "I love you so much." But what was really the object of love was the prize of 12,500 francs for which these weary automata were contending. I hope it has by now been won and that the winners are recovering.

Yours to command, E. V. L.

THE EVE OF THE HOLIDAYS.

[Being happy thoughts in the office on seeing the foreign holiday resort which one hopes shortly to visit advertised as providing "stimulating gulf-stream swims in iodine-sweetened waters."]

How civil was the junior clerk
In volunteering that remark
(Although to-day the sky is grey)
  About the morning's brightness!
How tuneful is the tapping noise
The typist makes! And office-boys,
Judged by the one the firm employs,
  Are models of politeness.
Or is it that the eve of my vacation
Acts like a spur to my imagination?
This fact at any rate is clear—
The holidays are all but here;
The liberated mountaineer,
  Whose trusty guide in nought errs,
Already, rising early, hymns
The distant beckoning mountain rims,
And I shall soon be taking swims
  In iodine-sweetened waters.

Picture the scenes! The basker, miles
From tubes and desks and office-files,
Prepares to toast upon the coast
  His nearly naked torso;
He lies supine upon the sand,
Becoming gradually and
Triumphantly as darkly tanned
  As Mexicans, or more so.
On homelier beaches, like a hen that's broody,
Punch croaks, collaborating still with Judy.
At Bosmouth-on-the-Briny, Ma
Arranges Sis and Babs and Pa
In line before her camera
  (I'm sure that she has brought hers);
With bands and pierrots Bosmouth trims
Her celebrated ocean brims,
But I'm for stimulating swims
  In iodine-sweetened waters.

To tramp into the rural void
The hiker now is overjoyed;
To scour the stream for trout and bream
  The angler's far from sorry;
Though muttering curses now and then,
Ecstatic is the stalker when,
Squirming upon his abdomen,
  He nears his antlered quarry.
Gladly again the yachtsman strains his dorsal
And other muscles hoisting high the fores'l.
Haunted with dreams of close-up views
Of Swallow-tails and Chalk Hill Blues,
The entomologist pursues
  His lepidopterous slaughters;
The crossword solver's optic skims
The sky in search of synonyms,
And I'm enjoying gulf-stream swims
  In iodined-sweetened waters.

* * * * *

How pleasant one's employment is!
Delightful too the melodies
And snatches that the cheerful brat
  Outside my window whistles;
And whistling's just the sort of thing
I want to-day to help me fling
From off my chest some shattering
  Professional epistles;
And this is curious, because the fact is
That as a rule I deprecate the practice;
But, as I say, the cause of my
Converted views may be that I
Shall very soon have said good-bye
  To London's sons and daughters,
And be indulging daily whims
To reinvigorate my limbs
With stimulating gulf-stream swims
  In iodine-sweetened waters! C. B.

In a Good Cause.

The Women's Holiday Fund provides rest and change at the seaside or in the country for tired working women of London who cannot themselves meet the full cost of a holiday. Each is expected to contribute towards the expenses according to her means. At this season, when Mr. Punch's readers are taking, or looking forward to taking, a holiday, he appeals to them to remember the needs of their less fortunate sisters. £2 will pay for two weeks' holiday for one woman, and £2 10*s.* if she takes a baby with her. Gifts, large or small, will be gratefully acknowledged by the Chairman of the Executive Committee, Mrs. FRANK POWNALL, 8, Ashley Place, Westminster, S.W.1.

Things Our Golf Pro. Would Never Permit.

"GOLF CLUB CHANGES HANDS."
Daily Paper Headline.

Commercial Candour.

"Partnerships.—We have few genuine propositions. £300 to £8,000."
Advt. in Daily Paper.

"Twin baby boys, aged 12 months, arrived at Folkestone yesterday unconcerned, after a rough Channel crossing in a wooden box fitted with cushions."—*Daily Paper.*

We are not told how the daring little prodigies propelled their tiny craft.

"Gardener (Scot) (head working) seeks situation."—*Advt. in Scots Paper.*

Our William's head only seems to work when he's explaining away the general absence of bloom.

"Mr. Charles Dukes, M.P. for Warrington, said it was easy to throw stones at the fellow who had to shoulder the wheel, but it was not playing the game."—*Daily Herald.*

On the other hand, a man cannot steer a straight course in a glass house by calling the other fellow a black pot, even if it were cricket.



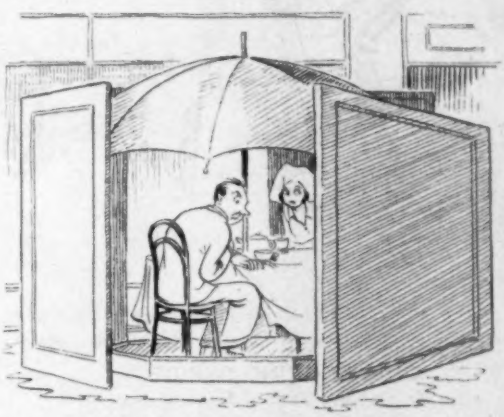
IT HAS BEEN SUGGESTED THAT LONDON MIGHT TRY THE IDEA OF REFRESHMENTS IN THE OPEN AIR.



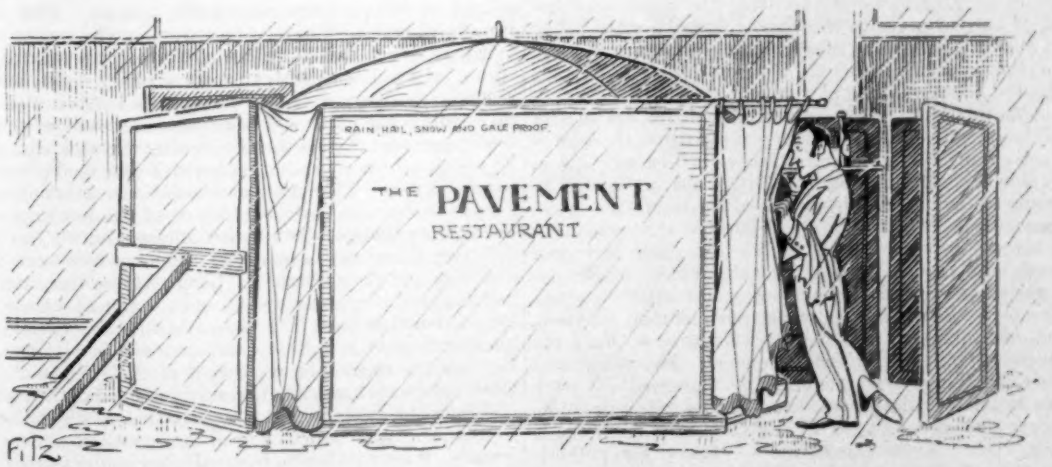
WITH DEVICES FOR SHELTERING US FROM RAIN, HAIL AND SNOW—



FOR INDUCING WARMTH—



AND FOR KEEPING OUT DRAUGHTS—



WE SEE NO REASON WHY THE IDEA SHOULD NOT BE A RESOUNDING SUCCESS.



Wicket-keeper (to not-impartial Umpire). "I'M AFRAID YOU'VE LOST 'IM THIS TIME."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(*By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.*)

THE lady who veils her identity under the pseudonym of "JANE DASHWOOD" has taken a leaf out of Mr. DENIS MACKAIL'S *Flower Show* and limited herself to twenty-four hours of an English county family. She apportions one-third of her narrative to retrospect; but the story before and after this excursion observes the unities of time and place, though the sentimental history of *Mary Willoughby* shares the honours of the plot with the multifarious activities of her relations. *Mary*—a charming figure, drawn with much tender reticence—is that tragic apparition, the belated Victorian daughter. You meet her on a fine morning in *The Month of May* (MURRAY, 7/6), preparing herself to welcome to the birthday festivities of her father the squire an assortment of her gayer and happier contemporaries and his sadder and drearier ones. The circle is viewed through *Mary's* eyes: her mother the invalid ex-beauty, her modishly egotistical sister-in-law, her sister, the parson's novel-writing wife (a clever portrait this), children, callers and retainers. Poignantly we realize in *Mary* the supporter of an order already doomed. Her father and mother are dying; even the estate is sentenced by death duties to the speculative builder. The reappearance of an old lover gives notability to the day's march and a dramatic ending; but "JANE DASHWOOD'S" talent for pathetic irony finds, I think, its most characteristic scope in the interview with *Aunt Bertha*, aged sixty-seven, who offers *Mary* a home—and renewed opportunities for self-effacement—when her days at Severals shall be over.

Mr. DAVID GARNETT'S latest story, *The Grasshoppers Come* (CHATTO AND WINDUS, 5/-), is a study in the emotions of a fairly ordinary neat-thinking man who is suddenly obliged to endure very remarkable terrors. This man, *Wreaks*, was engaged as pilot by a woman who was anxious to make a record-breaking air-trip. The story proper begins, after a brief prologue, with an account of the flight, but the preliminary chapters do not very much matter, although they contain fine patches of descriptive and ironical writing. The importance of the book begins after the accident, when *Wreaks* is left alone in the desert with a damaged plane and twisted ankle. Then follow descriptions, meticulous as certain passages in *Robinson Crusoe*, of the loneliness, the time-killing dodges, the resourcefulness and all the little dithering thoughts of a man who continues to live methodically even in the wilderness. Long after he has eaten his last sandwich the grasshoppers come, a few at a time, and are welcomed as food. They continue to arrive in sickening masses; they eat his clothes and stain the sky bronze, and fall "on the reddish-brown carpet of their fellows." Mr. GARNETT excels himself in this study of horror, the more so because of his fastidious choice of words and his deliberate avoidance of any underlining of the emotions suffered by *Wreaks*. Within its limits, from calm beginning to appropriate end, the book is perfect, but this very perfection is a little tantalising. One feels that the author has deliberately

fixed his wagon to a low star and that he limits himself unnecessarily.

A much-the-to-fore man
In that grave Athenæum,
The British Museum,
Is Mr. J. NORMAN,
And the child of his pen
(And an excellent job)
Is issued by BENN
At twenty-eight bob.

A History of Fishes
Is a boon and a benison
And, by Colonel TENISON,
Decked to one's wishes—
A storehouse of fact
That is full to the brim
With sciences packed
Of all fishes that swim.

The sportman will handle
It, so will the pedagogue;
The boy in his bed, agog,
Burning his candle,
Will read of the charms
Of the Pomacentrid,
Or the sinuous arms
Of the terrible Squid.

The lot of the woman, old or young, to whom it falls to be the prop and stay of a family of inadequate males is no sinecure; and it is complicated by the fact that, whereas the masculine pillar of society has the right to plume himself on his stability, the less the woman allows her part to become apparent the better (as a rule) for all concerned. The case of *Diana Hotspur* was a case in point. *Diana's* father was more or less patently insane; her brothers' aberrations called for the intervention of the law, if not of medicine; and her mother was overworked and played out before *Diana*, an afterthought, was born. Faced with the family insolvency on quitting the schoolroom, *Diana* allowed herself to be deported on a cargo-boat to Barcelona; and here she encountered an unpleasant post, a bull-fight and the overtures of her cosmopolitan employer with an aplomb which (save in the wholly superfluous case of the bull-fight) was as creditable as it was called-for. Back in England, she convoyed the most unpleasantly demented of her brothers through a murder trial, lost a small fortune through the machinations of another, and found in the War a comparatively mild solvent for a first-class family imbroglio. *Young Diana* (EARLE, 7/6) is, I take it, Miss MARGARET IRONSIDE'S first novel; and with the thoroughgoing ruthlessness of youth she has undoubtedly laid on her heroine's trials too thickly to be credible. Yet the heroine lives and commands affection, and this is in itself an honourable and a pleasant achievement.

Apart from the glamour of literary associations, the old-time whale fishery was really a business as signally matter-of-fact as it was singularly odoriferous, and the "blubber-boiler" or "spouter," as the whaler was called among seamen, was generally looked upon as one of the humblest members of the whole sisterhood of ships. The fishery has undergone a complete transformation in most essentials since MELVILLE wrote his masterpiece, and, as described by Mr. A. G. BENNETT, in his book, *Whaling in the Antarctic* (BLACKWOOD, 7/6), it is now a highly-organised and mechanised industry. True, the whaleman's life still remains one of considerable hardship and danger, as evidenced by some of Mr. BENNETT'S excellent photographs of whalers in the Antarctic ice. But its romance, if indeed it ever had very much of that elusive quality, is a thing of the past,



Bo'sun (by way of a parting shot). "IF I WASN'T KIND-'EARTED AN' DEEPLY RELIGIOUS I'D 'OPE THESE RUDDY ROPES WOULD BREAK."

and the killing of a whale with up-to-date implements is very like killing a pig on a large scale. "The sight of these mighty giants of the ocean in their dying throes," says Mr. BENNETT, "is most revolting"; and it is interesting to note that he considers the slaughter of whales at the present time to be on an uneconomic scale. He has had thirteen years' experience of the industry, including four years spent actually at sea with the fleet, and his book gives a complete and detailed picture of the various processes which go to the transformation of Leviathan into his various marketable components. There is also included an excellent chapter on the other denizens, furred and feathered, of the far South seas.

That those old Fettesians whose successive recollections have been built up to frame a history of the School have been all subject to like influences is evidenced by their charmingly innocent unanimity. In *Fifty Years of Fettes, 1870—1920* (THE SECRETARY, FETTES COLLEGE, EDINBURGH, 15/-) they all with one voice talk loud and long of Fettes football, adding in a conscience-stricken afterthought that of course scholarship was not neglected, and they all, in proclaiming the virtues of the Head, contrive to work in a tag or two of Latin in proof of good faith. One or two of the clever swots rise to a line of Greek. For the rest, only "IAN HAY," telling all too briefly what Fettesians did in the War, is quite serious; and whether the writer is Sir JOHN SIMON or Mr. HAMILTON FYFE or Mr. W. C. SELLAR, to mention no more than three among many eminent contributors, the compiling of this record appeals to them as a priceless opportunity for explaining at long last how that catch came to be dropped in the vital *Loretto* match, for instance, or for bragging from a safe distance of the methods employed in the nocturnal raiding of the larders. There is a background of east winds and Spartan fare, of merciless "runs" and prefectorial discipline none too tender, while later there is a study of the School under the shadow of war. At the end, after the tale of the School has been told, stands the unsurpassable War record, the final and sufficient commentary.



Archie (to companion, finishing toilet). "A BOWLER, STEPHEN! WHERE'S YER YACHTING CAP? 'AVE YER FERGOTTEN COWES WEEK?"

When *Charley Bridwell* brought his family in 1897 to the isolated bottomland in the Idaho mountains which was to be their home for twenty-one years, he put the world behind him, for the world meant work, and to *Bridwell* that had always seemed an absurd snare to which men fell too easily. He put his philosophy into practice. A rough wooden hut was sufficient protection against sun and snow. In the summer he fished and shot and trapped, taught his children to swim, and more often lay chuckling in the sun; in the winter he tumbled about the mountains on improvised skis, ate ponderous meals of salted meat, and slept and sang before a roaring stove. To *Lela*, his young wife, this mode of life failed to bring the happiness for which he had hoped. The unremitting monotony of their shack made her restless and dispirited, so that she longed to be allowed to work her body hard and ease her mind with neighbourly talk. *Bridwell* she adored, but although he never treated her with anything but gentleness there was a freakish brutal side to his nature which terrified her. His children he used so harshly that they grew up to fear and then to leave him; and the cruel jokes which he loved to play on stray travellers brought him an ugly reputation which survived the stories of his boundless generosity. In *Dark Bridwell* (GOLLANCZ, 7/6), Mr. VARDIS FISHER has built up a clever study of twisted paganism, and his descriptions of savage scenery and of animal life are excellent work. It is a book of uncommon power.

Never was there a time when expert books on India were more welcome, and Lieut.-General Sir GEORGE MACMUNN, in *The Indian Mutiny in Perspective* (BELL, 15/-), has placed at our disposal knowledge that he has been collecting for many years. Dealing first of all with the causes of the Mutiny, Sir GEORGE goes on to describe the military side with an accuracy of detail and a lucidity that I find worthy of the highest praise. It is no easy matter to write clearly about a situation that was essentially intricate and complex, but Sir GEORGE takes his readers by the hand and carefully guides them to an understanding of that terrible and wonderful time. "Four great military lessons," we are told, "stand out from the Mutiny which have not been forgotten." Space prevents me from mentioning them, but I can at any rate recommend you to study a book that will be read with intense interest by soldiers, and in which civilians will find ample opportunity to refresh their knowledge of a great crisis.

I cannot say that Mr. MORLEY ROBERTS's excursion into the fields of mysterious fiction is entirely successful, but *The Scent of Death* (NASH AND GRAYSON, 7/6) is certainly original, inasmuch as a dog plays the leading part. *Hector*, "with the mixed blood of a mastiff, an Alsatian and a bloodhound in his veins," was present when *Sir Geoffrey Thurland* was murdered, and *Miss Thurland* (*Sir Geoffrey's* daughter) could not get away from the thought that, if the dog were given a chance, he would identify the murderer. Love and everything else had to wait until the death of her father was avenged, and, although we see her in a gentler mood at the end of the story, I think that Mr. MORLEY ROBERTS has staged his drama in an atmosphere that is unnecessarily bitter. Needless to say the tale is excellently written and *Hector* deserves a place among the distinguished dogs of fiction.

"CHEAPER TEA TO-DAY.
All Blends of —— —— Reduced from 2d. to 4d. a Pound."
Daily Paper.

Even after this drop the price seems very reasonable.

CHARIVARIA.

AT a model dairy in New Jersey, we learn, each cow is given a warm shower-bath before being milked. This is a great improvement on the practice of giving the shower-bath to the milk.

* * *

"Rabbits multiply more rapidly than any other creatures," we read. But they are sometimes shockingly bad at simple addition when playing golf.

* * *

A West End firm advertise bargains in sunshades. Just the thing to put aside for a sunny day.

* * *

Young Society women are having their rooms redecorated to harmonise with their hair. Nothing looks more incongruous than a blonde in a brunette study.

* * *

According to a news item, Sheffield's population of half-a-million has been almost stationary for ten years. Some traffic block.

* * *

It is now estimated that Great Britain has a population of 44,790,485, exclusive of Mr. GEORGE BERNARD SHAW, who is in Russia.

* * *

A well-known sociologist says that the best way to get the most out of life is to fall in love with a beautiful woman or a great problem. Why not choose the former and get both?

* * *

Rivalry between two bands in Belgium resulted in a free fight. Too often this feeling leads to a band-contest.

* * *

Judge CLUER has expressed the opinion that a doctor's certificate only proves that he can write. The more general experience of a doctor's penmanship is that it proves that he can't write.

* * *

New York's Statue of Liberty is to be electrically treated in order to correct the illusion that she has a double chin. It was not considered practicable to remedy this by giving her a rubber-neck.

* * *

Flowers grown by a bargee were exhibited at the annual show of the Port of London Authority Horticultural Society. The P.L.A. cannot be too warmly commended for encouraging bargees to "say it with flowers."

* * *

According to a dietary expert, holiday-makers often suffer from a sense of fulness after meals. Seaside landladies, however, usually take precautions against this.

* * *

In an article on the choice of holiday resorts people with high blood-pressure are advised to avoid Thanet. The reference is, of course, to the effect of Lord ROTHERMERE on the circulation.

* * *

Our golfers are criticised as being badly dressed. They should dress more like those who dress like golfers.

* * *

The published photograph of a motor-car being blessed is in pleasant contrast to our impressions of motorists in difficulties by the roadside.

* * *

Large butterflies, which fly so high and so swiftly that guns are used to bring them down, are now to be seen at the Natural History Museum, some of them bearing shot-marks. We have long endeavoured to secure a specimen of the rocketing moth.

* * *

Mr. GEORGE ROBEY tells how he was once mistaken for a politician. Many music-hall comedians nowadays would be delighted to be mistaken for music-hall comedians.

* * *

It is reported that a Parisian has invented a buttonless shirt. We saw one the other day, but that was invented by the laundry.

* * *

We understand that, in order to avoid the crush, Members are asked to do their resigning from the MOSLEY Party as early as possible.

* * *

It is said that things have been so quiet of late that Mexicans contemplate making a few revolutions for the export trade.

* * *

In celebration of his fifty years' service, it has been decided to present a certain rate-collector with an address. We hope they won't give him ours.

* * *

British men and women, we read, are improving in general intelligence. We could wish that this fact was more fully recognised by the authors of American film-plots.

* * *

In the South Seas there are said to be fish which climb trees. Even in England we have seen fly-fishers making casts for them amid the surrounding foliage.

* * *

A lecturer recently said that a young robin can eat fourteen feet of worm in a day. An angler informs us that fish can do this too and get away with it.

* * *

A Post-Office official says that people ring up telephone-operators for all sorts of information. We have even heard of flagrant cases of people pestering them for the right number.

* * *

A daily paper declares that the average working-man cannot afford a Bank Holiday. And yet Germany at the height of her financial crisis had several.

* * *

One club in America now uses phosphorescent golf-balls so that all those lost during the day can be found at night. The homes of local caddies must look like fairy palaces.



Enterprising ice-cream vendor (having been stopped by policeman).
"WELL, AIN'T YER GOING TO BUY ONE?"

"Would private people of property, kindly disposed, Let tiny Cottage, detached, plainly furnished, at low rent, to widow (gentlewoman) tired boarding house lift."
Advt. in Daily Paper.

Even the tiniest cottage will seem a great open space to her after her recent compression.

"The world-famous archæologist [Sir Flinders Petrie] has been lecturing on his crowning success of finding the home of the Shepherd Kings at the University of London."—*Indian Paper.*

So their home wasn't at the University of Shepherd's Bush, after all.

THE HOLIDAY TASK.

[The Report of the Committee on Economy was issued on the very eve of the Recess. The footnote to the Cartoon on the opposite page applies also to these lines.]

YEARNING to hike on roads that run
Through perfect scenery such as Tempe's
(A just reward for duty done),
Bitter it seems to Labour M.P.'s
To have their rest-cure rendered null,
Their minds and feet debarred from wandering,
While they assimilate a dull
Treatise upon the Art of Squandering.

Should they indulge in truant play,
This reckless course would mean disaster
On that forlorn October day
When they must interview their master—
When Mr. SNOWDEN, rod in hand,
Disguising his habitual *bonhomie*,
Tells the reluctant class to stand
And say their lesson in Economy.

An idle fear! In point of fact,
The pedagogue will put no questions,
But say that, having read the tract,
He finds it full of crude suggestions;
And, adding, "Sorry you have spent
Your holidays in such vile durance,"
Send it to hell, the way he sent
That other one—on Dole-Insurance.

O. S.

"THE COW SCANDAL."

TO MR. PUNCH.

SIR,—With your customary public spirit you recently published an eloquent appeal by Miss Priscilla Threadneedle on the subject of the cow-menace in the British Isles.

I live in a far-flung land, and had it not been flung quite so far I should ere now have responded to Miss Threadneedle's clarion call for assistance in raising the fiery cross. My present ambit lies in the continent which has the sinister reputation of being abnormally dark. I do not live in the darkest portion of the Dark Continent; away up north, in the brooding spaces and among the alligator-infested rivers it is darker, except on moonlight nights, than it is here on the Witwatersrand, where electric light serves to pierce the encircling gloom.

Having presented this apologia for my delay in accepting service in the cohorts which must inevitably enlist under Miss Threadneedle's banner, I wish to state that I join issue with her because she has under-estimated the peril. The cow-menace is world-wide, and not confined to the country which, as she touchingly said, was made safe for hikers, Communists and professional footballers by English character, blood and courage. It is one of the most pressing problems of the age. One frequently reads earnest discussions on "What to do with our boys" and kindred controversies, but when has a prominent daily newspaper, complete with free accident insurance, anywhere in the world devoted a leading article to the greater question of "What to do with our cows"?

I speak with authority on this matter because within the past twelve months I have encountered cows under the following circumstances:—

(*a*) I have collided in a motor-car with a recumbent and unlighted cow with its spinal column facing me, and the sudden stoppage—the gradient, one in two, being beyond the capability of my car—caused a cut-glass jam-jar which was to be a present for my wife to be so badly fractured as to be rendered negligible as a jam-jar.

(*b*) I have, with results no less unhappy, collided in a motor-car with a recumbent and unlighted cow facing the other way round, the gradient being again impossible to negotiate. (The incidents detailed in "*a*" and "*b*" did not occur with the same cow: the first was an Aberdeen Angus upholstered in black-and-white, and the second was a pedigree Jersey shorthorn).

(*c*) I have fallen over a cow which had retired for the night against my front gate, despite a warning notice thereon reading: "Beware of the Dog."

But the cow peril is not confined to the hours of darkness. Quite recently, in my home town of Johannesburg, a cow which had been refused admission to the abattoirs lost its temper and, after nearly destroying a Press photographer, caused a lady to take refuge in the bar-lounge of an hotel, although she was a life-long abstainer.

Cows are not waifs or strays, and it is safe to say that every cow in the world has an owner. Of course I am speaking of domesticated cows and not those of the buffalo species as featured in rodeos and films of the rolling prairies of Obohombo, in America. It may be true that some cows are not owned by the people who paid for them or brought them up from infancy, but there is no more excuse for allowing a stolen cow to be at large than one acquired legitimately by exchange or barter.

The Anti-Cow League foreshadowed by Miss Threadneedle should include as the main planks of its programme (1) Every cow shall be provided with a lock-up garage when not employed in chewing the cud, gathering buttercups in water-meadows or being driven to and from market. (2) Any cow allowed on a public highway shall be preceded by a person bearing a red flag, as was the case with motor-cars forty years ago. (3) Any cow wearing horns shall carry corks or other suitable protective substance over the points thereof, and (4) In view of the prevailing feminine vogue of red, all bulls, except those engaged upon their lawful occasions in china shops, shall be adequately blindfolded.

I have written to my local Member of Parliament about the matter and suggested that Miss Threadneedle be invited to visit South Africa and deliver a series of lectures on the menace. In the event of her acceptance I shall be pleased to preside at one of her meetings, and will add as evidence of my *bona fides* that I am a Rotarian, a member of the Ratepayers' Association and a keen gardener, delphiniums being my speciality.

I am, Sir, Yours faithfully,
ABNER VERITY TWILK.

CRICKET PERSONALITIES.

THE CLUB RABBIT.

ALTHOUGH the Rabbit's curious style
May sometimes move us to a smile,
I like the keenness and the pluck
With which he comes to take his "duck."
He 's always eager for the fray
And, when he gets that wire to say,
"One short to-morrow—can you play?"
We know, however stern the test,
At least he 'll do his rabbit's best.

While brawnier and more skilful blokes
Pile up the score with pretty strokes
And taste the joy of liberal cheers
Falling like music on their ears,
He fidgets in a canvas chair
And hopes the Skipper won't declare;
Too often the relentless clock
Deprives the Rabbit of his knock.

What then remains that might console
The man who 's never asked to bowl?
He fields in all the dullest places,
And yet how earnestly he chases
The speeding and elusive leather
In quite the hottest summer weather!
He always gets the crucial catch
That holds the fortunes of the match,
And, making a convulsive bound,
Places it promptly on the ground.

It can't be such tremendous fun
To sweat beneath a broiling sun,
Then hear the harsh derisive titter
That greets the boob who drops a sitter.
How bravely he must love the game
To suffer thus with cheeks aflame
The deepest pangs of human shame,
And yet turn out to fill a gap
Next Saturday, heroic chap! C. L. M.



THE HALF-NELSON TOUCH:

AN EPISODE OF NAVY WEEK.

MR. SNOWDEN. "IT ALL DEPENDS ON HOW YOU LOOK AT THESE THINGS. AS I SEE IT, IT SEEMS QUITE INSIGNIFICANT."

[The above fantasy is based on the improbable assumption that the Cabinet will take no more serious notice of the Report of the Economy Committee than they took of the Interim Report of the Royal Commission on the Dole.]



Not very popular lady (at Regimental Sports, trying to get young officers for her party). "EXTRAORDINARY—YOU ARE THE *SEVENTH* YOUNG MAN WHO IS ORDERLY OFFICER ON THE SAME DAY."

GOLD.

THIS is a short after-dinner speech which I delivered not long ago to the Society for the Study of Political Economy, Bi-Metallism, Currency, Banking and International Finance (Balham and Streatham Branch) on the occasion of the anniversary of the birthday of their President, who is a relation by marriage of JOHN STUART MILL.

I had never spoken on the subject of gold before, and was therefore obliged to make a special study of it for a few hours before the meeting began.

* * * * *

Gold.

Gold?

Gold.

What is it?

I often wonder, gentlemen, if those of us who move in the bullion markets of our great capitals have time to realise that sulphuretted hydrogen combines with gold at ordinary temperatures to form a sulphide which is soluble in alkaline sulphides and slightly so in pure water. I doubt it. And yet it is only those who bear this great fact in mind who can appreciate all that gold means to a scientific thinker on the theme. Let me try to explain myself a little more clearly.

There are two metals, one of which is omnipotent in the Cabinet and the other in the camp—gold and iron. And of these two gold is the beastlier. By gold all good faith has been banished; by gold our rights are abused. It is gold which buys admittance and it is gold which makes the true man killed and saves the thief. Can gold calm passion or make reason shine? Can we dig peace or wisdom from the mine? For gold the hireling judge distorts the laws. Gold glitters most where virtue shines no more, as stars from absent suns have leave to shine. Gold is, in its last analysis, the sweat of the poor and the blood of the brave. Gold is the fool's curtain which hides all his defects from the world. The plague of gold strikes far and near. Judges and senates have been bought for gold: esteem and love were never to be sold! O bane of man, seducing cheat! Can man, weak man, thy power defeat? Gold banished honour from the mind, and only left the name behind. How quickly Nature falls into revolt when gold becomes her object! Commerce has set the mark of selfishness, the signet of its all-enslaving power, upon a shining ore and called it gold.

This is the stuff that the French have been hoarding. This is what America has got such a lot of. Where do we get off on that? If there remain amongst my audience any who support the Gold Standard after what I have just said—who do not turn rather with loathing and contempt from the miserable travesty of justice which it affords, I will try to make one further appeal in the hope of convincing them in what a miasma they move.

Can we doubt that gold is a shining transient trouble, in all ages the curse of mankind, the picklock that never fails, or that the love of gold is the meanest of amours? Thou gaudy gold, hard food for Midas! O thou sweet king-killer and dear divorce 'twixt natural son and sire, thou bright defiler of Hymen's purest bed. It may be argued, nay, it will be argued, by some economists that those who worship gold in a world as corrupt as this we live in have at least one thing to plead in defence of their idolatry—the power of their idol. But what of that? Let them go away and boil themselves.

Gold is the canker of the breast. It is avarice, insolence and pride, and every shocking vice beside. Poison is drunk out of golden cups. A great load of gold is more burdensome than gravel. The lust of gold succeeds the rage of conquest; the lust of gold—unfeeling and remorseless, the last corruption of degenerate man. Gold is a living god, and rules in scorn all earthly things but virtue. What though it makes its way through guards and breaks through barriers of stone more easily than the lightning's bolt? What though it melts wax and hardens clay? Granted that there is no place invincible wherein an ass laden with gold may not enter, nevertheless all is not gold that outward showeth bright. Gold adulterates one thing only—the human heart. The Ark of Israel and the Calf of Belial were both made of gold. Midas got gold so that whatever he touched became gold, and he with his long ears was little the better for it. O curséd lust of gold, when for thy sake the fool throws up his interest in both worlds! Give fools their gold and knaves their power. Let Fortune's bubbles rise and fall; who sows a field or trains a flower or plants a tree is more than all. No one eats goldfish.

I wonder what the French have to say to that?

Members of the Balham and Streatham Branch of this great deliberative assembly, I have done all in my power to show you what gold is and why we should get clear of it immediately. We want no more of this entanglement. Gold must go!

* * * * *

I sat down amidst thunderous applause. Owing to lack of time in preparation I had made the actual phraseology of my speech rather more derivative than I intended. I had drawn, for instance, on *Chambers' Encyclopædia* for my opening remarks and for the rest was indebted to various authorities, amongst whom I ought to name in particular W. SHAKESPEARE, A. POPE, T. CARLYLE, JOHN GAY, VIRGILIUS MARO, SEXTUS PROPERTIUS, SHELLEY, "OUIDA," Mrs. BROWNING, SAMUEL JOHNSON, LYDGATE, MASSINGER, JOSEPH NAPOLEON, PHILIP OF MACEDON, YOUNG and JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER. I also quoted several proverbs. But there were at least twenty-four words of my own.

The whole theory of gold fascinates me enormously, and I mean to buy another *Dictionary of Quotations* and study it a little more. EVOE.

"BUILDING TRADE BALLET."
Daily Paper.

With music by GRAVEL?



Distracted Mother (*breathlessly*). "THREE-AND-A-'ALF WITS'-END RETURN TICKETS FOR CLACTON, PLEASE."

OLD AND NEW.

I LIKE a kettle singing on a fire,
I like old Nannies,
I like the people who can still admire
Their old-world Grannies;
I like rare cowslip-wine, an apple-pie,
A cottage garden;
I hate a "Sorry" from a passer-by,
I miss "Beg pardon."

I love "Lor' bless your heart," "Don't know, I'm sure"
And "Well, I never!"
I love "Be up betimes," "You *are* a cure"
And "Did you ever!"

I cannot take "How's things?" for "How d'you do?"
"Some hopes" for "Maybe,"
I do dislike "Right-ho" and "Tootle-oo"
And "O.K., Baby."

I love the lilac print of spotless Janes,
Marias and Sallys;
I love their homes in little shady lanes
And cobbled alleys;
I like not "daily" Doris and Denise,
Who "char" in blouses,
Hailing from "Avenues" that changed their trees
For Council houses.

SEASCAPES.

"LEAVE to the Starboard Watch and First Part of Port from Four P Hem to Seven-o'clock-inthemorning," bawled the boatswain's mate disinterestedly.

Able Seaman Williams, who had spent a laborious day on all-fours administering holystone to the upper deck, sat back on his heels and sighed.

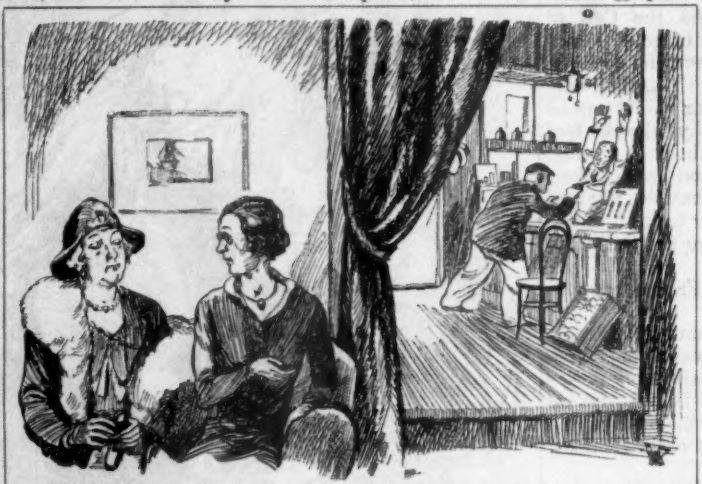
"First part o' port," he murmured. "That's a bit of all right."

"'Ittin' the beach a crack ter-night, are yer, Bungy?" inquired a fellow-minister of the holystone.

"I am, me lad," replied Bungy joyfully; "an' what's more—you see this 'ere?"

"Meanin' your stummick?"

"Meanin' my ab-do-men, stummick or what-not," said Bungy proudly, passing a loving hand over the contour of that ample receptacle. "Well, I'm goin' to take that ashore with me an' I'm goin' to fill it right up with beer." From which remark it will be obvious that Bungy's leave was as good as broken before ever he embarked upon it. Nobody therefore was surprised, least of all Bungy himself, when the name of Williams appeared on the list of Captain's Defaulters a day or so later under the heading: "ABSENT WITHOUT LEAVE 2 hours 40 minutes."



Shopkeeper's Wife (thinking Husband has a customer). "YOU MAY NOT BELIEVE IT, BUT THOSE ARE THE FIRST TAKINGS TO-DAY."

But Bungy was worried. During the whole course of his undistinguished career he had never failed to produce some sort of excuse when arraigned before his commanding officer for "crime." And now he could think of nothing whatever to say.

Not that any excuse had ever served to mitigate the actual sentence passed upon him; but it provided Bungy with just cause for that atmosphere of martyrdom in which the execution of punishment is alone endurable.

In his humble way Bungy was an artist. He had studied the technique of the really picturesque excuse. He knew that it must have about it something of the NELSON touch. It must suggest that the malefactor was forced into admitted technical error by unswerving loyalty to a higher ideal.

This had been the basic plan of one of his most inspired efforts. He had been faced with the awkward situation of having to explain how it came about that His Majesty's Navy had been compelled to struggle along without him for two whole days at the conclusion of his last summer leave.

"Anything to say?" the Captain had asked dispassionately, expecting to hear only the usual sound of sucked teeth by which the matelot indicates that he regrets that he has nothing to say and merely awaits the vengeance of the *King's Regulations*.

"Well, Sir," Bungy had replied, "I broke my leave, I know, Sir, and I'll take the punishment comin' to me, Sir; but in a manner o' speakin' I was the victim of circumstance, Sir."

"How?" asked the Captain coldly.

"Well, Sir, it was all along of a feet and gayler what was takin' place on the day me leave expired, Sir."

"You got drunk, eh?"

"*Me*, Sir? No, Sir! I was at the station in plenty of time for me train, Sir, and I'd stowed me bundle in a corner-seat, Sir, and was standin' outside the kerridge on the platform, Sir, passin' a few remarks to a towney o' mine what 'ad come to see me orf, Sir, when all of a sudden a band alongside the station, Sir, struck up 'The King,' Sir."

"Started playing 'God Save the King,' d' you mean?"

"That's right, Sir."

"Well?"

"Well, Sir, bein' in uniform and wishful to set a good example to all they there shoreloafers, Sir, I springs to attention, Sir."

"Yes, quite right."

"Yes, Sir; but while I was like that the train got under way, Sir, leavin' me 'igh an' dry, as you might say, on the platform, Sir."

"Still standing at attention?"

"Yes, Sir."

But that is not the type of excuse you can repeat in a ship, even though the Captain may have changed in the meanwhile. Besides, the Master-at-Arms had not changed.

The Master-at-Arms was a man possessed of a perfect memory and no sense of humour. A devastating combination.

And so it came about that the Defaulters' Bugle summoned a most depressed Bungy to the seat of judgment.

The Captain dealt first with his request-men.

"Able Seaman Jones, Sir," said the Master-at-Arms, "requests to reduce allotment to wife."

"Why?" asked the Captain.

Bungy pricked up his ears. It was clear from the Captain's remarks in reply to the arguments advanced by Able Seaman Jones that he was an ardent upholder of family life. It was the duty of a man to care for his wife, whatever it cost him. Bungy began to think furiously.

"Able Seaman Williams—first class for conduct and leave—Absent without Leave two hours forty minutes on the fourteenth instant, Sir," droned the Master-at-Arms.

"Anything to say?" barked the Captain.

"Well, Sir, yes, Sir," said Bungy diffidently.

"What?"

"Well, Sir—er—could I speak to you private, Sir?"

"Very well. . . . Now, what is it?"

"Well, Sir, there was night leave unexpected to my part of the watch, Sir, and I was fair beside meself with joy, Sir, at bein' able to get 'ome to give the wife a spell with the kid, Sir, what's teethin', Sir, knowin' as she'd been 'avin' a cruel 'ard time with it, Sir."

"Yes, yes; but——"

"If you'll excuse me, Sir, I know I broke me leave, but——" and Bungy gulped back his emotion.

"All right, my man, all right," said the Captain, partially deceived; "go on. What happened?"

"I—I—I found I couldn't do nothin' to 'elp, Sir, an' my pore wife was up 'alf the night a-soothin' of the hinfant. It was past two bells of the mornin' watch afore she was able to lay down to get a drop of shut-eye. When I woke up in plenty of time to get down to catch the liberty boat, Sir, I found 'er—I found



Wife. "HE WON'T TOUCH THIS WATER, CEDRIC. WHAT *do* HORSES DRINK?"

'er asleep on the tail of me flannel, Sir, an' I 'adn't the 'eart to wake 'er. And that's the truth, Sir."

For what seemed to Bungy an eternity the Captain looked at him without speaking.

"Thank God," he said at last, "the age of chivalry is not dead. Master-at-Arms!"

"Sir."

"Dismiss the case."

Gossip from the Westminster Zoo.

"Where before the I.L.P. Group was regarded as good gorilla fighters, they are now recognised as a team and a formidable fighting force."—*Labour Paper.*

"ALL REFUSE TO BE DEPOSITED IN THE CONTAINERS."
Notice at Lord's.

We don't blame them.

"The following telegram has been received by the Prime Minister, Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, from Signor Grandhi, the Italian delegate to the Seven-Power Conference."
Nottingham Paper.

Sent, no doubt, by order of the Mahatma Mussolinjee.

THE TRAIL OF THE VANDAL.

THOUGH the loathsome sight of litter
Rouses my artistic mind
To a fury fierce and bitter
And disgusts me with my kind;
Though my faith in man is shattered
By the wind-spurned paper-poke
And the peel profusely scattered
And the bottle whole or broke;

Though the thumbscrew or a racking
Would for Goths be rather good
When they chuck their chocolate-packing
By the wayside, in the wood;
Though, in short, I scorn the creatures
Who, let loose, disfigure so
Patient Nature's fairest features
Everywhere their legions go;

Yet there have been times and seasons
(Very few and far between)
When with joy, for various reasons,
Litter-samples I have seen—
Cigarette-end, crust of sandwich,
Anything which climbers can
Leave upon a hillside, and which
Spoke to me of brother man.

When through cloud-wreaths wandering blindly
Trusted tracks I failed to trace,
Such a trifle seemed a kindly
Message from the human race;
Then the eerie spell was broken,
On I tramped with joyful tread,
Counting this a happy token
From some kindred heart ahead.

W. K. H.

Jaywalkers' Bourn.

"Statistics reveal that the Hutt Road is easily the buriest highway in New Zealand."
New Zealand Paper.

"THE KILT SOCIETY.
MAY COLLAPSE IF NOT SUPPORTED."
Scots Paper.

It seems a clear case for braces in the family tartan.

"The School Dentist visited the School on Monday and made an inspection. He will pay another visit shortly to extract any teeth that may be necessary."
Scarborough Paper.

An aggrieved parent protests that he should confine his activities to those teeth which are not necessary.

ORDEAL BY ZOO.

I HAVE just returned from escorting a couple of kids to the Zoo. What's more, I have won through the ordeal, though there are few jobs more tricky. I know many an uncle whose career as an uncle has been wrecked by taking kids to the Zoo. It is rarely a success, and often it is a ghastly flop; sometimes it results in definite disaster—that is, from the uncle's point of view. Never again can he hold his head up in front of the kids at question-time. His reputation for omniscience is blasted.

Though I personally have come through the Ordeal by Zoo with flying colours, it was only by what the stock-markets call a last-minute recovery. I had previously fallen at all the usual fences, and in the Zoo there are far too many of them. This is principally due to the Society's disgusting, immoral and pernicious custom of placing the labels containing information about the fauna within the cages (name, sex, habitat, etc.) either (*a*) in such a position round the corner that uncles don't see it till they have committed themselves to a public announcement definitely at variance with the label; or (*b*) so low down that kids can read it quickly, even in the act of asking their question, while uncles, glance they down never so shrewdly, cannot absorb the details thereon without putting on glasses or bending low. Either of these courses is fatal, and leads to a general shout of "Uncle's reading the la-bel! Uncle doesn't kno-ow!" which directs the eyes of everyone within earshot upon the unfortunate victim, and has been known to make even the hyæna laugh.

We were barely halfway through before I had already achieved the following record of disaster:—

(*a*) I had loosely stated a certain animal to be a zebra—"yes, just an ordinary zebra." It was not. It was a Grévy's zebra. This may not mean much either to you or the zebra. but it meant a lot to me.

(*b*) I had said No, I didn't think the hippopotamus would go into the water. He overheard me and promptly entered it.

(*c*) I had wrongly stated the name of certain fish. Not fish in a tank or aquarium, but the fish that were being thrown to the sea-lions by way of a late light lunch. Anyone might have been excused for taking a chance on this; no one could have guessed that the kids would ask the keeper. And the keeper, deaf to a hurried leading question, let me down.

(*d*) In an effort to rehabilitate myself after this last, I had replied rather learnedly and at some length to the question, What would I do if the crane stuck his bill into me? and I had failed to appreciate the right answer, given with much triumphant laughter, namely, that I ought to "receipt" it. When they find time for serious subjects, like Latin and algebra, at these preparatory schools, I can't think.

So you can see I was in a bad way, and I only purchased temporary immunity at the price of two rides on the elephant, in the excitement of which my deficiencies were temporarily forgotten.

Yet within half-an-hour I was up to the neck in it again. Two errors about penguins set me back, and when just after that I ruled, on being appealed to, that a camel had only one hump I was practically sunk. KIPLING was my authority too—"How the camel got his HUMP," and yet here was a camel—looking rather like one of my fellow-members at the club incidentally—flaunting *two* humps, while next-door was a darned moulting dromedary with only *one*. My excuse that a dromedary is, after all, only a sort of camel was shouted down with cries of "Oo, *Uncle*! What a chiz!"

At the end of the day, worn and discredited, a mere shadow of a once authoritative uncle, I found myself passing with my trustful charges (heh! heh!) by a refreshment-counter (Animal Food, 3*d*. per bag; Children's Food, 3*d*. per bag—same bag), where one or two weary fathers of families were taking a restorative glass of beer. "Laugh, clown, laugh," I muttered to myself, and turned with a last bright smile to the now scornful kids. "Wouldn't it be funny," I said, with a momentary return to my best light uncle style, "if the elephant came by and asked for a glass of beer?"

This sally was received at first in cold silence. Then shattering common-sense was brought to bear. "He couldn't *ask* for beer."

"He could put out his trunk," I argued, fighting to the last ditch. "That's the way elephants ask."

"Anyway, he wouldn't drink it."

"You don't know, my lad," I hedged. "Come to that, none of us knows." And as the words left my mouth Fate sent the elephant along to complete my discomfiture.

The kids watched, loftily scornful, though I'm not sure that one of them, a kinder-hearted one, didn't start to turn her head away so as not to see the spectacle of such overwhelming disaster.

The elephant drew near. I murmured something about hurrying up as it was getting on for closing-time, but was ignored. All now were gazing fixedly at the elephant.

Then, by gosh! he stopped and put out his trunk. The barman reached down and fetched up a large tumbler into which he had been storing the swipes for just this eventuality. The elephant took it and swigged it down. His eye met mine over the top of the glass and he said, "Here's to *you*, chum," as plainly as an elephant ever spoke.

"Has to have his glass every day," explained the keeper. "Can't get him home unless."

My stock boomed and I came home on the crest of the wave. But it was a near thing. No more Zoo for me unless I take a pocket encyclopædia, and even then I don't think I'll risk it. Luck like that doesn't happen twice. A. A.

TO JOHN

ON BECOMING MY COLLEAGUE.

John, when I taught you first, you were
A loathsome brat, though blithe and cheery;
You hardly ever brushed your hair,
Your face and hands were always smeary.

When you outgrew the nipper stage
I wished that from my form you'd vanish;
Your swank was ghastly for your age,
Your notions most absurdly mannish.

And when you hinted to my face
(In some misdeed I'd chanced to cop you)
That, if you chose to go the pace,
'Twas not for worms like me to stop you,

You made me smile; nor did I then
Imagine what the Fates were planning—
Though, seeing that we both were Men,
I think I let you off that tanning.

* * * * *

Twelve years have fled; you're back again,
And Time has wrought another wonder;
Where once you suffered grief and pain,
Now as a full-fledged beak you thunder.

I like you as a colleague, John,
Hence the inditing of this ditty;
For, though I fear you look upon
Our methods with contempt and pity,

All that will change; quite soon you'll grant
That, if one can keep boys from slacking,
They'll do their job; but if one can't—
Why, then it's time one started packing!

I like you as a colleague; though
In some respects you're over-recent,
Compared with twelve short years ago,
To-day you are extremely decent.



"I ALWAYS BELIEVE IN GETTIN' A GOOD BIT O' STUFF, MRS. GREEN; YOU CAN WEAR IT TO A THREAD AND IT STILL LOOKS WELL."

WHAT WILL YOU DO. . . .?

"WHAT," said my little son to me, "will you do in the next war, Daddy?"

I gave the boy sugar, but he was not satisfied.

"No, but what?"

"I shall be an unconscientious objector; I shall be O.C. Canals and Inland Waterways; I shall be *liaison* officer in the South Sea Islands; I shall do propaganda work on the Riviera; I shall keep up the courage of the clubs; I shall raise troops in Madeira; I shall——"

"Will you be a soldier, Daddy?"

"No."

"Why not?"

* * * * *

So much for our stark and fearless war-novels. The lad is itching to have me in the infantry again.

I went out to the pub and had a beer with Bill.

"Bill," I said, "what will you do in the next war?"

"When's that?" he said.

"Bill," I said, "you read the papers?"

"When there's a murder on," he said. "But I'm fed up with war. I seen a war-film Monday. Gave me the fair creeps. But I like a nice murder."

"What about Locarno, Bill?"

"What about it?" said Bill, hedging.

"Well, what about it?"

"Well, if it comes to that, Mr. Haddock, what the —— is it?"

"Will you have a beer, Bill?"

"Well, I don't mind if I do."

"Then I'll tell you about Locarno," I said, and ordered the refreshment.

"It's a horse, isn't it?" said Bill.

"No, Bill, it is not a horse. Nor is it, as you might suppose, the name of a new tooth-paste or tango. It is the name of a Treaty, Pact, Formula, or Gesture—— Cheer O!"

"Here's all you wish yourself, Mr. Haddock."

"Thank you, Bill. All I wish myself is a quiet life. About thirteen years ago, Bill, if I remember right, we saved France from Germany, you and I."

"That's right. And now, it seems, we're saving Germany from France. Seems funny, don't it?"

"No, Bill, the situation is absolutely mirthless. All the same, you've hit the right nail in the right place. About six years ago, Bill, in order to persuade France and Germany to treat each other like civilised people and not like wild beasts, we signed a Treaty, Pact, or What-not at a place called Locarno. I was out of England at the time and it was done behind my back. I protested, but it was then too late. The What-not said, Bill, that we would defend France against Germany or Germany against France in the event of an unprovoked attack by either. Nobody, however, so far as I know, agreed to protect *us* from anybody."

"Proper mugs we are," said Bill.

"You're right," I replied. "We're the mugs of the world. However, Bill, in the circumstances of that time the What-not may have been a worthy move; but recent history in France and Germany has shown them both to be quite undeserving of such a What-not and therefore it should now be forfeited. Anyhow, Bill, the question is: Are you prepared to join the infantry again and fight for Germany against France, or *vice versa?*"

"Not on your life," said Bill; "not even for *vice versa?*"

"Very well, then. In that case, Bill, you'd better write to *The Times* and make your position perfectly clear."

"But they wouldn't have the sauce ——" began Bill.

"Oh, wouldn't they? Suppose this Mr. HITLER gets hold of Germany. And suppose he says to France, 'Oy! we're fed up with you; and we don't pay you another penny, debts or reparations or anything else.' And suppose France says, 'All right. In that case we're going to bag the Rhine again,' and she walks in with her troops and sits on the Rhine. And suppose Germany says to us, 'Oy! what about Locarno? You come and help us to turn the French out.' And suppose France says to us, 'Oy! what about Locarno? This Mr. HITLER is attacking our gallant troops on the Rhine, who are only there to get what's due to us; you come and help us.' What would you say to that, Bill?"

"What I should say," said Bill, "would be, 'Oy! you can both go to 'ell!'"

"And a very sensible observation too."

"What I think," said Bill, "these here foreigners are a lot more trouble than what they're worth. If it isn't one thing it's another. One minute they must have a war, the next minute they don't want to pay for it. And they can't have a stomach-ache without expecting us to have a stomach-ache too. First they drag us into their blasted war, then they drag us into this blasted treaty you're talking about; then we have to lend them all our money—and still they aren't saved. Well, what I say, if all this don't save them, let them —— well save themselves—see? We've got an Empire, and enough to do to save that."

"I take it then, Bill, that you denounce the Locarno What-not?"

"If you mean that I won't dig no more trenches, except for my own flesh and blood, you're right."

"Good. And I repudiate it too. We will now take the sense of the meeting."

I then in similar terms addressed the citizens assembled in the bar, and, when I had done, I put the following resolution, which was carried, absolutely *nemine contradicente*:—

"That this great meeting, ex-soldiers one and all, assembled at 'The Black Swan,' being fed up with all these Continental goings-on, do utterly repudiate the Locarno What-is-it, and hereby call upon the FOREIGN SECRETARY *to act according, seeing as how, if the Germans and the French want to do any fighting, they can —— well fight by themselves, being in our opinion a case of six of one and half-a-dozen of the other, and, if they expect any of us to go over and fight for one of them against the other, or* vice versa, *they can —— well go on expecting, because we are fed up with being the mugs of the world."*

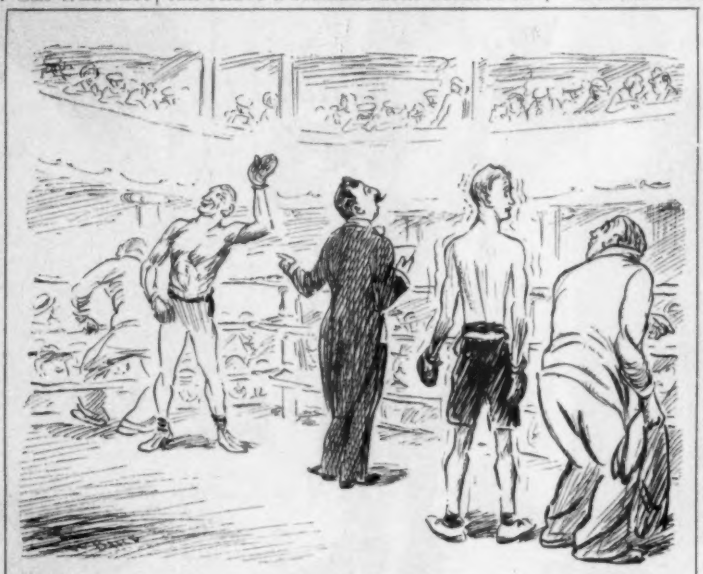
The terms of this resolution I have forwarded to the FOREIGN SECRETARY, who will, I hope, take instant action. He has now heard the voice of Hammersmith, which is the voice of the people, upon this subject, and no Government will after this be able to say that they were not warned.

"Nevertheless," I said to Bill, "there is just a chance that the Government may ignore our resolution, preferring, as Governments do in these matters, to drift along till something happens. One day something will happen, and the FOREIGN SECRETARY will say, 'Oh, gosh, we've still got this mouldy old Treaty on the books!' But it will then be too late to denounce it. Hostilities will break out, and you will be expected to cross the Channel and be hostile. I therefore repeat my question, Bill: What will you do in the next war?"

Bill thought for a moment and said, "I'm going to be a batman to a W.A.A.C."

"Bill," I said, "I will write you a stirring song about that." And I did.*

A. P. H.



Second. "YOU'RE NOT GETTING NERVOUS BEFORE IT COMMENCES, ARE YOU?"

Principal. "NOT ME. I'M JUST WORKING UP MY RHYTHM."

Musical Jerks.

"Supper being ended the company amused itself with glee and mad wriggle."
Schoolboy's Dictation.

Will the Tea-Urn Leak?

"ST. ——'S COLLEGE.
FOLK DANCING ON THE LAWN
(if wet in the Hall)."
Oxford Paper.

* See page 133.



HOW AN OLD-WORLD ATMOSPHERE STRIKES A WEEK-END GUEST.

OUTPOSTS OF EMPIRE.

The Ornithologist.

"Don't you think, Sir," said George suddenly, "that it would add considerably to the—er—amenities of Nukuku if we were to establish an aviary?"

I looked at him suspiciously, but his face was devoid of expression as he helped himself to the last spoonful of marmalade.

"I've never thought about it," I said. "You mean birds and things?"

"Precisely, Sir." George was being unusually polite. "Jolly little canaries and love-birds hopping about. Add a splash of colour to the place. And then think how they'd sing in the morning!"

I shuddered as I recalled George's own vocal efforts in the dawn or thereabouts, but before I could voice any objection he hurried on.

"Easiest thing in the world to fix up, and I'd catch all the birds. Used to do it when I was a youngster. Perfectly easy. Put 'em in a good roomy cage and they'd be as happy as—as happy as birds."

"George," I said, "have you considered who is to feed and water the little blighters?"

"Oh, yes," said George; "I'd see to that. At least my batman would. I thought you'd like the idea," he added quickly. "I'll get busy right away. Give the place quite a cheerful air. Birds carolling and all that sort of thing. Topping."

Now, if there is one thing of which Central African birds are not guilty it is carolling. They chirrup and they cluck, but they never carol. Indeed, to do them justice, they haven't much to make a song about, what with hawks hovering overhead, monkeys lurking in the trees and snakes wriggling along the branches, all intent on a bird diet. So they content themselves with subdued chirping, and I don't blame them.

However, that did not deter George. For the next few days he and Private Ali, supported by a few mystified members of the half-company, were busy with the construction of a large cage affair, using some aged and rusty wire-netting discovered in the Quartermaster's store. George directed operations and was responsible for the general lay-out, though he basely sought to shift the blame when it was found, after the last piece of wire had been nailed up, that Private Maji had inadvertently been left inside and was physically quite unfitted to emerge through the small trap-door which constituted the sole exit.

After the agitated private had been liberated, to a running accompaniment of Swahili pleasantries from his comrades-in-arms, the cage was securely nailed up again.

It was only then, when the receptacle for its entertainment was completed, that George noticed the remarkable scarcity of bird-life in the neighbourhood. In vain did he and Private Ali lurk in dark corners clutching pieces of string, to the other end of which were attached home-made traps. Birds which had previously thought nothing of venturing into the Mess itself remained coldly aloof, only coming down to pick up bits of bait which had been dropped outside the traps. George acquired a strained look about the eyes and a touch of lumbago from crouching, but the net bag for the first day was an inquisitive frog and a venturesome grasshopper.



"In vain did he and Private Ali lurk in dark corners."

Private Ali, after two days' sheer neglect of duty, managed to secure four specimens, three of which were duly deposited in the aviary. The fourth took advantage of George's inexperience and got away while he was fumbling with the trap. But he was very proud of those three as they fluttered round the aviary, and he spent some time expatiating on their beauty.

Later on I had another look. Four birds were flying round and enjoying a feed. I told George and he frowned, but explained the phenomenon by saying that Private Ali must have had another bite. Later still the inmates numbered six, and, since Ali had gone off duty, George looked worried. All the food had disappeared, and when George returned with another handful the aviary was empty. Nothing stirred within its capacious interior; but while George was still dismally regarding the grain he had flung down there came a fluttering of tiny wings and five small birds whisked past him, squeezed unconcernedly through the mesh of the wire and proceeded to get busy on their evening meal.

George watched them gloomily until they had finished, when they cocked impertinent heads at him and then went home in a body, uttering little chirps of thankfulness.

Removed to a less conspicuous spot the aviary now does duty as a chicken-run, but the Mess-cook complains that the wild birds cannot be kept out with anything less than a shot-gun.

THE INFLUENCE OF THE VICTORIAN HAT.

It is an axiom that women derive atmosphere from their clothes. May we then anticipate something like this in the post-bag of the near future, the art of letter-writing having returned with long hair and feathers?

My dearest Eleanor,—I was greatly disappointed that you did not come in yesterday morning to try the new duets over with me. Papa, after I had made numberless representations to him on the subject, had the piano tuned specially for me. Mama said that the wireless and gramophone provided sufficient music for the family, and grandmama agreed with her. The tyranny of the aged is amazing; but it has endured through the centuries and will doubtless continue. They think they know best and refuse to move with the times.

Sometimes I am inclined to agree with you, dearest Eleanor, that Richard is too old-fashioned to suit me. False friends have suggested to me that your criticism on this point was not entirely disinterested, but I have not allowed them to poison my mind against a dear companion with whom I have spent so many hours doing cross-stitch. Richard —I confess it reluctantly—*is* old-

fashioned. Yesterday he came to drive me to the flower-show, and when I suggested that he should ask Mama's permission he dismissed my suggestion with a laugh, saying, "I should worry!" When we encountered Mama, she joined in his mirth, adding that her daughters invariably returned to the nest at night—or words to that effect. Truly, I am so misunderstood that life is almost intolerable.

I wish Richard would transfer his affections to my elder sister, who is still old-fashioned enough to prefer a saloon to a brougham. Which reminds me that I have almost induced dear papa to buy a barouche and dispense with the car. In this matter I have, as usual, to contend with the opposition of Mama and Grandmama.

Vera Morton has not called upon me lately, although I invited her to our reading of the poets. I hear that she tried to approach me on the telephone the other day; but I have made one stand for freedom and refused to be communicated with except by letter. If she cannot adapt herself to modern conditions she must forgo the friendship of

Your ever devoted
MARION.

SCREEN GOSSIP.

SHOWING THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING CONVERSANT WITH IT.

["Child screen players have many ways of passing the time on a set between scenes. Jackie Searle gets even with boys who pummel him in front of the camera."—*Daily Paper.*]

A TROUSERED lady flashed a light to
guide my faltering feet;
I trod on scores of tender toes and
dropped into my seat;
Some half-a-dozen (six)
Excited human chicks
I found beside me with their eyes intent upon the flicks.

We were, according to the bills, assembled to behold
A cast composed exclusively of stars (of
human mould);
But there was one that we
Were privileged to see
Who quite out-sparkled all the rest; a juvenile was he.

My six excited neighbours, when he
entered on the scene,
Were even happier than they had previously been;
His entry was the cause
Of twelve uncleanly paws
And half as many youthful throats uniting in applause.

With joy they bubbled over for a time,
but, when they saw
Their favourite prostrated with a slosh
upon the jaw,
No longer muffled cheers
Impinged upon my ears,
And when I turned and looked at them
their cheeks were bathed in tears.

And then as luck would have it I recalled that I had read
That, when some bully hacked his shins
or punched him on the head,
His habit was to hack
Or punch the blighter back
When business in the intervals between
the scenes was slack.

I told my nearest neighbour this and
begged of her to lose
As little time as possible in passing on
the news;
And very soon the rain
Of tears began to wane
And half-a-dozen faces beamed with
happiness again. C. B.

The Penalty for Standing Still Too Fast.

"Driving Too Fast.—At the Guildford County Bench on Friday in last week —— —— was fined 10s. for obstructing Gibbet Hill, Hindhead, with a motor van."
Surrey Paper.



AFTER THE BOWLER HAT—



SEX REPEAL.

WHAT NEXT?



Wife (after the Guests have gone.) "I'M SORRY I DIDN'T BACK YOU UP, DARLING; BUT YOU TOLD QUITE A NEW STORY TO-NIGHT, SO HOW WAS I TO KNOW WHEN TO LAUGH?"

OBSEQUIES FOR MISS BUNDLEBY.

DETECTIVE novels, they say, have come to stay. My cousin Egbert's keeps going away for short visits to publishing houses, but like a good guest it never overstays its welcome and soon comes back again.

The shadow of its creation had hung over Egbert for more than a year, turning him from a decent pubable fellow into a ghoul who sat about ruminating evilly on the interplay of gore and arson. He seldom went out. If one ran across him in the street and asked him how things were going, he was apt to reply: "Much better, thanks; I'm stabbing her after all."

Some months ago he threw a party of celebration, for the corpse of *Miss Bundleby* had at last been given a decent burial, and *Sir Oswald Fotheringay*, the sleuthing-baronet, had returned for a well-earned rest to his villa on Cap Ferrat.

"I'm sorry if I've been a bit grumpy of late," he said, busy with a corkscrew, "but the truth is that this sort of thing is a far greater strain than you'd ever imagine. It's going off to the publisher to-morrow, but if any of you'd like to hear a bit of it? . . ."

One or two got away by saying that they'd forgotten to turn on their lamps, but most of us were trapped. . . . It was after three when *Sir Oswald Fotheringay* left on the Golden Arrow, and we all woke up to display delight and admiration.

"What are you going to call it?" I asked.

"*The Gashed Jugular*," said Egbert, and we agreed that that seemed a pretty suitable title.

"It's quite a good yarn," he went on with the humility that so often goes with the creative urge, "and I think they may like it. But you never know with these publishers. So just as a sort of insurance against depression I'll give another party if it's slung back."

"Suppose," Maria said—"just suppose, of course—it comes back several times, what about it?"

My cousin laughed confidently. "Let's say a party a time," he answered.

Someone remembered that the young man who was still snoring on the divan was a solicitor, so he was resuscitated and we got him to draw up a document, which Egbert signed.

* * * * *

At the ninth of his recent series of parties, held the other night, Egbert expressed surprise, in which we felt it best to acquiesce, at the degree to which the sense of logic is developed in the ordinary publisher. "It's quite amazing," he assured us, "the way in which the beggars spot snags."

In the last few months *The Gashed Jugular* has been subjected to a dissection so ruthless that a less sturdy work would long ago have crumbled away to nothing. Bowing to the querulous criticisms of the publishers poor *Miss Bundleby* has suffered exhumation on no fewer than four occasions, and all the painful circumstances of her unpleasant end have been tightened up in a manner which strikes one as both unchivalrous and inhumane. And even *Sir Oswald Fotheringay* himself has been more than once recalled from the Riviera to account for his deductions, a course which must have appeared more than irritating to a man of his mercurial temperament.

The Gashed Jugular may find a harbour at last, or again it may rot. Egbert's faith in it remains unshaken, and we continue to think his parties tolerably good. In the meantime I present the idea, with my sympathy, to the many suffering friends of those young novelists who are inclined to read their works aloud. ERIC.

"Mr. John —— is our new station-master. He comes from Ravenswood Junction and is a married man with a large family, many of whom are of different ages."
Queensland Paper.

This is much more convenient than having nothing but multiplets.



THE MIDDEN OF GOLD;

OR, THE COCK THAT CREW IN THE NIGHT.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Thursday, July 23rd.—The poet who felt a

". . . fierce but Utopian
Urge to abolish the public cornopean"

never suspected that the talking-film industry would come along and put five thousand British musicians, many of whom doubtless play the "crumpled horn," on the unemployment register. Or so Mr. GRAHAM WHITE believes, though Miss BONDFIELD declined to allot the blame to any particular agency.

Informers may be a class of men invented to be the public ruin, as TACITUS points out, but they can still earn a bob or two by preventing the public from being ruined by tax-evaders. However, only eleven reaped their reward—a paltry seven hundred pounds among the lot of them—last year, so Mr. SNOWDEN informed Mr. DE ROTHSCHILD. There is something after all to be said for the dole as a more honourable means of sustenance.

Lords and Commons, as the history-books tell us, first sat together, in the Parliament of 1283, at Acton Burnell, the Lords in the castle and the Commons, as befitted their lowlier status, in the barn. Were these historic buildings being preserved? asked Mr. MANDER. The FIRST COMMISSIONER OF WORKS replied that his Department was looking after the castle. The barn, of which not much is left, was not in his charge. Mr. MANDER hinted at a spirit of discrimination in favour of "another place" that no properly proletarian Minister would be guilty of; but Mr. LANSBURY'S withers are not so easily wrung. "I am a good loyalist, and I am looking after the old home of the peers," he replied equably. The hairier proletarians exchanged meaning looks. Can the Pride of Poplar be looking out for an old (spiritual) home for himself?

The Oxford theological examinee who, on being asked to describe the land beyond the Jordan, replied (in the absence of any useful knowledge on the subject) that it all depended on which side of the Jordan one was standing, would get no sympathy from Dr. SHIELS. He knows on which side of the Jordan *he* stands, and no urging by Lieut.-Commander KENWORTHY that the forthcoming inquiry into land settlement in Palestine should extend beyond that historic stream can move him. "I think we feel that we have quite enough material to deal with in Palestine," he explained, and Members murmured sympathetic agreement.

Mr. PARKINSON touched lightly on divers matters connected with traffic. Sir GERVAIS RENTOUL, a rare swimmer



"O Solitude, where are the charms
That sages have seen in thy face?"

SIR OSWALD MOSLEY FINDS HIS SPLENDID ISOLATION DISTASTEFUL.

in the vast elocutionary whirlpool, inquired what would become of the sixty thousand miners who now hew large round coal when the electrification of the railroads deprives that commodity of its market. Mr. WEST complained of high electricity charges, and Sir WILLIAM BRASS'S sounding cymbals were audible on dangerous parking, dazzling headlights and kindred topics. Mr. DENMAN got back to railways, and Colonel ASHLEY, in a spirit of parental pride which the present surface of that highway by no means justifies, urged the MINISTER to study the Colne by-pass. The MINISTER replied; Messrs. ALPASS, TINKER, CARTER and GROVES contributed to the topic of highways all that might be expected of gentlemen so named, and the House passed on to the Middle East.

This let in Sir SAMUEL HOARE, who dwelt appreciatively on the Yezidis, or Devil-worshippers, who believe "that the power for evil is a very serious power, and that therefore you had better propitiate it," a state of mind not unsuggestive of the attitude of the Government towards the Liberal Party. Sir SAMUEL evidently had it in mind that some such comparison might suggest itself, for he hastened to add that the Yezidis are, according to the best authority, "tranquil in demeanour and conversation, and even dignified, and a lost temper and bad language are against the tenets of their religion." Sir HILTON YOUNG added the last straw. The political usefulness of the Yezidis, he pointed out, was greatly circumscribed by the fact that it is against their religion to have any sort of education. In the main the House discussed Iraq, its mandate, its future and its minorities. "Alas! minorities were apt to be a little difficult," complained Dr. SHIELS, but, at any rate, they proved amenable enough as a subject of Parliamentary debate.

Friday, July 24th.—With both Houses in the throes of agriculture this should have been a red-letter day for the farmers. One did not, however, gather from the Amendments offered by the Lords to the Agricultural Marketing Bill that they expected much besides trouble to come of it. Lord DE LA WARR, it is true, was the soul of accommodation and accepted so many of the Amendments offered that one could not help wondering what the farmers would have had to put up with if the Bill had been left as it came from the Commons. Their Lordships did indeed ultimately manage to disagree over the question of whether there should be one or many Marketing Reorganisation Committees, Lord CRANWORTH insisting that, if there were a multiplicity of such Commissions for milk, potatoes and what not, each would play its own hand to the exclusion of agricultural interests as a whole,



Lord PARMOOR *to Sir* STAFFORD CRIPPS. "GLAD TO SEE YOU'VE DONE SUCH A GOOD TERM'S WORK, MY BOY, IN YOUR FATHER'S OLD HOUSE."

Lord DE LA WARR retorting that a single Commission would tend to degenerate into a semi-political advisory body that would ultimately function as a tariff commission. Lord AIRLIE complicated matters by urging that Scotland should have a separate Commission or set of Commissions, to which Lord DE LA WARR replied by reminding his noble friend that Hampshire farmers suffered from a dumped-milk surplus from Glasgow. Their Lordships agreed that this dreadful thing should not be and got on to the question whether pig-producers would be able to run bacon factories.

In the Commons the MINISTER OF AGRICULTURE moved that the House doth disagree with the Lords' Amendments to the Agricultural Land (Utilisation) Bill. Dr. ADDISON, like his colleague in another place, was accommodating, but to expect him to forgo without a struggle his experiment in large-scale state-ranching was too much and Clause I was solemnly restored to the Bill.

Monday, July 27th.—The Lords are determined that what happened at Camberwell Green, which was saved from the desecrating presence of a Tube-station almost by chance, shall not happen again. Lord ONSLOW proposed, Lord PARMOOR agreed to and the House accepted, a new Standing Order by which Private Bills authorising the taking over or compulsory user of public land are required to give full particulars of the place and the area to be taken. With this notification before them the Lords can be trusted to keep the public utilitarians in their place.

A brief and tepid debate preceded the second reading of the Unemployment Insurance Anomalies Bill, Lord LONDONDERRY pointing out that is was indeed a "very diminutive, not to say dwindling, mouse" for so mountainous a labour, and Lord DANESFORT advancing the refreshing, if somewhat doubtful, opinion that the dole is not regarded with favour by the working-classes. Enough that, like *Pooh Bah*, they contrive to pocket the insult. In Committee on the British Sugar Industry Assistance Bill Lord CRAWFORD and Lord MARLEY agreed that our sugar beet factories are simply too hideous for words.

In the Commons, Mr. DALTON informed various questioners that Mr. HENDERSON had mentioned the matter of the Russian debt negotiations to the SOVIET AMBASSADOR, who had promised to mention it to Moscow. Was there any mention of a time limit? asked Sir KINGSLEY WOOD. Mr. DALTON replied that the FOREIGN SECRETARY would not consider that at all a useful way of handling the matter.

Dr. ADDISON informed Mr. C. WILLIAMS that he was willing to consider a national mark standardisation scheme for potatoes. The present test of a British potato—its non-appearance until the British market has been glutted with foreign potatoes—is admittedly a rough and unready one.

The House learned with belated satisfaction that Sir MILES LAMPSON had been instructed to convey a strongly-worded demand for the handing over of the missing Mr. THORBURN to the President, Marshal CHIANG KAI-SHEK himself. It remains to be seen whether the Chinese can really be persuaded that Mr. HENDERSON means business.



THE NEW TIME-MACHINE.

The House of Lords put a four-years' limit to the Land Utilisation Bill; the Commons altered it to ten; the Lords proposed seven. Later they compromised at eight.

LORD HAILSHAM AND DR. ADDISON.

At the instance of Sir H. SAMUEL, Members discussed the deplorable state of the mining industry. It was a gloomy discussion because nobody, least of all the Secretary of the Mines Department, had any useful remedies to suggest. Indeed, one almost gathered from Sir HERBERT SAMUEL'S speech that his object in initiating the debate was to inform the House that Mr. A. J. COOK was probably not such a fool as he had sometimes sounded.

Tuesday, July 28th.—It seems all wrong that Parliament should go out in a blaze of inglorious detail when, if things were differently adjusted, the sessional curtain might be made to fall on the Parties locked in a death-grapple over some high and contentious measure—on such a scene, in short, as would fire the public imagination and give it something to look forward to when October restores the animated political scene.

The Lords, it is true, strove to fan the dying embers of the strife by once more evicting from the Agricultural Land (Utilisation) Bill the clause dealing with large-scale Government-controlled ranching. Doubtless it was in view of this determined attitude that Dr. ADDISON subsequently renounced in another place his dreams of an England replete with ten-plough tractors, herd-riders, cattle-rustlers and all the other picturesque paraphernalia of the great open spaces where men, to say nothing of Ministers of Agriculture, are men. It is rumoured that his own Party is now belatedly urging him to save the farmer from ruin at the hands of the foreign dumper. He has no doubt decided that it is best to make farming more profitable before he tries to make it more productive.

The Home Office Vote had to be passed, and, as the ever-green subject of sweepstakes is momentarily in abeyance, Aliens formed as good a subject of discussion as any other. Mr. LOCKER-LAMPSON urged the HOME SECRETARY to believe that the alien was still seeping in in excessive quantities, and Mr. KNIGHT not very relevantly besought him to remember that this country had always encouraged the free expression of opinion. Meanwhile other Members had reached out with their voices, like the lady in *Marriage*, and brought the conversation round to sweepstakes, street accidents, the Tote and the Home Office Industrial Museum—a topic which, considering the present state of the country, seems to have incurred very little attention. Mr. CLYNES, with an adequately comprehensive reply, surrendered the House's attention to the Inland Revenue Department.

More Muddled Oafs.

"COUNCIL DECIDE TO TAKE PLUNGE.
£17,000 Sewerage Scheme."
Headlines in St. Helens Paper.

Things which Might Have Been Expressed Less Insultingly.

"Miss —— as a queen of 1,000 years ago in the Carnival yesterday. She has won many prizes at horse shows."
Caption in Sunday Paper.

ANNE OF CLEVES, "that great Flanders mare," was later than that.



ENTERTAINMENTS AT WHICH WE HAVE NEVER ASSISTED.

THE PRESIDENT OF THE ROYAL ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY PERFORMS THE CEREMONY OF "WHIPPING THE SNADE."

CONTENTMENT AT LAST.

[Written on a very wet July afternoon, after hearing the news that GANDHI was coming to London in September and would insist on wearing his usual Eastern attire.]

THE nightingale is dumber
And droops the crimson rose;
A few weeks more and summer
Will find its lingering close;
And oh! I lose my patience,
I have no heart to sing
Of German Reparations
And all that kind of thing.

For crisis follows crisis,
And some there are who scold
Commodities and prices,
And some who fleer at gold;
There is no rhyme nor reason
In anything they say,
It spoils the London Season
When men go on that way.

I look towards September,
For one thing then shall be
Which all men shall remember
To all eternity:
Our Western manners loathing,
The pundit, the Hindu,
A loin-cloth for his clothing,
Alights at Waterloo.

When GANDHI comes to London
With laughter in his eyes
All done things shall be undone
And gay things shall be wise;
Oh, cokernuts and candhi
And coffee-ices brown
Shall be the fare of GANDHI
When GANDHI comes to Town.

He shall not wear the trousers
Of ordinary crooks,
Nor join the boon carousers
In restaurants-de-luxe;
His food it shall be simple,
His clothes he shall confine
To something like a wimple
Around the central line.

Ere yet the faithless swallow
Has left us he shall come,
And crowds shall always follow
A spectacle so rum;
On BERNARD SHAW we'll loose him
To talk as Sage to Man,
And SHAW shall introduce him
To EINSTEIN if he can.

And I shall take the fiddle,
And GANDHI shall advance,
His beach-wear round his middle,
And join the mazy dance;
And porter and coal-heaver
In chorus shall conspire,
And every stout believer
In rational attire.

The big men sit and bellow
About the moving mark,
But GANDHI is the fellow
To make Exchanges park;
From Tring to Tonypandhi
I hear the people say,
"Oh, GANDHI! Tell us, GANDHI,
What Germany must pay!"

Ere yet the last white petal
Has fallen from the rose
The nations he shall settle
And leave them in repose;
All done things shall be undone
And all great things be less
When GANDHI comes to London
In near-to-nakedness!

EVOE.

Undertones of Fashion.

"In the evening black-and-white combinations are seen everywhere."
South African Paper.

"'The Good Companions' is playing to full audiences at His Majesty's. . . ."
Scots Paper.

A good play deserves to be preceded by a good dinner.



Postman and Barber too. "Now, keep steady, because I've got an express letter for the Manor House."

THE BLUE DRYAD.

Fourteen may probably seem a young age at which to write serious Fiction in. But I may add that I have studied the ways and methods of novels (good novels, I mean) as well as literature. I fear that the ensuing story which follows may be considered rather "daring" in some of its respects. Well, I admit that I am one of those authors to whom conventional ideas count but little for.—Betty Audrey Brown.

Hilary, hidden behind an alcove, glimpsed the stately ballroom with a septical smile. Yes, this was Society, as it was known; but what did she care for these wealthy hangers-on who hung on to her father, Sir Jasper Mallison, G.O.B.E., because they secretly feared instead of liking him, owing to his power in the *beau monde* of Finance? Those who crossed Sir Jasper's path he did not hesitate in crushing. This was a well-known matter of common knowledge, so hence the fawning crowds who thronged Belleview Abbey, an ancient Cistercian priory which he purchased.

Noticing the septicism imprinted on Hilary's discontented but yet lovely face and slim boyish form, a young man whom any close observer would say at once, "An artist or a well-known poet!" approached her and proffered her a cocktail. Hilary drank it with reckless abandon.

"You look more like a Dryad than a conventional Society girl!" he said with a somewhat admiring tone.

"Yes!" she responded eagerly. "I think I must be a daughter of the sea-foam, like Venus de Milo, as I am only happy if and when roaming on the sea-coast. I am *stifled* in these surroundings. But tell me about yourself. Who are you?"

"Derek Clifton—artist, vagabond and septic!" he laughed. "As much of a fish out of the sea as you are in these surroundings, I expect. We must be friends—Hilary!"

"It is too late, Derek," she said, giving a somewhat bitter expression. "I am engaged to the Fifth Earl of Morchester, whom my father insists on being my *fiancé*, but for whom I cannot conquer an almost unconquerable prejudice against."

Suddenly Derek crushed her in his arms with a look of passionate love. When she recovered from the surprise of this somewhat unsuspected act he was gone.

* * * * *

Hilary ran blithely along the sea-coast. Her *fiancé* had gone out golfing, a "sport" to which his coarse intellect was just about equal to. For one free hour of liberty she was free—free! She had on a swimming costume of turquoise blue, so her slim boyish form really did look strongly like a Greek Dryad. One thought about Virgil and Petrarch and their various pieces of Greek poetry when gazing at her.

She was not, however, so unobserved as she imagined. An artist sat on the beach, struggling to convey the myriad phrases of the sea to his inanimate canvas. It was Derek!

He jumped up, feeling inaudible emotions welling to the surface.

"Hilary!" he muttered. "Have you come again into my life only to go out of it again once more?"

"Yes, Derek!" she sighed, sagging wearily. "Life is difficult, I know, but we must all 'dree each other's weird.' Still, by the 'Path of Duty' we shall probably reach the 'Haven o' Dreams.'"

"But you are being stifled," he averred. "So therefore why not untie the Gordian knot?" His eyes blazed.

"No, Derek," she reasserted. "It can never be, for Destiny has ruled that we are Fated. Only, look here. Supposing I come here every day so that you can paint me, and meanwhile we

can talk about art and theology and so on?"

Derek's picture, "Dryad in Blue," was the "problem picture" of the Royal Academy. Crowds crowded round it with curious glances every day. Who was she—the mysterious model the identity of whom nobody seemed to know of? Only one day Lord Morchester recognised its identity—and a week later he was dead. Apoplexy intervened on top of a weak heart, and after a short but somewhat serious illness he was dead, as I have said.

* * * * *

A certain picture hangs in the place of honour in a small but artistic cottage within sight of the ceaseless murmur of the ocean.

A tall slim girl, the look of septicism having given pride of place to radiant joy, trips indoors from outside to where there sits a famous painter, painting. "My Dryad of the Sea!" he remarks earnestly.

And the moon smiles down laughingly over "Haven o' Dreams."

WHAT WILL YOU DO IN THE NEXT WAR, DADDY?

(A BALLAD FOR BILL.)

"WHAT will you do in the next war, Daddy,
When Locarno-time comes round
And the trumpets sound,
For, by Treaty bound,
Old England in the soup once more is found?
Will you stand in the trench
With the Germans (or the French)?
Will you fire a little gun
Against the Frenchman (or the Hun)?
Will you wear a hat of brass
Or a helmet made of tin
When triumphantly you pass
Into Paris (or Berlin)?
Will you battle in a Tank, or be useful at a Bank?
Say, Dad, in what exact capacitee
Side by side with the Boche, the horrid Froggies you will slosh
(Or *vice versa*, as the case may be)."

"We are the mugs of the world, my lad,"
The ex-infantryman gently hinted;
"I don't know why we stoop
To the European soup,
But there the British foot's imprinted.
Poor old England holds the baby
While Europe hops upon the bus,
But, if England's ever done, do you think there's one
As would cross the road to lend a hand to *us*?



The Local Autocrat. "H'M! I SUPPOSE YOU ARE ONE OF THOSE PEOPLE WHO 'VE GOT TO HAVE SOME SORT OF OUT-DOOR OCCUPATION."

Well, as to this here Treaty,
Our honour is, as usual, involved,
And I don't see how
We can bust it now,
But, speaking for myself, I am resolved—
Anyone can take the trench
From the Germans for the French,
(Or *vice versa*, as the case may be);
Anyone can fire a gun
Against the Frenchman (or the Hun)
But it definitely won't be me!
Nobody's so keen
On the honour of the nation;
Don't think I mean
To evade our obligation;
But I do like a wash,
And I don't like a pack,
And if we have to slosh
The Froggie (or the Boche)
I'll be there, by Gosh—
But well at the back,
And I'll march to the attack
As a batman to a W.A.A.C."

A. P. H.

The Astigmatic Conjurer.

"Lost in the vicinity of Fratton or Fratton Bridge, Spectacles in case, Rabbits inside; reward."—*Advt. in Portsmouth Paper.*

"—— —— (Sottish comedian)."
B.B.C. Programme in Daily Paper.

Many people like that kind of humour best.

AT THE PICTURES.

MAURICE CHEVALIER WASTED.

MAURICE CHEVALIER is not being too well handled. With his gay insouciance, his boyishness, his engaging gestures, his singing voice, his speaking voice,



THE STAIRCASE LIEUTENANT.
Niki . . M. MAURICE CHEVALIER.

his consummate stage ability, he is the best material that the talkies have yet discovered. It may be roundly said that he was made for the talkies and that the talkies were made for him. This would be true even if he spoke our language perfectly, but with his broken English he is fifty per cent more attractive: it is an immense additional asset. All these qualities could, if pains were taken, be turned to good account and the gaiety of nations be increased. There was plenty of proof of this when he was the hero of a very human story of to-day in *The Big Pond*. It is not too late yet, but it will not do to postpone things much longer. And more understanding, sweetness and light must go to the production than the vaunted Herr ERNST LUBITSCH has brought to *The Smiling Lieutenant*, which, if it is a masterpiece, is a masterpiece only of silliness and vulgarity.

"I don't mind vice in my servants," I once heard a clever lady say, "but I can't do with stupidity." These words came to my mind as I saw the film, which begins with great spirit and promise, steadily declining to its deplorable end, when *Niki* (MAURICE CHEVALIER), who for all his Viennese military free love had led us to believe he would be true to his *Franzi*, betrays her. The story, which is almost the most foolish and coarse that the talkies have yet given us, is saved from downright offensiveness only by the cheerful shallowness of everyone concerned. Love is talked about and sung about all the time, but there are no lovers in the piece: nothing but philanderers. Even that excellent actress and very charming woman, CLAUDETTE COLBERT, as *Franzi*, has to play the part of a wanton who, though still enamoured of her protector, instructs her petty little rival how to turn his repulsion to appetite. Many a film-actress could do this and leave us cold; but when CLAUDETTE COLBERT is so treacherous and so untrue to herself our feelings are outraged. Perhaps that is the best word to describe our feelings all through the second and longer part, after *Niki* and the *Princess* start on their unforgivable wedded career; and as this is the main material of the film the result is depressing. That MAURICE could be a rake we knew and did not deplore, although he would lose nothing and gain much if he were merrily honourable; but we never thought to find him a bounder—and in such a uniform!

Considering what rubbish it all is, everyone concerned is to be congratulated on working so loyally, although commiserated with too. MAURICE never flags, and for the first few minutes is adorable. CLAUDETTE COLBERT,



A PRINCESS'S EDUCATION.
INSTRUCTION IN HOLLYWOOD APPEAL.
Princess Anna MISS MIRIAM HOPKINS.
Franzi . . MISS CLAUDETTE COLBERT.

as *Franzi*, who needed less winning than any girl that any Viennese officer ever pursued, is always her attractive self. Mr. BARBIER, as an impossible Americanised mid-European king, looks like our own Mr. NORMAN MCKINNEL and does his best. His even less credible daughter, MIRIAM HOPKINS, who makes such a mess of *Niki's* life, does her best too, but without for a moment leading us to believe in her. Poor CHARLES RUGGLES, usually so funny and prominent, appears at the start and is immediately lost for ever. An even briefer glimpse is afforded us of that Austrian



M. MAURICE CHEVALIER. "WHY DIDN'T THEY GIVE ME A SONG ABOUT BED?"

monarch who for twenty years every writer of headlines in the English Press knew as the "Aged Emperor." There is a boom in FRANZ JOSEPH just now: he lends dignity to *The White Horse Inn*; but to find him aiding and abetting the flagrant nonsense of *The Smiling Lieutenant* is indeed a shock. E. V. L.

CLASS-CONSCIOUSNESS.

UNTIL recently it was years and years since I had blushed about anything. There used to be a time when I was so self-conscious that merely to be asked what I had done that day brought a blinding crimson to my cheek, no matter how friendly an interest prompted the question.

I thought all that was over. But lately my life has been clouded by a recurrence of this uneasy self-consciousness. Yesterday the climax was reached.

I belong, I suppose, to what is called the middle class: that class which produces most of the doctors, lawyers, civil servants, artists, stockbrokers and so on. Since my boyhood, I have heard daily about the "working-class," the implication plainly being that my friends and relations who follow the various professions named above do *not* work.

Until a year or two ago there was no question of the middle class being self-conscious. They just went about their

affairs. Now all that is changed. To-day it is not enough that I do my work and provide a home, food, education and amenities for my family. Every time I come in contact with a genuine "worker" so self-consciously sensitive have I become that I know exactly what he is thinking of me.

Yesterday a Vertebra of the Empire's Backbone came to mend the hot-water-tap in our bathroom. He came at ten minutes to ten in the morning. I was still in my dressing-gown. He made no remark. He did not lecture me. Yet I was conscious of the mixture of contempt and reproach in his eyes. He had jumped to the conclusion that I was an Idler, a Social Parasite, one who lay in bed all day battening on the Capitalist System; one, in fact, who was able to shave in the middle of the morning because he had inherited a Vested Interest.

I hovered shamefacedly in the passage, scarcely liking to go into the bathroom. But at length I plucked up courage.

Twenty years ago our conversation would have been something like this:—

Me. Good-morning.

Plumber. Good-morning, Sir. Looks as if we're going to get a bit of summer at last, Sir.

Me. Yes, it certainly is brighter. What's wrong with that tap?

Plumber. Well, Sir, when my mate gets along, we'll have it off. I expect it wants a new washer.

Me. Good.

Yesterday it ran as follows:—

Me. Er—good-morning.

Plumber. Good-morning.

Me. Do you mind if I use the basin? I shan't be in your way?

Plumber. Humph!

Me. What do you think is wrong with that tap?

Plumber. The gentleman that was with me has gone for a wrench. When he comes we'll have it off and see.

Me (*with a nervous titter*). I expect it seems funny to you that I should be getting up so late when you've been working since eight o'clock. But the fact is I was working till half-past one last night.

Plumber (*with stony incredulity*). Ho.

Me (*abashed*). Yes. You see, we work at different times, you and I. I sometimes have to go on till a thing is finished; in fact——

He gave me a pitying look and turned away. Full of shame, I slunk back to my bedroom till he should be gone.

For years I have enjoyed standing at the open windows of my flat at odd moments; but recently some enterprising person has begun to pull down the old barns opposite and build a row of houses. An army of workers are scrambling about scaffolding all day at a height that enables them to look straight in at my windows. Under their stern and critical gaze I feel myself to be one of those things which will soon be swept away along with the rest of the Social Evils.

The job of building that row of houses promises at the present rate to last another year. If so, life will be unbearable unless some clear understanding is come to between the workers and myself. To-day, at 1.0 P.M., having since 10.30 A.M. been engaged upon what I am foolishly pleased to call my work, I opened the front-door and came down the steps into the sunshine. At the kerbstone stood my small dilapidated motor-car, which the insurance company have valued at eleven pounds. I got into it to go to my office to continue my idling. I could spare no time for luncheon.

As I drove away (having kissed my wife and the children) the workers were resting after their dinner interval. I felt a dozen pairs of eyes fixed upon me with grave disapproval.

There is nothing for it. To-morrow I shall go to the foreman of the operations opposite and, having got him to call a meeting of the workers, I shall make them a short speech justifying my existence and pass round letters of reference in support of my apologia.



THE MAN WHO WANTED TO KNOW WHERE THE BRAKES WERE.

Smith Minor, Bless Him.

"It had been raining cats and dogs and the road was covered with poodles."
Schoolboy's Essay.

"Trade—Comfortable Summer Cottage on open sea, six miles out, for cabin boat."
Advt. in Canadian Paper.

For a life on the ocean wave, the cabin boat certainly sounds safer.

CAPE HORN DAYS.

XII.—THE CAPE HORNER.

I NEVER was in clipper ships when they was in their prime;
The tea fleet an' the wool fleet, they was done afore my time;
The ship I knowed the best was a big Cape Horner,
'Thrashin' to the westward round that stormy corner,
Loaded down with Cardiff coals for Californio,
Rollin' round to 'Frisco—forty year ago!

When it was "Round the Horn an' 'ome again, that's the sailor's way,"
'Crost the road to Newcastle,* back to 'Frisco Bay,
Up the coast to Oregon, down to Callao,
Round the Horn an' 'ome again—forty year ago!

She was 'ard-run, undermanned, 'ungry as you please,
She wallowed both rails under in the thundering Cape Horn seas;
With three thousand ton inside her she was like an 'ouse to steer,
She didn't carry flyin' kites nor suchlike fancy gear;
But reefin' upper topsails was a picnic in a blow,
Rollin' 'ome from 'Frisco—forty year ago!

She was only built for cargo, she was nothin' of a clipper,
But the Old Man was a snorter of an old-style racin' skipper;
The seas they kep' on poopin' 'er, 'e wouldn't 'eave 'er to,
'E 'ung on to 'is topsails an' 'e run till all was blue;
It was "Keep 'er movin', Mister," every time 'e went below,
An' we beat the fleet from 'Frisco—forty year ago!

But Time 'e keeps on movin' too, and them old days are past,
An' the ol' ship's gone for ever, like we all must go at last,
Like the ships that made a forest on the 'Frisco waterside,
The slashin' big fourposters from the Mersey an' the Clyde,
An' the Yankee skysail yarders with their plankin' scoured like snow,
Loadin' grain at 'Frisco—forty year ago!

Law's ships, De Wolf's ships, Castles, Counties, Glens,
Potter's fleets and Leyland's, Halls an' Clans an' Bens,
Cities, Ports an' Passes, Falls an' Lord knows what—
All of 'em are gone now, and most of 'em forgot;
Rotten ships and good ships, speedy ships and slow,
That used to load at 'Frisco—forty year ago!

When it was "Round the Horn an' 'ome again, that's the sailor's way,"
'Crost the road to Newcastle, back to 'Frisco Bay,
Up the coast to Oregon, down to Callao,
Round the Horn an' 'ome again—forty year ago!

C. F. S.

THE PLATINUM BLONDE AND THE MOVIE-STAR.

A FABLE.

ONE day a Platinum Blonde whose Romantic Instinct had burgeoned luxuriantly in the Hot-house Atmosphere of the Picturedrome perceived that a Movie-Star of the Male Gender, renowned alike for his Erotic Charm and Athletic Courage, was about to pass by; whereupon the Platinum Blonde hastily set Fire to her House and shrieked for help from the Dormer Window.

When she had succeeded in attracting the Attention of the Movie-Star, the Platinum Blonde said, "Will you not take advantage of your Opportune Arrival to succour me?"

"Sister," replied the Movie-Star, after scrutinising her closely, "good Platinum Blondes that are not Dyed in the Wool are scarce. I will certainly save you, but I would like to have you Indicate how it is to be Done."

"If it would not be an Impertinence," she cried, as the Floor below Caved In, "to express an Opinion before One has successfully coped with this Identical Situation as the Protagonist of a Tnousand-and-One Features, I think this is but a Routine Job. You merely vault on to the Portico, swarm up the Japonica and swing across on a Persian Shutter to my Window, holding me tenderly with your Right Arm as you Return by the Same Route. But," she added with a Blush that owed little to the Glow of the Conflagration, "as we have not been Introduced, I must ask you to Omit or at least to Modify your normal Close-up Embrace on regaining Terra Firma."

"Honey," said the Movie-Star sadly, "my Stunts, without exception, are done for me by my Double, a poor Boob at the Bottom of the Pay-Roll. What you demand of me is Beyond my Strength, but I can, and will, secure a Ladder and raise it against your Window, let the Consequences of the Exertion as it affects my Chronic Neuritis be What they May."

For some time the Platinum Blonde remained numb with Disillusionment.

"You will Yourself ascend and assist me down?" she asked at length, with an Inflexion that hopefully invited an Affirmative Response.

"Alas, Baby," cried the Movie-Star over the noise of a Subsiding Wall, "I have no Head for Heights; but I promise that I will hold the ladder Steady whilst you Descend."

At that the Platinum Blonde Threw herself Backwards and was consumed in the Flames.

Moral: Real Life is often an Unsatisfactory Imitation of the Imaginary.

A FAST LIFE.

[The twenty-four-hour clock is said to be coming in the near future.]

I AM commonly regarded as exceptionally mild;
I never seek to set the town aflame;
My youth, as I remember it, was anything but wild;
My middle-age is absolutely tame;
I carry out sedately all the duties of the day;
I never do the smallest thing to shock,
And the sternest social critic couldn't disapprove the way
I always go to bed at ten o'clock.

But, though by now my habits have become completely set
And the thought of any change I should resist,
There are times when I am conscious of a feeling of regret
For the things I rather fancy I have missed;
And I'm welcoming a future when the clocks that we employ
Will produce what heretofore I never knew—
A sense of dissipation I shall thoroughly enjoy
When I never go to bed till twenty-two.

The Man with the Parachute.

"AN Experienced Gentleman of practical knowledge in various engineering and business lines is open to descent offers."
Advt. in Calcutta Paper.

A Real Flying Trophy.

"A Paris correspondent states that neither the French nor Italian seaplanes will enter for the Schneider Trophy race. In such a case the trophy would after flying over the course pass into permanent possession of Britain."—*Singapore Paper.*

* The one in New South Wales.



THE LOVE-FEAST.

"AH, YOU WANT ME TO PAY THE BILL?"
"CERTAINLY, MONSIEUR, BUT NOT TILL MONSIEUR HAS FIRST ORDERED SOMETHING."



She. "OH LOOK! THERE'S A MAN BEING CHASED BY A BULL. WHAT CAN WE DO FOR HIM?"
He. "TAKE NO NOTICE. WE DON'T KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT THE FELLOW. IT MAY BE PART OF A DIET OR SOMETHING."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

THERE is so much that is exhilarating and knowledgeable about Mr. WALTER BAYES' "speculative portrait" of *Turner* (BLES, 10/6) that I wish I did not foresee two stumbling-blocks to a well-deserved success. Mr. BAYES' fighting preface, with its staunch preference for honest artistry and patrons simple and wise enough to back their own fancy, will infuriate the artists, critics and public who live on and for exploitation. His highly personal and haphazard method of dealing with his literary task will inevitably jar on traditionalists who would have appreciated his matter. There are too many sops to Cerberus here—whichever of the brute's heads you think worth placating; and Mr. BAYES, I am sure, would have done better to have conducted his *tête-à-tête* with TURNER less obviously embarrassed by onlookers. This granted, however, what invaluable side-lights are shed on art and an incomparable artist! With all due respect to RUSKIN—who appreciated in TURNER a painter largely inassimilable to his system—Mr. BAYES sees in his hero a classic figure rather than a great innovator, and honours him for having carried the principles of the eighteenth-century to their legitimate nineteenth-century fruition. To the eighteenth-century he attributes TURNER'S more unattractive foibles; in particular the various women of the people who shared with his delightful father, the old barber, the conduct of his somewhat squalid domesticity. Too many chapters are devoted perhaps to these side-issues; but at least one anecdote—THORNBURY'S famous mutton story—is rightly appreciated at something beyond its face value.

THOMAS COCHRANE, tenth Earl of Dundonald, when seventy-nine years old, was refused command of the Baltic Fleet in the Crimean War on the ground that he would be likely to lead his force into some all too desperate enterprise. His whole career was so adventurous that Mr. E. G. TWITCHETT, in his *Life of a Seaman* (WISHART, 12/6), only by the most studied moderation avoids the appearance of gross exaggeration; for the famous capture of the frigate *El Gamo*, the driving ashore of the French fleet at Basque Roads, or the cutting out of the *Esmeralda* from Callao harbour are only a few among the exploits against grievous odds of this quiet, studious, affectionate man. His inventions, ranging from rotary-engines and the fractional distillation of coal to Q-boats and a fair approximation to barbed wire, culminated in that famous "plan," kept secret for a hundred years and to be used only in utter extremity, which proved to be a combination of smoke-screens, poison-gas and explosion vessels that would be formidable even to-day. With all his abilities he had a freakish twist. At times he evinced almost a passion for indiscretion, an unholy joy in "answering back," a delight in outraging senior opinion. Captain MARRYAT served under him, and in him one inevitably sees a greater *Midshipman Easy*, grown up yet still in the service, combined with a strain of GEORGE STEPHENSON and, more amazingly, of COBBETT, almost of WILKES. My only regret is that here in one volume is material that might have been developed for three.

If I was wishin' f'r to goo
To parts of Essex I c'd name,
I tell ye sawnthin' I sh'd do
Before attemptin' o' that same:
I 'd ask a certain chap to come
Along o' me and drop a hint
To make me same as friends wi' some
He 's done a piece about in print.

Telly f'r why. Wi' them I 'd feel
A furriner, wi'out a doubt;
But this S. L. BENSUSAN, he 'll
Be bound he knows 'em inside out;
Anyways, in *Dear Countrymen*
(A book he 's wrote at 7/6
And MURRAY sells), he 's got his pen
Clean into all their artful tricks.

I surely hope he 'd come along.
Didn't, I count I wouldn't show
My face among that wily throng,
No, not if that was ever so;
It makes you laugh till you 're fair tore
The way the mugs is made to pay,
But, lordy, I 'd feel powerful sore
If I was put on stiddy they.

Whenever I open one of those long genealogical novels that read like a slab of *The Dictionary of National Biography* with lyrical interludes, I regret the happy discipline of the old three-decker, which, appearing in numbers, was compelled to have some sort of internal design apart from chronology. Miss CLEMENCE DANE's latest venture, which relates the fortunes of a brilliant family of actor-managers from 1715 to the present day, is a case in point. It will live, I feel, by virtue of one outstanding portrait; but nothing will persuade me that the whole of *Broome Stages* (HEINEMANN, 8/6) is greater than its greatest part—the story of *Domina Broome* (*floruit c.* 1860) whose career of leading lady—chequered by two marriages and an *affaire* with a cousin—reveals her creator at her best. The most attractive of *Domina's* ancestors is undoubtedly the first actor of the series, a certain *Richard Broome* of the Devonshire peasantry, who rose to fame through a witch's charm and a chance fall through a barn roof into a company of strolling players. His descendants we follow through a maze of metropolitan successes and noble marriages until the fourth generation produces *Domina*. After *Domina* appears *Edmund*—the last of the romantic *Broomes*—and with *Edmund's* children we arrive at the post-War generation, stigmatized as "soft and hectic . . . with the excitement of peace" by their indomitable grandmother. Miss DANE invests the stage throughout with so knowledgeable a glamour, that her well-kept resolution to tell personal rather than professional history comes almost as a disappointment.

When ARTHUR GODLEY went up to Balliol from Rugby, where he had been head of the school, he attracted JOHN CONINGTON'S notice by the angelic quality of his Latin verses—a quality which, as the present writer can testify, remains unimpaired to-day. Academic triumphs followed thick and fast, but the call of public service was in his blood. His father, a pioneer in the settlement of New Zealand, and by general consent marked out for the highest offices at home, died young, but Lord KILBRACKEN, after being twice private secretary to Mr. GLADSTONE, entered the Civil Service in 1882 and established a still unbroken record by holding the Under-Secretaryship of State for India for twenty-six years. Before entering the permanent Civil Service he refused six offers of seats in Parliament; in 1904 he declined the High Commissionership of South Africa on Lord MILNER'S retirement. The reasons for these refusals, set forth with equal candour and modesty, may be summed up by saying that he preferred to do what he knew he could do. The pith of the book and fully a quarter of its contents are devoted to the most judicial estimate of



"IF HE'S IN FORM HE'S GOT A VERY POWERFUL SNICK OVER FIRST SLIP'S HEAD."

Mr. GLADSTONE as politician, official and man that has ever been written. But it also contains a whole gallery of character-portraits of the heads of the permanent Civil Service in his time, the men who really ran the country. For the rest, these *Reminiscences of Lord Kilbracken* (MACMILLAN, 10/6) are rich in unhackneyed anecdote and abound in evidences of filial piety—an unfashionable quality nowadays—expressed in a style distinguished yet concise which recalls Sir HENRY SAVILE'S eulogium of TACITUS as the historian who "hath written the most matter in fewest words."

The recent flood of War literature, while it has produced plenty of accounts of the sea affair from the German side, has so far left comparatively untouched the work of Britain's Allies afloat. This gap Commander L. B. DENMAN'S translation of Commandant PAUL CHACK'S "historical romance," *On se bat sur Mer*, under the title, *Sea Fights: The Entente upon the Seas* (SIMPKIN MARSHALL, 18*fr.*), goes some way towards filling. The book deals, in a vigorous and popular style admirably rendered in the translation, with several of the remoter and less familiar spheres of naval activity. Its subjects are the exploits of French drifters in the Mediterranean, the operations on the East African Coast culminating in the destruction of the cruiser *Königsberg*, the Otranto barrage and the share of the French Navy in the defence of the Suez Canal. Given a format more suited to English requirements than the present paper covers, the volume is one which should find many readers in this country.

When, like a golfer homing in triumph from the links, the *Sharif Asa ben Tamir* began his evening recital of how hard and how neatly he had smitten the horsemen of the Wallabi, it was too much for the lady *Yashima*, his intended, who had heard it all many times before; so she rode out across the desert and, boarding a convenient aeroplane, made towards England. With her astounding reactions to this country Mr. R. T. SHERWOOD makes play in *Yashima* (BENN, 7/6). Her rich flow of sultanic metaphor and her pathetic belief in the militant idealism of the Englishman impinge first on a hospitable but Jorrocks-minded county family, then on the smug opulence of a suburb, and finally, before her felicitous reunion with the *Sharif*, on the scintillating young of Mayfair. This book is light reading and Mr. SHERWOOD does not concern himself with any deeper satire than the showing up of certain of the more obvious of our national absurdities; but it is brightly written in a style which now and then reveals a very happy turn of phrase.

Readers of *Some Book-Hunting Adventures*, by Mr. R. S. GARNETT (BLACKWOOD, 7/6), must not be misled by the title into expecting nothing but accounts of shrewd or lucky finds in the old book-shops. Of that sort of envy-arousing excitement for his fellow-collectors there is indeed no lack, but with him book-hunting in this strict sense, and in others, seems as often as not to turn up as an incident among happenings which have no association with books. He is, for instance, best man at a wedding. He accompanies the bride's wealthy aunt to see the young things off at Euston; gets taken to York with the aunt in the train which the pair miss; searches at her urgent request for a worthless novel of which, when he finds it, she has patience to read only a few pages; earns her mild contempt for the poorness of his judgment, and finally gets the book back as a legacy. That is a sample of the variety of interest to be found in a chattily-written series of sketches which contain much charmingly bookish fact and fancy.

In *The Unlicensed Prospector* (THE BODLEY HEAD, 7/6) Miss F. E. MILLS YOUNG tells the story of four men who meant by hook or crook to make their fortunes. Unsuccessful on the Lichtenburg goldfields they decide to defy the law and invade the prohibited area of Namaqualand, and there they find a wonderful green diamond whose influence upon them was far indeed from wholesome. *Bradshaw* was the leader of this quartette and in villainy could not be beaten; but *Brian Renshaw*, the youngest of the party, was not by any means as easy to victimize as he seemed, and in him we have a character more complex than Miss MILLS YOUNG is in the habit of drawing. A readable yarn, of which those of us who are thinking of holidays should make a note.



NEW MODES, NEW MANNERS.

The excursions of distinguished novelists into the realms of mystery and murder are not invariably crowned with success, but if the main theme in *The Shortest Night* (HEINEMANN, 7/6) is rather clumsily handled Miss G. B. STERN'S side-shows provide a charming entertainment. She has staged her drama on the French Riviera and introduces us to two house-parties whose members are drawn with unfailing humour and skill. The by-play between these two parties is brilliant, but the machinery of the story runs none too smoothly when a way to dispose of the murdered man's body has to be found. This is not in the first class as a sensational tale, but as a study of character it claims and retains attention. It seems to me, therefore, that Miss STERN has performed the impossible feat of nearly missing the target altogether and at the same time of hitting the bull's-eye.

"One of the most deplorable weaknesses of human nature is the love of tittle-tattle—cutting throats behind backs."—*Daily Paper.*

These contortionists are asking for trouble.

"By the way St. James's Park pheasants are doing well. One hen has a fine brood of five, which should be in excellent condition for the guns by September 1!"—*Gossiper in Daily Paper.*

Gunmen in St. James's Park seem to have special privileges.

CHARIVARIA.

WE hasten to contradict the rumour that Sir OSWALD MOSLEY has threatened to resign from the MOSLEY Party.

***

Curious noises emitted by a church organ were attributed by experts to the effect of the June earthquake. The consensus of parish opinion is that this exculpates the organist.

***

An American physician now in London has pointed out the dangers of kissing. Fortunately the old custom of kissing the income-tax collector died out years ago.

***

Dr. WILLIAM ROBSON deplores that people now talk of Oxford as the Latin Quarter of Cowley. The dead languages, of course, are comparatively little used in the neighbouring motor-works.

***

Bees which swarmed into the streets of Dundee held up the traffic for a considerable time and stung several pedestrians; but there is little local support for the suggestion that they were attracted by the bonnets of bonnie Dundee.

***

A correspondent asks whether the sculptress, EMMA COTTA, who made, without his knowledge, a bust of Mr. RAMSAY MACDONALD during his visit to Berlin, is any relation to the famous Terra Cotta.

***

On the "Shakespeare Express" from Paddington to Stratford-on-Avon a special label, showing the head of the poet, is now provided for luggage. This definitely ranges the railway authorities in opposition to the Baconian theory.

***

From the latest biography of TURNER it appears that some of his associates were unaware that he was liable to bouts of painting.

***

Stoolball has been introduced into Iceland, and conjecture is rife as to how the game will be affected by the local depressions.

***

Mr. G. B. SHAW admits that Bolshevism will not do for Britain just yet; but he is believed to be confident that the day is not far distant when Britain will be done for.

***

The House of Commons, we are told, can be cleared in ten minutes in the event of a fire. It seems a good idea.

***

In an account of a recently-produced film a girl is described as giving a man three thoroughly realistic slaps on the face. We await Mr. HANNEN SWAFFER'S experienced opinion.

***

Last Saturday week was the centenary of the opening of London Bridge. It was noticed that many City men preferred to celebrate it quietly at home.

***

A specialist has noticed that most serious crime is committed during the week-end. This is probably due to the fact that a man can't keep asking his employer for a day off every time he wants to commit a murder.

***

"Mr. William Bennett can now be seen most noons lunching off boiled eggs in the pleasant Common Room of the Fabian Society," says a *Daily Herald* paragraph. Visitors to London shouldn't miss this sight.

***

French scientists have been mystified by the crowing of a cock at midnight. The bird denies that he got the idea from Mr. Punch's cartoon of last week.

***

Leicestershire firemen had to hurry away from a game of bowls the other day in order to attend a fire. DRAKE wouldn't have done that.

***

"The average American film makes me laugh," says a critic in an evening paper. He seems to have had better luck than some of us.

***

In a recent speech Signor MUSSOLINI said that when he thinks of some modern men he is filled with rage. Still we do hope the DUCE will try to keep his black shirt on.

***

Truth is sometimes stranger than fiction. It is said that during a conflagration in a tobacconist's shop in North London several automatic cigarette-lighters caught fire.

***

When the first telephone-exchange was installed in London there were only eight subscribers, we are told. It must have been comforting to know that it was impossible to get more than six different wrong numbers.

***

"In these difficult financial times," observes a contemporary, "we Englishmen owe much to our bankers." Still, there is no need to rub it in.

***

With reference to the declared intention of the Welsh Nationalist Party to compel English business firms to encourage the study of Welsh, our feeling is that the times are unfavourable for this addition to our commercial burdens.

***

A dodge for teaching dull children is to set them to learn tunes with the alphabet printed on the piano-keys. The lady of the house next-door would seem to be faulty in her spelling.

***

"A good cure for indigestion is to stand upright for half-an-hour after breakfast," says a medical man. Then how does he explain the prevalence of dyspepsia among strap-hangers?

***

In New York a wandering saxophone-player who has married six wives has been sentenced to a long term of imprisonment for bigamy. It is one of the present anomalies of the law that a more serious view is taken of bigamy than of saxophone-playing.

***

"What would the modern seaside girl be without her beach pyjamas?" asks a daily paper. We hesitate to picture her condition.



Stern and wealthy parent. "IF YOU MARRIED MY DAUGHTER IT WOULD KILL ME."

Suitor. "CAN I COUNT ON THAT?"

EQUAL RIGHTS FOR ALL.

How readily would I respond
To any economic plan
Designed to forge a closer bond
For clinching man to brother man,
Thus rendering people less
Addicted to class-consciousness!

True that the air to all is free;
So is the absence of the sun;
The act of wallowing in the sea
Affords them inexpensive fun
(They only need assume
A minimum of adequate costume).

The Turf, again, supplies a link
That tends to mitigate the dole;
But something more we want, I think,
For extricating from the soul
Of the oppressed majority
Their complex of inferiority;

Something to stir their native pride,
To let the proletarian feel
That he is privileged to provide
His whack towards the common weal,
And prove how strong a nerve is his
When asked to pay for "social services."

Already our officials rake
A tribute from his shag and beer,
But too obliquely; I would make
His manhood's rights directly clear
(So that he cannot blink 'em)
By taxing everybody's income. O. S.

BAZAAR GOODS.

IT must have been an unusually wet day which turned our thoughts to Lady Afton's Sale of Work. It was, of course, in aid of the Church. Sometimes funds are raised for the steeple, sometimes for the suppression of the death-watch beetle, but at all times for new hassocks.

"Let's have a competition," I said to the others. "For Lady Afton's bazaar, I mean. We've all been roped in to help, as usual, and we're all fed to the back-teeth, and we can't go out this afternoon, and we all sew like nothing in nature. So why can't we combine helping the church hassocks to get a new death-watch steeple with amusement for ourselves?"

"As how?" said my cousin Helen.

"Well, you know the unthinkable stuff that gets put on the stalls. It's stuff that no individual wants but every seller assumes that humanity in the mass will buy."

"But nobody does buy it," objected my sister.

"Yes. There's always the Duty battalion, you know, and well-off people who don't have to look for bargains. But the point is that these goods are traditional. They are a part of Old England. And as we're useless with our hands I suggest we have a private working-party and give a prize to whoever turns out the most frightful contribution."

"Three prizes," answered my sister promptly. "First for the Typical Bazaar Object; second for the Most Frightful, and third for the Most Ambiguous. I've often raffled things I didn't know the use of. One simply says, 'Can I tempt you to a ticket?' and points."

I rose and kissed her. "Even though you are my sister, at moments such as these I almost like you."

We then telephoned our friends and, to acclamation, outlined our competition.

At six o'clock we compared results and brought Mother in to judge the classes.

Eva Marlowe had made a shoe-bag out of printed calico. Mother very nearly disqualified it as being, if repulsive, and so eligible for Class 2, really useful, until she saw the little pocket, which fastened with a large linen button.

"What's this for?" she demanded.

"I haven't the faintest idea," responded Eva hopefully. So we put the shoe-bag among the possibles for the prize in Class 3 (Ambiguous).

Joan West was disqualified in Class 2 because, although her strip of "art" serge trimmed with sequinned braid nearly made us swoon, it was realised that somebody might admire it; and it was too recognisable as a "table-runner" to win in Class 3; also, possessing as it did the germs of usefulness, it hardly conformed to the rules regulating Class 1 (Typical).

The first person to win was unfortunately my cousin. I say "unfortunately" because to announce a prize to one's guests and then to keep it in the family is perhaps not in the happiest taste. But at least our guests were unanimous in their agreement that Helen deserved it. She had stuffed a four-by-six piece of green American cloth into a kind of puffy oblong and won in Class 3 (Ambiguous) without a dissentient voice. Her creation would have carried off the award in Class 2 (Most Frightful) as well if she had entered for it.

Mother, in handing her the box of fifty cigarettes, asked with real interest what the object was. It couldn't be a pillow, it was too small; it wasn't of the material of which pincushions are made; it had no scent of lavender—nothing but a dim repellent reek of mackintoshes.

"It's a chair-arm cushion for the elbow," beamed Helen.

"But it would fall off the arm every other second."

"Certainly; but that's what it is." Helen lit a cigarette. "*And*," she concluded, "it's washable."

Joan's sister secured the prize in Class 2. The finished object smote us all into such a state of appreciative horror that Mother handed her the box of fudge without question. The winner had found a large circular stone in the garden. She had gilded it and plastered the surface with knobby dabs of parti-coloured sealing-wax.

Meanwhile the award in Class 1 had yet to be bestowed. Our efforts for Most Typical were good, but lacking the divine spark; and it looked as though the second box of fudge would go back into stock.

I had covered a jam-pot with postage-stamps and Helen had swiped three graded pudding-spoons from our cook and tied them together with baby-ribbon in an elaborate criss-cross design. Somebody else had covered a penny notebook with tartan silk, to which she glued a bunch of milliners' heather.

I suppose we were howling too loudly to hear the front-door bell, for the maid suddenly announced "Lady Afton." She had "come about" the bazaar, and we told her we had been working for it. Lady Afton then drew an object from her bag and said she had just made it.

"It" was six match-boxes gummed in pairs and covered with bright wall-paper. Upon the end of each box was sewn a pearl-button by which the "drawers" could be pulled out.

Mother said, "Do you like chocolate fudge, Lady Afton?" and pressed her to take the box home. RACHEL.

DANGER AFOOT.

[Sandals designed to reveal bare toes in the ball-room are a novelty with which we are threatened from Paris.]

No prudery, ladies, occasions my view
That you would do well to be chary
Of blindly obeying (as mostly you do)
The Mode in its latest vagary;
I am moved by the danger of being pursued
By language unkind and sarcastic
From partners who rashly expose in the nude
A toe that's already fantastic.

My skill in the ball-room is not very neat;
The simplest of steps as I do 'em
Awake in my mind in the matter of feet
Confusion of *meum* and *tuum*;
You've borne with me bravely for many a day,
But how shall I fare when your ten toes
Are patently going to carry away
A series of painful mementoes?



DOGS OF MISCHIEF.

MR. MACDONALD (*on the Twelfth*). "THESE DOGS SEEM TO BE PLAYING A GAME OF THEIR OWN. I WONDER IF THEY REALISE THAT THIS IS MY SHOOT, NOT THEIRS?"



ABSENT-MINDED HUSBAND CATCHES THE 8-30.

BROWN'S BAROMETER.

I SIMPLY took Brown's barometer by the scruff of its neck and—— Wait a moment. Let me say a word or two first about barometers and barometer maniacs in general. A barometer should be treated as a servant and not as a master. Men like Brown, who elevate their barometers into a superstition transcending truth, who pamper and cosset and wheedle their barometers, merely turn their barometers' heads. Cheap adulation gets into their works and ruins their moral tone.

From the very first moment that I went to stay with Brown I realised that he was the victim of his barometer's guile. He was the prey of an atmospheric charlatan. I had stayed with such men before. England, alas! is full of them. So long as their barometer tamely agrees with the weather all goes well. After a while they allow it to get the upper hand of them. It imposes on their credulous good-nature and is even permitted to bully their guests. Very soon the host, who has now become barometer-gaga, resents any statement about the weather arising from mere personal observation.

"Heavens!" you say to him in the morning as you fling yourself down in a deck-chair on the lawn, "this is going to be a fine day, if you like!"

The man looks stonily at you.

"Fine?" he says. "I don't know about that. I'll go and have a look at the glass."

In the meantime the very flowers are drooping, the bees are almost too tired to buzz, oxen and sheep are gathered under the trees, where they lie panting for breath. Tar bubbles. Anybody, in fact, would admit that it was going to be hot. Anybody but your barometer-boob. He has crept slyly away to tap his infernal machine. Back he comes in a moment, triumphantly.

"I thought you were wrong!" he exclaims. "The glass is falling steadily. We shall need our mackintoshes this afternoon."

In vain you point to the fact that rivers are drying up and fat men falling dead with apoplexy upon every side.

"I tell you," he answers testily, "I tapped the glass and the glass is going down."

He has all the chairs taken in from the garden and telephones to the Smiths not to come round to tennis and to the Vicar to use the prayer for drought.

Of course it doesn't rain.

You might suppose that this would daunt the fellow. You might think that he would blame his barometer. Not he. Does a dog blame its master for changing his mind? The poor simpleton merely grows angry with the weather for not obeying the barometer quickly enough.

"It ought to have rained," he mutters. "There was rain in the air."

But he consoles himself by thinking how horribly severe the rain will be when it does come. Days pass. Fine halcyon days. The barometer-addict becomes moody and sad. He is seen talking to himself amongst the rose-bushes, shaking his fist at the sky. Then the clouds gather. There is a great wind. It is the kind of wind which presages a thunderstorm—a dry gusty wind.

"This looks bad," you say, coming down at breakfast-time. "It's going to rain."

"Rain!" he ejaculates. "Not a bit of it!"

He has been tapping his totem again. In fact he has been tapping it on and

off for days, and it has just changed its mind.

"Going to be a *perfect* day," he continues. "The glass is as firm as a rock."

Nothing matters after that. No symptoms of the coming deluge will alter his belief. Donkeys may bray and peacocks scream; cattle may feed downhill and swallows fly low; old men may find their rheumatism tedious bad. Then the skies burst. Torrents of rain obliterate the landscape.

"I told you it was going to rain," you observe to him mildly.

He returns to the hall. Tap, tap, tap.

"Only a passing shower, I think," he says stolidly. "The glass is as firm as a rock."

The simple fact is that the barometer, patted and stroked for years, has either gone to sleep or is lying for the sheer fun of the thing. It enjoys fooling the unhappy egg.

Such a man, then, was Brown. Vice-President, I should say, of the local Barometer Club, a tapper *par excellence*, a man who would back the fancies of his own barometer against the equally absurd fancies of the Air Ministry as reported in the daily Press.

I simply took Brown's barometer, therefore—but no; I have not yet told you the full story of Brown.

In the first place he refused to let me take my raincoat to the Little Worley Agricultural Show, although I knew it was going to rain like sin. The result of this was that, instead of seeing a lot of beautiful horses jumping over gates, I was obliged to spend the whole time looking at onions in a marquee. Onions and potatoes. There is something very wistful about the plucked eyebrows of a large pink potato in an agricultural show. But, unless you are an expert, even the pinkest potato soon begins to pall. Brown had been told in a vision by his barometer that it was not going to rain, and he therefore assured me that the wild tempest which was battering the marquee was only a clearing shower.

In the evening we played golf and it rained again. That, according to Brown, was the final clearing shower, which proved his barometer to be correct in stating that it was fine.

I bore it all as meekly as I could.

"The glass is still going up," said Brown cheerfully when I left him at midnight and went to my room. At about two A.M. the skies cracked. Lightning played round the house and dazzled me as I lay in bed. Mammoth motor-lorries rolled about the roof. Cataracts of water descended on the lawn. Straining my ears with every sense alert, I suddenly detected between the peals a faint tapping sound. I got up, went out into the passage and looked over the banisters. A flash revealed to me Brown, in pale-green pyjamas, standing by the accursed thing. He raised his woebegone face like a man bewitched.

"Most extraordinary," he shouted at me between the thunderclaps; "I can't make it out. The glass is still going up."

I came down late to breakfast in the morning. Brown was already eating his bacon. It was still raining hard.

"You will scarcely credit it," he began, "considering what has happened; but the glass has risen again!"

As I said before, I simply went out of the room, took Brown's barometer by the scruff of the neck, carried it outside and threw it down his artesian well. I then returned to the dining-room.

"The glass has not risen," I observed quietly. "It has fallen. It has fallen two hundred feet. There is no doubt about it. I heard the splash." EVOE.



GOLF WITHOUT TEARS.

"WELL, THEN, DARLING, IT'S AGREED. WHEN WE GET INTO BUNKERS AND THINGS, WE JUST LIFT WITHOUT ANY KIND OF PENALTY WHATSOEVER."

A Fragrant Mis-Print.

"BOOKS RECEIVED.

The Passing of the Essences. A drama in Three Acts. By George Moore. New and revised edition. 6s. net."—*Manchester Paper.*

Should this not read "By Savory and Moore"?

"MYSTERY LEADER OF BURMA REBELS CAUGHT.

His camp was raided four days ago. He escaped, but was arrested subsequently with five followers as a result of four days' search in the jumble."—*North-Country Paper.*

A more intelligent thug would have got away by making a noise like the Vicar.

THOUGHTS IN A BEER-GARDEN.

I AM sitting on a small portion of that large wicked place, "the Continent." I am sitting in one of those corners of Hell, a German, or rather an Austrian, beer-garden. The day is that dreadful day, "the Continental Sunday." And I am surrounded by members of those pagan and dissolute races, the Germans and the Austrians.

I have my revolver handy; for at any moment, I imagine, an orgy may break loose and one of these pagans stick me with a knife.

At the moment, it is true, they do not look like rough stuff, like pagans, libertines or drunkards. They look more like respectable bourgeois patresfamiliarum with their wives and families—yes, families. Indeed, except that they wear more amusing clothes, they look strangely like the patresfamiliarum of Wimbledon or Winchester.

They sit under the chestnut-trees and talk and watch their fellow-citizens stroll down the ancient street. So far, not one of them has burst into Dionysian song, no woman has been struck, no child has fled before his reeling father's blows. Nay, I strongly suspect that all these people have been to church.

Yet this is a Continental "beer-garden," a garden, that is, where beer may be sold all day and, if the proprietor likes to keep it open, nearly all night. The licensing system of this town is delightfully simple—there is no licensing system. True, the manager of this café or beer-garden has to have a licence to sell beer; but, if he were a bookseller or milliner or theatrical manager, he would have to have a licence to sell books or women's clothes or seats. Whatever you sell you must have a licence to sell, to ensure that you are a man of substance and can and will treat your employees properly. But nobody supposes that beer is more dangerous than shirts or stalls; and once you have your licence to sell beer you may sell it when and how you will; and the amazing thing is that, in deciding when you will sell it, you are governed by the views of a lot of people who want it and not by the views of a few people who don't.

Another odd thing about this crowded beer-garden is that only a small proportion of the people in it are drinking beer. By far the greater number are drinking coffee or water, or eating rolls-and-butter, sausages, chocolate-cakes and other perilous foods. That, indeed, is the secret of a beer-garden—it is a place where you can get not beer only but everything, including music and fresh air.

But suppose some fool of an authority said (as they say in England very often), "You shall not provide music and you shall not sell beer in the open air, because this will make beer more attractive and more people will drink beer." The result would be (as it is in England) that fewer people would have music and fresh air and more people would have nothing but beer. And if the State said (which is inconceivable), "You shall not drink beer in this beer-garden after 10 or before 7," everybody in this place would want beer and nothing else. The people now drinking coffee would drink beer instead; and at a quarter to ten everyone would look at the clock and begin drinking beer as fast as they could *till they were stopped* (as they do in England). And it is possible that then you might see a citizen or two who had had too much, which in this old cathedral town, as things are, you never do.

But in England, of course, we are too virtuous—or too vicious?—for this sort of thing. Which is it? Are we too good to drink beer in the open air or are we so lacking in self-control that we cannot be trusted to do as the Germans do? Considering how much our statesmen dislike the German civilisation, it is really rather odd that they are so keen on preserving it. We must all be international nowadays, they tell us; we must get together with the Germans and the French, because they are jolly good chaps. But suggest to the same statesmen that we might perhaps benefit by imitating the social arrangements of the jolly Germans and the French, and they can only splutter insults about the nations mentioned. "Beer-gardens" and "the Continental Sunday" are definitely terms of abuse and moral condemnation. And yet we are expected to lend our money to these debauched peoples, who drink beer in their parks and go to plays on Sundays! Odd. Very odd.

How our statesmen must suffer when they go to Paris or Berlin!

Odd. Very odd. The only thing, I suppose, is to shut my eyes to the horrid scenes about me and think with proper pride of the English Sunday now so beautifully drawing to a close. In the old cathedral towns of England there are many who might be glad to sit under an awning or a tree with their families, drink coffee or beer, eat sausages or chocolates, and watch their fellow-citizens stroll down the ancient street. But no—thank God our country is too good for that! Pious paterfamilias makes a rush for the pub at six or seven and his family see him no more. How much more wholesome and godly an arrangement! As for the young of our worthy cities, spared from the corrupting horrors of the Continental Sunday, from the beer-garden and the café and the wicked theatre, they slouch up and down the main streets, "clicking" or making a noise, or, entering one of the temples of Hollywood, hold hands in the dark. How much more wholesome than the beastly beer-garden! And all of them, of course, unlike the godless youths of the Continent, have been to church. Let us give thanks indeed that we are English, a virtuous nation in a bestial world.

A. P. H.



AT OUR AGRICULTURAL SHOW.
"WONDERFUL, AIN'T IT?"
"MEBBE; BUT I'D RATHER 'AVE A COW."

Another Tactless Sub-Editor.
"WINGATES BAND AT OAK HILL. ATTENDANCES AFFECTED."
Provincial Paper.



"HAVE YOU A BALL OF TWINE?"
"YES, MISS. SOMETHING GONE WRONG WITH THE CAR, MISS?"

THE INVENTORY.

IT was unfortunate that the Inventory man and Barbara's mumps coincided. I ought to have put him off, I suppose. But I didn't; indeed I forgot all about him until Jane came to me announcing that the young man about the Infantry was here. For a moment I had vague visions of a billeting officer with designs upon the spare room. Then I remembered. I went to the door and found there an earnest young man with a despatch-case.

"Have you had mumps?" I asked.

He had. But he gave me the impression that it was for him to ask questions, not for me. So I left him to it and returned to Barbara.

Barbara was mad to see the Inventory man. If he had had mumps, why shouldn't he come in? And he must come in anyhow because he had to make a list of all the things in the night nursery as well as everywhere else.

"Let him come to the door then and I'll shout what there is," she suggested, and thought me very ill-natured when I refused.

Meanwhile the Inventory man went methodically through the house, though exclusion from the night nursery worried him considerably. What was there in the night nursery? I gave him a summary. Were the books standard or modern works? They were standard works such as *The Happy Chicks Annual* and *The Worst Girl at St. Bede's*. Was there a poker? No. Every moment I expected him to ask, How many mumps are there?

Finally, late in the afternoon, he completed his investigations and departed, his departure marred by a slight difficulty in the hall with Sam the Airedale. Sam, usually so good-natured, was regrettably lacking in manners on this occasion. Luckily, however, the Inventory man received nothing worse than a fright.

The Inventory itself arrived on a day when Barbara was feeling acutely the enforced seclusion of quarantine. It cheered her considerably.

"I'd no idea we had such wonderful things, Mummy," she said. "That ugly old table in the dining-room has 'scrolled pediment with cluster column pilasters'; and that silly chair in the drawing-room has 'taper legs'; and what I always thought was a waste-paper basket is a 'cylindrical paper-container,' and the library coal-scuttle is a 'coal vase.' 'Three rubber water-bags' . . . . what on earth . . . . oh, I know; they're hot-water bottles." Then Barbara gave a shriek.

"What is it?" I asked anxiously, fearing that she had had a relapse.

"Of *course*," she cried—"of *course*. Now we know why Sam tried to bite him. Look!"

I looked. I may say that Sam sleeps in the hall in a basket—a little effeminate for an Airedale, but there it is. The Inventory man had it as "Large wicker cat-basket." A. W. B.

An Early All-Rounder.

"The vogue of the bowler hat among the fair sex at present recalls the fact that it was designed nearly a century ago by William Bowler, a London batter."—*Scots Paper.*

"After the parade the troops went through various evolutions, and advanced with bayonets fixed to the saluting base."
Sunday Paper.

It must have looked like a giant pincushion.

"To barristers the interest in the duel between the three great counsel, Sir William Jowitt, Sir John Simon, and Sir Patrick Hastings, was intensified by the clash of political rivalries."—*Evening Paper.*

It would be impossible to intensify our interest in these duels *à trois*.

THE OLD ORDER CHANGETH.

THE noble Duke of Caviar (concerned in this adventure) is
The last to bear a title which his house has held for centuries.
He longed for sons to follow him and rule his smiling valley, but
He only had a daughter, Lady Alethea Halibut.
This luckless child in infancy unfortunately lost her mother,
So Mrs. Spratt, the butler's wife, was chosen for a foster-mother.
As she had no objection, or at least declined to lodge any,
She reared the high-born infant with her own plebeian progeny.

Now Cuthbert Spratt's ambitions had a democratic tendency:
He longed to see an England with the People in ascendency;
He tried his hand at politics, though shy at first and tentative,
And bloomed at last in Parliament as Labour's representative.
Thenceforth by zeal, efficiency and unpretending merit he
Ascended daily higher on the ladder of prosperity,
Until we find his influence so guiding his associates
That all the nation's policy Sir Cuthbert Spratt negotiates.

The Duke, meanwhile, complaining that a heavy tax on lucre is
A bar to easy living in a castle in the Dukeries,
Had sold his lordly acres when the evil days began for him
And settled in a cottage which his daughter ably ran for him.
One morning both were toiling in the modest little vinery
When Spratt, his wife and daughter motored up in all their finery.
Sir Cuthbert stopped to speak to them, his courtesy punctilious,
Although perhaps inclined to be a trifle supercilious.
But Lady Spratt interpreted the signs of strict economy
And tears of pure emotion ploughed her placid physiognomy.
She eyed the girl, she eyed Miss Spratt, reluctantly comparative,
Then told the startled company this unexpected narrative:—

"Your Grace," she said, "the time has come to clear up ancient mysteries;
Your daughter now is twenty-one, the age her foster-sister is.
Long years ago, imagining your wealth would all belong to her,
I did what then appeared to be a very grievous wrong to her.
For, while I pushed the pram about the broad ancestral terraces,
My mind was often filled with revolutionary heresies.
I dwelt upon our little ones, their striking similarity,
And cruel fate which threatened educational disparity.
At last, against my conscience, I allowed a wild idea in
The while I rocked the cradle with the Lady Alethea in.
Then short and sharp my struggle, but the instinct of a mother won;
I fetched my puling infant and exchanged her for the other one.
For proof, if proof you need, observe how true to type their faces are—
This lofty brow, this Roman nose, are fine as what your Grace's are;
That blooming cheek, that buxom form, which all the Spratts are famous for,
Atones for lack of elegance which nobody would blame us for.
And now that things have altered since the fateful day she came to you,
I'd like my daughter back again, if that is all the same to you."

They stood amazed and pondered all the revelation signified;
Till spoke the hoary nobleman, in accents fond but dignified:

"Then go, my daughter, mine no more. It seems you must be fated to
Rejoin at this eleventh hour the people you're related to.
But, midst the wealth and luxury your future life will bring to you,
Forget me not, who loved you well, and once was everything to you."

Thus she whose life had hitherto been quiet and industrious
Was raised to an exalted state, magnificent, illustrious,
Adorning it the better—to repeat an old banality—
For having been apprenticed in a school of harsh frugality.
The other girl, who secretly was wearied to satiety
With all the empty pomp of her position in Society,
While living with the Duke, we hope, has early proved the platitude—
The cottage, not the castle, is the place for true beatitude.

RACIER CRICKET.

Sir Humphrey is more interested in the Turf with a capital "T" than in the turf of a cricket-pitch, but once a year he collects a team to play the village worthies. Sometimes he himself plays, but this year he acted as umpire in company with the leading village publican, who is also a keen follower of racing.

The match was an excellent one and provided a thrilling finish. When Sir Humphrey's Eleven had made 140 and had dismissed eight of the village team for 80 it seemed to be all over; but at this point the village fast bowler, who has no pretensions to batsmanship and is usually out for a duck, suddenly began to knock the bowling all over the field. He amassed a cheerful 50 in twenty minutes, and eventually enabled the village to win by a wicket.

While congratulations were being showered on the hero of the hour it was observed that Sir Humphrey and the publican were walking to the marquee with grave faces. They retired to the scoring-tent in silence and everyone wondered what their gravity portended. The secret was soon out, and the sensation which followed may be gauged from the formal statement which was later posted on the notice-board:—

"At the conclusion of the match between Greater Muddleton and Sir Humphrey Casdon's XI. the umpires held an inquiry into the batting of J. Wuggins, as compared with his form in previous matches. Wuggins stated that he 'just happened to have his eye in,' and the Rev. R. G. Barkaway, captain of the Greater Muddleton XI., explained that Wuggins was a batsman of very uncertain temperament and that he always had great difficulty in persuading him to keep a straight bat. On this occasion he had kept his bat straight, with the result which had been seen.

"After hearing the evidence of the wicket-keeper and the bowlers the umpires decided to accept these explanations, but they cautioned Mr. Barkaway about the future batting of his team."

I am glad to say that the umpires' decision was warmly applauded by the village, and the theory of doping was generally discounted; but one or two rigid formalists still maintain that Wuggins should have been warned off the pitch.



First Lady. "I SHOULD VERY MUCH LIKE TO SEE ONE OF THEM GREAT CRICKET-MATCHES AT LLOYD'S."
Second Lady. "AIN'T YOU THINKING OF A.1 AT LORD'S, MRS. GREEN?"

PLEASED TO MEETCHA.

I SUPPOSE nothing is more difficult for the average Englishman who finds himself being introduced to an American than to know exactly how to handle his greeting. For Englishmen at introductions are usually shy, suspicious and strongly silent, while Americans under similar conditions are self-confident, securely poised and even appear to enjoy it.

An English introduction, for instance, generally goes like this. The mutual friend exclaims, very often after you have all been chatting happily away together for some minutes, "By the way, I don't believe you two know each other." He then mumbles, "Mr. Smerrr, m'yI-yintroduce Mr. Brmmm." You shake hands as if facing up to a "Try-Your-Grip" machine, glowering at one another the while, and it's ten to one the happy chat dies on its feet right there. At other times the introduction assumes an air of such formality that nothing more matey than polite small-talk about the huntin' and the shootin' can possibly result between the two of you for at least ten minutes, by which time one or other will have been led up to the jump again somewhere else.

Few Americans, on the other hand, would dare to pull the "May I introduce . . .?" gambit. One of the high contracting parties would be sure to say "No" just for the devil of it, and then they'd be sunk. No, there is a simple directness about the whole thing which is almost attractive. When a mutual acquaintance has been able to introduce a couple of strangers before they have already become firm friends it goes something like this. "Mr. Dwenton Sherford," says the mediator clearly and solemnly, "meet Mr. Manchester Lyons." They both grip hands, looking keenly into one another's eyes (pos-



CUTS IN LUXURY.

Husband (to doctor, who is paying his usual weekly visit to his wife). "WE 'LL HAVE TO DO WITHOUT YOU FOR A BIT, OLD MAN; ECONOMISING AND ALL THAT. BUT NEVER MIND—THINGS ARE *BOUND* TO BE BRIGHTER SOON."

sibly with memories of that Character-Building Course, Lesson VII.—*Impress YOUR Personality from the First*), and Mr. Dwenton Sherford says, "Vurry pleased to meet you, Mr. Manchester Lyons," while Mr. Manchester Lyons is saying, "Vurry pleased to meet you, Mr. Dwenton Sherford."

They then fall at once to asking what the other's racket is, or inquiring about Associated Varnish Common, or exchanging recipes for ageing whisky by hand, and the thing is done. Within a couple of days they are Dwenton and Manchester to one another, within a week Dwen and Man; or, if they ultimately become really intimate, they will call each other plain Sherford and Lyons to distinguish the fact.

Now you can see how difficult it all is for our Englishman, accustomed to his own insular traditions and plunged into a Transatlantic *milieu* with the usual English belief in the uncouthness of the natives' customs. To begin with, the introduction comes upon him suddenly. He finds himself all at once being propelled by the elbow through the crowd (there is always a crowd—which makes the introduction all the more difficult and undesirable), joggling other people's cocktails as he goes and thus, if they aren't good cocktails, burning holes in his host's carpet—with the result that, when he's ultimately lined up in front of his opponent, he's in no fit state to do anything but blush and stammer. At which point the introducer practically finishes him off by intoning his full name in a loud bell-like voice and requesting a Mr. Sheffield D. Gleitsch to meet him.

As he hears the re-echoing syllables of his own name the Englishman at once breaks into a gentle perspiration. Said out loud his name sounds so darn silly. In fact it *is* darn silly. How did he ever come to get a fool of a name like that? Sheffield D. Gleitsch is sheer music beside it. The introducer says it all again, louder, but this time requesting *him* to meet Mr. Sheffield D. Gleitsch. By now, unfortunately, he feels he just can't. He is in no condition to meet even a John Smith, let alone a Sheffield D. Gleitsch. His feet have swollen and something has come adrift in the pit of his stomach. He only wants to go and lie down. He manages to stammer "Howy'do?" and Mr. Gleitsch, probably repeating his name once more, grips his hand and says in a firm collected manner, "Pleased to meet you."

Now this remark is calculated to put any Englishman, even in a less precarious state, down for a count of ten. Why the hell hadn't *he* thought of saying that himself? Now what can he say? For there *is* really no proper retort to "Pleased to meet you"; if the same remark is to be made, it must be fired off at the same time. Various responses have been tried, ranging from the facetious to the fatuous, and none meets the case. To say, for instance, "Thank you very much," instantly puts the affair in a class with a presentation to visiting royalty, and unless our Englishman is prepared to sign a few autographs and mutter something about "hands across the seas" into a microphone, he'd just better get under the big sofa and wait till he's thrown out with the empties. To say "Yes" is about as bad; he might as well make a job of it and add, as humorously-

minded Americans themselves often used to do, "Pleased to have you know me." The simple word "Granted" may just get over if he can produce it with a merry laugh, but in his present condition the merry laugh will probably emerge as a sort of harsh throaty cackle, which will certainly focus on him the attention of everyone in the room and probably bring a couple of doctors to his side bursting with professional interest.

"Oh—er—are you?" has also been said, but the man that said it had apparently by that time already become slightly unhinged, and at any rate was never the same fellow afterwards. "And *I'm* pleased to meet *you*" is better, but generally comes out so fulsomely that Mr. Gleitsch surreptitiously puts his wallet and watch in an inside pocket, buttons up his coat and refuses to discuss the Stock Market.

"Sez *you*" is snappy, but would not be considered polite in the circles in which it is hoped the Englishman is moving. A fairly good line is for him to play up to what many Americans expect of the Englishman and drawl out, "Jolly fine weathah, not half—what?" and then haul out a monocle, load up his face with it, remark that he has an appointment to lecture at Carnegie Hall, and beat it while the going's good. One-word answers, like "Quite!" "Absolutely!" and even "Probably!" are out of the question.

On the whole I imagine the best thing to do is for him to nod and smile and point to the tongue, intimating that he has been suddenly afflicted with aphasia. The onus of keeping up the conversation then devolves entirely on the American, and lots of them don't mind that. Speech can return to our man later; a convincing way is to let it happen at the impact of the home-brewed whisky. He may later overhear Mr. Gleitsch telling friends that that Englishman was dumb. But that's what he'd probably hear anyway, so why worry? A. A.



"HONESTLY WORTH A FRAME, THAT IS, SIR."

CRICKET PERSONALITIES.

THE GROUNDSMAN.

THE wise and virtuous groundsman knows
Each little blade of grass that grows,
Encouraged by his helpful hose.
While simple flowerets of the lea
May give delight to you and me,
A buttercup or modest daisy
Would drive the fellow almost crazy
If such an alien root should dare
To trespass on his sacred "square."
For in the groundsman's austere eye
They rank as weeds of deepest dye,
And you can see his fingers twitch
To pluck them from the precious pitch.
This man who waters, mows and rolls
Is not the cheeriest of souls,
Nor is it hard, in my belief,
To trace the sources of his grief.
As bowlers with impetuous hooves
Plough up the turf in ugly grooves,
Marring that perfect verdant level
With spikes that play the very devil,
He watches brooding from afar
Each jagged wound and barbarous scar;
And I would then be very loth
To chide him for a rasping oath,
Yet none is uttered as he gazes
And sees his wicket hacked to blazes.

When play is over for the day,
When stumps have all been stowed away,
While players linger to enjoy
"One more before we go, old boy,"
A lonely figure may be seen
Upon the now deserted green,
Bearing his useful pail and broom
Amid the swiftly gathering gloom.
It is the groundsman, sure enough,
Come patiently to do his stuff.

C. L. M.

THE BIRDIKIN FAMILY.

I.—A WALK WITH PAPA.

"COME, children," said Mrs. Birdikin, entering the breakfast-parlour, where the four young Birdikins were plying their tasks under the supervision of Miss Smith, "your good Papa is now able to resume walking exercise and wishes that you should all accompany him on this fine morning, if Miss Smith will kindly consent to release you half-an-hour earlier than customary."

Miss Smitb, who occupied the position of governess at Byron Grove, the country seat of Mr. Birdikin, was a woman of decent but not lofty parentage, whom her employers treated almost as they would have done if her *birth* had been equal to her *integrity*. This toleration, which so well became persons of a superior station, was exhibited on this occasion by Mrs. Birdikin's asking *permission* of Miss Smith to cut short the hours devoted to study instead of issuing a *command*. Miss Smith was deeply conscious of the condescension thus displayed and replied in a respectful tone, "Indeed, Ma'am, the advantages that my little charges will gain from the converse of my esteemed employer, while engaging in the healthful exercise of perambulation, would be beyond my powers to impart."

Mrs. Birdikin inclined her head in token of her appreciation of the propriety of Miss Smith's utterance and said, "Then go at once to your rooms, children, and prepare yourselves for the treat in store for you."

The four children trooped obediently out of the room, the two boys, Charles and Henry, politely making way for their sisters, Fanny and Clara; for, although their superiors in age, they had been taught to give place to the *weaker sex*, and invariably did so when either of their parents were by.

It did not take the little girls long to array themselves in their bonnets and tippets, nor their brothers to prepare themselves in a suitable manner for the excursion. When they were assembled in the hall Mr. Birdikin made his appearance from the library. John, the footman, who was in attendance, handed him his hat, gloves and walking-cane, and the condescending word of thanks with which he was rewarded sent him back to the domestic quarters of the house in a thankful spirit at having taken service with so excellent a master, who seldom raised his hand in anger against a menial and had never been known to enforce his instructions by an *oath*. Small wonder then that Mr. Birdikin received willing service from those in his employ, who were assured of a comfortable home and such moral instruction as was suited to those of an inferior order, unless some serious delinquency should bring about their dismissal or illness render them no longer capable of performing the duties of their station.

It was Mr. Birdikin's custom in these delightful walks with his children to question them upon the course of study they were pursuing with Miss Smith and to distribute commendation or censure according as they acquitted themselves well or ill in his examination. But he was well aware that allowance must be made for the natural *exuberance* of young children, and that you could not expect *old* heads to grow on *young* shoulders. He was thus always ready to listen to *their* remarks as long as they were addressed to him in a proper and respectful manner.



"'I AM REJOICED, DEAR PAPA,' SAID CHARLES."

"I am rejoiced, dear Papa," said Charles, a bright-faced lad of some eleven summers, whose natural high spirits caused him to leap and caper as they walked down the handsome carriage-drive, "that you are now able to use both your *feet*. At the same time I should choose to keep one of my own feet on a rest rather than engage in uncongenial occupations."

"So would not I," said Henry, whose more thoughtful disposition seemed to mark him out even at that early age for the clerical profession, in which his maternal uncle held Episcopal office and had preferments of considerable emolument in his bestowal, to one of which Henry might well look forward. "To my mind a life of benevolent activity is preferable to one of idleness, and I would invite our dear Papa to judge between us in this matter."

"I have no hesitation, my dear Henry, in pronouncing in your favour," said Mr. Birdikin, "and if your brother will consent to use the *two* members of which he has so lightly expressed himself anxious to pretermit the use of *one*, instead of bounding about in what I can only refer to as a *caprine* manner, I will endeavour——"

Here he was interrupted by Fanny, a child of a somewhat sullen and intractable disposition, who inquired, "Is it true, Papa, that an attack of gout is brought on by over-indulgence in the pleasures of the table?"

"And pray where, Fanny," inquired Mr. Birdikin in his turn, "did you acquire an idea so unsuited to the intelligence of one of your years?"

His countenance displayed signs which Clara, who was known in the family as the Little Peacemaker, interpreted as indicative of annoyance. Anxious that the harmony of the expedition should be preserved, she hastened to say, "My sister inquired of Dr. Affable the cause of your ailment, dear Papa, and he informed her that it was *sometimes* brought on by partaking to an excessive extent of port-wine; but——"

Here she was interrupted by Charles, who remarked, "When I grow to manhood I shall drink three bottles of port-wine with my dinner every day."

"So shall not I," interpolated Henry, "for do we not read that wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging?"

This apposite remark caused Mr. Birdikin's brow to relax. "I am glad," he said, "that at least *one* of my children has learnt to express himself with propriety on a question somewhat beyond childish intelligence. Our good Dr. Affable has no doubt had experience of ill-regulated lives where *excess* has led to bodily ailments. In *my* case the malady with which I have lately been visited is the result of a possibly *over-*

anxious regard for the performance of my duties and a consequent *dis*regard for my own health.

"But, come, children, let not our walk be wasted in idle discourse. You have the advantage of the instructions of a preceptress whose lack of *breeding* must not blind you to the admirable use she has made of her *understanding*. You, Charles, subdue your spirits to a reasonable degree of quietude and inform me to what subject of study your attention was directed this morning."

Charles, thus admonished, put a curb upon his tendency to leap and curvet and replied with propriety that he and his brother and sisters had been instructed in the use of the Globes. This gave Mr. Birdikin the opportunity of putting various questions suited to the intelligence of his young hearers and administering correction and reproof in such a way that the limits of the walk were attained with profit to *all* and enjoyment to *some*.

Fanny, however, whose answers to her father's questions had betrayed a lack of application to the subject in hand that had brought her within measurable degree of a threat of punishment, did not show that spirit of gratitude for the condescension of a kind parent in devoting himself to the instruction and entertainment of his children that could have been wished. As she and Clara were removing their outer garments upon their return from the expedition Clara said to her, "Are we not fortunate, sister, in the possession of a Papa who, with a mind so well stocked with knowledge, is anxious to put it at the disposal of his children?"

"I apprehend," replied Fanny, "that my Papa does not know so much as he thinks he does."

"Disrespectful child," ejaculated Clara, the blush of indignation mantling her cheek, "to speak thus of a kind and indulgent parent! Fie! For shame!"

"Fie to you!" replied the unrepentant Fanny.

And there we must leave our young friends for the present. A. M.

THE EDGE OF A COMMON.

If you live on the edge of a common
(I tell you it's very good fun),
On its grassy soft ways
Your pony may graze,
Your chickens may roost and may run;
You need never be wanting for fuel
On shivery autumn nights;
You may gather your fill
Wherever you will,
For these be a commoner's rights.

If you live on the edge of a common
(Oh, do it before you are old!),
There will stretch from your door
A royal-bright floor
Of emerald, purple and gold;
The birds and the bees and the bunnies
You'll see at their happy employs;
You shall gladden your eyes
On the fields of the skies,
For these be a commoner's joys.

R. F.



Instructor. "THAT'S BETTER, SIR; YOU AIN'T SWALLERIN' SO MUCH WATER—DOING MORE TO THE GALLON, SO TO SPEAK."



SCENE—*Wedding Reception.*

Lady (to small page who is wandering up and down buffet with half-eaten sandwich). "DON'T EAT IT, DEAR, IF YOU DON'T LIKE IT. WE'LL FIND SOMETHING NICER."

Small Page. "BUT I *DO* LIKE IT—VERY MUCH—AND I'M TRYING TO MATCH IT."

THE SCRIBE AND THE MOVIE-MAGNATE.

A FABLE.

A CERTAIN Scribe who took himself Very Seriously was walking by the Sea when he heard the Cry of a Movie-Magnate about to Go Down for the Third time; whereupon the Scribe, a Humane Impulse prevailing over Reason, Plunged In and brought the Movie-Magnate to the Shore.

"O Boy," said the Movie-Magnate, recovering Consciousness just as the Scribe was about to Put a Period to their Chance Acquaintance by walking Away, "you will not find me Ungrateful. I will have them make a Talkie out of your Most Sure-Fired Novel."

The Scribe demurred politely to this Proposal, not so much from a Modest Depreciation of the Service he had Rendered as from a Misgiving that the Movie-Magnate might not adequately transmute his Novel into Terms of the Screen; but the Movie-Magnate, who was not to be turned from his Method of Discharging an Obligation, ultimately secured the Scribe's Acquiescence under Protest.

After a certain Lapse of Time he took the Scribe to a Privileged Pre-View of the Talkie Version of the Scribe's Masterpiece. "Big Boy," he said, observing the other's Nervous Pallor, "you need suffer no Apprehension. Your Novel has been converted into the Biggest Screen Epic of All Time, and the Humour of it has been Worked up into Funny Comic Interludes. I am here to say that you will be Astonished."

The Scribe remained mute until the Celluloid had unwound the last of its Interminable Coils, when he said in a voice not altogether devoid of Acidity, "There is no doubt that I am Astonished. Accepting your Assurance that this Farrago is indeed a Representation of my Work, I am lost in Wonder why it was necessary to transfer my Story from Sussex to a Highly Improbable Algiers. The Vamp and her Four-Zebra Chariot amazed me, and I saw my Hero in a new light when, lost in the Desert, he burst into a Song concerning his Mother to the Accompaniment of a Full Orchestra; since in my Book there was no Vamp, no Desert, no Orchestra, and quite Definitely no Mother.

"Further, I am inclined to think that by providing a Happy Ending you have Botched the Fine Point in Ethics upon which my unaided work Hinged, and that the Moral Outlook you have substituted is Subversive and All to Hades. I am anxious not to mar the Pleasure you may experience in making your Gesture of Gratitude; but, to be Quite Candid, I must say that you have caused me to Regret that I Saved your Life."

Moral.—If we Interfere with the Designs of Fate, we must Put Up with the Consequences.

An Impending Apology.

"FLIER'S BAD LUCK.
Mollison has arrived at Athens."
Edinburgh Paper.

"PHŒNIX LOST IN BELFAST."
Cricket Paper.

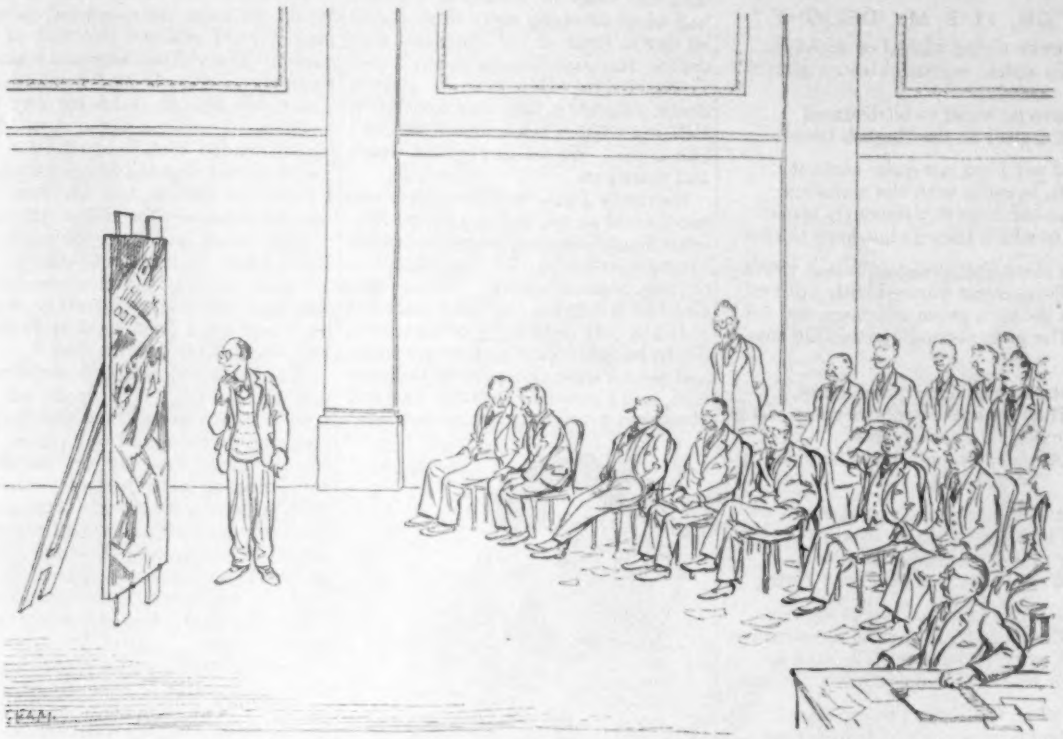
Braver birds have fled from the prevailing architecture.

It is understood that the Men's Dress Reform Party is opposed to capital punishment. It objects to anything tight round the neck.



COMING HOME WITH THE "BUTTER."

MR. BERNARD SHAW DOES A LITTLE DUMPING.



UNDER A MINISTRY OF PUBLIC TASTE.

AN ARTIST INVITED TO EXPLAIN TO A SUB-COMMITTEE WHAT HIS PICTURE ACTUALLY MEANS.

HOW COULD I TELL?

A MATTER OF MODES.

As when the Great Detective in a tale,
Acting on information undisclosed,
Follows the Master Criminal of the world
And sees him on a racecourse with some men,
But, having seen him, knows not that he sees,
Because that selfsame morn his enemy
Put on false whiskers and an alien nose
Tinted with rare vermilion, and concealed
His outer semblance in new panoply—
Check, with a bright stripe running through the check,
Both coat and trousers of the same design—
And placed upon his head a billycock,
And placed upon his chest an Ascot tie
Pinned in the centre with a diamond pin,
And, thus transmuted, went about his ways
Amongst the sporting confraternity,
Enabled to seem other than himself,
A thing more dreadful than the thing he was,
And dodged the handcuffs that were coming to him—

So, halfway down Endymion Avenue,
I saw, but knew not that I saw, Elaine.
I did not murmur, "This is that Elaine
Whom I was wont to greet with gratitude
That anything so fragrant and so fair
Should blossom in the dim suburban street."
I let the little smile freeze on her lips
Like little drops of water on a fern
Or coffee in a coffee-ice machine,
And only afterwards I thought and said,
"This was Elaine. This must have been Elaine
Dressed up in absolutely different things
And wearing a completely different face,
And looking like a mid-Victorian belle,
Having thrown off the Neo-Georgian;
And I—I was abominably rude;
I failed to spot it. I have cut the girl."

But am I a detective who can trace
Through all these changing modes of ours the gleam
Of one known face, of one familiar smile?
And is it up to me to follow it
Through all the changes? No, and three times no!
The obligation lies upon the maid
To prove herself the maid that once she was,
To wear a number fastened to her hat,
To wear a favour pinned upon her hair,
To sound a gong or something as she goes
And warn acquaintances that here is one
Altered in hue and height and length of limb
And face and furbishing, yet still the same.
So shall the meed of knightly chivalry,
The ceremonious doffing of the helm,
Be hers. Yes, even if she took to woad. EVOE.

"OH, IT'S MY DELIGHT."

I NEVER either wished or dared
To mock my neighbour's simple creed;
I have no mind to be declared
A traitor to the English breed;

And yet I am not quite content
To worship with the orthodox
Who think no day devoutly spent
On which they do not hunt the fox.

For them the spring no solace yields
From rivers warmed with April rain;
For them on green sweet-scented fields
The groundsman spreads his nets in vain.

A stern uncompromising band,
They see earth's glories come and go
As exiles in a weary land
(A vale, as one might say, of "Whoa!")

But I am not of their advice;
I lack the fortitude to wait
For that far distant Paradise
Whose only door is Kirby Gate.

Not only when the boughs are bare
The trumpet sounds to summon me,
But when the mayfly takes the air,
Or when the salmon leaves the sea;

Or when the coveys cower close
And corn is cut and fruit is ripe,
Or when the sun brings out the rose,
Or when the frost brings in the snipe.

Let others for November pray,
I am content that summer's here;
I shall do no more work to-day;
It is the Season of the Year.

CLUTCH AS CLUTCH CAN.

Telling how I, and the gallantest companions ever man had, had the good fortune to serve a gracious lady and bring her safe out of the dire perils that beset her.

(With acknowledgments to Mr. DORNFORD YATES in his second phase.)

NEVER shall I forget the look on Gerald's face as he read the telegram. It was shocking. So was his language. There was but one thing to do. We raced to the car. Gerald let in the clutch, I took the map and let the clutch out again. We roared across the hunch-backed bridge at ninety miles an hour and took the corner on two wheels.

At the end of the village, Rowland, disguised, swung lightly on to the footboard. He was wearing side-whiskers and the uniform of a Polish Post-captain.

He told us briefly that all the waterfalls at the frontier were guarded and that the Chief of Police, in disguise, had been sweeping away dead leaves all day in front of the Duchess's residence. It meant but one thing, if only we could think what it was. I shuddered. Gerald's face was like stone, Bellamy's like a brick and Rowland's like a pie. We let in another clutch and roared on.

Suddenly I saw that the driver was not Gerald at all, but the Prime Minister, than whom no man ever had a more inveterate enemy. Oh! the bitterness of our wasted effort. Where was Gerald? Where were we going, *and why?*

It has ever been my good fortune in life to be more powerful in my thews and sinews than two or three ordinary men, and I now saw that the time had come to use my advantage without scruple. With a slight output of my strength I wrung the Prime Minister's neck, and Rowland, my faithful old soldier-servant, removed the corpse.



HOLIDAY TASKS.

WHATEVER HIS SCHOOLFELLOWS MAY BE DOING ABOUT ECONOMY, THE ABOVE IS HERBIE MORRISON'S JOB.

We were passing through pleasant open country, with farms in all the hollows and pickets on all the roads. We did not know where we were so Bellamy spread out the map; I let in all the remaining clutches and we roared on.

* * * * *

It was nightfall when we ran into the Losh-Lumme Strasse. A man in disguise was picking up lunch-papers. We had doubled successfully on our tracks and come back to Graftberg. On the way we had discovered Gerald disguised as a circus clown. He threw off his disguise and sprang into the car. He told us briefly that the telegram was a fake and the Duchess Melva was still at her home in Losh-Lumme Strasse.

There was not a moment to lose. While we kept the disguised man in play, Gerald climbed the wall of the garden. The yell of a toy pom sounded suddenly on the air and I shuddered. Too much was at stake for any idle scruples. I made a slight sign. Bellamy's loaded club rose in the air. The disguised man fell without a sound. I pulled off his wig and whiskers. It was the Secretary for Home Affairs!

There could have been no safety for Melva while he lived. I hate to kill a brave adversary unnecessarily. I feel sure the Home Secretary would have put up a good fight if Bellamy had not hit him from behind.

We hid the body and followed Gerald into the garden. We drove off the pom from the tree Gerald had climbed and swiftly concerted our plans. He was to make his way up the drain which opened on to the secret stairway that led to the Duchess's boudoir. I was to go up the front stairs disguised as a muffin-man, and Rowland was to go up the back stairs disguised as the washing, which was always sent home about this time. Bellamy was to keep watch outside.

Looking back now on those days of derring-do I can see the tragic error we made, but one more or less did not really matter, we made so many. With icy precision we converged upon the boudoir. Before I could give the signal the door sprang open. The Prince stood there, his revolver covering me. I still recall that the barrel was blued, not nickelled.

"Insolent swine!" he raved. "Where is she?"

A hand came over his shoulder and grasped the revolver, while a knee took him featly in the back. He collapsed and lay grovelling on the floor, for he was ever a white-livered hound.

I found myself face to face with Manby. Our hands gripped. It was a good moment.

"Gerald's lady is safe," he said. "I took her over the frontier this morning disguised as a wheelbarrow. She is safe with your Princess and my Countess. Now there is but to get you over the frontier also before the police wake up. The Head of the Marine Department is hard on my track. Come."

* * * * *

This time we did not open the map or put in the clutch. That desperate necessity was past. We left everything to Manby. He switched on the headlights, and with the gears storming and the car rocking like a ship we slid noiselessly out of Graftberg and made for the frontier.



Caller. "YOUR 'USBAND AIN'T LISTENIN'-IN, MRS. PARRISH. 'E'S FAST ASLEEP."
Mrs. P. "YES; 'E SLEEPS WITH THEM THINGS ON EVERY NIGHT, AND NOTHIN' 'LL WAKE 'IM TILL THEY SAY, 'GOOD-NIGHT, EVERYBODY,' AND CLOSE DOWN."

GUN DOGS.

XII.—LABRADOR RETRIEVER.

[The Labrador came first to England in the "timber" boats plying to Poole from St. John's.]

THE Labradors are most devoted;
They gallop back like steam;
And some of them are yellow-coated
And some are pale as cream;
They're worth, the lot, their weights in monies
On moors and manors, yet
For me, of Labradors, but one is,
And he is black as jet.

From shores that icebergs slam and jam on
Came forth the sire of him;
He pulled on sleds, he lived on salmon,
He swam as salmon swim;
He fetched and carried, so a sailor
Brought him to Poole's fair port,
And Dorset said, "This dog's a nailer
To share the fowling sport."

So thus it was in the beginning,
And thus his son still waits
Where lords and gentlemen are thinning,
As custom now dictates,
The partridge-pack that tops the hedges,
The pheasants as they come
Over the oak-wood's golden edges
As tall as Ilium.

But, when to birds the beaters follow,
My son, be heedful how
Surely, but swift as any swallow,
Picks up the black dog now;
How pace is joined to perseverance;
How nose to *nous* is kin;
How pluck goes silken with appearance
And dash with discipline!

And, where you'd say that not a tiny
Vestige of scent's to glean,
A head's still down—it's black, it's shiny—
A nose that's needle-keen
Still holds the line your runner ran on
And faster drives thereat;
He'll make it good, you ask? Young man, on
That you may lay your hat.

For Labradors are most devoted;
We trust 'em not to fail;
And one of 'em is yellow-coated
And one is honey pale,
And each one gathers like MACGREGOR,
Yet I'll ask nothing more
Than that big shiny blue-back beggar
Who's just about to score. P. R. C.

Cruel Uncle Puff-Puff.

"Passengers find their own way between Cardiff (Queen Street) and Cardiff (General) Stations."—*Railway Company's Pamphlet.*

"H.M.S. Cleopatra, which has been berthed in the Medway since being paid off, has been sold out of the Navy for scrapping."
Daily Paper.

The scrap for which she was thus punished must have been with H.M.S. *Octavia.*



"WILL YOU COME TO A MEETING?"
"WHAT MEETING?"
"OUR DUMB CHUMS."

OUR LITTLE HIKER.

OUR Van Bluffkin came a little while ago from the framers, rimmed with the fashionable light wood. Set up above our asbestos fireplace between our triangular porcelain horse and the little chromium midinette who had laughed at the Customs Officers at Dover from the inside of Maria's hat, it made a fitting pivot to the décor of our modern sitting-room. Or so we told ourselves. Many of our friends thought otherwise, but we pointed out that it was our room, and as a punishment only filled their glasses half-way up.

The great thing about the Van Bluffkin, as we kept reminding each other, was that it was the sort of picture which grew on you. Pictures which grow on you are twice the fun, because you have no idea what they will be like when they cease, if ever, to be adolescent. Every time that you looked at our Van Bluffkin you were pretty certain of discovering something rich and new, which you could be equally certain would not be there the next time you looked.

Very late on the night it came Maria and I had crept back in our dressing-gowns to say good-night to the V.B. and drink in its beauty. We had stood there for a little in a half-glazed trance when Maria cried, "Look!" That was exactly what I had been doing, but when she pointed I saw what she meant. . . .

He was quite stationary in the middle of the swirling cobalt which we had come to accept as the sky. A tiny and impudent insect, he was evidently asleep, and in his innocence mistaking for a dormitory the crowning canvas of Van Bluffkin, the greatest of the Negato-Naturalists. And the most fantastically-constructed insect we had ever seen. Not a native of this or of any other country, of no particular species, but just a scrap of manna from some entomological paradise. He had no chassis and no wings, but the kind of high body that touring-cars affected at the beginning of the century. He was finished in khaki, had a small knapsack half-way down his back, and looked as though he would have been much happier doing something else. We therefore christened him the Hiker.

Only when we had studied him from every angle did we realise suddenly the appalling truth that he was *under the glass!* The issues were so immense that we went away to sleep on them. . . .

When we came down to breakfast he was already awake and cruising in a south-easterly direction at about two string-knots an hour. His eyes were clearly visible, roving about and probably dazzled by a close-up of the Great Man's work. Bigger insects than he had failed to appreciate it.

"Darling," said Maria, "can't you open it with a bradawl or something? There's only a tiny space between the glass and the canvas, and suppose he uses up all the air?"

"I don't suppose he needs the stuff," I said; "he has the face of a great poet. And anyway they've stuck the frame, not screwed it."

"What about breaking the glass?"

"The penalty for that size of glass is about twenty-five shillings," I answered.

And so for three days the Hiker hiked on, never varying his pace or the strict sobriety of his movement, and always putting up for the night on the quietest blobs of Van Bluffkin's paint that he could find. As if too proud to acknowledge his confinement he invariably changed his course some inches before reaching the edges of his prison.

* * * * *

As I write this, seated below the Van Bluffkin, I can't be sure whether it is to be the first chapter of a hiking saga or just an epitaph. But I think it will be an epitaph, because for three days now the Hiker has sat as if electrocuted on the big purple dynamo in the left-hand corner of the canvas, and we fear the worst. . . . ERIC.

PENDLEBURY'S NECKTIES.

ON his last birthday Pendlebury's Aunt Doria gave him a necktie. In this she was following established custom, for she had given him a necktie twice a year, at Christmas and on his birthday, ever since he had come to man's estate, and he kept in a drawer in his dressing-room a magnificent collection of ties accumulated in this way over a period of nearly twenty years.

Pendlebury seldom wore his aunt's neckties. He was a man of quiet taste and retiring disposition, and in the matter of neckwear preferred sombre greys and browns to his aunt's polychromatic selections. Each new gift, therefore, was neatly packed away in a drawer and duly acknowledged in a suitable letter of thanks, in which, with a certain low cunning, Pendlebury explained that he "liked the tie awfully and was keeping it for best."

But on his last birthday Pendlebury's aunt accompanied her gift in person. As it happened, the necktie she brought with her on this occasion was neither loud nor flashy; in fact Pendlebury himself was forced to admit its elegance, and Mrs. Pendlebury therefore had little difficulty in persuading her husband to abandon his favourite plain mouse-colour in favour of Aunt Doria's birthday token.

On the morning after his aunt's arrival, then, Pendlebury donned the new tie with some misgivings and studied the effect in his looking-glass. "Come," he thought, "it doesn't look so ghastly after all. It has coloured stripes, but they are not offensive. Dash it all, I rather like it!"

Downstairs he was encouraged by the approving smile of his wife and by the glance of keen satisfaction directed at his tie by Aunt Doria. He had made, he felt, a good impression.

In the street that morning he ran into Harbottle. Harbottle was a stickler for good form and possessed an almost uncanny knowledge concerning the things that are done and the things that simply aren't.

"Since when," demanded Harbottle, pointing an accusing finger at Pendlebury's throat, "have you held a commission in the Brigade of Guards?"

Pendlebury stared at him, speechless and aghast.

"Not done, you know," said Harbottle austerely. "Not the thing. Wearing colours you aren't entitled to. Surely you know better than that, my dear fellow!"

Pendlebury hurried home in a state of panic, stole up to his dressing-room and with trembling fingers tore off the offending garment. His peace of mind had been rudely disturbed. If Aunt Doria had not been staying in the house he would have reverted instantly to his favourite mouse-colour, but as things were that was impossible. He pulled open the drawer and began to hunt feverishly through his collection of gift-neckties.

At luncheon Aunt Doria again approved his choice.

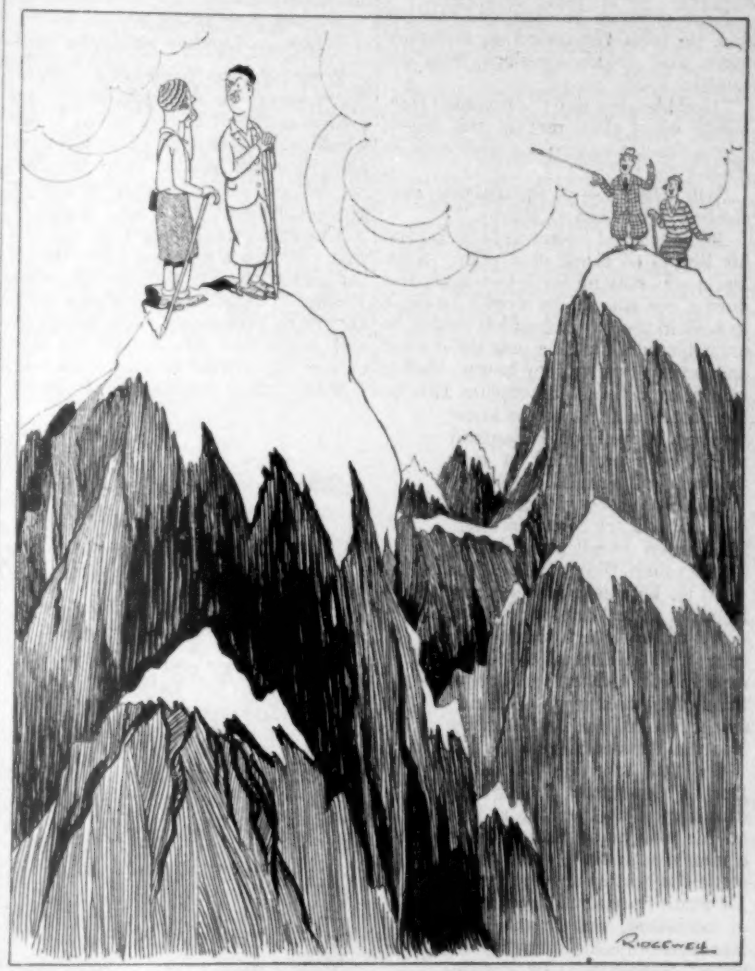
"It was a kind thought, Cyril," she said, "to go out of your way to show that you appreciate your poor old aunt's trivial gifts. Very few men would have taken the trouble to change."

"Not at all, Aunt Doria," mumbled Pendlebury in some confusion.

In the afternoon he again met Harbottle in the street and greeted him with the air of one whose conscience is at rest.

"You never told me you were at Harrow," said Harbottle, a touch of sarcasm in his tones. "I see you're wearing an Old Harrovian tie."

"Didn't I?" replied Pendlebury, greatly daring. "I thought you knew."



Disgusted Holiday-maker. "LOOK AT THAT, EDNA—THE JONESES!"

Next morning he extracted another new tie from the collection and once more won golden opinions from his wealthy aunt.

"God bless my soul!" exclaimed Harbottle when they met in the street, "you don't mean to say you were at Rugby too?"

"Oh, yes," said Pendlebury evasively, "I've been at Rugby."

As he walked homewards he racked his brains to think of a plan. Aunt Doria was staying for a fortnight, and during her stay, if he would continue to bask in the sunshine of her smiles, he must blossom out in a new tie at least once every twenty-four hours. But it would be difficult to explain this to Harbottle, and for all he knew every public school in England might be represented in that drawerful of neckties.

The local grocer was considerably taken aback a few mornings later when Pendlebury darted into his shop, tore off the rather vivid tie he was wearing, drew from his pocket another tie of a quiet mouse-brown shade and, using a biscuit-tin as a mirror, rapidly effected an exchange. Pendlebury was only just in time, for he walked out of the shop into the arms of Harbottle.

On the morning of Aunt Doria's departure Pendlebury saw her off at the station and on his way home turned in at a men's outfitter's. He would settle Harbottle once and for all. He would buy a red tie, symbol of Socialism, and flaunt it in Harbottle's face. Harbottle detested Socialism. As Pendlebury swaggered along the street, the gorgeous emblem nestling at his throat, he beheld his victim bearing down upon him and hailed him cheerfully.

"Hullo, Harbottle," he said, pointing to his tie, "I've joined the ranks of the Reds. I've become a Socialist."

Harbottle surveyed him with a surly frown. "Socialist my foot!" he grunted. "You're an impostor. In the last fortnight to my certain knowledge you've masqueraded as a Guardsman, an Old Harrovian, an Old Rugbeian, a Harlequin and a member of the M.C.C., I Zingari and Leander. Now, to crown everything, you have the unspeakable effrontery to appear in public sporting the necktie of a convalescent in a military hospital!"

Pendlebury has gone in for dress-reform. He wears an open-necked shirt and no tie, and when his rich Aunt Doria next pays him a visit he will take to his bed with some kind of affection of the throat. No more ties for Pendlebury.

AT THE PLAY.

"QUEER FISH" (APOLLO).

YOUNG *Eustace Newson* (Mr. GERALD RAWLINSON) has a broken heart and an astonishingly strong head. Four whiskies-and-sodas in less than as many minutes neither cure the first nor disturb the second. That perfect gentleman's gentleman, *Mr. Joy* (Mr. D. A. CLARKE-SMITH), is inclined to think that all will come well and is outlining his philosophy on the subject when *Eustace's* friend, *Henry Hagen* (Mr. DENYS BLAKELOCK), arrives breathless and distraught by way of the fire-escape. He is in the very devil of a hole.

Some young woman, to whom he, celebrating the loss of his freedom on the eve of his recent marriage to *Cynthia Trout*, had unwittingly promised eternal devotion, has just flung her arms round his neck on the platform of Victoria Station. And his formidable mother-in-law has seen the encounter, has carried the demonstrative young woman off to *Cynthia*, and the three are discussing the whole situation in *Henry's* flat which adjoins his friend's. Hence his informal mode of entry. What on earth is he to do?

"Leave it to me," says *Mr. Joy*.

Mr. Joy has been an actor aforetime, but unlucky and frequently unemployed—which we take leave to doubt.

"You shall have a double, Captain Johnson, head of a gang of international crooks, with accomplices. We shall lure *Mrs. Trout*, *Mrs. Henry* and the young person, with *Mr. Eustace's* permission, to his house at Cherry Hatch. A famous American detective shall arrest you as Captain Johnson. You will return as yourself to be united to *Mrs. Henry*. You can leave the detective and the accomplices to me and my brother, *Munro Joy*" (Mr. SAMUEL PRINGLE).



QUEER FISH: LANDING A TROUT.
W. W. Trout . . MR. ARTHUR HARDY.
Mr. Joy . . . . MR. D. A. CLARKE-SMITH.

And after a protracted interlude, in which the hen-pecked bibulous *Mr. Trout* (Mr. ARTHUR HARDY) has trouble with a motor-car—and this, however diverting in itself, is essentially irrelevant and betrays the inexperience of an author unable to jettison a joke in the interest of artistic integrity—we settle down to the boisterous improbabilities of Cherry Hatch and to the unalloyed pleasure of seeing our *Mr. Joy* cleverly exploiting the resources of his old make-up box, now as a violent bushy-eyebrowed old Indian colonel, now as his guttural German accomplice, again, perhaps less successfully, as the pursuing detective; and yet again making further trouble between mother and father *Trout* by impersonating the latter and stealing into the bedroom of the young woman, *Toni Tonette* (Miss CONSTANCE GRIFFITH), and imprinting a kiss upon her sleeping lips.

Meanwhile Mr. HARDY has been seconding his efforts by a conscientious study of the lugubrious poor-spirited husband drinking himself into a state of coma—and indeed there is in this farce a preoccupation with whisky unusual in a country that does not enjoy the privileges of Prohibition.

Miss MARGARET SCUDAMORE is the ideal mother-in-law of farce, in the overbearing mood of which she is past-mistress. Mr. DENYS BLAKELOCK and Mr. GERALD RAWLINSON do what is required of them with discretion and delightful physical abandon.

The author has in *Mr. Joy* invented a first-rate figure of farce, to which, rather than to any great ingenuity in the weaving of his complications, he owes the success of the piece. He supplies his characters with good crude nonsense, which has its reward in a constant bubble of laughter. He does not always avoid the temptation of trying to get out of a joke more than is in it. He relies too much on slapstick, too little on logical plan. Farce is an exacting art-form, if authors but knew it. He left his *Cynthia* and *Toni* for the most part awkwardly sitting about with little to

say or do. And, as is the novice's way, he begins rather better than he ends. However, as I say, he did make us laugh.

He was, poor fellow, so stricken with author's aphasia that he had to leave it to Mr. CLARKE-SMITH to give us thanks, in a neatly-rounded, commendably brief speech, for our appreciation of "this midsummer madness." And as a modest grateful author he would be the first to admit that Mr. CLARKE-SMITH was the hero of the evening. T.

"THE HOUR GLASS" (VICTORIA PALACE).

The Victoria Palace has made a reputation for the kind of revue that has a place for the old type of music-hall comedian, who deserves all the encouragement we can give him. *The Hour Glass* is "constructed by FREDERICK LAMPORT," with music by "Three Australian Boys" (who had no shameful reason for concealing their individual names), with lyrics and dialogues by ANONA WINN, ensembles and dances by RALPH READER, and settings, bizarre, humorous or merely pleasant, ingeniously designed by RUDOLPH HAYBROOK.

Perhaps in the laudable desire to give value for money the contrivers pass a little too much sand through their hour-glass. Certain jokes of which the general intention is easily comprehended would be the better for stark compression. This perhaps applies more particularly to the something too brutal and too protracted back-chat between the quite competent comedians, Mr. CHIC YORK and Miss ROSE KING. Miss KING has variations to offer of the ancient jokes of the mismanaged voice, the dismaying chevelure, the voluminous petticoat and pantaloons, and ravages a naturally comely countenance in the interests of her art; while Mr. YORK has the authentic air of the well-groomed comic lion.

A light-hearted and eye-delighting bevy of four-and-twenty READER Girls, of the more stocky pattern and Lido colouring now in the vogue, dance their lively way through the show. Mr. READER'S choreography does not aim at subtlety, but "A Colour Scheme," a a dance of double-faced figures, ingeniously planned and executed with admirable precision, found general favour with us. Long-limbed Miss NINA DEVITT added a graceful *pas-seul* to the unambitious ballet which followed later.

The well-matched pair, PAT and TERRY KENDALL—PAT a lively brunette beauty, TERRY a graceful mover—danced better than they sang; gracefully in a tango with variations and with lightly-accented rhythms in their various step-dances. COLY WORTH varied his lazy, soft, pit-a-pat steps with incredible gymnastic feats, extorting admiration. The Three Australian Boys, if their music may be set down as derivative, have a fine sense of parody in various moods; and perhaps that is what they aimed at.

The star turn was the admirable rag of *White Horse Inn*, in which Miss KITTY REIDY catches very happily the arch sweetness of Miss LEA SEIDL; the READER Boys yodel, stamp and slap in more than just passable imitation of the Tyrolese dancing beaux; and the READER Girls contrive a laughter-moving version of the free-mannered buxom ladies of the expansive original. Herren ERNST STERN and ERIK CARELL can well afford to smile at the lively parody of their technique—revolving platform, moving screens, practicable cattle and polyglot song and dialogue all included.

And then there is the admirable REBLA, a revue (and a host) in himself, never content to do quite in the same way what he does so well; REBLA, inspired idiot holding up passengers and policemen with the wrong end of a revolver; REBLA, as half-witted hiker; REBLA, as impromptu barber with an unfortunate family history, about to shave a naturally apprehensive customer; REBLA, giving good reasons why he is not likely to appear another night (he can well afford this joke against himself, knowing himself the lynch-pin of the show); and REBLA, unable to conceal his bored astonishment that the plates, walking-sticks, tennis-balls, bowler-hats, billiard-cues and what not should complete their amazing orbits, or with a morbid intense passion destroying the cigar-boxes which he has been putting through such engaging manœuvres.

A good dish—even if a few morsels will be quietly pushed by the fastidious to the side of the plate. T.



THE BARBER'S FAMILY HISTORY.
A RECORD OF BLOOD.

The Shaver . . . . . REBLA.
The Shaved . . . . . MR. ERIC ROLAND.

Dull Teas at the New Zoo.

"WHERE THE CROWDS WENT. NO WHIPSNADE JAM."
Daily Paper.

"Joe —— was sued for separation by his wife, whose suit was upheld by affidavits."
Egyptian Paper.

Failing braces, safety-pins are better.

"Sir Hubert Wilkins is due to leave Bergen, Switzerland, tomorrow, in his Polar submarine, Nautilus."
West-Country Paper.

We hope the Swiss Navy turned out to wish him luck.

"Are we becoming a 'canned' nation, as America has been for a long time past?"—*Gloucester Paper.*

But America has only been in that condition since the 18th Amendment.

"Come to '——,' London's shop of Antique treasures. Psychic Readings in the Buddha Room. American food served in Oriental Gallery."—*Advt. in Daily Paper.*

Come and have a scrambled auk's-egg in the Pleistocene Parlour.

"For many years Pudsey has suffered unjustly at the hands of the lesser-rate comedians. They have ridiculed it, and poured contumely upon it, and have even compared it with Wigan."—*Local Paper.*

This is all the more galling because Pudsey never had a pier.

LETTERS TO AN EXILE.

DEAR ROONA,—Here is a ghost story which I was told, only at third hand, the other day, and, my informant being a country vicar, you must believe it. A lady who went to a big London hairdresser's was waited upon in her cubicle by a tall girl with red hair, who, having performed her duties, silently left and did not return. After waiting some time the customer, being impatient, went herself to the manager's desk to get her bill.

"But you haven't been done yet," he said.

"Oh, yes," she replied, "I have."

"Would you mind describing the assistant?" he asked, and when she did so he became pale and took her money with a shaking hand.

On leaving—it was the lunch hour—she found outside the shop two or three of the other assistants, who had been standing near while she talked with the manager, discussing something with great emotion.

"Do you mind telling me what the mystery is?" she asked. "Why was the manager so disturbed?"

"Well," said one, "we've been told not to say anything about these things, but the young lady who waited on you committed suicide last week."

That is the story as I had it from the vicar, who obviously wished to believe it.

"But how," I asked him, "can a ghost manipulate scissors? That beats me."

"It is, I admit, difficult to conceive," he replied, "but there it is."

When you tell the story, Roona, I advise you to make the attendant enter the cubicle, but do nothing before she goes away, and then send the customer to the manager to know why no attention is being paid to her. The scissors are too difficult, don't you think? and it would be just as good a yarn.

Let me narrate one of the tribulations of authorship. In the course of an article which I was writing the other day I described a smuggler of tobacco being caught on the French frontier and, amid half-a-dozen amused onlookers, being led to the chief of the *douane* "like a lamb to the laughter." I wrote "laughter" with great care, because for many years now I have tried to do without *clichés*. There is no fun in writing if you use them, but there may be fun if (as I was doing) you misuse them. When the proof came I found that "laughter" had been turned to "slaughter." I put "laughter" back, with a special marginal note to the printer imploring him to see that this was the final form. But what's the use? When the article appeared the lamb was led to the slaughter, just as it always has been and, I suppose, always will be.

There are a thousand reasons for marital testiness, as everyone, even the least married, must have observed; but I believe that I have discovered what causes husbands and wives most annoyance one with the other.

It came to me as I was playing bridge with what is normally an affectionate couple. Bridge, of course, can lead to much matrimonial trouble, but only if the husband and wife are partners. When they are on opposite sides, as on the present occasion, all goes well, or moderately so; and so long as we were playing, the other evening, under those conditions the atmosphere was unclouded. But when the game was over the blow fell, for, her partner having paid his share of the losses, the wife said to her husband, "I'll owe it to you, dear," and it was as I watched his amiable face going black with rage that I realised that this phrase never fails to do its detrimental work. "I'll owe it to you, dear." It doesn't matter which says it to the other, husband to wife or wife to husband, the infuriating effect is the same. The sum involved was only one-and-ninepence; but the amount doesn't matter. The maddening thing is not to be paid. Sometimes insult is added to injury by the wife saying to her partner, "You pay Mr. Blank; I'll owe it to my husband: it's the same thing." But it isn't. "Pay up, pay up, and play the game" should be the motto.

Walking about the devious sylvan ways of The Boltons the other day, I came upon a tablet on a house in that neighbourhood, I think Moreton Gardens, which stated that JENNY LIND once lived there. JENNY LIND had, of course, to live somewhere, but it seemed to me almost exciting to find that she had a London home of solid brick, for, although I never heard her, I have always thought of her as something unreal, something magical. To begin with, what could be prettier than her name? JENNY LIND. And then the voice which swayed multitudes. I always like the story of the rapt admirer who, after a performance in I know not what opera, tremblingly asked her: "What were you thinking of when you were singing that lovely touching prayer?" "I was thinking," said JENNY simply, "about my new bonnet."

A propos of bonnets, your sisters in London are showing less solidarity than usual in the matter of attire. There is considerable doubt as to the proper length of skirts, while hats also are capriciously chosen. This, I suppose, is because the bowlers, with feathers, which were to be the mode, though they look saucy enough on little heads belonging to little women, are very foolish on the tall and abundant.

Yours. E. V. L.

COLLARA MORBUS.

[Suggested by the letter of Dr. A. C. JORDAN, Hon. Secretary of the Men's Dress Reform Party, in a recent issue of *The Times*. Applauding the wise example of women, he denounces all collars, soft as well as hard, as tight bandages preventing the proper ventilation of the body. "For sport," he adds, "men free the Adam's apple, but for business they are not yet permitted to do so," and he appeals to the City to lead the way with open necks.]

WE love to laud the open-minded,
The open house and open door,
Yet, by our moral virtues blinded,
The clamorous call of health ignore;
For what avails this proud recital,
If, disregarding Nature's need,
In regions that are far more vital
From fetters we remain unfreed?

Thus, while complacently we ladle
Praise on our noble selves, we march
On to the graveyard from the cradle
Under the cruel yoke of Starch;
And, whether he be dunce or scholar,
Enslaved by Fashion's decalogue,
Infatuate man retains the collar—
The servile emblem of the dog.

Our clerics, wedded to their chokers,
Suffer from "clergyman's sore throat,"
But how can we condole with croakers
Who shun the obvious antidote?
And laymen, equally addicted
To customs which the larynx vex,
Choose foolishly to be constricted
Instead of opening their necks.

Unless man bares his Adam's apple
Not only in the realm of sport,
He never can expect to grapple
With business of a serious sort;
While woman, shedding the top hamper
That made her weak and faint and pale,
With nothing to restrain or cramp her
Grows daily deadlier than the male.

C. L. G.

The Maternal Triangle.

"SCHOOL *v.* THE MASTERS.
Won by the Maters by 6 wkts."
School Magazine.

"GIANT LINER'S 'TIDAL WAVE.'
LORD CASTLEROSSE ON BOARD."
Sunday Paper.

Isn't this a little too personal?

"Lady wishes cure for baby who chews clothing in bed."
Advt. in New Zealand Paper.

Has "Lady" tried the effect of not putting baby to bed in its clothes?

"NO, HAROLD, YOU MUST *NOT* WEAR A MADE-UP TIE. WHAT YOU'VE GOT TO DO IS TO GET ONE WITH—

Fougasse



A PLAIN BIT AT ONE END—



AND A MID-VICTORIAN FIGURE AT THE OTHER—



AND THEN YOU'VE GOT TO—



TIE IT—



AND PULL IT—



AND TUG AT IT—



AND FIDDLE WITH IT—



UNTIL—



IT LOOKS MUCH MORE LIKE A MADE-UP TIE THAN A MADE-UP TIE COULD EVER LOOK."



Mother. "ISN'T IT WONDERFUL HOW HE STICKS ON?"
Boy. "YES, IF YOU DON'T KNOW. BUT A CHAP AT THE SCHOOL TOLD ME HOW HE DOES IT. HE SITS ON HIS CHEWING-GUM."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

THE notion that ringlets and side-whiskers herald the return of more intimate Victorian graces would seem to be but a pious hope if all the new exponents of old fashions resemble the pair depicted in *The Private Encounter* (GRANT RICHARDS, 7/6). *Fiammetta* and *Harlequin* (in their respective City offices *Magdalene Summers* and *Philip Danze*) undertake in each other's company a series of outings among scenes as far removed and as near at hand as Rome and Rotherhithe. Their particular blend of sight-seeing and dalliance must, one imagines, have been extremely embarrassing to sustain; but we have the word of their creator, Mr. ADRIAN BURY, for the fact that the couple enjoyed themselves immensely, save for one unfortunate lapse into disharmony. On this occasion the lover who preceded *Harlequin* tried to make mischief for *Fiammetta*, and *Harlequin* clamoured about infidelity and got exceedingly drunk. The enjoyment I can question with more propriety is that of the reader, who is required to appreciate simultaneously a series of pleasantly informative travel-pictures and the intimate details of half-a-dozen pre-matrimonial honeymoons. Personally I got what entertainment I could out of Mr. BURY'S descriptions of Knole, Earlham, Montparnasse and the *Fons Bandusiae* and shut my eyes as far as possible to the desecrating indiscretions of his badly-brought-up young sight-seers. Unluckily the plot suffers as patently as the landscape from their anticipatory conjugalities; and *Harlequin's* ultimate production of a special licence comes as an unfortunate anti-climax to an idyll equally lacking in good taste and the courage of unconventionality.

The Gridiron Club enjoys the romantic distinction, like so many others, of being the most exclusive in London. The careers of most of its members are recorded in *Who's Who*, but mere celebrity is not sufficient for election. Ability to play an adequate part in the spirited and candid conversation of the famous parlour-dining-room is the chief requisite, and the will to take or make fantastic bets in the fearless old fashion of the eighteenth century would also seem to be a recommendation. Familiarly and in affectionate diminutive the club is known as the Grid, and *At the Sign of the Grid* (WARD, LOCK, 7/6), Mr. HORACE ANNESLEY VACHELL, whose election must surely have been unanimous, relates some of the stories told by members and some of the adventures which befell them outside their sanctuary. Of the former, those which concern a Ruritanian *Prince Florizel*—an *incognito* borrowed from STEVENSON—are, I think, the best. In most of the latter that popular young dramatist, *Michael Toplady*, that enterprising young journalist, *Leo Heath*, and *Leo's* elderly kinsman, *Sir Edward Heath*, a crusted, not to say crusty, K.C., are the protagonists; while in one of them, describing the ambiguous adventures of a Renaissance fountain, the classic figure of *Joe Quinney* makes a reappearance which will doubtless be warmly welcomed. Mr. VACHELL has constructed this concatenation of entertaining episodes in a mood of light humour discreetly flavoured with light sentiment. And he carries his lightness lightly.

Nine shillings buy, from MURRAY,
A book of the solitudes,
A book that's feathered and furry,
Called *Dartmoor in All Its Moods*;
It is written by DOUGLAS GORDON,
Whom you've certainly met before—
The fellow who can't be floored on
The matter of "Dartymoor."

Here is both joy and grimness,
Here sportsman and naturalist
May soak in the sun or the dimness
Of the sodden swirling mist;
And here, in sober fact, is
Old witchcraft, white and black,
Which a Devonshire maid may practise
If but she has the knack.

This book it much engages
With its atmosphere and life,
And its pictures fit its pages
As "fork is fit to knife";
It knows where the fox finds haven
And the "vuzzipig" his doors,
And it knows where the old black raven
Abides in the timeless tors.

When a book bears such a name as *The Tragedy of Winston Churchill* (HURST AND BLACKETT, 12/6) it is pretty clear that we are not going to read an unadulterated panegyric of that versatile politician whose "brilliance"—I quote from the publishers' appreciation—"is marred by lack of stability and of firm grasp of fundamental principles alike in politics and in war." So faithfully does Mr. VICTOR WALLACE GERMAINS deal with his hero through some dozen chapters that Mr. CHURCHILL emerges at length rather like a half-drowned rat who has been swept through a sewer and clambers with difficulty to land with his coat more than a little the worse for wear. He is presented to us as the ALCIBIADES of the twentieth century. An eager ambitious politician, a brilliant enthusiastic amateur, "playing with the Navy like a child with a new toy"—these are a few of the hard phrases that are flung at the EX-FIRST LORD OF THE ADMIRALTY. Mr. GERMAINS has plenty to say, naturally, about Antwerp and the Dardanelles—especially the Dardanelles—and the flood of telegraphic instruction, command and veiled reproach that was poured out on that unfortunate pair of admirals holding the Mediterranean Command, CARDEN and DE ROBECK. He champions FISHER, KITCHENER and WILSON (of the Navy); for WILSON of the Army he has few kind words. His book is full of criticism—so full that there is room for little else; but those who are in agreement with its main thesis will enjoy the slashing attacks. The illustrations are confined to a dozen cartoons from *Punch*, which give the book a certain air of false gaiety. The proofs might have been corrected with greater care: there are too many misspellings of proper names.

What CHARLES LAMB in an admonitory mood called "the misery of subsisting by authorship" is sadly exemplified in the life of *Henry Kingsley* (GRANT RICHARDS, 12/6), who has at last found a sympathetic and accomplished biographer in Mr. S. M. ELLIS. The author of *Ravenshoe* has always been overshadowed by the author of *Westward Ho!* but indeed there seems no doubt that HENRY had a genius for infelicity which would have brought to frustration a much greater talent than either his or CHARLES's. Mr. ELLIS's "Vindication" makes short work of the common charge of drunkenness levelled against his hero. Nevertheless he undoubtedly idled himself out of Oxford without a degree; returned from five years in Australia with matter for novels instead of nuggets, and, having won signal favour at home with his first two or three books, married an unprepossessing and delicate woman and slipped tragically downhill to a premature and agonising death. His story is supplemented here by an interesting series of letters, the greater part written to his usual publisher, MACMILLAN. Best of all, however, are the epistolary fruits of his eight weeks as a war correspondent in 1870, full of characteristic solicitude for sufferers both French and German. He buys *pain d'épice* in the streets of Sedan—there is no bread—and then sets to work on despatches unpardon-



WATER CRICKET.

WHY NOT MAKE OUR NATIONAL GAME A REALLY WET ONE, AND SO BE INDEPENDENT OF RAIN AND PITCHES THAT WON'T DRY?

ably grisly—"but some folks at home seem to think that war is all rose-water." It is admirable journalism; and how regrettable that the writer despised and disliked the exercise of the one gift that might have mitigated his lot!

The buzz of bees in immemorial bonnets is a healthy sign and one which should not be discouraged, but to me it seems a tactical error to give one's queen-bee overmuch hat-space, as Mr. GEORGE FOSTER does in *Sunwards* (CHAPMAN AND HALL, 7/6). In this novel, which has for its background the development of the petrol age, there are many interesting observations on the economic and social consequences attendant on the return of the highroad into its own after the brief inter-regnum of the railway. The *Gildroys*, whose ancestors had first sent the steam-coaches puffing through the countryside, lose their fortune and then make another and bigger one by a second pioneer adventure, this time with motor-cars. Meanwhile they remain a county family, of the order which would naturally resent the ruin of the villages in the ignoble cause of traffic circulation; and Mr. FOSTER thus presents us with a pretty clash between commerce and tradition. Some of his story, though his sense of situation is not always acute, is quite well told; and one character, the hedonistic old uncle, stands out as delightful. But Mr. FOSTER is unfortunately so obsessed with the importance of nudity that his younger characters are unable to take a country walk without flinging off their clothes and swelling with pride at being unashamed—a draughty diversion which to the shivering English reader palls with repetition. If Mr. FOSTER must undress the wrongs of the world I would rather he did it in pamphlet form.



Timid Man (at matinée, to talkative females). "ER—I'M AFRAID I CAN'T HEAR A WORD OF WHAT IS BEING SAID."
Woman. "YOU WEREN'T MEANT TO. THIS IS A PRIVATE CONVERSATION."

Instructor-Lieut.-Commander C. R. BENSTEAD, R.N., author of perhaps the most discussed of all the War novels, *Retreat*, has compiled an admirable brochure on the subject, and bearing the title, of *H.M.S. Rodney* (Plymouth, SELLICK'S, for the Ship's Bookstall; cloth, 2/6, limp, 1/6). The little volume, the profits from which are destined to swell the collections for naval charities which have been made during Plymouth's Navy Week, contains within its small compass a surprisingly large amount of information on naval development as exemplified in the four capital ships which have borne the name of the victor of The Saints. It is a far cry from the first *Rodney's* thirty-two pounders to the sixteen-inch guns of her modern namesake; from her lofty masts and spars to the turbine engines of the twentieth century; and from her cruising speed of ten knots to the twenty-three knots of the present-day battleship. It is even further, perhaps, from the lower deck of the great Admiral's time to that of the modern Navy—from the "honour and salt beef" of which NELSON wrote to electric bakeries and mechanical bacon-slicers; from the "rat-haunted cubby-holes," where limbs were amputated by candlelight and the stumps sealed with hot tar, to the up-to-date infirmary still called the "Sick Bay." The ships of to-day, as the author truly observes, have little in common with those which RODNEY led to victory, except the tradition, as real as it is intangible, symbolised by the great names borne by the vessels of the new dispensation, which it has been among the functions of Navy Week to bring home to the general public.

As Mr. W. F. MORRIS, author of that ingenious war-romance, *Bretherton*, contrives in *Pagan* (BLES, 7/6) to put the reader so cleverly off the scent in his story of the adventures of two ex-officers, *Dick Baron* and his friend and brother-in-arms, *Charles Pagan*, it is clearly not the business of this learned clerk to spoil the fun by giving away the secret of those mysterious happenings at that pleasant inn in the Vosges country, of the horrific "thing" that haunts the old battlefield and of what happened when the disgruntled Strasbourgers were rather too vehemently airing their grievances against their new masters. I found the somewhat too elaborate exchanges of badinage between the adventurous twain a little tiresome, but this defect is mitigated as the writer warms to his work. Here is a charming love-story shot with tragedy, and a good sound holiday yarn. And the author, as we know, has an eye for detail and for character.

"TAFFRAIL'S" "war novel of the Navy," *Kerrell* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON, 7/6), is a most happy combination of truth and romance. In it we can read an illuminating and informing account of the War as seen through the eyes of an officer in a destroyer and at the same time follow his fortunes when he falls in love with a charming girl. Especially to be praised are the tributes paid by "TAFFRAIL" to the men who served in mine-sweepers and to our Merchant Navy. Quite simply and without beating noisy drums he has also given us a picture of our Navy in wartime which is as stirring as it is true. To blend history with romance is no easy task, but "TAFFRAIL" has overcome the difficulties, and the result is a story that is both valuable and delightful to read.

In the Enemy's Country (HUTCHINSON, 7/6), ably translated from the French by Mr. FORREST WILSON, gives us a thrilling account of M. CROZIER'S activities when "during the more dangerous years of the War he directed the French espionage in Germany from Holland." One must admire the system, at once simple and elaborate, that M. CROZIER built up and controlled, and his quiet way of describing the perils that beset himself and his agents. His story may be too grim for some tastes, but the life of a spy is bound to be grim, and, if M. CROZIER had suppressed some details which may be painful to read, his book would have lost something of its merit as a true record of facts.

CHARIVARIA.

A CYNICAL economist suggests that there is no May Committee on national finance. It is really a Must Committee.

***

A Labour M.P. has gone for a three-weeks' holiday on board the trawler *Lord Beaverbrook*. We trust that he remembers the fate of the young lady of Riga.

***

Women going to the Highlands for "The Twelfth" are described by one newspaper writer as looking "exquisitely dressed." Nothing annoys grouse more than to be shot by a carelessly-dressed woman.

***

A mountain on the Welsh border is reported to be moving. It should be warned that the weather is no better in England.

***

"Owing to the wet summer very few apples will keep until December," says a farmer. Doctors will no doubt have a *very* happy Christmas.

***

With reference to the newspaper controversies on the weather it should not be forgotten that it rains on the unjust as well as on Thanet.

***

It is said that the new town-planning scheme for Rome, approved by Signor MUSSOLINI, will take fifteen years to complete. It looks as if once again Rome isn't going to be built in a day.

***

In view of the Abbé BUNEL'S criticism that English Boy Scouts can do everything but cook, it is anticipated that they will make a point of learning to do things to a good turn.

***

Swiss girls are reported to have been in tears when the British Rover Scouts left Kandersteg. It is a poignant thought for a Rover that he has made a Swiss miss miss him.

***

We congratulate the American traveller who, though failing to understand the long rigmarole which a French Customs officer addressed to him, had the presence of mind to retort, in a rough translation of his own vernacular, "*Dites vous!*"

A new statue of COLUMBUS has been erected in Spain. So far as we know there has been no recognition of the sailors who wanted the explorer to turn back before America was sighted.

***

"Shipwreck" KELLY, noted for his feats of endurance, is coming to London to sit on the top of one of the great stores. But it is not anticipated that his performance will impress men who know what it is to wait while their wives are shopping.



"WOULD YOU MIND CALLING ROUND AND LOOKING AT THAT NEW WIRELESS SET I BOUGHT FROM HERE? I SEEM TO BE ALWAYS GETTING WHIPSNADE."

Dr. SIEGFRIED MAURER, a Chicago specialist, has discovered that the atmosphere of a museum makes it an ideal refuge for sufferers from hay-fever. On the other hand the air of a hay-field is a wonderful remedy for museum headache.

***

At the trial of JACK DIAMOND it was alleged that the beer supplied by him was of poor quality. If substantiated, this is calculated to bring the famous gangster into disrepute.

***

Dressmakers will learn with indifference that Herr WISNECKI-ENERGO, of Vienna, claims to be able to wear five thousand pins stuck into his body without discomfort.

***

In Dublin recently a brick was hurled at a carriage containing a newly-married couple. We doubt whether there will ever be any demand for Irish confetti in this country.

***

"In Bath, water is still flowing through the lead pipes in use in Roman times," we are told. We understand, however, that the resident plumber is expecting his mate back any day now.

***

A Wolferton man has succeeded in rearing and taming a badger. How nice for him to have a permanent extra shaving-brush resident on the premises.

***

"Who won the Battle of Waterloo?" is a question which has recently been debated in the Press. Modern military historians are inclined to reject the claims of Bill Adams.

***

Artificial gold has been produced in Sheffield; but it was not thought necessary to take local precautions against an artificial gold-rush.

***

Betting on snails is reported to have become a craze in South Wales. We visualise the emotion of a Welshman who has backed an also-crawled.

***

"We should be as fastidious about what we put into our mind as about what we put into our mouth," says Mr. JAMES DOUGLAS. He says nothing about what we put into our Sunday paper.

***

A bee-hive usually contains one queen, three hundred drones and forty thousand workers. A day inside one must seem like the rehearsal of an average revue.

***

It is claimed that in some cases music is more effective than medicine. Difficulty may be experienced, however, in inducing patients to take their music.

***

It is denied that the reintroduction of the bustle is another symptom of the modern craze for speed.

PART EXCHANGE.

ROUNDING a cluster of potted palms I encountered it. Its radiator, flanked by two searchlights and garnished with lesser lamps, would alone have slain the average pedestrian by shock. In the middle distance the windscreen reared its proud four inches and a faint light filtered through a huddle of wipers, mirrors and dazzle-guards to the interior. Somewhere in the dim backward of the thing one glimpsed a rack of spare wheels. BOADICEA would have approved of the bumpers.

The door swung open and Claude emerged. His magnificence dimmed a little, by contrast, that of the car. He opened the other door and handed out a lady. Beside her Claude looked just a trifle shabby.

"Miss Monica Venetia," said Claude.

I bowed.

"Of Elstree," he added.

The lady flashed me a high-power smile, murmured "S' pleased," and then addressed Claude: "Not so rotten. I'll have it."

Claude beamed.

"T' say, if you can plant my semi."

"Surest thing, you know," replied Claude. "I know a chap who'll eat it. I'll flip him out in it to-morrow."

I left the hierophants to their mysteries and withdrew.

I saw Claude next day in Great Portland Street. The flip was over and the "semi" lay crouched at his feet. I rather wondered what a full sports type would look like. This affair carried a "G.B." plaque, three horns and an array of badges that must have seriously affected the cooling. Its road-clearance would have just about missed a weasel.

A béret projected above the dash and a voice came from under the béret.

"I like it," said the voice. "Hotted-up, that is."

"Of course," agreed Claude, "hotted-up."

"And if you can place my Grantley. She only does eighty."

"Oh, easy," said Claude. "Some fellows like them that way."

The béret wormed its way out of the car. "Right-o; it's a do," he said. "I'll bring her round."

I kept my eye on Claude's showroom and two days later I found him expatiating to a man "of the stock-broking class" on the sober glories of a Grantley. They shook hands to a familiar refrain: "That is to say, if you can get rid of my Scala."

The thing was beginning to grip me. When next we met at the club I applied a feeler to Claude. "Has the lady from Elstree taken delivery of her car?"

"Well, not exactly. I've got to put through a bit of a deal yet. Simple enough. I've just got to drop an Osiris. Jim Higgins will have her and I can slam his Beetle to a chap I know in Pinner who has a Buzzard he's tired of. Well, I can tootle that over to Bill Cust. He'll swallow it whole. Of course he'll want me to take his Goldhawk, but I've only got to shoot that over to——"

A page-boy approached. "Your call to Wolverhampton, Sir," he announced.

I waited until Claude had finished his conversation. He smiled a reassuring smile, hung up the receiver and left the cabinet.

"That's all right," he said. "Chap wants me to pass on a Zingari, but I'll soon fix that."

I left him booking a call to Exeter and I came away with a fresh view of Claude. A man who can keep The House that Jack Built and a genealogical tree in his head has something under the brilliantine.

I was sorry to have to leave Town for a week. I felt that I might miss something. On my return I hurried to Great Portland Street, there to encounter drama.

The windows of the showroom stood open, and as I reached them a resplendent monster, with Miss Monica Venetia at the wheel, slid across the pavement. A faint ripple ran up the street, as when a liner comes into Southampton Water. I caught Claude's eye and he gently elevated his thumbs.

So finally, incredibly, the thing was sold.

But, I mused, the ripple spread far beyond Great Portland Street. At Brooklands or Montlhéry young necks were being risked. A fast tourer climbed the Dolomite passes; at Monaco the Scala was a target for flowers; a big Grantley slid into Frinton-on-Sea.

The ripple spread and spread—well into the utility class. The retired major in Minehead was saying, "Do nicely to hack about on, my dear." The G.P. in York looked a little dubiously at his tyres; the traveller in Wrexham was thinking, "Just a lick of paint, perhaps."

With blistered hands the Wensleydale Transport Service—"You may hire this van"—ground savagely at a reluctant Henry.

And somewhere near Wick a raw-boned laddie aided with one foot the motor-cycle for which he had given a R.D. cheque.

Thus commerce, the life-blood of nations, continues to flow.

A consoling thought.

TO ANSTEY GUTHRIE

("F. A." of *Punch*).

On his birthday, August 8th, and as a salute to the "Omnibus" edition of his longer works.

'TIS fifty years, or will be very soon,
Since, startling mid-Victorian tranquillity,
You gave the world the blessing and the boon
Of your unrivalled Viceversatility—
Fun that eschewed the tricks of the buffoon,
And fantasy of fabulous agility—
Earning the unstinted plaudits of the multitude
With the adventures of immortal *Bultitude*.

With prudes and pedants faithfully you dealt,
Yet spared not even genius when it nodded;
The Nordic gloom, the twilight of the Celt—
IBSEN and YEATS—with parody you prodded,
Yet never aimed a blow beneath the belt
Or sneered at simple scribes who toiled and plodded;
You struck new notes; your gold was newly minted;
Venus herself by you was freshly tinted.

And then you rid us of a social pest
Who seldom failed to weary or offend us—
The amateur reciter, at his best
A trial, at his worst a bore stupendous;
Slain by your ridicule he lies at rest
In deep oblivion—*valde non deflendus*;
And you who sent him there we have to thank
That he left nothing but a blesséd blank.

Mirth for the most part lent your vision wings
And banned the gloomy cares that cark and pester;
And yet the sense of tears in human things
Forced you at times to quit the *rôle* of jester,
Distil the *amari aliquid* that clings
Close to the giant's robe and makes it fester,
Or guide us to that sad and sombre area
Haunted by wounded souls, as in *The Pariah*.

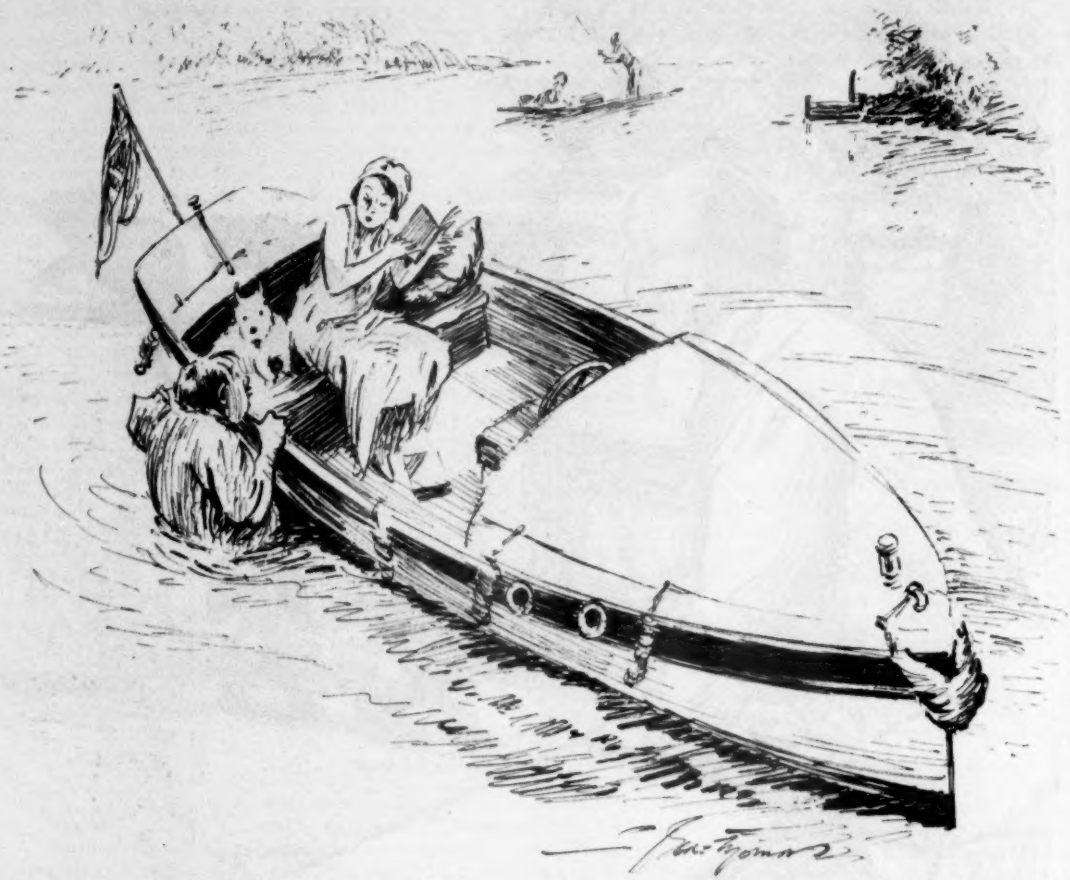
An "omnibus" for you is not unfit,
For 'tis a vehicle designed "for all,"
Which often proved a stimulus for wit,
As LEECH'S pencil helps us to recall;
And yet as a reward for all you've writ
The recognition seems a trifle small,
Since one whose genius old and young rejoices
Should roll for ever in the stateliest Royces.

C. L. G.



FAIRLY QUIET ON THE GARDEN FRONT.

DR. BRÜNING SEES IT THROUGH.



Husband. "I SAY, YOU'RE TAKING THIS VERY COOLLY."
Wife. "I THOUGHT YOU'D GOT OUT TO LOOK UNDERNEATH THE THING."

THE HOLIDAY SPIRIT.

BY THE HON. PETUNIA POTTS.

(*The Hon. Petunia Potts leaves her modern flat, a converted stable in Soho, for a tent on Puddicombe Cliffs.*)

ISN'T entertaining in a tent delightfully rustic? (To be exact it was only partly in a tent, because the weather prevented one from doing anything quite completely.)

The tent was pitched on a hillside near Lesser Puddicombe, overlooking the sea, with just a spot of pebbled beach and nothing else but fields for miles. It appeared to be divinely select, with a mere *soupçon* of cattle here and there.

As soon as my guests arrived it rained rather heavily, so we adjourned to a neighbouring cowshed, where cocktails, including the latest, "The Heifer's Lament," were served with a mangold-wurzel *frappé*. After this we felt more thankful for a wet country. Then we had dinner.

Of course it was rather a mistake to have sardines at the beginning of the evening, as their unmistakable flavour is apt to cling to the *batterie-de-cuisine* for the rest of the holiday. Perhaps too the choice of available vegetables (cabbage boiled or *en casserole*) could hardly be called *recherché* or out-of-season. However, we had some up-to-date tinned food as well, so we were really more fortunate than the Druids, or whoever originated the cult of the great open spaces.

Dicki Muffelheimer, who brought his paint-box and easel, seemed inspired by the array of discarded tins for his new still-life group. The half-finished picture was eventually left out in a heavy thunderstorm, thereby gaining such a half-washed artistic effect that Dicki feels his future is assured.

Music was provided by two portable gramophones. Unfortunately in the excitement of packing the records were forgotten. The only two records we were able to obtain locally were "Rock of Ages" and "The Honeysuckle and the Bee." As a delightfully modern effect was obtained by playing both simultaneously backwards no one missed the STRAVINSKY selections so carelessly left at home. Of course after a fortnight the harmony became less unexpected and lost some of its charm by the inevitable repetition.

Our holiday clothes were marvellously masculine and *chic*. Dear Moravia Shropshire wore shorts and looked too arresting as an underdone boy scout. The Duchess wore most revealing beach pyjamas. It was rather obvious that her slimming activities had had more effect on her *moral* than on her actual figure. The whole outfit, so reminiscent of the principal boy, was completed by the merest hint of "Yo ho and a bottle of rum" in the tilt of the hat.

Dear Colonel Chaparty, who said he had not realised that fancy-dress was obligatory, went to unpack his solar topee, but as the rain was starting

again he replaced it amongst the moth-balls.

After this the wind seemed likely to blow the tent into the sea at any moment, so we went back to the cowshed for bridge and liqueurs, the cattle assembling in groups around us, driven in by a hailstorm. The effect was delightfully informal and mixed. Everybody thought the party too enjoyable. "So pagan and different," they all said.

CRICKET PERSONALITIES.

THE COUNTY SECRETARY.

THE County Secretary sits
Inside his office, signing chits,
And as he stops to light his pipe
Impatiently he mutters, "Tripe!"
This busy and ambitious man
Is always just about to plan
Some brilliant efficacious schemes
Whose swift results, he fondly dreams,
Will set the County on its feet
And square that annual balance-sheet;
But details of the day's routine
Invariably intervene,
So, sadly picking up his pen,
He settles to his chits again.

If anyone indeed supposes
His job is just a bed of roses,
What ignorance the thought displays
Of Club Committees' tiresome ways!
However hard the fellow tries,
Someone is sure to criticise.
When members fail to pay their subs
Must he encounter all the rubs?
And is it tactful to complain
About the spouting storms of rain
That quite washed out the match with Lancs
As though he kept the stuff in tanks
And turned the tap on every day
An hour before the start of play?
Quite frankly, he deserves our pity
Who tries to please a Club Committee.

So, when you meet the County Sec.,
Don't grasp him roughly by the neck,
Demanding with a peevish cry
Why this or that has gone awry.
No, rather plant upon his back
A cheerful and resounding whack,
Then edge him towards the Members' Pav
And ask the beggar what he'll have.

C. L. M.

"I went with the chemist, a Ph.D., who teaches whotography at the school, to see the chemical and physical laboratories."
Scots Paper.

What ography would that be?

"Have you ever heard of a horse eating orange?"—*Weekly Paper.*

No, but it's probably the same sort of thing as a man eating tiger lily.



Pageant-master. "LET'S SEE, WHOM DO YOU REPRESENT?"
Bert. "MY BROTHER FRED; HE'VE A-GOT FLU."

An Opening for a Tight Young Thing.

"A vacancy occurs in leading Pottery Works for Bottle Thrower, Champagne shape especially."—*Melbourne Paper.*

"In some of the remoter parts of Europe, cameras are still an interesting phenomenon, provocative of the greatest curiosity among the pheasants."—*Derby Paper.*

Try one as bait on October 1st.

"Connoisseurs only place tripe, feet and condiments by layers in their brassiere, first the carrots and onions, then the tripe, and pieces of the beef-foot."—*Evening Paper.*

Still, it is as well to choose your dinner-party carefully before you try it.

AND NOW TELEVISION.

DID you find it rather galling—
Almost, one might say, alarming—
(If perhaps your maid had gone
And left the wireless-switch turned on)
When a voice, abrupt but charming,
Broke the silence: "*London Calling*"?

Now, if she repeats that blunder,
Shall we be surprised, I wonder
(When we're in a bath or cooking),
By the whisper: "*London Looking*"?

Middle-sex Heavy-weights.

"The new hiker of both sexes was very prominent."—*Bristol Paper.*

A SLATE OFF OUR ROOF.

THERE are certain things about which we have got to accept the testimony of others. We are in no position to argue with our doctor when he tells us that the batteries inside us are run down, nor with our daughter who insists that in sleep our features get horribly near to those of the Emperor Diocletian. And if we happen to be of the many who cannot climb ladders, it is beyond us to argue with building men about the condition of our roof.

A few days ago, after the last cloudburst but two, it was discovered that water was dripping with frightful monotony from an attic ceiling on to our cook's bed. It was discovered not unnaturally by Cook herself, who awoke to the damp realities of life from a delicious dream in which she was floating round the Serpentine hand-in-hand with her hero, Mr. LANSBURY. Cook is not one of nature's amphibians, and after breakfast Maria got the full blast of her ample disillusionment.

Together Maria and I went up and surveyed the attic. Water was indeed coming through the ceiling, and pretty fast. Besides Cook's bed, which had come to look like a relief map of the Lake District, it had filled two tin baths and a washtub. Even as we stood there, fascinated by the spectacle, the volume of the cascade increased visibly. If we proposed to save the rest of the house there was little time to be lost. The only empty receptacle left in the room was Cook's trunk, and outside in the summer sky of England bigger and blacker clouds were queueing up to burst. Maria and I looked at each other and simultaneously we uttered the dramatic words, "Mr. Hogsling."

When we had first moved in we had paid Mr. Hogsling a monstrous sum, in return for which he had filled the house with a lot of grotesque pipes which lacked any apparent destination, and for weeks had made us the prey of a cohort of red-faced youths with big boots and spanners. He was a pale little man with pince-nez and a nicotined weeping-willow moustache, whose words had a singular solemnity behind them. We were both very much afraid of Mr. Hogsling.

He arrived with a long ladder and a couple of A.D.C.'s, and from the garden we watched them climb bronchially up to disappear amongst the chimney-stacks. For hours we heard them clumping and sliding about the leads, like a smaller Kanchenjunga Expedition finding its feet. An offer of lunch, shouted hospitably up the chimney, was curtly refused. They descended late in the afternoon, and Mr. Hogsling's face was paler than ever.

"'Ave you been up there yourself, Sir?" he demanded grimly.

"I have no head for heights," I said. "What's the matter?"

"The question is, what *isn't* the matter," he said. "Things up there's very grave indeed. Very grave. A biggish job, Sir; and with all this rain about. . . ."

"Send me round an estimate," I said, "as quickly as you can. The work's urgent."

The rain continued. Baths were filled and emptied, until at length Mr. Hogsling's estimate was sent. At the end of two pages of builderese, which I translated roughly as meaning a new roof, stood a neat £95.

I was in the act of enlarging to Maria on how entirely one is at the mercy of the Hogslings of this life in the matter of repairs which must remain for ever invisible, when Cook came into my study.

"Me young man's 'ere," she announced, and became fatly silent, as cooks do.

"How nice for you, Cook," I said. "If it's still the policeman I suppose you'd better give him a drink."

"No, Sir, I don't go with the robert no longer, Sir. It's the builder wot was in the Navy, Sir."

"Ah!" I said, not knowing quite what to say.

"Yus, and I told 'im wot Mr. 'Ogsling's goin' to charge you, Sir, and 'e says it's all me eye, Sir, and 'e's 'avin' you on. Will you just let 'im go up an' 'ave a look, Sir?"

We leapt at the idea. Cook's young man crawled enthusiastically out of my study window and climbed up and over with the skill of a chimp. In less than ten minutes he returned down a drain-pipe, not pale, like Mr. Hogsling, but bright red with the indignation of outraged honesty.

"Gawd, Sir, the old shark! 'E ought to be locked up in Brighton Aquarium, 'e ought. All you want up there's about 'arf-a-dozen slates and a spot of cement."

"Can you do that for less than ninety-five pounds?" I asked him.

"Thirty bob to you, Sir," was the staggering reply.

* * *

Cook's room is dry once more. She is a proud woman, as you might imagine, and the betting is heavily in favour of the red ensign fluttering for better or worse to the head of her rolling-pin. And I am having a lot of fun hotting up the epithets in a letter I am writing to the Hogsling. The *worm*. ERIC.



Cyril (referring to total stranger). "I SAY, MABEL, I HOPE THIS CHAP'S ALL RIGHT. ONLY ASLEEP, I MEAN."
Mabel. "WHAT MAKES YOU THINK HE'S ANYTHING ELSE?"
Cyril. "WELL, THIS IS LAST WEDNESDAY'S PAPER."

"The second meeting of the Joint Committee to arrange Dinner, etc., to Sir Edward Brown was held at the Midland Grand Hotel."
Farmers' Paper.

The meetings of the Sweet and Savoury Committees will come later.

"There has been so much rain in the country for weeks past that the seaside towns are being very injuriously affected."
Bridlington Paper.

Yet for pure wetness the sea still wins.

"When Middlesex went in Stevens gave a chance in the slips with only five urns on the board."—*Daily Paper.*

We think that such anxiety to get out to tea is hardly cricket.

"Lady (own car) offers take young foreign lady for night's leisurely Tour; conversation."
Advt. in Daily Paper.

Won't it be tiring for the young foreign lady if she has to talk all night?

"Their best seller is a man's felt hat for 2s. 6d., in seven shades and two shapes."
Daily Paper.

We would rather pay a little more and have it monochromatic and uncollapsible.



REMARKS THAT DON'T RING TRUE.

Distinguished Specialist. "HAVE THIS PRESCRIPTION MADE UP, OR—ER—NOT, JUST AS YOU FEEL INCLINED. IT WILL MAKE NO DIFFERENCE."

LITTER: THE NEW ATTITUDE.

You who loathe litter, open now your eyes,
So blind to beauty in this modern guise!
Your fellow-creatures now no more abuse,
But strive instead to readjust your views.
Learn to love litter; with delight you've seen
Pale apple-blossom scattered on the green,
Yet, hypercritical, your ardour flags
Beholding in our parks abandoned bags.
Are not these tossed white fragments much the same,
Though trippers and not fruit-trees are to blame?
Count them confetti at a feast flung down—
The marriage of the country and the town.
You gloat on bluebells in a sunny glade
Why hate torn paper of the selfsame shade?
'Neath Southern skies gold orange spheres are fair;
Why not the peel flung glowing here and there?
Moonsilver you call beautiful, yet fail
To greet with cheers the chocolate-crunchers' trail;
You love the smoke that rises, do you not,
A wisp of blue, above some rose-bowered cot?
Why then so fierce to note amongst the trees
The fumes of casual fires for picnic teas?
Poets, enraptured, have throughout the past
Sung of the dead leaves dancing on the blast;
Bards of to-morrow may acclaim perhaps
The loveliness of wind-whirled paper-scraps.
And, if you cannot see with eyes of art,
You have presumably a human heart,
Which should dilate with joy to find a trace
Of fellow-creatures all about the place,
Nor pine for meads and woods that never show
If mortals have made merry there or no.
Strewn rural scenes we should in fancy share
With all who've obviously eaten there;
The mangled sandwich and the jetsam bun
Are proofs of plenty spread for everyone;
And bottles broken in the grass may be
Left from libations quaffed to Liberty!

W. K. H.

Longevity on the Boards.

"PLAY ACTED 700 YEARS AGO. THIRTY-SIX ORIGINAL PRINCIPALS IN CAST HERE."
Vancouver Paper.

They ought to know their parts by now.

"The restful atmosphere and silence in the magnificent suites of rooms, with their private corridors and noiseless bells, present a special appeal to many visitors."
Advt. in London Hotel.

We prefer bells which make a special appeal to the servants.

THE BRIEF.

"IF," said Briggs passionately, "you visit on my client the extreme penalty of the law, the stainless pages of English equity will remain irretrievably besmirched." He stopped and looked round him as if waiting for the applause.

"Excellent," I approved. "What's it all mean?"

"I've got my first brief," he announced.

I repressed a start of surprise. Briggs was called to the Bar three months ago and has talked of nothing but briefs ever since, yet it seemed incredible that he should have found somebody actually reckless enough to entrust him with one.

"Congratulations," I remarked.

"It's my big chance," said Briggs seriously, "and if I can take it, my foot will be set on the first rung of the ladder."

There was only one possible answer to this—a two-word interrogation coined by our American cousins. I said it.

"Sez me," agreed Briggs, unruffled, "I mean it. Just wait until you hear my speech;" and before I could stop him he had started walking up and down the room wagging his finger at an imaginary audience.

"Gentlemen of the jury," said Briggs, "you have heard the evidence of the prosecution, and I say without hesitation that it is the most malicious, the most untrue, the most——"

"One moment," I interrupted. "Is this a jury case?"

"Of course it isn't."

"Then why address them?"

"Force of habit. Force of future habit, I mean. I can tell you I don't expect to be appearing in ordinary police-court cases for long."

"Police-court? That sounds like a motoring case."

"It is. Just a guinea brief. The police *versus* Simpson, at Poulsworth Police Court, before Mr. Perks, the stipendiary magistrate. Travelling at thirty miles an hour through a twenty-mile limit."

"But you can't make anything out of that."

"That's where you make a mistake. That's where so many young barristers make their mistake. 'Poof!' they say, 'a police-court case'; and they plead guilty, get their client a fine, go off with their guinea and are never heard of again. But I"—he paused—"I see the possibilities of the thing."

"What possibilities?"

"There are several features of interest. In the first case, my client has against him three previous convictions."

"And how is that going to help?"

"It isn't. Secondly, there is no doubt that he was going much too fast. But I shall plead extenuating circumstances. That makes it quite different."

"Still, you're bound to get a fine just the same."

"That's not the point," said Briggs. "The point is that I am going to put forward an entirely novel plea that will stamp me at once as a man of immense potentialities. Do you," he demanded, "know why my client was exceeding the speed limit?"

"How can I possibly know?"

"He was ten minutes late for an appointment with his *fiancée*," said Briggs impressively. "Rather than keep a lady waiting he BROKE THE LAW! What do you think of that?"

"Not much," I said curtly. "If he was only ten minutes late I can't see that he had anything to worry about. No girl ever keeps her *fiancé* waiting less than half-an-hour on principle."

"You have no right to apply the rule to this particular case unless you can call evidence to prove that this girl is an habitually unpunctual person. And the only available witness is the accused himself, and he isn't likely to say anything."

"But," I argued, "what makes you suppose that this plea is going to carry any weight with the magistrate?"

"Just this: In an age where chivalry is so debased that women are allowed to stand in buses and tubes a man deliberately breaks the law to avoid keeping a girl waiting. Why, it's unique! A man like that is bound to arouse the sympathy of the Court. Here"—he opened a drawer and pulled out several sheets of foolscap—"just listen to this."

"Is that your speech?"

"It is," said Briggs, and read it to me. It took him by my watch exactly twenty-five minutes.

* * * * *

Watching him from the back of the court I thought that Briggs did not look any too comfortable when the magistrate, who seemed in a bad temper that morning, proceeded to deal with the motoring cases with a rapidity that an editor rejecting manuscripts might have envied. Things moved so quickly that I almost missed Briggs's case. A stolid policeman had just finished testifying that the accused's car had been travelling at thirty miles an hour in a twenty-mile limit when I realised that this was what I had come down to hear.

"H'm," grunted the magistrate. "Anything to say?"

Briggs appeared to swallow something, hesitated, half-opened his mouth and hesitated again.

"Twenty-five shillings," said the magistrate. "Next case."

And by the time my friend had recovered sufficiently to leave the court-room a further clutch of three motorists had been convicted.

* * * * *

Outside the court Briggs threw light upon his reticence. "It wouldn't have been politic," he explained, "for me to say anything. The magistrate was in such a hurry that he forgot to ask about previous convictions. He was bound to find out about them if I made my speech and that would have meant a bigger fine. So I said nothing. It was really a masterly bit of quick thinking on my part."

We agreed to leave it at that.

NIP-AND-TUCK.

THERE's scarce a carriage on the road,
A waggon or a cart;
The farmer now conveys his load
By motor to the mart:
A horse's shoe to hang for luck
Is now quite hard to find—
But there is little Nip-and-Tuck
For us to sit behind;
The gods have left us Nip-and-Tuck
To keep old days in mind.

The car that's known as "governess"
Is all the car we own,
We travel to a friend's address
By hoof and wheel alone;
When drivers in the ditch are stuck
And scorchers skid and roll
We know that little Nip-and-Tuck
Will land us at our goal,
And, thanks to gallant Nip-and-Tuck,
We reach it safe and whole.

She's not a MALCOLM CAMPBELL quite,
But she can slip along
And step a pretty mile ere night
Without a foot set wrong;
She likes to toss her head and chuck
The foam across our knees;
She likes to fling, our Nip-and-Tuck,
Her forelock to the breeze,
And ring—a merry Nip-and-Tuck—
Her harness-melodies.

The folk who drive in tram and bus
And lordly limousine
May laugh and look askance at us
And mock at our machine;
But, though they leave us in the ruck,
As well indeed they may,
We're satisfied with Nip-and-Tuck,
For none can take away
The things that go with Nip-and-Tuck
And tell of yesterday. W. H. O.

"Major J. T. ——, director of the course, said children should get into the habit of listening to the way they were touching the piano from the start. They . . . could not play if they were tight."—*Newcastle Paper.*

We should have thought that stood to reason.



Outraged Owner. "ARE YOU AWARE, SIR, THAT YOU ARE TRESPASSING ON A GROUSE MOOR?"
Unworldly Gentleman. "I'M AFRAID SO, SIR—I'M AFRAID SO. BUT SURELY THE GLORIOUS TWELFTH IS OVER?"

THE HIGGLERS.

As I lay a-thinking
Beneath a rowan-tree,
There came three higglers down the road
To buy my thoughts from me.

"A brown penny," said the first;
"A penny for your thoughts," said he.
"They're too mad and too many," said I,
"To sell for a penny," said I,
"Though you hunger and thirst
To know what my thoughts may be."

"A white shilling," said the second;
"A shilling for your thoughts," said he.
"They're too rare and too thrilling," said I,
"To sell for a shilling," said I,
"Though doubtless you reckoned
'Twould do for the likes of me."

"A golden pound," said the third;
"A pound for your thoughts," said he.
"They're too sweet and too sound," said I,
"To sell or a pound," said I,
"So never a word
Shall your gold piece gather from me."

As I lay a-thinking
(The higglers gone)
I heard a step
And along came John.
He took my hand;
"What be your thoughts?" said he.
"'I love you' and 'I love you,' said I;
"You can have them free." JAN.

DEVOTION TO DUTY.

THE County Police of Southshire have always been noted for stern devotion to duty, and this quality is possessed to a very high degree by the police constable here in our village of Harstead. No matter what the duty, whether it is on point at the Midfield turning, where they had that big tricycle smash in '07, or whether it is an investigation into the stealing of a couple of ferrets from Tuke's Farm (a case to which, despite the interference of the daily Press, Scotland Yard has not yet been called in), P.C. Chestworthy's devotion is single-minded, unswerving and unswervable.

I can only assume that recently a superior officer has told him that it is his duty to sell as many tickets as possible for the Southshire Police Sports on the 20th, for it is to this that his life seems at the moment to be devoted. Ferrets, one almost feels, may now be kidnapped in droves from their hutches and villagers may be bumped off (tricycles) at every turning in the village, but the Twelfth Annual Athletic Meeting of the Southshire Police will be a financial success, for P.C. Chestworthy is On the Job.

I personally have been trying to avoid P.C. Chestworthy for some while. Not for the above reason: I'm all for bobbies getting together in a game of "Policeman's Knock" or "Hunt the Burglar" or whatever their sports are. But there had been a little affair a week or two ago, when I had left my car in the village "in such a fashion as to obstruct, etc. . . ." It was the day after the headline, "*Strange Disappearance of Valuable Ferrets*," had splashed the front-page of the local paper, but, though I pointed this out to P.C. Chestworthy (whom I later found watching the car from concealment) to prove that it was not really my fault but the unavoidable influence of the Harstead crime-wave, he insisted on warning me that a summons might be taken out. So after that I had been dodging him, hoping that I might be "unseen, unsummoned and unhung."

I started guiltily therefore when he appeared round a corner and advanced upon me, producing a little book. The talk, however, did not open with crime.

"Our Twelfth Annual Athaletic Meeting, Sir," he explained. "At the Sports Field, Paddlewick. Admission, including tax, one shilling. How many tickets would you like to take, Sir?"

"The 20th? I don't think I shall be able to go," I said.

He explained that, while they'd all be very pleased to see me there, it was my money they really wanted. "It all helps," he added oracularly. "And if you know you can't go, well, then you can't use a ticket, anyhow, and might as well take two or three."

While I was digesting this logic he mentioned for no reason that I could see that he was in the tug-of-war team, and didn't his back just ache!

P.C. Chestworthy is one of those big men off whom malefactors just bounce once and lie still. I could easily believe he was in the tug-of-war team. I wouldn't have been surprised to hear he *was* the tug-of-war team.

I tried to change the subject. "How's that little trouble of mine going?"

I was not allowed to change it.

"Most of the gentlemen are taking five. Now, how many can I sell you, Sir?"

I took this pointed ignoring of my criminal tendencies as a sign upon P.C. Chestworthy's part that the question of to be or not to be summoned could not be discussed until he knew just what my social standing was in this matter of Police Athaletics—almost as a hint that possibly the question might be dropped if . . .

I decided to be one of the gentlemen and produced five shillings. P.C. Chestworthy, with that tact for which the police are everywhere famed, managed to convey both surprise at my generosity and an impression that after all it was only what he expected from a good fellow like me. Then he handed me five little white tickets and moved slowly off down the village like a battleship in Cowes Harbour. He left me with a vague hope that in this matter of the summons it would Be All Right.

He appeared abruptly outside my cottage on a motor-bike two days later. Gone was the geniality that had hung around the firm of Chestworthy and Co., Purveyors of Police Sports Tickets. I saw only the stern mien of Police Constable Chestworthy With an Unpleasant Task to Perform. He handed me a summons for obstruction, chanted it over with me to make sure I got it right, and then became more human.

"Let me see, Sir, did I ask you if you'd care to buy tickets for our police sports?"

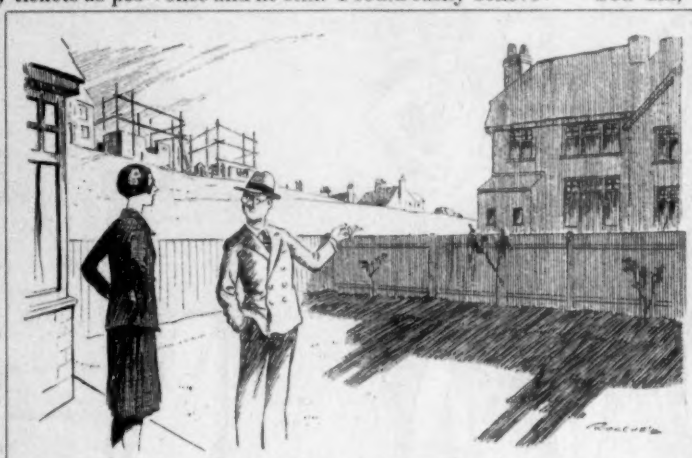
"You did," I said shortly. I was annoyed. To deal out a summons and then expect a victim to buy sports tickets from you seemed carrying things a bit too far. If he had come to me as man to man and said, "I have here a summons which I may or may not serve upon you—now, would you like to buy some tickets?" I should have known where we were. Or, strictly speaking, I should have thought we were in America, not Harstead.

I pointed all this out to him, and after (*a*) indignation at the suggestion that the County Police, etc., and (*b*) realisation that people will have their little joke, he explained that the police tried very hard to be on good terms with everybody. "I've done my duty *in re* this summons, Sir, and now we start fresh, so to speak. *We* don't harbour any ill feelings, whatever other people may do." He looked at me in a hurt manner and prepared to put his book away.

I stopped him. It had been borne in upon me imperceptibly that I was appearing in a vindictive light. Here was good old Chestworthy, no longer on duty, but just a man and a brother, anxious to sell tickets, and here was I brooding over this summons that had been between us—letting it rankle, in fact Harbouring Ill Feelings.

I bought a couple more tickets to prove I could easily rise above all that sort of thing, and Chestworthy proved he could easily rise above a glass of beer, and we parted.

We next met at the Petty Sessions.



Resident of rapidly-growing suburb (just returned from three weeks' holiday). "LOOK, ETHEL! WAS THAT HOUSE THERE BEFORE WE WENT AWAY?"



Kindly Pedestrian. "MY DEAR YOUNG LADY, HAVE YOU MET WITH AN ACCIDENT?"
Owner Driver. "WELL, I ASK YOU—*DO YOU THINK I ALWAYS LOOK LIKE THIS?*"

I was not quite myself—nervous but walking with a firm tread—but P.C. Chestworthy was in his element. He practically *was* the Petty Sessions; as I said before, he is built like that. We had a word or two before the balloon went up, and P.C. Chestworthy said, "Don't you worry, Sir; I'll let you down light in my evidence. But we have to bring these summonses, you know, now and then, otherwise there wouldn't be room to walk down the village—at least not for Mr. Kilderkin, eh? Ha! Ha!" He laughed and added, "Did you know he'd taken ten tickets for our Sports? Good chap, he is."

A thought occurred to me and I put it into effect. When I stepped up before the magistrate and heard P.C. Chestworthy recite his little piece: "I-was-on-duty-on-the-main-street-of . . . ." and so on, I was no longer nervous. I squared my shoulders. What had I to fear? Was I not a good chap—the equal, if not in size at least in ticket-purchasing power, of Mr. Kilderkin? Ten each!

The aura of my Good Chapship must have extended to the magisterial bench, for the summons was dismissed.

Yes, I did just happen to run into P.C. Chestworthy afterwards, and, yes, I did . . . He had pointed out that, after all, I had been saved a fine of a pound, if not more, and could therefore easily spare a small fraction of it for—say the purchase of a few tickets for the Southshire Police Athaletic Meeting.

A. A.

The Celluloid Divinity.

"The places of worship in the town all had good congregations at the services held. In the evening the Cinema House was crowded, and the Palace, where a programme of silent pictures was showing, had a very good house."
I.O.M. Paper.

"For the jelly set some sponges, cakes, and some orange pulp in a jelly flavoured with fresh orange juice."—*Recipe in Daily Paper.*

A little shredded loofah will add character to the ensemble.

". . . . their pigmentation illustrates the pollution of the Mersey at Liverpool. The deep green grey colour is due to alga vegetation, which only grows in very dirty water."
Liverpool Paper.

So the quality of Mersey is *not* strained.

"A pair of swallows have come to a fowl-house at Hutton Buscel for the tenth year in succession, to build their nest. The poultry-keeper sits up every evening until after 10 o'clock to allow the swallows to return to their nest."—*Yorkshire Paper.*

Few people wait for their swallows until closing-time.

THE BIASSED UMPIRE.

"I shot an arrow in the air,
It fell to earth I knew not where."

SHE smote the spherule in the air;
It fell to earth I knew not where,
Although infallibly to spot
Whether the thing was out or not
Was my especial care;
The game, you see, was tennis, and I
graced the umpire's chair.

The lady who had struck the sphere
Was plain and horribly severe;
But I would score, had I my way,
For her opponent every day
Throughout the tennis year;
As fair as summer skies was she (when
solar rays appear).

My declaration should have been
"Replay the point! My sight is keen";
I might have added very well,
"That last return, however, fell
Officially unseen."
But as it was I shouted "Out!" and
added, "Love-fifteen."

For umpires thus to call a score
That there's no honest reason for
Appears at first a moral lapse
That you (and other decent chaps)
Will certainly deplore;
But may I plead that everything is
fair in love (and war)?

C. B.

OUTPOSTS OF EMPIRE.

THE GLADIATOR.

WE of the Mess at Ziggum are feeling below the weather to-night. Costegan is going home on leave. Costegan is a good chap and leaves a gap; but he is taking Lenin with him, and Lenin is irreplaceable.

We asked Costegan to bring him over for a final shudder, and he fetched the cigar-box, in which Lenin, preserved to the gaze of his mourners, like his namesake in Petrograd, lies in state.

He smells strongly of formalin, and Costegan is taking him home to have him silver-mounted or something.

Lenin is a spider of terrifying aspect, with eccentric-motion jaws, very quick into top speed in his prime, with the action of a small and demented lawn-mower. He is five inches long, bald as to the head and covered elsewhere with black bristles. After a week's acquaintance his name was a foregone conclusion.

For three months he has provided buckshee cigarettes for his owner and thrills for a jaded West African Mess.

We were lingering over our coffee when he entered the mud-walled Mess-room. Garaba Kano had opened the door to bring fresh sparklet bottles from the cooler outside.

He came in from the dark garden in a hurry, making direct for the circle of light thrown on the floor by the centre lamp. His treatment of a bourgeois moth on his arrival there was startling.

Costegan caught him by dropping a napkin over him, and he was put into a cigar-box and roofed over by a sheet of glass.

His ugliness and ferocity were equal. Let a shadow pass above him, and he would throw himself into an attitude of menace, holding several legs aloft threateningly.

He did this when the Major, who was short-sighted, had him out for inspection. Peering closely at him through the glass lid, the Major quailed visibly, put the box down hastily and called for a large whisky-and-soda.

His methods fascinated. After a moment of Berserk savagery he would set about clearing up—swallowing wings, antennæ, etc., and tidying up thoroughly.

As a murderer he would have left no trace.

When time hung heavily in the Mess after dinner, someone generally remembered to bring Lenin out after dessert in time for a couple of moths.

He wasn't everybody's idea of table decoration, and Costegan rather overdid him. After using him as an illustration of ruthlessness in war, he let him out to demonstrate a "whippet" tank in action, and Meagrim, the M.O., got rather huffy about it. So when



"HALF THE MESS WENT OVER WITH HURRICANE-LAMPS AND DUG HIM OUT."

Meagrim said he had a plain civilian hornet, caught that afternoon, that would put that "whippet" tank out of action, the duel was arranged.

A tin of cigarettes was the side-bet. The hornet was dropped under the glass lid from a shaving-soap tin and sailed round the cigar-box with the noise of an aeroplane. Making a safe descent upon Lenin's back, he took off again hastily, pursued from beneath by Lenin.

Four circuits of the box found the hornet in Lenin's arms, pushing a piston-like sting into Lenin's body with mechanical regularity. Hardly bothering to change position, Lenin ate on, the last course being the sting itself, eaten in the manner of a stick of celery.

Meagrim could not leave it at that, so when Glover said there was an armoured beetle of enormous dimensions, with sickle jaws, living in a hole by the side of the tennis-court, half the Mess went over with hurricane-lamps and dug him out.

Betting became general. Some of us backed Lenin as being in training, but the beetle was armour-plated all over and fairly hummed with temper, so odds were fairly level.

Dropped on the bottom of the cigar-box, the beetle began a blind lumbering run that was arrested by Lenin. Tripping him up with two or three legs, he tried to hold him down with the others. This failing, he bit him in the face, which must have been like biting a gas-oven as far as protection went.

Sizzling with rage, the sickle jaws of the beetle's closed on Lenin's, making them more eccentric.

Then, locked in a firm embrace, Lenin found the heel of Achilles in the thorax of the beetle and ended the fight.

Costegan collected his bets—about a dozen tins of cigarettes—and issued a general challenge. He drew the colour-line at scorpions, otherwise he welcomed all comers at $4 \times 2 \times 1$ inches. (Richards the Sapper simplified this to eight cubic inches.)

Meagrim then and there bet him fifty cigars that he would find something to beat him, and next morning made an ally of the garden-boy. They were found together on hands and knees among some railway-sleepers, Meagrim, dental forceps in hand, holding something gingerly.

The fight was fixed for the following Saturday. Meagrim refused to state the exact type of gladiator he was employing, but said he could make the size-limit.

Of course it leaked out. Costegan said Meagrim's insect wouldn't have a leg to stand on, and Meagrim, with the air of Mr. JEFF DICKSON announcing CARNERA, said he would have a hundred.

The centipede was duly handed round in a salad-bowl for his backers' inspection. Armed with jaws in front and what looked like a sting behind, it

tipped the tape at seven inches. But it had the wrong temperament. Methodical and painstaking in training, it lacked "devil."

Our black Mess-staff stated that it was "plenty bad t'ing, too much," which was taken as inside information and caused heavy backing.

The fight began with Lenin sidestepping and much retracing of steps by the centipede. Lenin clearly did not know at which end to begin. However, he created two open flanks by biting through the centipede in the middle. The latter's efforts became disjointed in consequence and Lenin was left trying hard to obliterate the evidence of the fight in his usual manner.

His last fight was with Costegan, who intends to have him set up for the ancestral home. Costegan was armed with a camel-hair brush dipped in formalin, which Lenin attacked furiously until choked by bitten-off hairs and preservative.

We shall miss him, but certainly the Mess is less creepy and the Major takes a cigar without apprehension again.

THE ONION AND THE CURRENT.

THE onion has been a very much misunderstood vegetable. From recent investigation by scientists we learn that its real strength lies more in its electrical qualities than in any other it possesses. The electrical pressure between its extremities is actually superior to that of apples and other fruits; and while this may long have been suspected there is satisfaction in having the fact reliably vouched for.

This discovery that the onion is even more than it seems is particularly pleasing to one who, like myself, has been its champion for many years against ridicule and even disgust. Some may not credit me in this respect for taking a stand on behalf of the weak; yet my sympathies are wont to turn towards any acquaintance of mine that may be in a pickle or may be fated to make a hash of things.

I am delighted therefore that brighter days seemed to have dawned for the onion. The fact that its electrical pressure is equal to that of one-fiftieth of a single accumulator cell and has, moreover, the consistency of an electric standard, will surely demand that it be treated henceforth with respect. It is not suggested that in eating one's salad one should wear rubber gloves or that there is any peril from sparks in one's broth. But its status as a food should be improved, in view of what we know; and when we employ a suitably wired bed of onions outside the drawing-room window for supplying the H.T. to our wireless sets, and carry a basket of onions in the car against any breakdown in the batteries, we shall realise that the onion is a friend indeed.

Another thing is this—that the onion cannot be electrocuted. Whatever power may be switched on it is capable of giving shock for shock, so remarkable is its constancy, so pronounced is its robustness. The onion has often been led to the steak; but for it the electrical chair has no terrors.

Until now the place of the onion among us has been that of a much-maligned public character. What we now learn about its ohm life, marked by a beautiful constancy, can only add to our esteem of this strong and silent bulb.



THE PACE WE DRESS AT.

Head Dressmaker. "THAT IS ONE OF OUR LATEST AND SMARTEST MODELS, MODOM. THE ONLY QUESTION IS THE LENGTH OF THE SKIRT FROM THE GROUND. WHAT IS THE LAST QUOTATION ON THE TAPE, MISS JONES? SEVEN—SEVEN-THREE-EIGHTS? WE WILL SEE THAT THAT IS RIGHT, MODOM."



The Young 'Un. "COME ON, IT'S AN EASY ONE! LUMMY, I COULD RUN TWO."
The Old 'Un. "COULD YER? THEN JUST RUN BACK AGAIN."

STILL ON DUTY.

["London is deserted. . . . The Cabinet is busy in Downing Street."
Daily Press, August 12th.]

WHEN happier folk or smarter
Are growing pink and brown,
What comfort has the martyr
Who stays behind in Town?

Gone are the men and women,
The children roam away
In search of seas to swim in
And whelks on which to prey.

The men who bought the leases
Of moors (which must be nice)
Go forth with fowling-pieces
To war against the grice.

(Which by-and-by reminds me
That Bouverie Street with care
Invariably finds me
If they have birds to spare.)

The men who cleave the billows
By sails or petrol sped,
White horses are their pillows,
The ocean trough their bed.

And some—a greater benison—
Assault the wild, wild deer,
And turn it into venison,
Which always makes me queer.

And some seek out the salmon
Where silvery waters flow,
And some stick cream and jam on
Their splits at Westward Ho!

And some, of lowlier station,
(His differing taste to each),
With rapt exhilaration
Play rounders on the beach;

Or crowd to simple dramas
By simple pierrots played,
Or walk in beach-pyjamas
About the West Parade.

(With these they wear no undies,
And that is counted sin
By local Mrs. Grundies
Who strive to run them in.)

And some with spray-wet faces
And brows by sunshine tanned
Secure convenient places
And sit beside the band.

* * * * *

These facts there's no disputing,
Pall Mall, the Strand are bare!
I take the train to Tooting
And nobody is there!

Yet still through streets deserted
When ghost-like motors glide,
I find myself diverted
By wondering who's inside.

Where all seems strange and sinister
In London's empty heart
I notice the PRIME MINISTER
And CLYNES and Uncle ART!

Brought back to toil's enslavement
Like me they carry on,
They tread the echoing pavement
When all the world is gone.

The milk receives its warning,
The grocery and the meat,
The bread-cart every morning
Turns in to Downing Street.

Others may tramp the heather,
Others may sniff the brine,
The Cabinet gets together
Promptly at half-past nine.

Heedless of health and beauty,
Unbronzed by suns it sits
Relentlessly on duty
To save our skins—and its.

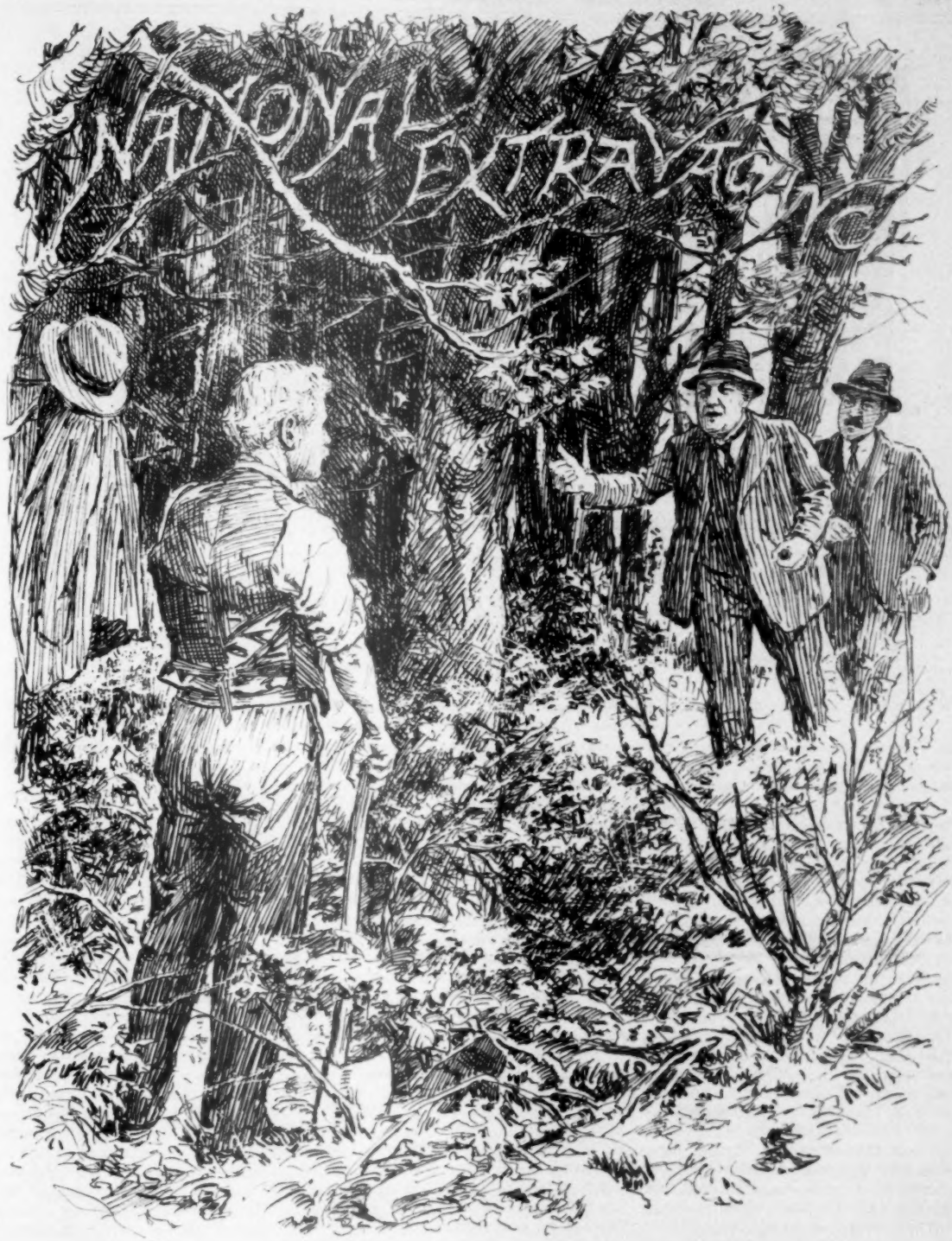
EVOE.

The Great North Hike.

"'THE TWELFTH.'

A remarkable feature of this year's exodus is the exceptional number of motor-cars sent by rail and the great number of people making the journey to Scotland by road."
Daily Paper.

Owing to the slump our Baby Puffkin will have to do without a sleeper.



A FREE HAND FOR THE FORESTER.

MR. BALDWIN. | "LOOK HERE—IF YOU REALLY MEAN TO USE THAT AXE, WE'LL
SIR H. SAMUEL. | BURY OUR HATCHETS."



UNDER A MINISTRY OF PUBLIC TASTE.

POLICE RAIDING A HOUSE FOR CONCEALED ASPIDISTRAS.

MISLEADING CASES.

WHY TWO COURTS OF APPEAL?

Board of Inland Revenue v. *Haddock.*

WE are able to-day to give some account of a sensational judgment in the Court of Appeal, delivered a few days before the end of term and, for reasons unknown but suspected, not hitherto reported in the Press.

The MASTER OF THE ROLLS, having expressed a desire to hear no more argument from the learned counsel for the Crown, said: "This is an appeal from a judgment of a High Court judge sitting *in banc* reversing an order by Quarter Sessions allowing an appeal on a case stated from a decision of the magistrates granting an order to eject against an official of the Board of Inland Revenue upon a summons to show cause why the respondent should not have vacant possession of his own premises under an instruction of the Commissioners for Income Tax afterwards reversed by the Board.

"The point at issue is whether the appellants are entitled under the Land Tax Clauses of the Finance Act, 1931, to enter upon the window-box of the respondent, Mr. Albert Haddock, and there remain for the purposes of measurement and assessment on the neglect or default of the respondent to supply particulars of his window-box upon the Land (Expropriation) Tax Form Q1/73198.

"The point would appear to be a simple one; but this Court does not intend to consider it. It will be observed from the history of the case as already recounted that a number of intelligent dispensers of justice have already addressed their minds to it, with varying results. We are asked to say that the learned High Court judge who last considered the case was in error, and that the lay magistrates whose order he reversed were right. Whatever our decision, it is certain that an indignant appeal against it will be directed to the supreme tribunal, the House of Lords, since the resources of the Crown are inexhaustible, and the blood of Mr. Haddock is evidently up.

"In these circumstances, at the end of a long and fatiguing term of appeals, we do not feel called upon to consider this particular appeal with our customary care. But a few general observations upon our appellate system may not be out of place, and will at least satisfy the public that they are receiving full value from this distinguished Court.

"The human mind is admittedly fallible, and in most professions the possibility of occasional error is admitted and even guarded against. But the legal profession is the only one in which the chances of error are admitted to be so high that an elaborate machinery has been provided for the correction of error—and not a single error, but a succession of errors. In other trades, to be wrong is regarded as a matter for regret; in the law alone it is regarded as a matter of course. The House of Lords, as an appellate tribunal, is composed of eminent and experienced lawyers; but, if I may say so with respect, they are only by a small margin more eminent and experienced than the lawyers who compose this Court; and it is frequently a matter of accident whether a judge singled out for promotion is sent to this Court or reinforces the House of Lords. The difference in capacity is one of degree; and the only real difference is that the House of Lords has the last word. But the difference in estimation is substantial, and in practice great



Stern Critic (*on the economic situation*). "SPINELESS, SIR, THAT'S WHAT THIS COUNTRY IS. LOOK AROUND YOU, AND WHAT'S THE FIRST THING THAT STRIKES YOU? TOTAL ABSENCE OF THE SLIGHTEST EVIDENCE OF BACKBONE."

issues and the destination of enormous sums of money are allowed to be determined by it.

"Now this is strange. The institution of one Court of Appeal may be considered a reasonable precaution; but two suggest panic. To take a fair parallel, our great doctors, I think, would not claim to be more respected or more advanced in their own science than our greatest jurists. But our surprise would be great if, after the removal of our appendix by a distinguished surgeon, we were taken before three other distinguished surgeons, who ordered our appendix to be replaced; and our surprise would give place to stupefaction if we were then referred to a tribunal of seven distinguished surgeons, who directed that our appendix should be extracted again. Yet such operations, or successions of operations, are an everyday experience in the practice of the law.

"The moral, I think, is clear. A doctor may be wrong and he will, at the proper time, admit it; but he does not assume that he will be wrong. In difficult or doubtful cases he will accept, and may even seek, the opinion of a colleague more experienced or expensive; but, if he had to pronounce every opinion with the knowledge that in all probability it would be appealed against and publicly condemned as erroneous, there would be little confidence in the consulting-room on one side or the other, and few medical men would consent to continue in practice. Indeed it says much for the patience and public spirit of our inferior judges that they devote such thought and labour to their work in these discouraging conditions, and show no resentment towards junior counsel who, at the close of a ten days' inquiry and a protracted judgment, inform the learned judge responsible for both that they will appeal against his decision.

"In short, the existence side by side of the Court of Appeal and the appellate House of Lords appears to me to be indefensible in logic and unnecessary and even vicious in practice. If it be assumed that the House of Lords is in fact possessed of exceptional acuteness and knowledge of the law, it may well be said that every case of exceptional difficulty should have the benefit of these exceptional powers. But it follows from this that every such case should be certified at an early stage as one that can be usefully considered only by the House of Lords, and to that House it should be at once referred; just as a general practitioner in medicine, confronted with an obscure disease or unusual conditions outside the range of his experience and knowledge, will at once refer the sufferer to a specialist. But the litigant whose case is exceptionally complex cannot now avail himself of the supreme wisdom of the House of Lords until he has trailed his coat through a number of inferior courts, which are *ex hypothesi* incompetent to secure his rights or remove his doubts. Which is evidently a waste of time and money. It is as if a cancer case were compelled to pass through the hands of three general practitioners before being permitted to see a specialist.

"But it is perhaps a generous assumption that the litigant thinks of the House of Lords as the possessors of exceptional wisdom. The very similar composition and capacity of that House and this Court, to which a respectful allusion has already been made, are well known to him; and that similarity must suggest to him that when the House of Lords thinks differently from us it is not so much evidence of their superior wisdom as a matter of luck. Indeed we fear that many appellants present themselves to that House in a reckless or at least a speculative mood, as a gambler who has backed a succession of losers still hopes to recover all by a wild wager on the final race. The Court of Appeal, to one in this mood, must represent a minor handicap taking place at 3.30. It is not desirable that our great appeal tribunals be regarded in this light; but at present it is inevitable. The people may be taught to believe in one Court of Appeal; but where there are two they cannot be blamed if they believe in neither. When a man keeps two clocks which tell the time differently, his fellows will receive with suspicion his weightiest pronouncements upon the hour of the day, even if one of them happens to be right. Moreover, the expense of successive appeals must make the acquisition of justice difficult for the rich and impossible for the poor. The unsuccessful litigant who cannot afford to go beyond the Court of Appeal must always be haunted by the thought that in the House of Lords he might have won; while the Inland Revenue, relying on the public purse, can pursue their unjust claims to the end, and, if they lose, can send the bill to the taxpayer.

"For all these reasons we recommend that either this Court or the House of Lords (as a Court of Appeal) be abolished; or, in the alternative, that the House of Lords retain its appellate functions as a specialist body for the settlement of questions of exceptional difficulty, such cases to be referred to them upon the order of a High Court judge. As for the present case, we decline to discuss it. It will go to the House of Lords in any event, so let it go at once. The appeal is formally allowed, and good luck to Mr. Haddock!"

Lord Justices Wool and Dewlap concurred. A. P. H.



His Wife. "NO, HERBERT, NOT ANOTHER CENT! I GAVE YOU TWO FRANCS FOR THE CASINO YESTERDAY, AND HOW LONG DID IT LAST YOU?—UNDER A QUARTER-OF-AN-HOUR!"

THE PROCONSUL.

"I REMEMBER when we were at Rawal Pindi
In eighteen hundred and—let me see—
Old Scott was there and we had a shindy
With one of the tribes—was it '93?
We'd another small show on," and so on and so on;
"Let me get you another cup of tea."

You hear it, the drawing-room conversation
Of the tall thin man with the good grey hair,
Grown old in command or administration,
Growing older now in an easy-chair,
Who has seen strange faces and ruled strange races,
And done so many things everywhere.

Where are the A.D.C.s, the sentries,
The flag that flew and the gun that fired;
The Council meetings, minutes and entries;
Reports that the S. of S. admired?
All pomps and glories that are but stories
For one who is pensioned and retired;
For one who walks, with the two West Highlands,
Through the Sabine homestead of his delight,
Who takes you to see the red Rhode Islands,
The Jersey calf and the middle white,
The new rose border in labelled order,
With Betty Uprichard and Mistress Flight.

Then when the dusk falls chill and windy,
When the library is, as he likes it, hot,
He's back with his dreams at Rawal Pindi,
In the spacious days of old Peter Scott.
You remember him, don't you? You'll say so, won't you,
Whether you really do or not? A. C.

AT THE PICTURES.

PISTOLS AT THE PLAZA.

I DON'T know whether Providence made celluloid for America or America for celluloid, but I am inclined to think the latter. In the fulness of time COLUMBUS, or whoever it was (and has he been filmed?), discovered the Western hemisphere, and there, by assiduous riding, ranching, shooting, building and motoring over the great open spaces, the pioneers of the movies blazed the trail for the Big-Time Stuff that was to be their Destiny.

What do you know about that?



CLOUDS OF ROMANCE THAT ALWAYS CLEAR.

Taisie Lockart . . MISS FAY WRAY.
Dan McMasters . . MR. RICHARD ARLEN.

At the Plaza last week I saw at least one melodrama perfect of its kind and impossible to present except through the medium of moving (and perhaps of sounding) photography. This was *The Conquering Horde*. True, it was a printed story (by EMERSON HOUGH) before it was flicked; but I will not believe that it gripped in print so surely as it gripped on the screen. No, Sir. It dealt with Texas just after the American Civil War. The State had sided with the Confederates and had done fairly well out of army beef. Peace found it isolated, unable to find a market for its sole industry and selling its ranch-lands to scoundrels at a few cents an acre. Given a young girl (little more than a bud), left sole mistress of a ranch by her father's death, given a young man who had been her childhood's chum, but had fought for the Yanks, say that he was sent down from Washington to stop this iniquitous racketeering in land values and to find out whether the cattle of Texas could not be brought right along from the grass-lands through Indian territory to the nearest rail-head, and you have all the usual arrangements for sob-stuff,



Bogged Cow. "YOU CAN HAVE YOUR FILM GLAMOUR."

heroism and horsemanship that the world delights to see. Just what happened? Well now, *Taisie Lockart* (played by FAY WRAY) drove her herd of five thousand honest-to-goodness cattle on the thousand-mile trek to



The Kid (*MR. GARY COOPER*). "I'M BOSS NOW!"
McCoy (*MR. WILLIAM BOYD*). "THEN TWIST YOUR JOWL."

financial salvation, assisted by her old foreman and the hated but heroic Yank. And what a spectacle! Masses and masses of beeves, marvellous riding of the rodeo sort, mud, rain, dust, treachery, Indians, revolvers, triumph and romance. The best scenes were five thousand head of cattle swimming the Red River and rounded up by swimming horsemen as they swam, and five thousand head of cattle (I counted them, all but a few) running amuck at the rail-head depôt, stampeded through stores and liquor-saloons by the approach of the mid-Victorian train. All noises were thrown in, the rattle of wheels, the clicking of hooves, as well as the dialogue, part of which was conducted in Red Indian, a language that I sure do not understand. RICHARD ARLEN was the hero. I'll say he could ride. The rest of the cast had a masterful way with cows, which included picking up stray calves, slinging them in front of their saddles and heav-



CAR COMFORT.

ing them into the trek-waggon. The villain was handed over to the Indians (he had shot one of their squaws to madden them against the ranch-outfit), and he died, I suppose, a rather messy death. The picturisation was perfect, and I have never been mooed at so much or so dramatically on the soundies before.

Came then the English Wightman Cup ladies, who talked to us each in turn. Came Mr. RAMSAY MACDONALD, who also spoke. Came then an interlude of actual living ladies, who twirled and kicked in green and afterwards piled themselves up into a trellis of pink roses with a huge basket of roses in their midst. They were called the 24 Mangan Tillerettes, and, boy, I will offer half-a-dollar to anyone who can find for them a more perfectly suitable name.

And then (following the beef racket) the booze-ramp. *City Streets* in America, 1931. That gave us GARY COOPER, and I could have wished that he had been rounding up cattle instead of casks. The plot of *City Streets* is really rather a tiresome affair, unless you are unfamiliar (and who can be?) with the



Keeper. "YON ITHER DOG'S GOT A POINT UP IN THE BRACKEN. I'M THENKIN' IT'LL BE A YOUNG BLACKCOCK, MAYBE."
Stout Sportsman (lately in the feather trade). "I'VE 'AD ENOUGH OF THIS SWITCHBACK BUSINESS, AND I WOULDN'T CLIMB UP THERE AGAIN, NOT IF IT WAS A HORSTRIGE!"

notion of crooks who dwell in marble palaces and carry various types of small-arms distributed about their clothes. GARY COOPER himself is magnificent as usual. He starts as a shooting-range assistant in a Coney Island scene, and I'll say he can shoot. He falls in love with *Nan*, the step-daughter of a booze-boss, or beer-king, or whatever you like to call it, and this poor jane, after a shooting by one of the gang, is made their scape-goat, cross-examined by the bulls and compelled to go to jug.

To help her, GARY COOPER, known as *The Kid*, decides to throw in his lot with the beer-bunch or booze-crowd, and, by visiting her in prison, provides SYLVIA SIDNEY with an opportunity for some remarkably natural passionate love-stuff done in most disadvantageous conditions against the bars of her cell. But she can hold his hand with her fingers and stroke his hair! When she comes out again a rather Menjou-esque racketeer called the *Big Fellow* tries to seduce her, and is shot by his discarded mistress. The lady pops at him through a half-closed door, slings the gun into the apartment, legs it and leaves the bumping-off ingeniously planted on *Nan*. The gang insists that she must have done it, and, despite GARY COOPER's defence of her and his declaration that he is now the boss, they resolve that she must be "taken for a ride." Hard, hard eggs! Well, they go for their ride. *Nan* sits beside GARY COOPER in front, three villainous gangsters occupy the rear seats, and, using a high-powered automobile and stepping on the gas good and hard, the new boss makes it a very swell ride indeed. At seventy m.p.h. they whisk over an unbarred level-crossing in front of an express-train, and after a bit, the gangsters having had enough of it, threaten to shoot the man at the wheel. No good. That would merely mean the bone-yard for the whole bunch. *Nan* turns on them with her little gun and tells them to throw theirs out window. They obey and are put on to the road in their tuxes and boiled shirts a hundred miles from anywhere. And serve them right, the lousy stiffs. GARY and *Nan* go off together, having turned down the beer-racket for good. Which is all very exciting if you have not grown a little weary of automobiles and gangsters and dolled-up dames and guns. Me for the stock-range and the Great Outdoors.

EVOE.

Things which might have been Expressed More Profitably.

"WE HAVE A SOLID REPUTATION FOR CAKES."
Notice in a Brixton Shop.

OLD MRS. FLEET STREET.

I HAVE always been rather good at spotting new tendencies in the penny Press, even if sometimes I have been a little ahead of the newspapers themselves. It may be remembered that only last year I predicted Mosquito Sunday, which was so successfully organised by the philanthropists behind *The Daily Brick*, and also the much-needed inclusion of a Centenarians' Page in the thoughtful columns of *The Snoop*.

Picking up the lunch edition of an evening paper the other day in an attempt to discover where a great sporting event was to take place, I was startled by the following headline—

TAKE YOUR MACKINTOSH WITH YOU.

You will agree that it was very significant. Somewhere in Fleet Street an hour earlier a man with a heart of gold and the eyes of an ELIJAH had stuck his head out of a window and had seen a cloud. A rapid thinker, he had instantly translated it into rain. His golden heart had bled with pity for the unprotected heads of the great sport-loving public, and in an agony of compassion he had dashed off this exhortation, with a prayer that the masses had not yet left home or office.

For me at least it came in time, and I took my mackintosh to see the race. There was no rain. There seldom is when you do that.

This is a new line for our Press to take, and I have a hunch that it will be a far-reaching one. It marks the transition, I think, from the paternal to the maternal, and any time now you must be prepared for this sort of thing—

WHAT ABOUT THOSE FRAYED BRACES? A STITCH IN TIME SAVES A SOCIAL DROP.

WE TOLD YOU YESTERDAY THERE WAS A LADDER COMING. ARE YOU WAITING FOR A FIRE-ESCAPE?

THOSE LETTERS ARE STILL IN YOUR POCKET. WHAT ARE PILLAR-BOXES FOR?

TAKE ONE SHORT SHARP LOOK BEFORE YOU CROSS. JAY-HIKING IS A SIMP'S GAME.

REMEMBER WHAT THE WEIGHING-MACHINE SAID ABOUT POTATOES.

THAT FRONT-TYRE IS STILL BULGING. DO YOU WANT TO BE BUMPED OFF?

YOUR TANK'S GOT A THIRST TOO. THE NEXT GARAGE MAY BE A DROP TOO FAR.

STAND HER A SEAT A BIT FURTHER FROM THE SCREEN. ONLY A GRETA'S LOVE CAN WEATHER A HEADACHE.

HAVE AN EARLY BED TO-NIGHT AND STOP THOSE YAWNING BLUES.

—and even the more intimate dictation which up to now has lain only in a mother's province. ERIC.

Our Medical Puritans.

"In a recent address at Leeds, Lord Moynihan, President of the Royal College of Surgeons of England, made a vigorous attack upon the dirty diaries and cows on farms in England."
Australian Paper.

"Mr. Leon Cushman, driving a steamlined supercharged Austin Seven at Brooklands on Saturday, broke four world's Class H ('baby' car) records."
Daily Paper.

At last we know the meaning of the phrase "hotted-up."

"Rackstraw reached out for his packet of cheap cigarettes and lit one with his long thin fingers. 'Even I like to be original sometimes,' he said briefly."
Serial in Weekly Paper.

We are sufficiently lacking in originality to prefer the old-fashioned match.

AT THE PLAY.

"THE MIDSHIPMAID" (SHAFTESBURY).

IT is quite on the cards that Commander KING-HALL and his accomplice, IAN HAY, who present to us *The Midshipmaid*, "a Naval Manœuvre in Three Acts," are now on the permanent pay-roll of the Propaganda and Recruiting Department of the Royal Navy. Certainly the senior service will not lack recruits if life on a British battleship is in the least like that on board H.M.S. *Crusader* lying off Malta. And however clearly our reason and experience tell us that it is not, the skill of our authors almost persuades us for the moment to the contrary.



UN-ABLE SEAMAN POOK.
MR. A. W. BASKCOMB.

Sir Percy Newbiggin, M.P. (Mr. CLIVE CURRIE), windbag and snob, is a self-styled specialist in naval matters and an economy maniac. He has influence with the First Sea Lord, to whose son, with an eye to his own career, he has affianced his daughter, *Celia* (Miss JANE BAXTER), and is for diplomatic reasons received with well-simulated politeness by the officers of *Crusader*, who know and dislike the type.

A show is to be organised in his honour, to be treated "practically as a service matter." It is to be ready by the time he returns from a spell of windbagging at Geneva. Meanwhile he leaves his daughter in the care of that liberal-minded chaperon, *Lady Mildred Martyn* (Miss MARY CLARE), and is guileless enough to beg *Commander ffosbery* (Mr. BASIL FOSTER) to keep an eye on his *Celia* and protect her from the attentions of his brother-officers—a commission which he undertakes and fulfils with zeal. *Lady Mildred* has two other young women under her careless wing, the *Golightly* twins, *Cora* and *Dora* (the Misses MARJORIE PLAYFAIR and KATHLEEN KELLY). It is our pleasant business to watch the preparations for the concert-party and the rapid progress of the love-at-first-sight affair between the Bloke and the Midshipmaid so artlessly confided to his charge; to see that lively marine, *Bundy* (Mr. S. VICTOR STANLEY), and the lugubrious *Pook, A.B.* (Mr. A. W. BASKCOMB), painting ship and commenting with eloquent gestures on the courtship proceeding unsuspectingly below them; to overhear their free views on authority and routine; to attend the audition in the wardroom of the lower-deck artists, with smart *Bandmaster Tappett* (Mr. ROGER MAXWELL) in attendance, and approve the selection of the step-dancer, *Marine Bundy*, the conjurer, *Marine Robbins* (Mr. D. J. WILLIAMS), the club-swinger, *Leading-Stoker Hammond* (Mr. OLIVER GORDON); to acquiesce with reluctance in the unanimous rejection of *Able-Seaman Pook's* pathetic song and with enthusiasm in the selection of his recitation (with eyes shut, so as not to see the derisive gestures of the gallery) of a placid little thing of



TELLING IT TO THE HORSE MARINES.

Hind Legs (Major Spink of the Marines) MR. MICHAEL SHEPLEY.
Front Legs (Marine Robbins) . . . . MR. D. J. WILLIAMS.
Commander ffosbery . . . . . MR. BASIL FOSTER.

LONGFELLOW'S; to note the remarkable change of the attitude of the wardroom towards the snotty, *Golightly* (Mr. HUMPHREY MORTON), when it transpires that he is actually the brother of the twins.

The Second Act is concerned with the rehearsal—a rehearsal is always in tactful hands a mine of good nonsense—the Third with the actual performance. The authors frankly abandon all attempts at coherence of design—and wisely. We are more than content to watch the fun and hold our aching sides. Even the Brothers GRIFFITH, with their famous donkey, were denied the joke of the forepart, *Marine Robbins*, springing smartly to attention to take instructions from authority, to be conveyed respectfully to the hind-part, *Major Spink* (Mr. MICHAEL SHEPLEY). And indeed the waggish way in which the authors (and their quite admirable team of players) exploited the mixture of disciplines, that of the theatre and the quarter-deck, was beyond praise. Nor will description convey the flavour of jokes whose point lies rather in their jolly context. It was, however, a peak moment when *Marine Bundy*, covering the retreat of *Celia* in face of the advance of her fierce questing father, parries that intrusive gentleman's inquiries with a bland "*No spikka de English*," and provides him with another angry entry for his notes about the decadence of the Navy.

Let me abandon critical discretion and write down this affair plainly as a wow and a riot—noting particularly the plausible characterisation of Miss MARY CLARE; the delightful quiet humour of Mr. S. VICTOR STANLEY; the tragic glooms of Mr. A. W. BASKCOMB, recipient of vegetable tributes from those rightly-feared back benches; the easy naturalness of Miss JANE BAXTER (who, if it be not ungallant to say so, looked even more charming in *Midshipman Golightly's* uniform than in pierrette's green dress or her own graceful mufti); the nicely exaggerated innocence and commendable hornpiping of the twins. Mr. CLIVE CURRIE had little to do except be unsympathetically absurd and violent, and did it, of course, very well. The *Commander* and his brother-officers contrived to relax discipline without losing their habit of command, thus giving that air of plausibility to the whole affair which flavoured the general joke. The production, by Mr. CAMPBELL GULLAN, was faultlessly done.

This may be—it is in fact—a relatively easy and unexacting *genre*. But here we have a quite first-rate specimen of characteristically English humour and honest nonsense, by which we may be content that one important side of our queer national character should be judged by outsiders. T.

SING A SONG OF NINEPENCE.

"I DARE say your little boy could tell me what one hundred ninepences come to," I said to the man on the seat. "Oh, he 's gone paddling. Never mind; I dare say he could. He looks a sharp little lad. He might even be able to tell us what five hundred ninepences come to. Eighteen pounds, fifteen shillings. It 's not such an enormous amount, is it? Especially when you think of the work there is. On the other hand, two thousand ninepences come to seventy-five pounds, and that 's not too bad, is it? Not bad at all.



Sir Percy Newbiggin, M.P. (*Mr. CLIVE CURRIE*). *to his daughter Celia* (*Miss JANE BAXTER*). "YOUR CONDUCT IS MOST UNMIDSHIPMAIDENLY."

"If your little boy is going to become a novelist—and he looks a bright little fellow—and you may find it difficult to prevent him," I continued, "he ought to know a little about the finance of the profession. People generally, I find, don't. Authors are not quoted on the Stock Exchange. Yet they might very well be, just like rubber and oils, for writers have their ups and downs, as I think Mr. SOMERSET MAUGHAM has remarked. Then people would read in their papers: 'Authors were a fairly lively market yesterday. SHAWS responded briskly to inquiries from Russia. A sharp rise in WALPOLES was traced to rumours that this author's forthcoming novel had been nominated by himself, in a fit of absent-mindedness, as the Book of Next Month; but these reports were unsubstantiated. The usual slump in recent issues followed the appearance of REBECCA WEST'S criticisms in *The Telegraph*,' and so forth. Then the public interest would be quickened.

"Your little boy should start by adding up ninepences. That, I gather, is the usual way to begin. Up to the first two thousand five hundred. Two thousand five hundred ninepences, by the way, come to ninety-three pounds, fifteen shillings. Quite a refreshing sum to think of, isn't it? After that the law of increasing returns sets in. And of course there is America. But I must confess I am personally not interested in America; not, that is, as yet. One never knows; but I am pinning my faith to ninepences and taking no account of the dollars, at any rate for the present.

"By the way, if your little boy is contemplating a literary career, may I take this opportunity of warning him against Mr. JAMES AGATE? This writer recently stated in cold print that a novelist whose first book has been refused by six publishers may just as well throw his hand in: he will not get it accepted. This statement, as I am in a position to know, was not true.

"Oh, and your little boy may like to know that a writer must above all things cultivate patience. He may have finished a novel last summer and it will not be published until next October (or November). This does happen.

"I should like to add," I concluded, "that if you yourself are interested in novels there is one coming out which you ought not to miss. You will be able to identify it when I tell you there is a murder in the first chapter. It will appear in October (or November)."

And I left him calling to his little boy.

Things which might have been Expressed more Tactfully.

"Realism will be lent to the screen presentation of 'The Flying Fool' at the London Pavilion this week by the presence on the stage of the aeroplane in which Mr. James Mollison made his record-breaking trip from Australia to England."—*Daily Paper.*

"WINGED MYRIADS TO TEASE LONDON.

This state of affairs has been brought about by the warm conditions of the last two or three days which, according to the etymologists, have been extremely favourable for insect life."—*Daily Paper.*

Mr. Punch himself was stung the other day by a split infinitive.

"MISS ENGLAND II.

The propeller has to do 12,000 revolutions per minute driving the 2,000 h.p. Rolls-Royce aero engines of the Schneider Trophy type."
Daily Paper.

Just think what it could do if it had no engines to drive.

POLITICAL FAMILIES.

Being a page from a history text-book published in 2031 A.D.

ALREADY in the year 1931 there were faint signs that the decadent Party system would give place to government by family groups of politicians, for it was symptomatic that the leader of any party or schismatic section could count upon unquestioning support only from his relatives. It was quite exceptional that OLIVER BALDWIN automatically cancelled out his father's vote in the Division Lobbies. The sons of ARTHUR HENDERSON and RAMSAY MACDONALD subscribed without reserve to the views of those who were at once their sires and Party chiefs, and in the very old Party and the very new it was only the immediate family circle that gave LLOYD GEORGE and Sir OSWALD MOSLEY blind adherence; indeed, with another turn of the wheel, the leader of the New Party led nobody but his wife, and the leader of the old Liberal Party led nobody but his son and daughter.

From these small beginnings there evolved in the House of Commons a sort of feudal system of independent political families, each owning allegiance only to its chief and each hostile to the other family parties, especially when in alliance. One of the earliest of the new chieftains was Simpkins, a fiery free-booter who sat on the cross-benches with his redoubtable band of guerilla relatives; and the MS. of a letter to him, dated 1944, is preserved in the British Museum, which letter, after outlining the inducement, invites him to come over to the Government Benches and "bring the family with you."

The family party system was so successful that in the 'fifties (according to Professor Molde) "the only private Members surviving in the House of Commons were adventurers: bachelor or spinster politicians of considerable sex appeal—coarsely called in their day 'Lobby Lizards' or 'Terrace Spaniels'—who were content to act as hangers-on to the more powerful family groups on the chance (in the words of a lampoonist) 'of getting off and getting in'; that is to say, they hoped by a fortunate marriage to establish themselves as fully-fledged members of one of the dominant political houses."

The new state of affairs brought a fresh significance to old expressions. In former times, for example, the phrase, "the GLADSTONE Government" meant a Cabinet formed in part of men whom GLADSTONE could trust and in part of men whom GLADSTONE did not dare to pass over; but now, in 1956, "the Smithers Government" meant a Government of Smitherses, for, from his white-haired old mother at the Home Office to Amelia Smithers' betrothed at the Board of Trade, Smithers' Cabinet was recruited exclusively from his intimate domestic circle. Again, the old refrain, "When father says 'Turn,' we all turn," was revived to signify that a patriarch, with his relations, had crossed the floor of the House.

Within the circle of his political party the head of the family was a despot. He alone decided what they were to think, and on the least evidence of heresy the wretched delinquent would be told never to darken the door of the family party committee-room again; he was cast out of the herd to become, in the invidious expression of the times, a "rogue politician."

During the two succeeding decades a kind of Chinese warfare between the family groups in the House of Commons left half-a-dozen of the strongest families of hereditary politicians in marked predominance. The oldest and most exclusive was the HENDERSON Party, who came in an unbroken line from Edwardian times and whose jealously-guarded heirloom was a priceless Russian policy. But the two most powerful political houses were the Smiths and the Joneses, upstarts who had created themselves in the 'forties. These two families seemed destined to rule Great Britain in perpetuity; but in 1984 the meteoric figure of Robinson appeared in the political sky.

William Henry Robinson was a plumber, who, when he married in his teens, united two vigorous families to whom his eventual contribution of eighteen sons and daughters was nothing out of the way. Robinson conceived the idea of applying the feudal system to Trade Union organisation, and before long the Amalgamated Society of Improvers and Finishers became, in a sense, the absolute property of Robinson and his family. At the age of fifty-five he decided to go into politics pure and simple (or, at any rate, simple). He had great natural advantages: a loud voice, a taking way of making promises, and, above all, about one-hundred-and-fifty head of blood-relations. He had, too, a fine John Bull bluntness in declaring his exact position in politics, namely, that he stood four-square on the right of the Inside-left of the Centre of the Left Wing of the House of Commons, but with a bias to the Right; and from that he never swerved.

It was in the Election of 1991, just after the suffrage had been extended to infants (not in arms), that Robinson dashed into the arena with the highly-attractive plank in his platform of State Pocket-money for the Children, and he and his relations were so successful at the polls that Robinson returned with the second largest family in the House of Commons. He now agreed to put the Smith family in office in exchange for a Reform Bill that lowered the minimum age of Candidates from twenty-one to thirteen. As soon as this became law he forced an Election and went to the country with a vastly increased potential following, for now he could bring into the field his four youngest sons at Eton and a large contingent of juvenile relatives at other schools and young ladies' academies.

This Election of 1993 was perhaps the most critical in history. A feverish electorate realised that, behind the familiar family slogans, the issue at stake was whether or not Robinson should found a new political dynasty, an issue that caused the Smith and Jones families to rush frantically into a working arrangement in the constituencies.

On the polling-day tense crowds stood in the rain near the sky-signs, and the excitement increased when, with but two results outstanding, it was seen that the Smith-Jones coalition families had had one more relative returned than Robinson. There were mingled cheers and boos when it was flashed on the screen that Robinson's third cousin's boy had defeated Smith's niece at Ilfracombe. Then a silence fell as the crowd waited for the result that would give the answer to the question upon which England's destiny depended: "Will Robinson's Aunt Fanny hold Whatneycombe?"

APTITUDES.

["Contraltos are rather apt to moo."—*The Director of Music at Queen's College.*]

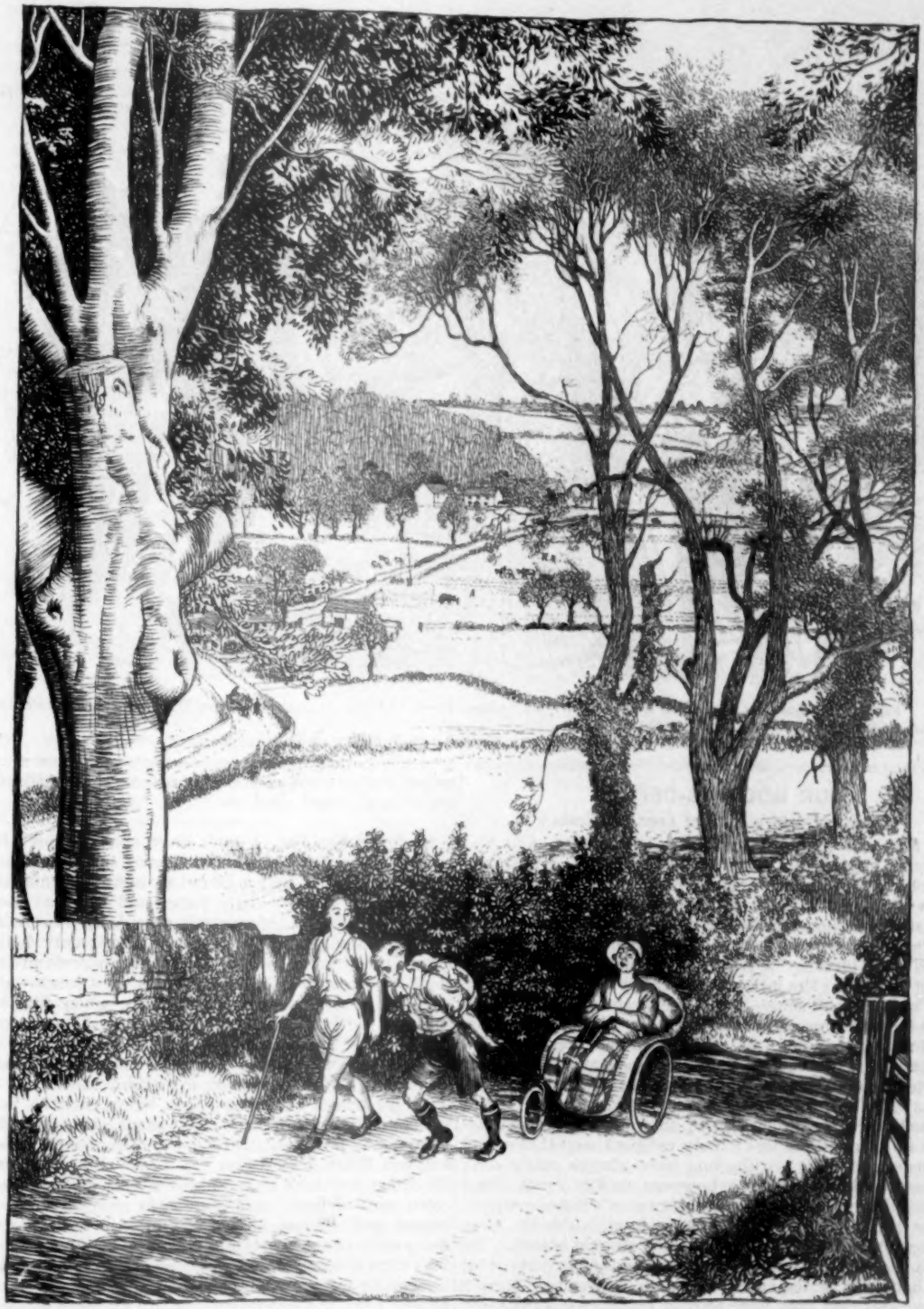
WE know the noise. Not very far
From our abode there is a dairy
Where twelve sedate contraltos are
Installed. Their voices vary,
But whatsoever else they do
They all are rather apt to moo.

Take Daisy for example—she
Will serve as well as any other,
Better perhaps, since recently
Our Daisy has become a mother;
And they have robbed her of her calf—
Is Daisy apt to moo? Not half.

Or Buttercup. We always know
Her voice, it is so very tender;
"Drink from me only," "Sweet and Low"
Are things she likes to render,
And often in the stilly night
Her aptitude is our delight.

Record-Breaking in the Beyond.

"THE OTHER WORLD FLYERS."
Manchester Paper.



HIS WIFE'S MOTHER:

OR, WHAT OUR HIKERS HAVE TO PUT UP WITH.



Visitor (who has been introduced to a member of our village band). "HOW DELIGHTFUL! AND I SUPPOSE YOU PLAY THE OLD COUNTRY DANCES ON YOUR FIDDLE?"

Bandsman. "WHAT—ME? I'M THE CYMBALS AND DROOM, AND BILL 'ERE'S THE SAXIPHONE."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

IN *Fact and Fiction About Wagner* (CASSELL, 8/6) Mr. ERNEST NEWMAN sets out to destroy a series of WAGNER iconoclasts both old and new, his chief objectives being the critics who deny his idol's contemporaneous popularity and the historians who exalt his first wife, MINNA, at the expense of his second partner, COSIMA. The former class, headed by Mr. W. J. TURNER, "a poet *égaré*," monopolise the first half of the book; the latter, represented by the authors of *The Truth About Wagner*—who are characterised even more unkindly—the second. Substantiating WAGNER'S attraction for the plain man as opposed to the Press and the pundits, Mr. NEWMAN makes out a good and undeniably an interesting case. He points out that where WAGNER'S operas failed to draw, the circumstances would usually have damned any opera whatsoever; that much of the opposition he encountered was merely political; and that sound business men with no illusions were always ready with financial backing. Turning, however, to *The Truth About Wagner*, I am not sure that Mr. NEWMAN'S defence strikes me as much less prejudiced, though undoubtedly more competent, than Messrs. HURN and ROOT'S attack. He shows that his opponents were anything but experts; that they had only partial access to the much-discussed Burrell Papers, and that they were heavily biassed for MINNA and against COSIMA. What he fails, I think, to realise is that it is precisely this bias that commended the book to a public not necessarily contemptible but a little weary of seeing WAGNER'S domestic aberrations "spiritualised" by his more educated admirers.

Darlings! I'm *Pat*. I don't know exactly How I Began, because I'm only naïvely-sophisticated, but I've an inkling that Miss PAMELA FRANKAU cut me out of the middle-page of an *utterly* popular daily paper and invested me with Spiritual Freshness before setting me down to write *Letters From a Modern Daughter* (HURST AND BLACKETT. 7/6). The letters are written to a mother who understands everything, from early-morning thoughts (*you* know—all dew and bird-song) to evening muzziness, when Life is seen through the bottom of a cocktail-glass. The letters tell Every Little Thing about Me and my last days at school and the time when I felt "all kind and sad and lump-in-my-throat, and remembered my rabbit the day it died." *That* bit comes out of my first letter, written before I understood about Sex and about *soufflés* being psychologically wrong for business-dinners, and what-men-have-flats-for, and What Money Can Do. And the letters describe Me being secretary to a Publisher with a "very square, *secret* sort of face," and about Me going to dances and orgies, and *crashing* in and out of love (too *too* sad and *lousy* some of that part) and about Me being whisked off to stay with some terribly rich people, who encouraged me to live up to my motto, "Take, Sister, take!" Some of the letters, even the one describing my ultimate *helpless* happiness, make me sound rather Cheap and Silly, but really I wasn't ever Like That. The cocktails never actually entered my Soul, darlings; *that* stayed Dewy all the time.

If you wish to rear turtles for soup,
If you're keen upon hunting the shark,
Or should it occur
That you're wanting some fur
Or are starting an elephant park;
If you'd like to keep snakes in a coop
Or you fancy an ostrich or two,
Then SHEPSTONE, H. J.,
In *Wild Beasts of To-day*,
Has produced just the volume for you.

There's not a wild beast in the pack
That he hasn't looked straight in the eye,
Or should there exist
Two or three that he's missed
It's they, and not he, that are shy;
So, if you would get on the track
Of one you require for a pet,
You've only to go
To SAMPSON AND LOW
(Or to MARSTON) with 12/6 net.

There is both courage and good sense in Dame EDITH LYTTELTON'S contention that visions and revelations, where they seem to heighten our intellectual perception, should be assigned, not to our subconscious but to *Our Superconscious Mind* (PHILIP ALLAN, 10/6). Her spirited sortie into this highly debatable territory—a No Man's Land covered with the bleaching bones of theologians, scientists and magicians—undoubtedly helps to consolidate the position assumed by her title; and the evidence she herself adduces and the conclusions she reaches are largely original and almost always impressive. Indeed she handles her own research so capably that I am inclined to wish there were more of it, and that the last half of the book had been omitted for the amplification of the first. For her four final chapters deal with Hebrew Prophecy, Mysticism, Genius and Mediumship—all of which have too elaborate a technique and too vast a literature for one writer to master and co-ordinate. Personally I find Dame EDITH least adequate in the mystical chapter; and surely, having restricted Christian mysticism to its visionary aspect—a side-issue in itself, but all that concerns her here—she might have treated the marvels of the Old and New Law as the one continuous stream they are. The contemporary wonders of the first half of the book—whether uncanny warnings verified by the event or supernatural knowledge bestowed for no assignable reason—are all extremely interesting; and not a few of them—such as the Yorkshire Vicar's story of p. 109—are equally fascinating when regarded as mere adventurous narrative.

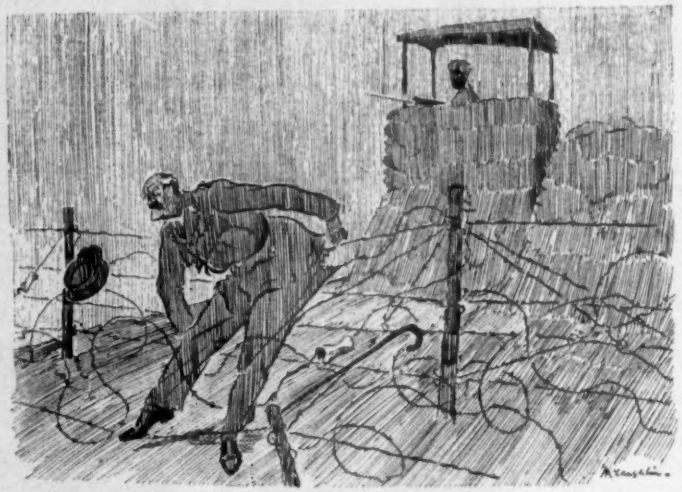
FLORENCE KILPATRICK may not be so Irish as the sound of her married name, but she has "a way wid her." In *Paradise, Ltd.* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON, 7/6) she packs off a group of very unlikely people on a trip to Brazil in search of a jungle temple full of gold, all in the most high-handed manner, but, owing to that "way" of hers, few readers will trouble themselves to cavil at that. When lovely *Chloe*, fat *Jane* and *Miss Simpson*, the companion, are persuaded by the plausible *Fernandes* to accompany him up-country and find themselves prisoners in the secret valley of Paraiso, it is the exciting novelty of the situation rather than its unlikelihood which will occupy the reader's



Old Sailor. "AN' WHEN YOU GO ASHORE 'ERE THE RATE OF EXCHANGE IS FIVE PIASTRES TO A BOB. THAT'S EASY ENOUGH TO REMEMBER."
Young Sailor. "'OW CAN I REMEMBER IT WHEN I 'AVEN'T GOT A BOB?"

attention. Even *Chloe's* devotion to the gruff and grim explorer, *Philip Munro*, who with the best intentions can do nothing to help her and her companions, is amusing rather than ridiculous. Mrs. KILPATRICK's descriptions of Paraiso are so enchanting that I was inclined to sympathise with the regret which attacked some of the party when the happy ending and consequent departure came in sight. *Paradise, Ltd.* is not a very well-written book nor very convincing, nor are its characters particularly life-like, but it has some quality rather difficult to define—perhaps the secret, after all, is its author's unflagging interest in her story—which makes it very enjoyable reading for an hour when criticism is taking a holiday.

Every family has its own peculiar jokes, but to explain one of them to a stranger has always been to me an impossible task. I am therefore full of admiration for the way in which Miss RACHEL FERGUSON has tackled the problem in *The Brontës went to Woolworth's* (BENN, 7/6). In a small house of the Kensington variety lives *Mrs. Carne* and her three daughters, the eldest of whom writes the book in the first person. Certain imaginary characters are in the habit of dropping into the *Carnes* for meals, taking them out to parties and ringing them up to say good-night; their lives are never dull, for some gossip-worthy incident is usually taking place, and in any case their dog is a member of the United Service Club and a Mafeking veteran. Through this family make-believe run two threads: after some table-turning in the inn at Keighley, where the *Carnes* are staying, the spirits of the BRONTË sisters begin to show an interest in them, appearing finally in their London house; and suddenly and unbelievably *Sir Herbert Toddington*, the judge, becomes with the most happy results not only a real-life friend but also willing to live up to the difficult character assigned to him for many years in the *Carnes'* daily dramas. One cannot in a short review do justice to the subtlety of a book which should establish Miss FERGUSON as a novelist of acuteness and wit, whose understanding of domestic relations appears to be her strong suit.



Sikh Sentry. "HALT! WHO GOES THERE?"
Colonel (blundering into wire entanglement and too concerned with his predicament either to reply conventionally or explain in Hindustani). "PUT UP THAT RIFLE, YOU —— ——. PUT UP THAT —— —— RIFLE!"
Sikh Sentry (promptly). "PASS, FRIEND; ALL 'S WELL."

TOLSTOY was not at Austerlitz nor was HARDY at Albuera; and, though Mr. T. S. STRIBLING is not yet to be ranked with those lords of literature, he ably abets them in disproving the superficially self-evident proposition that the best man to write of a war is one who has fought in it. Obviously Mr. STRIBLING cannot have fought in the war of the Federals and the Confederates, yet *The Forge* (HEINEMANN, 8/6) is as convincingly realistic as any novel I have read of which the theme is a later and more lamentable conflict and the author a conscientiously observant combatant therein. For Mr. STRIBLING, besides being deeply conversant with the history and geography of his subject, has a vivid imagination and, as his earlier books have shown, an almost disconcertingly acute sense of drama. The Civil War was an untidy war, and *The Forge* is a large and rather untidy book, in which the protagonists are a large untidy family living the large untidy life of the South. We get to know the *Vardens*, the discordant progeny of "Ol Pap Jimmy," the violent ex-blacksmith and farmer of Alabama, and to follow their fortunes, to which the war is after all only a conditioning background, with an interest undamped by their vacillations. Mr. STRIBLING portrays them with an admirable detachment, a quality particularly evident in his pictures of the negro slaves, whom Mrs. BEECHER STOWE would hardly have recognised, but it is clear that he has heard the South a-calling. The later chapters, dealing with the initial activities of Ku Klux Klan, are sympathetic if touched with satire.

The South Foreland Murder (HERBERT JENKINS, 7/6) was a disappointment to me, for, although it is not without its excitements and alarms, I do not think that as a whole it reaches the high level that Mr. J. S. FLETCHER, as a writer of sensational fiction, has set himself. The main reason for my discontent is that with the best will in the world I could not follow the misfortunes of the chief victim of the story with any zest. *Samuel Thacker* certainly had reason to consider himself ill-treated; he was unjustly suspected of having committed a murder, and his wife turned out to be a queen of hussies. I was sorry for *Samuel*, but when he began almost to gibber for revenge my sympathy was considerably decreased. Generally speaking, my interest in Mr. FLETCHER's characters increases on further acquaintance, but *Samuel* proved himself an exception.

Novels that reflect disappearing conditions of village life so faithfully as *A Little Learning* (BENN, 7/6), are of definite value. Miss DOREEN WALLACE knows her Suffolk smallholders, and gives us some admirable pictures of them. Still, I found myself wondering whether there was any necessity to shackle *Olive Flowerdew* quite so heavily. The question asked here is whether "a university education is a misfortune or an advantage to one whose upbringing has been in a different atmosphere." And *Olive* seems to me so terrifically handicapped that she cannot supply an entirely satisfactory answer to the query. Nevertheless Miss WALLACE's tale, both in its studies of character and in its rare knowledge of peasant life, is a thousand times worthier of attention than any of the merely clever novels of the day.

More Commercial Suicide.

"Local Manufacturer of extremely meritricious preparation . . . large demand, invites correspondence from Firms."
Advt. in New Zealand Paper.

CHARIVARIA.

THE wetness of this summer is attributed to the abnormal quantity of rain that has fallen between the showers.

***

An advertisement says now is the time to buy your next winter's suit. Unfortunately many are already wearing theirs.

***

A plumber is walking round the world. It is hoped that he may succeed in locating the leak.

***

An attempt to cross the Channel on skis is planned for this month. We sympathise whole-heartedly with this desire for winter sports in August.

***

A New Zealand girl has been waiting since July to swim the Channel. What a shame, when she could so easily have swum the third Test Match instead!

***

A gardening expert asks us to observe the loveliness of the lawns this summer. Yet we have thought that ours would be improved by a few water-lilies.

***

GANDHI'S condemnation of Nudism is resented; but it does not appear that he has incurred the retaliative criticism of being over-dressed.

***

"Face-firming" is the newest treatment; and it is expected that many people will resort to it during the Economic crisis.

***

Protection has made possible the mass-production of British alarm-clocks. This should wake the country up.

***

Efforts to popularise the British Museum, we learn, have so far been unsuccessful. Have they tried labelling it "For Adults Only"?

***

An actor declares that everybody in his profession owes a great deal to SHAKESPEARE. Theatrical landladies can now console themselves with the thought that they are at least in good company.

***

Parents in Soviet Russia with old-fashioned political views are publicly disowned by their children. In this country parents are not taken so seriously.

Attention is drawn to the increasing number of well-connected men in the Police Force. Snobbish delinquents prefer to be run in by a man of good social standing.

***

Complaint is made of the wobbliness of County Court witness-boxes. Many lawyers, on the other hand, incline to the view that it is the witnesses that wobble.

***

Chelsea has been elated by the success of Mr. AUGUSTUS JOHN'S son as a professional pugilist; but Bloomsbury deplores the lack of a hard-hitting highbrow.



Returning Holiday-maker (minus his ticket). "COO! YOU DID GIVE ME A FRIGHT. I THOUGHT YOU WERE THE TICKET-INSPECTOR."

After stunning a man with a stick of mint-rock, which broke in two, a Gosforth market-gardener went home eating the portion which remained in his hand. Among local mint-rock eaters his conduct is considered wasteful.

***

We have been unable to obtain confirmation of the rumour that the cormorant which has been perching on St. Paul's has been adopted as a pet by the Dean and Chapter and given the name of "Shipwreck Kelly."

***

We read of a taxi-driver who has set off to travel round the world. It is remarkable what these men will do to avoid a traffic-block in London.

***

A Soho restaurant-keeper says he is trying to push haggis in London. He should try the more humane method of asking it to go quietly.

***

The news that a variety of baseball played with boomerangs has been introduced in Australia reminds us that strenuous efforts are being made to give English cricket a come-back.

***

Englishmen stand a lot, says Sir JOHN FOSTER FRASER. They certainly do, especially in the tramcars and omnibuses.

***

We understand that the Leeds prisoner accused of swallowing a prison dessert-spoon pleads that he did it in mistake. He thought it was silver.

***

A writer mentions a music-hall artiste who is now the proprietor of a fruit-stall. We believe he was presented with it by an unappreciative audience for a mere song.

***

"Daring lines in new play," says an advertisement. Wouldn't it be jolly to get some new lines in a "daring" play?

***

"Some snakes are particularly fierce during the periodical changing of their skins," says an author. The banana, too, becomes a menace to the passer-by when shedding its peel.

***

"Let neither work nor exercise rob you of some leisure," says a doctor. This is the simple faith of jobbing-gardeners.

***

It is now stated that eating toast does not make one slim. There is every reason to believe, however, that the effect of drinking toasts remains as before.

***

Gramophones are easily affected by the atmosphere, we are told. We often feel like recommending our neighbour to try a change of air.

***

An expert on bottling says it is wiser to pick fruit after dusk. Especially if you have not any of your own.

Repentance at Last.

"The Prime Minister, who carried a Government Blub Book, was greeted with cries of 'Good luck, Mr. MacDonald.'"

Hull Paper.

PUT 'EM UP TO RAFFLE.

I HAVE just had a brain-wave. If our politicians have a little patriotism and self-sacrifice, it will be quite easy for us to pay off the National Debt and leave a bit over to reduce the income-tax too.

My brain-wave came to me when I was listening to Uncle George and Aunt Lavinia after dinner one night last week. Uncle George is one of the men who has made India what it was and acquired a frenetic liver into the bargain. The honoured name of our Prime Minister happened to crop up in the conversation and Uncle George devoted an exhilarating five minutes to a detailed description of what he would say and do if he and Mr. MACDONALD could have a quiet hour together. Aunt Lavinia then followed suit about Mr. L. GEORGE, and the curate became positively bloodthirsty on the subject of Lord ROTHERMERE.

And what, you ask, has any or all of this to do with the repayment of the National Debt? Perpend and you shall hear. Why not raffle notorious Members of Parliament? In other words, let the public-spirited plunderers of our purse issue books of tickets at five shillings apiece. Six hundred and fifteen of these tickets will bear the name of an M.P. The winner of each of them will be entitled to a quiet hour alone with his victim, as man to man, short, of course, of actual murder.

Think of it! There are now, it is calculated, forty something million people in this country and not one of them is so mean and base that he would not gladly take a chance on an hour alone with his blackest *bête* among the politicians. Think of the wild rush of City men to secure a hundred chances of an option on Mr. SNOWDEN or JIMMY MAXTON. Think of the solid droves of retired colonels hoping to draw Mr. SHAW. The results would pay the National Debt twice over and leave enough to set Germany on her feet again. And if Mr. CLYNES allows this wonderful idea to come off, I do hope that Uncle GEORGE draws the PRIME MINISTER. It would do those worthy men good to hear what the other thinks—both of them.

Only I give fair warning on one point. If either the curate or I draw Commander KENWORTHY, we are going to sell him to the highest bidder. He was, we believe, a champion heavyweight boxer.

"A by-pass at Rugby is to be constructed."
Daily Paper.

Most players will probably adhere to the old dodge of selling the dummy.

THE TWO COLLEGIANS.

A FABLE.

THERE was once a Youth whose Slumbering Ambition was aroused by the Publicity Paragraph of a Correspondence College under the Caption, "Why Not Be Worth Five Thousand A Year?" And after he had pondered over this without discovering a Reason Why Not, he enrolled himself as a Student of Business Methods and Efficiency.

When, presently, the Youth had Passed Out of the Correspondence College fully qualified to become one of the Men That Matter, he secured an Appointment to a Very Junior Post in a certain Corporation, and on the Third Day, mindful of what he had been taught, he Approached the General Manager in his Sanctum with a drastic Scheme of Re-organisation that had the Twofold design of Doubling Efficiency and Halving Expenditure.

The General Manager, who was not much riper in years than the Youth, perused the Document with apparent Satisfaction.

"It would seem," he said, "that you were trained at the same Correspondence College as I was, but on the succeeding Course; and I am delighted to meet a brother Alumnus whose work reflects so much credit on our Alma Mater. By the Way, in addition to the Subject of Business Methods, did you, as I did, take the Postal Course in Free-Style Wrestling?"

"No," replied the Youth curtly; "and with all Due Respect, is it not unworthy of our Old College to waste the time of our Employers by broaching an Irrelevant Topic?"

"Your well-Merited Reproof," rejoined the General Manager, "bespeaks the Conscientious Student. I Suspect too that you Absorbed more Knowledge than I did, for your Scheme of Re-organisation is of Scintillating Brilliance, and Far Too Modest in its estimate of the Speeding-Up and of the Economies it would Effect, and I have only to show it to the Board to secure Adoption without Discussion. But I confess to a Feeling of Diffidence in this matter, because it is not a Wild Guess that, so soon as the Directors realise that your Scheme of Re-organisation is Immeasurably Superior to the Scheme I lately introduced when I started here as a Junior fresh from our Correspondence College, they will automatically Depose me in your Favour; and, although I am Positive that the Firm would be Very much more Prosperous with you as General Manager in my Stead, yet an ineradicable streak of Individualism in my Character makes me reluctant to lose my Job for the General Good of the Shareholders. My Fixed Idea is that I should Get On and the other fellow Get Out, and as, unfortunately for yourself, you omitted to take the Postal Course in Free-Style Wrestling, I have decided to throw your Scheme into the Waste-Paper Basket and You out of the Window."

Emitting the Copyright Yell of the Correspondence College, the General Manager forthwith subjected the Youth to the Grip described in Lesson Four, and gave Immediate Effect to the Latter Part of his Decision.

Moral: It is almost Impossible to Inculcate by Post the Spirit of Teamwork.

THE DEVIL IN SUSSEX.

THE Devil came to Sussex first
In propriâ personâ.
"Fair ground," said he, "and how'd it be
To take it for my own, eh?"
But Sussex folk would none of him,
The fellow looked so horrid
With cloven hoof and spiky tail
And horns upon his forehead.
They turned him out, but ere he went
In lightning and in thunder
He stuck his pitch-fork in the downs
And tore the earth asunder.
But Sussex people, hard to drive,
Are harder still to frighten;
They made the place a beauty-spot—
The Devil's Dyke by Brighton.

Then once again, but in disguise
(He's quite a finished actor),
The Devil came to Sussex as
A builder and contractor.
He took the ground that stretched away
Beyond the Seven Sisters
To Rottingdean, and bungalows
Spread over it like blisters.
"Revenge!" he cried, "this beats to fits
The trick I played at yon dyke;
I've made the place a hideous dream
Of Jazzbury-cum-Klondyke;
And on the downs, your Sussex pride,
My second seal's engraven,
Where blatant pillars tell the world
That Peace has found its Haven."

Commercial Suicide.

"The quality of our work makes it imperceptible to discern when a suit has been cleaned."
Cleaners' Advt. in West-Country Paper.

Journalistic Candour.

"ZOO INMATES' CHARACTERS.
By Our Special Representative.
Which is the most savage animal, which the greediest, the sleepiest, the kindest, the noisiest, the most long-lived? I thought I might be surprised. I was."—*Daily Paper.*

We are relieved to find that we were not.



THE ELUSIVE MAHATMA.

SHE ONLY SAID, "MY LIFE IS DREARY;
HE COMETH NOT," SHE SAID;
SHE SAID, "I AM A-WEARY, A-WEARY;
IF I WERE NOT A PERFECT LADY
I'D LIKE TO SMACK HIS HEAD."—*With apologies to* TENNYSON.



Betty. "MUMMY, WHAT WOULD HAPPEN TO ME IF I SWALLOWED A CRAB?"
Mother. "SOMETHING DREADFUL, DARLING. IT WOULD PROBABLY KILL YOU."
Betty. "WELL, IT HASN'T."

CONCERNING STRANGE COURSES.

(*A traveller's Essay in the sound old style.*)

OF many queer places where the pleasures of golf are enhanced by the wild and curious nature of the terrain, I have written on former occasions. As, for instance, of the links at Llanbwlchwyn, which is on the mountains of the Western Marshes, where a red cow swallowed my ball, and I drove it up on to the green with a strong cudgel, and because my opponent was still more disadvantageously placed, being lodged in a deep crevice of a rock, where his ball could be seen but not extricated, claimed for myself the hole.

And of the links at Upover Common, which is near the High Beacon, looking towards the dreaming shires, and on which many poets have lain, when the weather permitted, and sung; where, owing to the prevalence of pic-nickers, I struck my approach shot so that it fell into the middle of a party, and moreover into a great pot of raspberry jam, and, being played from thence, clave to the blade of my niblick so that I wasted three shots in the air before it could be shaken therefrom.

And of the links at Mynyw, close to the place where KING ARTHUR killed the Troit Boar, and not far from that part of the beach where St. Ailbe left his sacring bell, and, beginning to walk back across the sea from Ireland and no more than a little way over, the bell itself came over the water and lay by his side on the sand. And this is the links that no man yet has been able to go round, because of the fern and gorse and briar bushes thereon, except only the professional, who is sprung in direct lineage from MERLIN the wizard and the enchantress VIVIEN. And the mountain sheep eat so many golf-balls on that links that their flesh hath a rubbery savour, as I know by proof.

Then also there is that links on the edge of the Southern Coast and the chalk downs, the same on which CHOLMONDELEY STEERE, the poet, was playing, near the brow of the cliff, and, slipping, fell into the sea; and there, gripping his mid-iron in his teeth, swam not without difficulty against the ebb-tide until he rounded the headland to Westbourne and came to shore, but was fined for not bathing from one of the Corporation bathing tents. This was the same CHOLMONDELEY STEERE who wrote the poem:—

"I loved a lass with hazel eyes,
And oh! but she was fair!
The words she used to nasalise
Were what I could not bear."

This being just after his divorce (by reason of conversational incompatibility) from SADIE P. GLUCKENBAUM, of Allegheny, Pa.

Then there is my own home links, where Ponderby was lost in the mud during the winter whilst playing the thirteenth, and not recovered, and where George Williamson broke the club-house window from the first tee by pulling his ball to fine long leg, and was debarred from playing thence-forward unless his caddie should have first blown a whistle for a warning that he was about to begin.

But of the links at St. Luth, near Pwythyl and close to Skoring, I have not yet written, and I now will.

This is that golf-links of which the club-house is built upon the navel-stone of the earth, St. Luth himself having sailed upon it over the seas from Brittany, where it had been wrongly placed by the pagan Druids before their conversion to Christianity, and is

now under the secretary's study, about nine paces from the bar, and is one of the noblest golf-courses in this island, and has many notable customs not found elsewhere. As to wit. The greens are protected by day with common wire and posts to keep away the cattle, which would harm them, and by night with rabbit wire, lest the coneys should destroy them; and all the players are left-handed, for fear they should slice against the prevailing wind, which is the same that by the mercy of Providence wrecked the great fleet of Spain and brought galliasses from the West Indies filled both with treasure and rum.

And here my friend Pilkington was playing when the adventure befell him which I now purpose to narrate. He was playing with a man called Stott, they having no caddies because it was the annual treat of the choir. Now because the club is small and the members few and the subscription therefore low, and perhaps because the inhabitants would steal them for firewood, there are no guide-posts to point the way on the pilgrimage, and the fifteenth hole is long and covers a great tract of warren and wild land, uneven and difficult. And at this hole, each having played several strokes, they were at a loss to know in what direction the flag lay, and there was a mist from the sea. Nor, both being ungodly men, would St. Luth himself appear to help them in their perplexity (as happened once to a Canon Prebendary of Truro, whose handicap was eighteen); and a shepherd came with his flock, but could not tell them the way, both through ignorance of golf, which he took to be folly, and because they could not understand his speech. But he said they might go with him, or follow his bell-wether, to the valley. Since they were obstinate, they would not listen to him, but decided to play on. Taking a chance, then, each played three more strokes and perceived with great delight that they were now close to the green, and holed out upon it, Stott winning in nine strokes to eleven, which gave him also the match. And since the club-house was not far distant they decided to call it a day, and, going to the place, asked for a great drink, and, having drunk it, went in search of their coats and hats, for they had been playing in pullovers and their heads bare. But by no manner of means could they find these things. So they went in anger to the secretary, and he asked their name, and, being told, consulted the book and inquired whether they had paid their green fees, as in the book they were not written down at all. And they became angrier still, and said that they had indeed written their names and paid their fee, and a very large and dreadful fee considering the nature of the course, which was not fitted for ordinary men to play upon, but rather for sea-gulls to perch on or badgers to dig in, or holy men to use for a hermitage, like the blessed St. Luth. But they did not use the word "blessed," but a stronger word and a worse.

Then the secretary replied, "This is not in any way the golf-course of St. Luth, but of St. Clwegg, which is three miles away from St. Luth. Nor, indeed, is there any bus from here to there, but only a steep track over the hill-side. And the green fee here is five shillings apiece." And this perforce they paid. So that St. Luth and St. Clwegg also, who was murdered by Borg the Dane, are revenged upon these evil men. EVOE.



"ARE THERE ANY FISH TO BE CAUGHT HERE, BOY?"
"ALL OF 'EM, SIR!"

"The enforcement of economy at home is the first essential to the restoration of Great Britain's trade on holiday at Margate."
Provincial Paper.

Isn't Lossiemouth going to be considered?

NO, MR. LANSBURY!

PERHAPS, after all, it is just as well that our restaurants don't have their chairs and tables all over the pavements. We can at least eat our meals without any serious interruptions, even if we are not allowed to sit basking in English sunshine.

This world-shaking thought occurred to me last week as I sat at *déjeuner* on the quay-side at Marseilles. The meal was one long series of demands for largesse. I lost count of the performers in the end, but here are those whom I remember.

First there was a man who put two peanuts on my table and went away. He was not a waiter, so I thought it rather nice of him. I ate the peanuts. In a minute or so he returned and remarked with satisfaction that I had done so. He placed the rest of the bag before me and demanded two francs fifty. I joined half-heartedly in the laugh against me and paid up.

No sooner had he gone than a smaller man rushed up to me and asked me to look to the right. I did so. He covered himself with a piece of black velvet and, raising one hand, cried "One minute!" I stared at him in bewilderment. He emerged from the black velvet and came towards me with a photograph of myself, very wet, staring in bewilderment. Five francs.

Rather embarrassed, I laid the thing beside the peanuts and turned to my cold soup. After about two spoonfuls an Arab laid an embroidered mat on top of my photograph and peanuts. I waved him away. He produced a cigarette-holder two feet long, inlaid with gold. I said something in Hindustani, but he evidently didn't understand, and held a pearl necklace before me. I appealed to the waiter and to passers-by, and, when the Arab had gone, picked up my peanuts and the photograph, now covered with sand, and had another spoonful of soup. The sight of me thus persisting inspired an elderly lady of generous proportions and a face made up for the foot-lights to come and sing to me. She had a voice like a coal-vendor and sang into my ear. I recognised the song. I had heard it better interpreted by Mistinguett. By this time I had nothing less than a five-franc note, except a ten-centime piece. She didn't look as if she would stop for ten centimes, so I gave her five francs. She kissed me on the ear.

Blushing all over, I bowed into my soup, only to find it had turned into half a lobster. Someone put two peanuts beside me. This time I was too canny to touch them.

During the next few minutes there came to my table a little boy selling "*L'Ami du Peuple*," an aged woman selling postcards of the Eiffel Tower, and a dumb man with no hands who made signs at me which, if I did not misinterpret them, he might have hesitated to put into words. Three francs. (It would have been thirty if I hadn't had the presence of mind to call for a lot of small change.) Before long a woman with a baby sat down beside me. I hastily gave her some money and tried to look as if I wasn't with her. In my confusion I ate one of the peanuts. In a flash the peanut-man was down on me. I meekly bought another bag.

When I looked up next there was a group round me, consisting of a Spaniard with a guitar, a Russian with a balalaika, a Chinaman with a violin and a French barytone. They began a short concert, at the end of which I was in tears. The barytone had an easy job to sell me six copies of his song.

I pulled myself together and began on the next course. It was then that the poet came. He looked like EMILE ZOLA and had silver pince-nez. He held a large bunch of flowers in his hand. "I am a poet," he told me in musical French. "I shall recite you a poem."

"Thank you," I replied graciously. I liked him. He plucked a large flower from his bunch and laid it on my plate. Then he laid a flower on the plate of the lady at the next table. This was going a bit too far, I thought. But he looked so splendid that I gave him a glass of wine. He was enraptured at my originality.

"Aha!" he cried, and raised his glass so that the whole restaurant could see it. All eyes turned towards me. I tried to put on a careless air and knocked over one of the bags of peanuts. Zola began to declaim a poem composed straight off in French (a remarkable feat)—

"The man who reflects does not drink;
The man who drinks does not reflect;
Therefore let us drink!"

I couldn't quite follow the logic of this, but I applauded and smelt my flower in an exuberant Latin sort of way.

After he had finished reciting he took my flower away and gave it to the lady on the other side of me. I couldn't quite follow that either. But I liked him all the same.

Towards the end of my *déjeuner* an extraordinary-looking brigand appeared. He had a cat on his shoulder and he spoke to me through a megaphone. After which someone put two peanuts beside my plate.

No, on the whole I think that we English are wise not to have lunch on the pavement.



Seaside Chemist. "WELL, I'D BETTER GET BUSY RIGHT NOW STICKING CHILBLAIN CURE LABELS ON TO THE SUNBURN LOTION BOTTLES."

The Home Office Star.

"DOUBTFUL FILMS!
MR. CLYNES ACTS."
Poster of Evening Paper.

"The care of the belt is a great factor in economy."
Engineering Article in Daily Paper.

Most of us have noticed the necessity for its adjustment as the result of economy.

"Oxford's team includes two well-known amateur riders. Although they have never previously challenged Cambridge in this race, they sent over a tea in 1928."—*Daily Paper.*

That was the year that Cambridge scored a munch-over.



'TWIXT LOVE AND LITERATURE.

AN OMAR KHÁYYÁM ROMANCE.

NEW LOVE

(A Pastoral during Recess).

Farewell, *Extravagance!* thou Faithless Jade!
This was the Song that sounded thro' the glade
When RAMSAY fluted on his Rustic Reed
And SNOWDEN heard and all the Swains gave heed.
Farewell, *Extravagance!* with lips too free,
Sang (not *fortissimo*) the T.U.C.
Farewell, *Extravagance!* with eyes too bold
And Hair that always seemed but was not Gold,
Sang THOMAS, and the Woods and Mountains sky-ey
Called to the Plains, *Extravagance!* good-bye-ee!
Nor less did GRAHAM make the Rocks resound
Nor CLYNES was mute, nor Art unvocal found.
Too long this Awful Dame, the Shepherds sang,
Has held our Love (*too long!* the Woodlands rang);
We have no Ribands now to tie her hair,
We have no Gew-gaws for the girl to wear,
We gave her Chocolates, and Gloves, and Fruit,
We have no more to give her save the Boot.
But come thou nymph, *Economy*, instead
With Downcast Mien and unaffected tread,
With simple vestments and with half-filled cup,
Finder of Pins on Floors and picker up!
Such Simple Pleasures shall divert thy soul,
Thou shalt not ask too loudly for the Dole
(The shepherds sang), but this shall be thy Gift
The flower called Rosemary which some name Thrift!
Advance, *Economy!* Delightful Maid,
This was the song that sounded thro' the Glade,
Led by the PRESIDENT OF THE BOARD OF TRADE.
Nor all in vain they sang; with Listening Ears
Wrote to *The Times* a score of well-known Peers;
Came rival Swains from many a Neighbouring Dell,
And BALDWIN danced, and SAMUEL danced as well.
Uprose the Sheep themselves in close-sheared ranks,
The Rills re-echoed; hearty were the Banks.
So fixt were all the Swains, for Honour's sake
Their new-found Love, *Economy*, to take
And Hand *Extravagance* the Frozen Mitt,
That all men brought to aid their Various Wit—

* * * * * *

One hopes that Something may Come Out of It.

EVOE.

COUNTER-IRRITANTS.

1, *Balaclava Mansions, Brightpool,*
10th July.

DEAR MR. THIGH,—I am reluctantly constrained to request you as a favour to moderate the unusually vigorous tone of your wireless, and to restrict its use to less extensive periods of the day and night. The walls of these flats are far from sound-proof, and as a brainworker—you are doubtless familiar with my work in the "Mens Sana" series of *Right Thoughts* publications—I am not greatly assisted by perfectly audible pronouncements from the ether, such as: "Wind . . . moderate . . . vis-i-bility . . . good." Nor when I am deep in an important brochure on "The Nothingness of the Detached Soul" is it of real assistance to be overwhelmed by tangos, mangos, palm-trees rustling in the breeze and tinklings from Honolulu.

Yours truly, J. J. HIPP.

2, *Balaclava Mansions,*
12th July.

DEAR MR. HIPP,—I deeply regret that my wireless should have impinged upon your lucubrations. I cannot however concede that it is unduly powerful in view of the fact that you are the first neighbour to lodge a complaint.

May I, as I am writing, ask you to oblige me by allowing your daughter to practise upon the pianoforte at some more reasonable time of day? I am now fully acquainted with the intricacies of BEETHOVEN'S Sonata, Op. 49, No. 2, having been awakened by it every morning at 7 A.M. for the last six months; and now that she has mastered the bass part of the Menuetto movement I would suggest that she tries her hand at a new piece. But not at 7 A.M.

Yours faithfully, W. W. THIGH.

1, *Balaclava Mansions,*
16th July.

DEAR SIR,—I am surprised at the tone of your letter. Allow me to refer you to the terms of my lease (identical, I believe, with your own). See section VI., sub-section 3 (*a*), paragraph 24 (iii.): ". . . not to permit therein any singing (other than a canary) or instrumental music (other than a Hoover) between the hours of 11.30 P.M. and 8.30 A.M., nor for unreasonable periods," etc. As I find myself at fault I have instructed my daughter to practise in future at 6.15 P.M., and hope now to hear that you accede to my request.

Yours tr., J. J. HIPP.

2, *Balaclava Mansions,*
19th July.

DEAR SIR,—I regret that you persist in pursuing your objection to a neighbour's innocent enjoyment. I am informed by Mr. Rheo Statt, the wireless expert, that to reduce the power would be to ruin the finest set in Brightpool; he is doubtful indeed whether I should be able with fewer than five valves to overcome the well-known local atmospheric difficulty; and he considers that to restrict my operations to the limits laid down in your letter would be to undermine the valuable experimental work which I am doing in connection with American stations.

I am sensible of your kindness in changing your daughter's practice-hour. Could you possibly make it a little earlier, say before tea? I always like to settle down at 6.15 on my return from my office to listen-in to the time, weather and news.

Yours ffly, W. W. THIGH.

1, *Balaclava Mansions,*
20th July.

SIR,—Since you are unwilling to meet me in any way I must consider taking my complaint to the landlord under section VII. of the lease, sub-section 5 (*k*), paragraph 18 (ii.); "Any dispute," etc.

I have to add a further complaint. This evening the annoyance of the wireless has been replaced by what appeared to be some form of dancing, although this is specifically prohibited under the lease—section VI., sub-section 3 (*a*), paragraph 27 (vi.): ". . . not to permit any dancing, fencing or athletics . . ."

Yours tr., J. J. HIPP.

2, *Balaclava Mansions,*
25th July.

SIR,—You leave me no option but to take legal advice. I do, however, deny most emphatically that any dancing etc., has taken place in this flat. Last evening (the occasion referred to) was spent by me in pacing my sitting-room in uncontrollable agony, due to a virulent attack of hay-fever. I never felt less like dancing in my life.

Yrs ffly, W. W. THIGH.

1, *Balaclava Mansions,*
1st August.

DEAR SIR,—Pardon my delay in replying to your letter. I have been seriously indisposed by a violent onslaught of hay-fever, to which complaint I regret to learn that you yourself are subject. The recent complete silence of your wireless does not, I trust, indicate an aggravation of your attack? I have been unable in the circumstances to take any further steps in the matter of our recent correspondence. I am indeed hopeful that the matter may yet be amicably settled between us.

Very truly yours, J. J. HIPP.

P.S.—Have you tried "Rhinoline"?

2, *Balaclava Mansions,*
2nd August.

DEAR SIR,—Thank you for your letter. Yes, I think we may arrive at a mutually satisfactory settlement—a little later, when my health permits of my attending to my affairs. I heard with regret that you are a fellow-sufferer from this devastating complaint. I hope that your daughter's recent abstention from the pianoforte does not mean that you are worse?

Faithfully yours, W. W. THIGH.

P.S.—Do you use an inhaler? Sniff-em's is the best.—W. W. T.

1, *Balaclava Mansions,*
3rd August.

DEAR MR. THIGH,—Inhalers no use to me. Have you ever tried injections? At the moment I am smoking Budd's "Dandelion" herbal cigarettes and praying for rain.

Sincerely yours, J. J. HIPP.

2, *Balaclava Mansions,*
6th August.

DEAR HIPP,—Slightly better. Have just discovered some excellent stuff called "Bokolax." You take three capsules and two tabloids and drink five pints of lukewarm water. Come up at eleven to-morrow and have some.

W. W. T.

1, *Balaclava Mansions,*
6th August.

DEAR THIGH,—Many thanks. Would it be convenient if I came at 7.45 P.M. instead? I see by the news-sheet that there is to be a wireless talk at that hour on "Hay-Fever."

BABY LANGUAGE.

[It is said that the first words of infants born to-day in fashionable circles are such as "O.K. chief!" and "Hullo, old thing!"

I'M sure if I had a
Small baby and new
I would very much rather that child should eschew
The slang of the day and the ready "O.K."
Which rumour says infants are lisping in lieu
Of the old-fashioned "Dad-da"
And time-honoured "Goo."

Though some may find pleasure
In babies equipped
With an adequate language as soon as unshipped,
I favour the ways of Victorian days
And don't think I like 'em so flippantly lipped.
In generous measure
I'd have 'em well whipped.

W. H. O.

Boys will be Boys.

"Houses were flooded near Glossop to-day, and the Snake road was blocked by a ladslide. Traffic had to be diverted."
Manchester Paper.



PRESENCE OF MIND.



Grannie (discussing the wireless). "IT MAKES ME SO NERVOUS WHEN I THINK OF ALL THE DIFFERENT THINGS STRUGGLING TO GET OUT."

A DOG'S LIFE.

IF there is ever any serious re-evaluation of our proverbial philosophy, early notice must be taken of the phrase "A dog's life." For countless years it has been used, and at the present moment is still used by the unthinking, as descriptive of dreary drudgery. The man who (fortunately, if only he knew) can't get away for a holiday, says that, tied to the office, he is "leading a dog's life"; any one devoting time to a particular task, whether of routine or research, complains that his is a dog's life; even the exciting EDISON may have been so thoughtless, but I hope not. It is possible that HOBBS and SUTCLIFFE, adding century to century, have made some such grievance of it; but again I hope not. Or the adventurous DULEEP—but no, that would be impossible.

Anyway, there is the phrase, ready made for all of us who are in the least satiated with our duties—"a dog's life"—and it means nothing at all. And I suspect that even in the distant days when it had some significance—when, for instance, the machinery for turning the joint or capon on the spit was worked by four loyal little feet in a wheel far too near such savoury fragrances—for every dog that toiled there was at least one that was pampered and in a position, if he were so treacherous, to laugh at the industrious apprentice. To-day, of course, for every dog that earns its bones, whether as guardian, tethered to the kennel; or as the shepherd's A.D.C.; or as the pursuer of the hare, electrified or living; or as the pursuer of the fox or the stag or the otter; or as the provider, illegally, of rabbits for its poaching owner; or as the ally of the gamekeeper and fowler; or as the exterminator of rats; or as a performer of tricks in circuses and at pier-heads—for every dog thus occupied (and of these only the sentinel on his chain is to be commiserated with) there are hundreds and hundreds that do nothing but receive praise and caresses and probably far too much food.

Trotting or stalking with dignity beside their masters and mistresses or stretched in almost everlasting sleep, they give no sign of what their feelings may be; but do the wolf-hounds that suddenly arise from the hearth-rug to intervene between hostess and the terrified advancing guest never have a longing to hunt the wolf? Do the shaggy bob-tailed sheep-dogs, with benign eyes behind a jungle of hair, trained only to lift a paw in greeting, never want to steer a flock into the fold? Do the massive St. Bernards basking in sunshine on the lawn think ever of bringing frozen travellers into a hospice through the snow? And think of the terriers and spaniels in London alone who have never seen a warren. Even the Pekinese, that connoisseur of all the arts of uselessness and sloth, is famed as a ratter in his native land.

Facile humanitarians returning to England from a holiday in Belgium are wont to felicitate themselves on being citizens of a country where dogs are by law not allowed to assist the milkman and the baker on their rounds. No doubt there was some reason for forbidding canine labour of this kind, but I should greatly appreciate the opportunity of collecting the opinions on the matter of dogs frustrated by civilisation in their true destiny; and the more so because it was only the other day, in Switzerland, that I saw

what was, on the surface, the happiest mongrel I can remember ever to have seen. It was in the village of Aigle, just under the Dents du Midi, and he was harnessed to a little cart on which negligently was perched, rather in the manner of an Irish jarvey, his driver, a oldish man dressed in blue linen, puffing at his pipe, urging on his steed with sympathetic cries of encouragement and in the pride of his progress smiling jovially at every passer-by. The suggestion of speed was greater than the speed itself, the result, I suppose, of the smallness of the turn-out, for the dog was not much bigger than an ordinary Dalmatian, but the effect certainly was one of the most exhilarating swiftness. But what more delighted me was the fact that the dog—whose every movement testified to his enjoyment of his business and zest in the responsibility entrusted to him—as he approached the corner of the street he was careering along and prepared to swing round into the next, barked furiously. His master might have carried a motor-horn; but no, he left the warning to the dog, and the dog revelled in giving it.

I should like, as I say, to have the opportunity of talking to a deputation of English dogs on this topic of work and idleness. I would receive them at any hour they chose. The title of our discussion would be "A Dog's Life—is it as bad as it sounds, and, if so, why?"

E. V. L.

THE PERILS OF "SNAP."

THIS realm of England never had
A brighter or a better lad
Than Charlie Cholmondeley was, poor chap,
Before he started playing snap,
Which made it seem a frightful shame
In every way when he became,
Before a week had flitted by,
A Snap-fiend of the deepest dye;
So deep that corresponding pips
Would thrill him to the finger-tips,
While saying "Snap!" before the rest
Sent trembles up and down his chest.

Conversely, he grew so afraid
Of losing any game he played,
He took to speaking with a click
To help in getting "Snap!" out quick,
And went ahead from that to try
To correlate his tongue and eye
By saying "Snap!" at any pair
Of any objects anywhere.

A tram that passed another tram,
Two twins parading in a pram,
The pairs of specs that people wore,
The "pairs" in any cricket score,
And couples even more absurd
Would make him say the horrid word.

At length, when every brace of feet
He saw on things about the street
Evoked a "Snap!" (which meant, of course,
A couple for a dog or horse),
He pattered "Snaps" like heavy rain
And snapped himself beneath the strain.

His folk have therefore wisely got
A house in some secluded spot
Where all who clean or bring supplies
Have only half their limbs and eyes,
And everything they do is done
In terms of three and five and one.

They hope that thus poor Charles will lose
His sensitivity to twos.



THE NEW ECONOMY.

Friend. "MY DEAR!!!"

Lady in mixed attire. "OH, WE'VE BEEN GIVEN A BOX FOR A MATINEE, AND WE'RE HIKING THERE."

Bachelor Candidates Only.

"It is, in these enlightened days, a dire offence for any candidate at Parliamentary elections to offer any kind of bride to the electors."—*North-Country Paper.*

"MUNICIPAL MILK.
WELLINGTON'S SUCCESSFUL VENTURE."
Manchester Paper.

We are afraid Mr. GUEDALLA knew nothing of this.

THE BIRDIKIN FAMILY.

II.—THE RESULTS OF DISOBEDIENCE.

THE parish in which Byron Grove, Mr. Birdikin's country seat, was situated, was served by a curate of the name of Guff, who was possessed of a considerable family of young children. It speaks well for the unworldliness and condescending kindness of Mr. Birdikin that he should not object to the young Guffs consorting at times with his own children, upon whom he impressed it that *poverty* was no crime where *conduct* was satisfactory, and that on no account were the curate's children to be twitted or quizzed on account of their inferiority.

One fine afternoon, two of the Guff children, Thomas and Lucy, were invited to Byron Grove to play with Charles, Henry, Clara and Fanny. It was usual for Miss Smith to be with the children when they thus disported themselves, but that afternoon Mrs. Birdikin had requested of the governess that she should go through her linen-cupboard with her, and Miss Smith, sensible of the compliment, had put her services at the disposal of her kind employer, adjuring her young charges not to lead their visitors into mischief nor be drawn into the same themselves.

"Well, what shall we do?" cried Charles brightly as the six children found themselves in the handsome grounds surrounding the stately residence. "My own preference is for a game of tag, if our young guests have no better suggestion to offer."

"I opine," said Henry, "that in view of the *sacred* character of their parents' calling Thomas and Lucy would prefer a less frivolous occupation. Can we not play at visiting the sick poor? The strawberries are now in season, and those of us who are deputed to bring delicacies to the sufferers can first visit the kitchen-garden."

All the children clapped their hands at this, except Clara, who said, "Are you not aware, brother, that our parents have forbidden us to regale ourselves with fruit from the garden except under the supervision of Miss Smith?"

"It would ill become me," replied Henry, "to counsel disobedience to a direct command of our parents, but I apprehend that the prohibition would not apply to a diversion of which they could not but approve. You, Thomas, shall take the part of the sick labourer, if you are willing, in what is only a *game*, to divest yourself of that degree of gentility to which you can lay claim. You, Fanny, shall be the labourer's wife and Clara their daughter. Charles and Lucy will represent the Squire and his lady, and I will content myself with playing the part of the apothecary summoned to attend the sufferer."

"Will the apothecary himself partake of the delicacies to be conveyed to the sick poor?" inquired Fanny. But Henry made no reply to this question.

The children then devoted themselves to adapting one of the summer-houses, of which there were several in the spacious grounds of Byron Grove, to the simulacrum of a sick-chamber. Miss Smith, relieved for a few minutes from her attendance upon Mrs. Birdikin, who was accustomed to partake of a glass of sherry wine and some light and delicately prepared viands at this time of the afternoon, now came into the garden, and, finding the six children so innocently employed, retired with a word of commendation to her chamber until it should be time to attend again upon Mrs. Birdikin. Her frame was not robust, and her anxiety to save her kind employer undue exertion had led her to take upon herself the *heavier* duties of the afternoon's occupation, while Mrs. Birdikin sat upon a low chair and directed her. But, though her *body* was aching, her *heart* was full of thankfulness at the consideration with which she was treated in this pious and *superior* family, and, after lying for a few minutes prone upon her bed, she returned to take up the part assigned to her, little thinking of what was going on among those whom she would otherwise have been supervising.



"HE FELL SHEER TO THE GROUND."

No sooner had the summer-house been arranged for the scene of the little drama so happily projected, and Thomas, Fanny and Clara left there to prepare for their parts, than Fanny said, "Let us hide from them." She ran out of the arbour, followed by Thomas, but Clara remained there, being unwilling, even in *play*, to depart from the strict rectitude enjoined upon the Birdikin children from their earliest years.

No high degree of censure, however, would have been merited for what would have been no more than an additional mystification introduced into a game of make-believe, but Fanny's next step was a definite invitation to her young guest and companion to an enterprise by no means innocent. This was to climb on to the roof of the arbour, a proceeding involving not only indelicacy on the part of a female, however young, but danger to life and limb for both of them.

It may be urged that Thomas, being the son of a clergyman, who, although not beneficed, was yet the official guardian of parochial behaviour, should have protested. It would have been well if he had reflected for a moment that what in Fanny might have been a venial fault, in *him*, admitted so generously to the companionship of children vastly superior to himself in station, could only be looked upon as *presumption*. Alas! the careless boy gave way instantly to the temptation, and even assisted Fanny to clamber up on to the roof of the arbour, where they ensconced themselves, concealed by a yew which overhung it, and waited for the return of their playmates.

In the meantime the other children had repaired to the strawberry-beds with their baskets, which they piled up with the luscious fruit, filling their mouths at the same time to an extent far in excess of the requirements of the little drama they were enacting.

They then returned to the summer-house, now supposed to be the homely cot of a tiller of the soil. There they were met by Clara, who had in vain tried to persuade Thomas and Fanny to descend from their hiding-place.

She at once disclosed their situation, to the intense annoyance of Fanny, whose ruse was thus discovered. "Tell-tale!" she cried, and before the word was well out of her lips she had slipped from the precarious slope of the roof and fallen upon Henry, whom she bore to the ground, upsetting the basket he was carrying and ruining her freshly-washed and ironed cotton frock with the juicy fruit, upon which she subsided in a sitting posture.

Fanny's fall had been broken by her collision with her brother. Not so that of Thomas, whom her sudden movement had also dislodged. He fell sheer to the ground, and, instead of rising at once to take part in the angry dispute now proceeding among the rest, he lay there groaning.

In response to the cries of the frightened children Miss Smith came running out, followed by John the footman, who lifted Thomas in his arms and bore him into the house, where it was discovered that his discreditable prank had resulted in a broken leg. It was not until Dr. Affable had been sent for and put the limb into splints that Thomas was sent home in Mr. Birdikin's carriage with a note to the curate begging that he should not be further punished for his delinquency and stating that Mr. Birdikin would himself defray the cost of the requisite medical attendance in view of Mr. Guff's straitened circumstances.

This large-hearted generosity towards the *curate's* child was all the more meritorious since Mr. Birdikin judged it necessary to take a severe view of the misconduct of his *own* children. As he had no mind to differentiate the degrees of blame attached to each, *all* were soundly whipped and sent supperless to bed. The tears of all indicated that repentance had come home to them; but Fanny, who had been *chiefly* responsible for the misconduct that had had such serious results, confided to her sister that her only regret was that she had not eaten her share of the strawberries before sitting on them. A. M.

Our Brobdingnagian Marinesses.

"RACE FOR DINGHIES (open boats).
Steered by Ladies, not exceeding 12 ft. overall, two hands optional."
Programme of Regatta in Devonshire.

"The matter of photographs to be on sale during the progress of the Bazaar was next discussed, and Mr. F. A. —— promised to have some better views taken not only of the interior of the Church, but also of the Vicar, which should be ready for sale at the earliest opportune moment."—*Parish Magazine.*

But can the finances of the Church truly thrive on indelicacy of this sort?

PYJAMAS IN THE CITY.

["There was a touch of the seaside in the City yesterday. Two girls walked along Fleet Street in gaily-hued beach-pyjamas. They were escorted by a young man. They had apparently been photographing St. Paul's Cathedral."—*Daily Paper.*]

BLEST pair of sirens whose pyjama'd grace
Enlivened for a brief but welcome space
The gloomy turmoil of the Street of Ink
(Though why on earth you did it I can't think),
Who bore besides the natty slumber-wear,
It seems, the subtle but distinctive air
Of having lately photographed St. Paul's—
A thrilling sport, yet scarcely one which calls
For raiment better suited to the Lido—
I feel that we who of your exploits read owe
A debt of thanks 'twere churlish not to pay,
Not for your valiant but vain essay
To brighten up the City's sombre streets,
Nor for your daring photographic feats,
But for a boon of higher, rarer strain—
A glimpse of the ineffably inane!



LES MATELOTS.



The Boy. "I'M USING THE SAME BAIT, YET 'E CAN CATCH 'EM AND I CAN'T."
The Girl. "PERHAPS YOU AIN'T GOT HIS MAGNETISM."

HOW NOT TO TREAT AN AUTHOR.

IN a short time the autumn publishing season will be upon us, and we shall have what is known as a "spate" of new books. I am not clear as to the exact meaning of the word; I like to think of the books gushing out of the publishers' portals like fish shot out of a barrel, but perhaps this is an exaggeration. The point is, however, that a spate of books argues a spate of authors, and that in consequence the ordinary citizen is bound sooner or later in his walks abroad to run against one of this curious breed. For this reason the following hints are offered for the guidance of the peace-loving, since the species is well known to be dangerous when roused.

(1) Do not, when informed that the individual before you is an author, assume an expression of revolting humility and murmur: "How marvellous to be able to write! Why, it takes *me* all my time to write an ordinary letter." This is hardly a compliment.

(2) Do not, on the other hand, exclaim carelessly: "Oh, you write, do you? I've always thought that I could write if only I had time. But *I've* had to *work*."

(3) If, upon being introduced to an author, you are informed that he is writing a book, do not instantly and eagerly cry: "Oh, what's it called?" The title is usually the last task an author undertakes, and it costs him more pain than all the rest of the book put together. He will not relish your reminding him of the Herculean effort he has still to make.

(4) When meeting a dramatic author, particularly a youthful one, do not ask: "When is your play going to be produced?" Rubbing salt into an open wound would not cause so much suffering as this question.

(5) Poets are best left to themselves. When asked about their work they frequently make some such shattering reply as: "Oh, it's all muck." It is not, however, safe to agree with them.

(6) Never begin a conversation with an author by praising some other author's work. Ten to one you will find you have chosen to admire the one man who is ruining literature to-day. On the other hand, do not depreciate any writer unless you are certain of his identity. He may be, under a pseudonym, the very man you are talking to.

(7) It is safe, when conversing with a male writer of fiction, to admire his female characters, and *vice versâ*. Care should be taken, however, that the character mentioned *is* of the desired sex. In these days mistakes are painfully easy to make.

I will conclude these warning remarks with a brief account of what have proved to be two safe methods of approach. Either play the frank Philistine and exclaim: "I'm afraid I really know practically nothing about your particular line. Do tell me all about it!" or assume a grave and attentive air, and no matter what the author's line may be, remark that it is the very one which has always interested you above all others. Then add wistfully: "It would be a great pleasure and privilege to hear *your* opinion of the work being produced in that line to-day."

No author can resist one or other of these baits. And by the time he has told you what all the others are doing and how badly they do it, and has gone on to tell you, at first with becoming hesitation, but afterwards with vast enthusiasm, just what *he* is doing, and how *differently* he is doing it—why, then you will have made him your friend for life. But whether that will be to your happiness or not I cannot venture to predict.



—AND A PULL ALL TOGETHER,

OR SO MR. PUNCH CONTINUES TO HOPE.



UNDER A MINISTRY OF PUBLIC TASTE.

COMPULSORY ART EDUCATION.

LETTER TO AUSTRALIA.

DEAR AUSTRALIA,—We are having a jolly time. How are you? I write chiefly to say "I told you so," which is always good fun. When I was with you in April I told you a lot of "so's," which are all on record in that great paper the Melbourne *Argus*. At that time you were justifiably worried about your affairs. Your Mr. LANG was in full eruption, and had just declined to pay the debts of his State to the "blood-sucker" bond-holders in London while genially continuing to pay in full the soft-hearted financiers of New York. Nevertheless I congratulated you on the possession of Mr. LANG, pointing out that when there is poison in the body it is better for it to come to a head in the form of a boil, however unsightly and painful, than to be distributed unseen throughout the system. Pursuing this delightful metaphor, I predicted that your boil would very soon draw the patient's attention to the need for living a healthier life, and that courageous treatment would soon produce a change for the better in the general condition. Without exaggerating your present prosperity, I may say that nearly every event since then has been another little "so."

But this country, as I pointed out, though covered with small and repulsive spots, had no outstanding boil or carbuncle such as shocks the sufferer and makes him ashamed of himself. Therefore I judged that your worst hour had nearly passed, but ours was yet to come. Alas, how true! We had our SCULLINS, but not, in any position of authority, a LANG. We were in the hands of woolly-headed well-meaners with an admirable bed-side manner, a number of soothing phrases, but no knowledge of medicine. They would never have given the patient a jab in the vitals in the violent LANG fashion, but instead they have been slowly killing us with cowardice and inertia.

They have now at last heard the words which we have been shouting at them from the sick-bed for two or three years, and have admitted that we are ill. We are not yet, however, throwing any hats in the air, except perhaps on your account. You at least, to change the metaphor again, are on your way out of the wood; we have reached the point of realising that we are in the wood, which is not quite the same.

When this letter reaches you Heaven knows where we shall be. Perhaps, as SHAKESPEARE puts it, in "Another Part of the Wood." But we hope for better things. The statesmen have been flying about in aeroplanes and making statements as they enter express trains, and that is always a sign that something is going to be discussed, if not actually done. There is, of course, a lot that is comic in this tragedy of errors. Our rulers so arranged, or failed to arrange, things in just the best possible manner to cause panic and distress; and then they have the laughable impudence to stand on the steps of railway-carriages and exhort the nation to "keep steady" and avoid "panic." There has not been the smallest sign of panic, but that is not their fault. The Economy Committee did not discover anything that it was not the business of Ministers and their Departments to know already; indeed they did know everything, and we know that they knew. But they did nothing, not even when they received the Report. They allow Parliament to disperse placidly the day before the Report is made public, as if nothing were the matter. And then they come

bounding back from their holidays as if they had suddenly discovered some mysterious secret, expect us to hail them as national heroes and at the same time to show no excitement. They keep the nation in the dark and then deprecate "rumours." They lead us into the worst mess in the nation's history, and then deprecate "recrimination." The excuse for all this eleventh-hour holiday activity is that, if Ministers had done the right thing while Parliament was sitting, Parliament would have hampered them; which, coming from the leaders of the "democratic" party, is an odd commentary on the efficiency of the democratic machine.

Well, well.

And there is talk about the *rentier* which is a little puzzling. The *rentier*, it seems, is anyone who commits the crime of saving money and lending it to the Government, or investing it in industry so as to provide employment. (He is what your Mr. LANG calls a "blood-sucker," but here we are still trying to be more polite). In view of the Government's shortage of money and the decreasing volume of employment one would suppose that anyone willing to be a *rentier* at the present time would be a very popular person. And I can remember a time or two when he was. In times of war and emergency he is appealed to as a patriot to lend his money to the Government, and patted on the back when he does. Many of him, I believe, in the late war, responded to these appeals, took their money out of this and that, and lent it to the nation. They were great patriots then, but as soon as they begin to receive interest they are pigs. Anyone, however, who did not lend his savings to the Government, but wrapped them in a stocking and buried them in the garden, would be a patriot now. And if I had any savings I should be strongly tempted to take that course myself. Even the *rentier*, I imagine, has his tender feelings and does not like to see himself described as a Shylock or blood-sucker for generously responding to a patriotic appeal.

But even if one buried the spare half-crown in the stocking, one would not be left alone. For no sooner do people stop abusing the poor *rentier* for drawing interest on his money than they appeal to him to lend them more. That was one of the things which amused one when your Mr. LANG was at his wildest. In the same breath as he repudiated one loan he was asking for another and seemed to see nothing remarkable in that. The life of the *rentier* must be very bewildering—rather like the rain in England, prayed for one minute and reviled the next, a patriot in the autumn and a perfect pig in the spring. It is now becoming clear that what he ought to do is to lend his money always but never expect any interest. Then he would be a patriot all the time.



First Boy (*climbing over wall after retrieving cricket-ball*). "THE BALL HIT MR. JAMES RIGHT ON THE HEAD."
Second Boy. "WHAT DID HE SAY?"
First Boy. "NOTHING—NOT YET."

Then there is much talk in the papers even more puzzling about the "*rentier class*"! What in the world is this "class"? I happened to read in the paper the other day that:—

"*In the week ended August* 1st, 1,344,501 *National Savings Certificates were sold, making a grand total sold of* 1,043,935,597."

Very remarkable, dear Australia. Remarkable that in one week, just before our financial crisis, nearly a million-and-a-half of our citizens should not only have had some spare money, but lent that money to the Government. These "certificates" cost 16/-, bear interest at more than 4 per cent, and can be realised at 24/- after ten years. Remarkable that more than a thousand million of them have been sold. We are very proud of the people who have bought them. For they represent industry and thrift and careful living. Who are these people? They are not very rich and probably not at all idle. Nevertheless they have lent money to the Government and are drawing interest upon it. Therefore, according to current talk, they belong to the "*rentier* class." But some of the current talkers would probably be highly surprised if they were told that, and they would be highly indignant if this part of the "*rentier* class" were described as Shylocks, blood-suckers or even bats. Nobody, however, has so described them; nobody has even suggested that these *rentiers* should be made to "disgorge," have their interest reduced or taxed (though most of them pay no income-tax), or their debt repudiated; and I do not suppose that anybody will. No, no, if you wrap up £10 in 4 per cent Savings Certificates you are thrifty and patriotic; if you wrap it up in a stocking you are thrifty but not patriotic; but if you wrap it up in War Loan and pay income-tax on the interest, you are neither thrifty nor patriotic — you are just a pig.

Odd, is it not, dear Australia? Altogether you can see that we are following very closely in your footsteps; and I think it would be a graceful gesture if you now sent us one of your local NIEMEYERS to advise us how to mend our finances. I have no doubt that we shall both win through. But, really, I doubt if our rulers deserve it. Yours ever, A. P. H.

Les Harmonies Justes.

"CHARMING HOLIDAY WEDDING.

Miss Mabel ——, A.R.C.M. (the deputy organist of the Parish Church), played some charming welding music."—*Local Paper.*

A Revival in the Stock Markets.

"CITY PIGEON-CATCHING."—*Evening Paper.*

LEANDER AND HIS RIVALS.

As the result of Mr. Punch's inquiries at the Record Office, the following interesting statement was elicited from a high official:—

"We have," he remarked, "been naturally much interested by the report in *The Times* that Miss ANITA GREW, the daughter of the American Ambassador, had swum from the Black Sea down the entire length of the Bosporus—a distance of nineteen miles—in just over seventeen hours, a feat which is unparalleled in the annals of Levantine natation.

"It is true that LEANDER, a young nobleman of high birth resident in Abydos, was in the habit of swimming the Hellespont nightly in order to carry on his courtship of HERO, a priestess in the temple of Sestos, returning in the small hours of the morning. The width of the channel at this point is narrow, and there is unfortunately no contemporary record of the number of times which LEANDER performed the double transit before he was drowned in a storm, and HERO committed suicide. It may have been ten times or it may have been fifty. But as a feat of long-distance swimming it cannot compare with the effort of the Transatlantic Nereid.

"There remains the historic duplication of the Leandrine feat by Lord BYRON, duly chronicled in *Don Juan*, where he candidly admits that it had also been performed by Mr. EKENHEAD, or Lieutenant EKENHEAD as he is described by some commentators. But it is not known to what branch of the service he belonged. We have only Lord BYRON's word.

"In itself, Lord BYRON'S exploit, apart from his personal eminence, cannot be regarded as constituting a record. But it throws a curious and suggestive light on the motive which prompted Miss GREW in undertaking her swim. For, as we have recently learned from the work of Mr. ERIC LINKLATER, 'Don Juan' was recently re-incarnated in America, took an active part in athletics, and may well have inspired imitation in the breasts of the ingenuous youth of the great Republic.

"We are inclined therefore to accept Miss GREW'S record as valid, but, without wishing to belittle her remarkable endurance, we feel it only right to point out that she enjoyed advantages denied to LEANDER, Lord BYRON and Mr. or Lieutenant EKENHEAD. She was accompanied in a caïque throughout her journey by her father and another gentleman; she was sustained by hot chocolate and comforted and cheered by the music of a gramophone. It is impossible to avoid the conclusion that had LEANDER been similarly attended and fortified, the double tragedy which involved him and his lady-love might have been averted. Unfortunately chocolate did not find its way into Europe from Mexico until the sixteenth century A.D., or more than two millennia after the decease of LEANDER, while Lord BYRON'S untimely demise occurred some seventy years before the introduction of the gramophone."



THE FEMININE TOUCH.

"The principal conduit was erected at the beginning of the 16th century. It was surmounted by a clock as well as a lantern and bell, the latter being wrung when fish was brought into the town."—*Kent Paper.*

Meanwhile at the laundry belles were wringing too.

The Hairdressing Editor Takes on the Sporting Page.

"Ness Castle Moor.—Hon. G. N. —— and Major —— shot over this moor and secured a bag of 20 brace of grouse, 8 hairs, and 2 snip."—*Highland Paper.*

"PROVINCIAL HINTS.

WETHERBY.—Under orders for Redcar: Dearer Still (will run forward)."

Provincial Paper.

It might be dearer still for us if it ran backwards.

The announcement that the Government intend to take steps to remove the abuses of the Dole seems to indicate that they have at last discovered that it is incorrect to translate "Labor omnia vincit" as "Labour winks at everything."



Motorist (emerging from shop). "HEAVENS! HAS ANYONE RUN INTO MY MOTOR? I HOPE NO ONE'S INJURED."
Shopman. "'S ALL RIGHT, SIR. IT'S OUR LOCAL 'SPOT-THE-CAR' COMPETITION, AND IT CLOSES IN TWO DAYS."

A STRAIGHT TALK ABOUT MICE.

THE man ROBERT BURNS, who, I am told by a Scotch friend, was the worrrrld's grrrreatest poet (it's a pity there's no "r" in poet to make it more impressive) and who, for all a poet's presumed love of words, perpetrated such a barbarous mutilation of the English tongue that a mere inferior and ill-educated Sassenach like myself wonders why he didn't pull his stuff in his native Gaelic and hae dune wi' it . . . Where was I? Oh, yes—the man BURNS, who, as I say, was a martyr to "aiblins," has gone pretty low in my estimation since I found that he is the fellow who referred to the mouse as a "wee, sleekit, cow'rin', tim'rous beastie." Indeed this puts him right off the map so far as I am concerned. Aiblins or not, I'll say straight out the fellow doesn't know what he is talking about. Let me tell him that mice are the most self-confident, brazen, offensively knowing creatures in this house. Except my cousin Cuthbert, who is staying for the week.

To go further, mice hold the whip-hand over all humans, both male and female. Women they scare out of their lives by just being themselves (which is more than any man can do), and men, by their combination of ubiquity and uncatchability, they drive to a condition of frantic rage, which in extreme cases leads to mental depression, persecution-mania and ultimate suicide.

Just why mice should scare women I don't know. Maybe it dates from the time when the little chaps invariably ran to cover under voluminous feminine skirts. At that period no doubt the mouse was equally scared at finding himself lost in a sea of petticoats and whatnot. Nowadays, however, he has snapped out of this claustrophobia; but women are still as cow'rin' and tim'rous as ever; and this even though the modern mouse would have a twenty-inch run in the open up slippery silk (probably without a single ladder to help him) before he found skirt cover, apart from the fact that it would be precious little cover when he got it. Why women continue to be scared I don't know; possibly it's just an inherited complex.

The mouse's effect upon man, on the other hand, has altered. Man used rather to like the animal at one time. It gave him first the chance of being heroic in front of his lady-love; better still, if an opportunist, he was probably able to drop into a skilful clinch with the damsel under the pretext of protecting her from the unprincipled assaults of the lower fauna. The result was that, when the dust and shouting had died down, it found him breathing into her ear, "Surely, Miss Fortescue—Arabella, if I may so call you—you cannot have been wholly insensible to the ardent devotion which you have long inspired in one male breast?" or some such snappy proposal formula of the period. This naturally led to a bond of sympathy between mouse and man—at any rate for the first few years of marriage. Afterwards, of course, he might look on it differently.

Then some of the cleverer women began to see possibilities in the thing, and eligible bachelors, who had got wise to the fact that the "save-me" gambit often led up to a life-sentence, found it safer to try to attack the mouse rather than try to protect the girl. And this led to a most ungratifying discovery, namely, that they damwell couldn't either hit, catch, destroy or even noticeably impede the mouse at all. After breaking two ornaments and a daguerreotype of Aunt Wilhelmina on the silver-table, they were generally forced to admit that the mouse was the better man, and a jolly sight too sleekit for them.

This superiority, in spite of all the resources of science in the shape of traps, the mouse has maintained to this day. Indeed I am firmly convinced that no trap has yet been devised that will

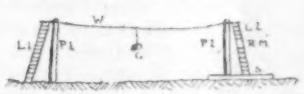
catch a mouse against his will. The mice that *are* caught are simply those who have decided to make away with themselves anyhow, having probably been crossed in love, or having decided that the world is a hollow sham, or simply even feeling that they had done their share towards the annoyance of man by leaving some score descendants to run about between the floor and the ceiling. A percentage also of the mice that get caught are no doubt half-witted ones—poor wet smacks whose companions, laughing up the sleeve, have told them, "Yes, it's quite safe to walk across that bit of wood and get the cheese."

Every kind of trap has, of course, been devised. There is the common or sudden-death trap which is first a thumb-trap, and, if you haven't by then flung it petulantly out of the window, can later be called a potential mouse-trap, put down in the larder, and inspected solemnly every day for a week until the cook treads on it, has palpitations and gives notice.

Then there is the cage type. Should any mouse ever inadvertently walk inside one of these—and mice who have been hitting it up with the lads and are returning unsteadily home with a snoot-full in the small hours *have* been known to take a wrong turning—then all they have to do is to look pleadingly at the scullery-maid next morning. She says "Pore darling!" and lets them out in the backyard, whence they return later to the house with an air of bravado and the remains of their jag.

Then there are marvellous traps consisting of secret doors and runways and spring-locks and ladders and *oubliettes*, something like the country-house of an EDGAR WALLACE crook. Any mouse who is clever enough ever to get inside one of these darn things wouldn't be a mouse at all; he'd be sitting upstairs in the master's desk complaining of the noise the men make in the wainscoting.

And finally there is a trap which my father (who invented it) once described in detail to me when I was a child. It looked like this:—



MOUSE TRAP.

P 1 and P 2 are two posts supporting a wire rope (W), from which is suspended a piece of cheese (C). The mouse, walking along the ground, sees the cheese and so goes up the ladder (L 1) to get it. Arrived at the centre of the wire (still W), he finds he cannot reach the cheese from above, after all, so he proceeds along in order to descend by the other ladder (L 2) to try it from below again. But as he goes backward down the ladder he does not notice there is a rung missing (R M), and so falls on the stone slab (S S) and breaks his neck (N).*

Ingenious, I used to think it at the time. My father told me he had originally designed it for flies, but found it ineffective. He never would tell me why. Anyway, I don't think it was ever on the market.

No, traps are no good; indeed their employment may sometimes have just the opposite result. My brother recently put traps all over his kitchen, and when after a week the total bag was only the cat's off hind-leg (twice), his wife began to remark sarcastically at mealtimes "Poor mice! What a pity to massacre them like this! I love the little things," and so on. Whereupon the kind-hearted nurse, who understood animals better than irony, presented her on her next birthday with a pair of expensive pedigree white mice. Under the donor's eagle eye they daren't get rid of them, so now, instead of the household's mousage being diminished, it has actually been increased—by nine to date and a further consignment expected—to the frustration of all their hopes.

Which reminds me, that man BURNS also said, "The best laid schemes o' mice an' men gang [he means "go"] aft [nothing nautical: Scotch for "often"] a-gley [Scotch for "down the drain"].

He's wrong again. Not o' mice. . . .

A. A.

* Not shown in sketch.



"THE FLIES DON'T SEEM TO HAVE BOTHERED YOU MUCH, MAJOR. WHAT DO YOU DO FOR 'EM?"

"PUT TREACLE ON MY CADDIE!"

And now the Hikies.

"Operator wanted for cine. walking picture camera."—*Advt. in Daily Paper.*

The Cure of Souls.

"WARWICK'S RECOVERY.
NEW ZEALANDERS SUFFER FOR GIVING LIVES TO PARSONS."
Headlines in Sunday Paper.

AT THE PLAY.

"THE CASE OF THE FRIGHTENED LADY" (WYNDHAM'S).

THE WALLACE collection of period pieces is the richer by another, and I rather think that the connoisseurs will judge it to be the best. Serious students of the Puzzle Play have indeed the chance of comparing *The Case of the Frightened Lady* with *The Ringer* revival at the Lyceum. They will note a marked improvement in technique. In this new piece there are no situations which when explained give us a feeling of having been unfairly tricked. Nobody goes off the stage as a doctor and returns in thirty seconds in helmet and false moustache as a police-sergeant. No secretary to the Commissioner is found to be a much-wanted criminal.

At no point of this affair does one exclaim: But that's absurd. The false trails are artfully laid, not just recklessly strewn about, and at the same time hints are conveyed which should put the astute upon the right track. There is not overmuch conjurer's mechanism. The knots are tied in our presence, and *all* of them deftly untied, which is unusual. And, though it would be too much to claim that all the people are lifelike, yet, they being what the author has decided they shall be, the situations do genuinely arise out of character—after the high example of a more ambitious school of dramatic art. The humour is genuine and unforced. And finally, if there is a producer who thoroughly understands how to extract the full flavour out of an EDGAR WALLACE play, it is emphatically—Mr. EDGAR WALLACE.

The Marks Priory affair—Marks Priory is the seat of the wealthy young *Lord Lebanon*—is one of the thirteen unsolved mysteries, or, as *Chief Detective Inspector Tanner* (Mr. W. CRONIN-WILSON) prefers to phrase it, unfinished cases, of the year. A chauffeur has been murdered—strangled with a scarf of Indian manufacture. A doctor with a criminal record has been seen near the scene of the crime. He has also been in India. The chauffeur, by the way, was wearing an Indian costume, and had just come from a fancy-dress ball. *Lord Lebanon* himself has but recently returned from India in the doctor's company. And at the very moment when *Inspector Tanner* is outlining the Marks Priory problem in a lecture to his "infants' class" of suckling detectives (not perhaps a very likely proceeding), a telegram announces the murder of the suspected doctor—also by strangulation. A good curtain to an excellent scene.



A DARK HORSE—OR RATHER MÈRE.
Lady Lebanon . . MISS CATHLEEN NESBITT.

When *Inspector Tanner*, with tactfully insubordinate *Sergeant Totty*, the Yard's chief humourist (Mr. GORDON HARKER), and *Sergeant Ferraby*, an old Blundell's boy (Mr. HAROLD WARRENDER), arrive at Marks Priory we are introduced to the *Dowager Lady Lebanon* (Miss CATHLEEN NESBITT), with her almost insane pride in the Lebanon blood; to her niece, *Isla*, "the frightened lady" (Miss JOYCE KENNEDY), who walks in her sleep (and very charmingly too); to the two stalwart, distinctly unconventional and more than slightly sinister American footmen, *Gilder* and *Brooks* (Mr. PERCY PARSONS and Mr. FINLAY CURRIE). Young *Lord Lebanon* (Mr. EMLYN WILLIAMS) we have already seen at the Yard, he having come to seek protection, fearing that he may go the way of his chauffeur. He has described the intolerable state of tension in which he lives and more than hinted that his mother is in league with his enemies. Also she is forcing him into marriage with her lovely niece—"a nice girl but odd."

And that grim châtelaine, *Lady Lebanon*, certainly looks guilty enough. In her drawer is the fellow to the scarf which was found after the first murder. *Isla* too seems to have some guilty knowledge. As for the footmen, we can believe anything of them. And at the crisis of the tension the footman *Brooks*, who has been showing signs of losing his nerve, all but falls a victim to unseen hands manipulating yet another scarf. Discretion forbids me to proceed further than to say that the solution comes naturally, is seen to be fairly contained in the premises, the action closes without anti-climax, and Mr. WALLACE, a little pale in the harsh glare of the footlights and perhaps his feelings harrowed by the tragic events he has just witnessed, but resolute and full of aplomb, leads his winner away with a gratified smile, giving his jockey—the admirable cast—a friendly pat. . . . A first-rate entertainment in sooth. T.



THE CASE OF THE STRANGE LORD LEBANON.
Lord Lebanon . . . . . MR. EMLYN WILLIAMS.
Detective-Sergeant Totty, C.I.D. . . . MR. GORDON HARKER.
Chief Detective-Inspector Tanner, C.I.D. MR. W. CRONIN-WILSON.

"BLACK MAGIC" (ROYALTY).

Giles Chalfont (Mr. FRANKLIN DYALL) of Chalfont Manor, Surrey—I think he was a baronet but am not sure—is extremely dissatisfied with the pattern of the human life. His fellow-creatures are mere flies, buzzing aimlessly over golf-courses, ballrooms and bridge-tables, producing yet more flies to take up

the buzzing when their empty little lives are ended; and so *da capo*. And it might be all so very different. So he has built a laboratory on to the Manor House wherein, with an assistant in an advanced stage of T.B. (Mr. DONOVAN MAULE), he is working out the formula for the New Life. And he has lately married his nurse.

It is to see the new wife, *Mary* (Miss KATHLEEN O'REGAN), that *Mrs. George Huntington, Giles'* cousin (Miss ATHENE SEYLER), dragging her brainless soldier husband (Mr. IVO DAWSON) in her train, descends upon the manor-house to interrupt with her chatter the important work going forward. A strange goof-like person in a mackintosh appears at the window during tea—the nurse-wife. The cold-hearted thesis-ridden *Giles* treats her as if she were something less than a tiresome dog. The poor thing shrinks and dithers. Philandering *George* makes heroic efforts to be gallant but gives it up in despair. The more resourceful *Margaret* can make little more of her and begins to conjecture with malicious satisfaction, swiftly putting two and two together, that, after all, the manor-house is likely to be hers or her children's for lack of issue to *Giles* and *Mary*. A hearty young Australian *locum tenens, Dr. John Lawrence* (Mr. MICHAEL HOGAN), blows in to inform *Sir Giles* that his assistant must at once be removed to a sanatorium. To which he replies disdainfully, "Impossible. That would delay the publication of my thesis." The tuberculous *Potter* has all the figures, graphs, data and/or whatnot in his hands. On which a doubt crosses our mind as to the wisdom of scientists letting their world-shaking theses depend on the life of one poor fly—a doubt only partly resolved when we see the great man with tensely knitted brows and portentous solemnity stroking the poor fellow's arms and telling him he is quite all right, and the poor fellow cheerfully believing it.

The young Australian, having heartily damned the baronet for a cold-blooded Englishman, suddenly recognises the blank-faced young woman as that *Mary* who before the War had been the life and soul of Sydney, a blithe spirit and incomparable point-to-pointer at the age of fifteen. Love is instantly renewed between them. But what *has* come over the poor darling?

It would seem that by way of proving that the human brain can do anything it jolly well likes, even rob death itself of its victims, *Sir Giles* has gradually broken the spirit of his *Mary*, emptied her of every vestige of will-power and personality so as to be now ready for his Great Experiment. He will put it all back! Whether the calculations of little *Mr. Potter* in the laboratory have anything to do with this we are never quite sure. You know what stage laboratory experiments are. "All that is necessary," says *Giles*, "is *Mary's* co-operation. She will give it because she wants to let her old swain, *Dr. John*, see her as she used to be."

And two months later we behold a positively brilliant and beautiful *Mary*. A point-to-point trophy gleams over the piano. She wears her clothes with an air, bubbling with gaiety, more than a match for the astonished *Margaret's* halting malice, rushing the susceptible *George* off his feet; while *Dr. John* is obviously head over ears in love and



VALSE TRISTE ET HYPNOTIQUE.
Giles Chalfont . MR. FRANKLIN DYALL.
Mary Chalfont . MISS KATHLEEN O'REGAN.

all for carrying her back to Australia by the next boat.

And the detached *Giles* too falls in love with this reconditioned *Mary*. So far he has seen with disdainful indifference the passionate meetings of the young people. But he will show them she is his puppet. She shall dance for them, against her will, SIBELIUS' Valse Triste (which, with other items, Mr. FRANKLIN DYALL plays with admirable effect); she shall play a wild musical *pot-pourri* (ending with the five-finger exercises) under his magnetic eye. She shall moreover take a revolver and shoot the Australian doctor! Remarking a little naïvely that these things go better in a darkened room he poses the tranced *Mary* under the spot-light and awaits developments.

Something in the hypnotised *Mary* aims the weapon at her manipulator. He falls sprawling upon the sofa. Turned over by the Australian doctor he is found to be no more than grazed, badly frightened—and illuminated. It is not brain but emotion which is the mainspring of the world, the true foundation of the New Life. . . . Now what *do* you know about that?

The play is not so absurd as this ruthless summary suggests. There are excellent lines and well-invented episodes. But we never began to believe in the great scientist. And when the hopes raised by the First Act, that the author would give her play a light fantastic turn and frankly make fun of her great man, were disappointed we never succeeded in seriously renewing our interest in the affair, though we had throughout, I gladly admit, much good entertainment from the players. T.

A FALSE ALARM.

[The latest photographic film will record things invisible to the human eye.]

WHEN recently I had my portrait taken
And saw the proof displayed before my eye,
I was at first considerably shaken,
Knowing the camera disdains to lie.
A cross between some criminal's apprentice,
Whose morals were decidedly C3,
And one not altogether *compos mentis*
Was what I seemed to be.

I felt that such a mien would surely thrust me
Beyond the pale of friendship with my set,
That tradesmen in the future would not trust me
And dogs would bite me whenso'er we met;
The kindliest critic would detect in me no
Redeeming point, so dull my look and coarse,
And Margery would ask the way to Reno
En route for a divorce.

But hope springs up (notoriously eternal);
That photo can be easily destroyed
And I am now convinced that its infernal
Libel was uttered by the film employed;
Though impresarios don't want to screen me,
Though I am wholly commonplace and flat,
At any rate no human eye has seen me
Look quite so bad as that.

"The Arsenal teams played a pretty game against each other. A half-back kicked so ballet high just behind David Jack that his heel came down in the hollow of Jack's shoulder."—*Daily Paper.*

At this rate the Arsenal will soon be known as the Terps-Kickoreans.

"SPOT THE SCRIBES."

As many observant readers will have noticed by this time, there is a certain news-sheet which is providing the public with mental and moral pabulum by inviting them to "Spot the Cars." This is a pleasant pastime as it gives the mere pedestrian a chance of getting his own back; nothing makes a car feel more silly than to be shown its own photograph. This competition succeeded one which was called "Spot the Stars," from the prize-list of which, by the way, the name of Sir JAMES JEANS was a notable omission.

The question now is, what is going to succeed the present competition? The public cannot be expected to go about "Plotting the Planes" or "Bagging the Bikes" now that the cold dark days of winter are drawing on, and yet they must have their fun. I suggest then that several of the larger dailies, with their sabbatic satellites, should co-operate in the organisation of a "Spot the Scribes" competition. Every day a selection of half-a-dozen short emanations from the pens of their more distinguishable, if not necessarily distinguished, writers could be published and readers would have to name the authors.

As this idea will doubtless be eagerly adopted by the papers concerned, here are some suggestions for early use :—

(1) When, four years ago, I suggested the idea of the Malvern Festival to Sir BARRY JACKSON, he did not seem to be at all in favour of it. But when I told him that SHAW would write me a play for it, he soon came round to my way of thinking. By the way, I have awarded my "biscuit" this week to myself, because I have killed two promising plays and kept alive a perfectly dud show, as I owed one of the producers a good turn.

(2) . . . So what I want you to do, dears, is to get Daddy to send me five shillings, and get ever such a lot of other little boys' and girls' daddies to send five shillings. Then I will send you all beautifully coloured membership cards and you will be safely enrolled as Squiggly Squeegees.

In a case like this you would be right in just putting "Aunt Ethelguff" if you don't know his real name.

(3) If SHERIDAN'S *Trip to Scarborough* is to be a success at St. James's, the public must be told repeatedly that SHERIDAN was a North of Ireland man. The cast must of course be drawn entirely from Ulster.

(4) Unless any of the other horses catch the judge's eye first, Nasty Nancy***** ought to have this race in her pocket.

This is rather a difficult one, as each of the papers concerned has about four people who talk like this. Each paper has four chances for every race if necessary, but you only have one in this competition. You will probably find it better to buy half-a-dozen extra copies and so get seven chances with different coupons. It's all good for the circulation, with winter drawing on.

(5) I am writing this from my verandah at Nice, clad solely in the fat that I am always talking to you about. Everyone likes me tremendously here, and I often wonder how London gets on without me. Yesterday the beautiful second daughter of the Prince Insolvent of Kravonia shouted right across the grill-room to the charming fourth niece of the Akbar Khant of Silesu, "There's old Cassy"—a remark, needless to say, which made the few people who were not gazing admiringly at me already turn my way.

(6) The two Pekes for whom suites were engaged at the Hôtel Incroyable yesterday belong to the Hon. Mrs. Euchre Lyptus. She was, of course, a Stench.

But perhaps it is unfair to include "BEACHCOMBER" in this vein, as it is so hard to distinguish intentional idiocy from the unavoidable variety.

Another set of "Scribes" to-morrow.

A TREE-FOLK SONG.

SING a song of tree-folk, all dressed up so fine
(Dryads have their foibles, to vanities incline) ;
Spring brings filmy fabrics—coral, pearl and jade ;
Autumn comes with cloth-of-gold, homespun and brocade.
Trees are much like humans, middling, bad and good ;
Idlers, some, while others earn their livelihood ;
Some are cultivated, some are primitive,
Some are churlish, grudging ; some delight to give.

There's Beech, the big keeper, and craftsmanly Yew;
Oak, who built ships ere the Forest was New;
Chestnut, a noble hidalgo from Spain;
Filbert the foppish, and town-loving Plane;

Haughty Plantagenet (*alias* Broom);
Poor Widow Willow, the picture of gloom;
Willowy Sally, the cricketers' toast;
Pine, the great singer from Norroway's coast;

Laundry-lass Cherry, the friend of the birds;
Dairymaid Apple, all roses and curds;
Mulberry the mercer, and dressmaker Fig;
Larch, who is Master in schooner and brig;

Quince, of Shakespearean ancestry proud;
Slatternly Sycamore, Ilex, a dowd,
Lace-clad Acacia, and Maple (in red),
Cypress, the watcher that mourns for the dead.

Pear is a débutante, Orange a bride,
Elder and Rose in the still-room preside;
Holly? He decorates houses, while Bay
And Daphne (Miss Laurel) give prizes away.

Peach is complacent, owes nothing to art;
Sloe is sarcastic and Damson is tart;
Aspen's neurotic and Poplar is pert;
Dancing Laburnum's a bit of a flirt.

Ivy is pushing, not easy to snub,
Cork (for a swimmer) too oft in the pub;
Birch and Bamboo are a terror to boys;
Fir, just the opposite, lavish with toys.

Featherhead Tamarisk's flighty and French;
May's over-scented and rouges, the wench!
Elm is untrustworthy, Blackthorn a tease,
And Almond's a-blush in her wispy chemise.

Bee-loving, tea-giving Lime's an old maid;
Lilac is lovely but easily swayed;
Madam Magnolia reigns at the Hall
With Cedar, Lord Lebanon, Squire of them all.

The Breeze of Insurrection.

"Mr. Gandhi had been besieged on the one hand by his millionaire bania following and on the other by the Hindu Socialist and Communist Left Wind."—*Warwickshire Paper.*

Things Which Might Have Been Less Brutally Expressed.

"WOMEN'S INSTITUTE.

An interesting address on 'The National Care of the Child,' by Miss ——, was much appreciated by all, and Mrs. ——, in a short address, made an appeal for the use of the humane killer."

Surrey Paper.

TRIALS OF A SHY OWNER.



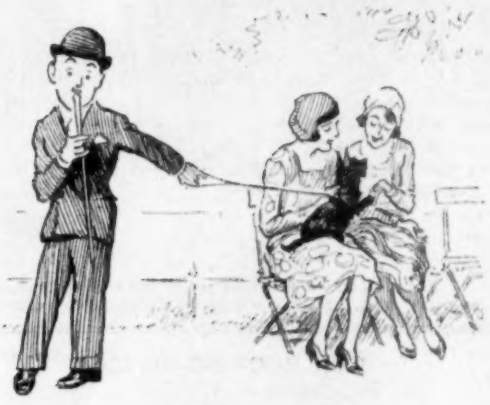
I NOTICE THAT IF YOU POSSESS—



AN ADORABLE PUP—



TOTAL STRANGERS WILL STOP—



AND MAKE A FUSS OF HIM—



QUITE IGNORING THE FACT THAT YOU ARE ON THE OTHER END OF THE LEAD.



Nervous Lady (to fellow-passenger who is politely placing her bag on the rack). "THANK YOU; I'LL HAVE IT THIS END, PLEASE, OVER MY SEAT. I ALWAYS LIKE TO BE NEAR THE COMMUNICATION-CORD, IN CASE I'M SHUT IN WITH A HOMICIDAL MANIAC."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

MRS. ALFRED SIDGWICK's aptly-named *Storms and Teacups* (COLLINS, 7/6) has few pretensions to plot, but rambles on as pleasantly as an English lane to an acceptably harmonious end. Not that *Mrs. Clarendon*, of Menwinion, Cornwall, confines her domestic adventures to this side of the Channel; nor are the adventures themselves by any means all amusing to their narrator. But her sensible, humorous, old-fashioned all-British attitude sustains Continental transport admirably; and if she herself cannot always confront her reverses with perfect assurance, they are never too acute to disturb the comfortable curiosity of her readers. Her sister *Susanna* and *Susanna's* children, *Henri*, *Victor*, *Gerda* and *Eva*, are all installed, with the children's respective husbands and wives, in France and Germany; and a round of family visits is arranged to coincide with workmen in the Menwinion cottage and the Menwinion servants' holiday. The visits turn out less restful than they promised, thanks largely to *Gerda*, who has taken up with an Austrian *gigolo* whose attachment has to be diverted or bought off, and *Aunt Mary* returns to Menwinion as to a haven of peace. Here, however, a sinister tenant in a neighbouring mansion, the deplorable vagaries of a Cornish staff and a return visit from the ubiquitous *Gerda* with a new gallant in tow, render life even more complicated than in Baden or Paris. It is all slightly lacking in coherence; but Mrs. SIDGWICK has an uncanny gift for reproducing the little humours and miseries of the common round, so as to heighten their savour without exaggerating their importance.

"It was no use merely stating an unanswerable case," says Mr. G. R. STIRLING TAYLOR, "if your opponent flooded the town with well-bribed voters who had only arrived on Election day," and he devotes almost too many pages of his latest study, *Robert Walpole and His Age* (CAPE, 15/-), to proving that a statesman whose name has been much associated with corruption simply could have made no impression at all if he had not followed the methods of his generation. As his date of birth was wrongly stated when he entered Eton and Cambridge, to make him eligible for scholarships not otherwise open to him, it seems fair to suppose that he took pretty naturally to the prevailing political vogue for sinecures and commissions; yet it is recorded that he would sign no treaties with foreign Powers because of an unreciprocated weakness for keeping his pledged word, and beyond question this Norfolk squire remained, during thirty years of almost autocratic control, a brilliantly effective servant of the State. Mr. STIRLING TAYLOR'S manner of writing is a curious blend, for he manages to combine a suggestion of pomposity with something of undue simplicity. He quite often succeeds in becoming really annoying in his complacent over-riding of positions comfortably held by conventional persons, and, on the other hand, he sometimes labours to consolidate ground already freely conceded; yet in his erection of WALPOLE to the status of a national hero there is something of novelty and not a little of romance.

Ex THE BODLEY HEAD comes *Scotch and Water,*
GUY GILPATRIC's ten tales of the sea
And the *Inchcliffe Castle's* crew, a tauter
Tighter crowd ne'er steered to wind or lee;
Here is fun rampageous, farce that's frisky
To bring the house down like a ton of bricks;
And I've seldom heard of so much whisky
In a book for sale at seven-and-six.

Inchcliffe Castle is a tramp, no man on
Board her but is mostly pantomime;
Bulks among them *Engineer Glencannon—*
Colin, Scot and sot in every clime.
Whereso'er he goes is the aroma
Of his favourite "Kirkintilloch Dew."
But, when *Colin* isn't in a coma,
He can show the world a thing or two.

If you like a book of larks and Scotties,
If you do not miss a petticoat,
Here's the *Inchcliffe Castle's* log. She's what is
Called by mariners "a happy boat";
Yet there's this, though: he who'd write good Lallan
Should be born, I think, a Lowland Scot,
Apt in idiom "old as is Tantallon,"
Idiom our author scarce has got.

There is no glamour like that of the 'nineties when that period is revived by an affectionate partiality; and Mr. GRAHAM ROBERTSON—who was born just in time to be young when the Pre-Raphaelites were ageing, who was sketched by SARAH BERNHARDT at twenty and painted by SARGENT at twenty-six—belongs heart and soul to the Victorian hey-day. His whimsical and sensitive impressions of studio and stage are the unique commentary of an artist and dramatist sufficiently masterly to be loved as one of themselves by painters and actors and sufficiently the 'prentice to return the love with a certain self-effacement and veneration. Hence the enchanting modesty of *Time Was* (HAMISH HAMILTON, 15/-), which is partly also, I feel, the Fitzgerald-like quality of a temperamental recluse mingling with enthusiastic courtiers of limelight. Not but what a good many of Mr. ROBERTSON's acquaintances exploited to the full their unexacting era's facilities for personal privacy: ALBERT MOORE, for instance, under whom he painted in a cat-ridden studio in Holland Lane; and FORD MADOX BROWN, the picture of whose melancholy little house, hung round with masterpieces, is one of the book's unforgettable vignettes. Its stage reminiscences are enriched by pleasant glimpses of ELLEN TERRY, NELLIE FARREN and, of course, the divine SARAH. Of its many good stories the best, perhaps, is that of the studio meeting convened to emigrate FREDERICK SANDYS, at the close of which the beneficiary, left alone with the writer and WHISTLER, said, "Whistler! If I got that money to go away—I could stay here."



The Merchant. "BUT, YOUR 'IGHNESS, LOOK. VER' GOOD, VER' REAL, DAM GENOOINE ANTIQUE!"
The Passenger. "YOU'RE WASTING YOUR TIME, WILLIE. AH COOM FROM WOLVERHAMPTON, WHERE THEY MAKE THEM THINGS."

Mr. DORNFORD YATES has called back *Berry Pleydell* and his relations from their retirement and has given up his latest novel to their strange adventures. He has retained as a background to *Adèle and Co.* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON, 7/6) the Continental hide-and-seek in fast motor-cars, to which he has devoted himself of late, and superimposed upon it the *Berry* atmosphere. *Jonah, Daphne, Jill* and

the rest of the family are doped in a hotel in Paris and robbed of their jewels, and, rather than entrust their one sound clue to the clumsy hands of the police, they decide to take on the chase themselves. The resulting alarms and excursions make tolerable if somewhat unlikely reading, and the plot is worked up to a satisfactory conclusion; but *Berry*, though he is often funny, was happier in his gentle existence in England. Mr. YATES has an unfortunate vein of sentimentality which mars the crispness of his work. *Boy Pleydell*, for instance, who tells the story, thinks nothing of describing his cousin as "a grave-eyed, laughing playmate of all the world," and of saying that his own wife clasped a necklace "about her sweet neck." I take it that these phrases were not intentionally humorous. And if he omitted to indicate, by describing the helpless laughter of the other characters, those moments when *Berry* is irresistible, I think Mr. YATES would do better; for many readers have a strong dislike for being told when to laugh.

The ever-young Sir JAMES CRICHTON-BROWNE, in *The Doctor's Second Thoughts* (BENN, 7/6), offers us a further bundle of extracts from his sedulously-kept commonplace book—personal anecdotes of the dead and the living, especially about colleagues and, with sound tribal loyalty, about brother-Scots. Here are observations on politics and the conduct of life; verses quoted and original (one copy was written by the kindly doctor under handicap of lumbago for a shy lover to give to his mistress); a short review, a riddle, some schoolboy howlers (among them: "A ruminating animal is one that chews its cubs"); the whole designed to form a bed-book for the curious-minded. I can, by the way, tell Sir JAMES, in answer to his perhaps merely rhetorical question, that CHARLES WATERTON's three-dimensional joke—the nondescript, "a little figure built up by the naturalist of mammalian, avian and reptilian elements so deftly joined together as to appear to constitute one animal"—is preserved in the museum at Stonyhurst, WATERTON's well-loved Alma Mater.



"I TELL YOU I KNOW HE'S HOLLOW, 'COS HE TOLD MY DAD THAT HE ALWAYS BATHES ON AN EMPTY STOMACH!"

The title *Doorways of the East* (MURRAY, 7/6) suggests that there exist entrances for Europeans and exits for Asiatics. The doorways are apparently open; one can pass through either way provided one has the will to do so. But is it really as easy as all that? Is it not more likely that the European "way of consciousness" is different from and fatal to the Asiatic way? In spite of her Asiatic descent the author is quite plainly European in habits of thought, practicality and even prejudice. An Indian youth, *Ram Ditta*, is the peg upon which she hangs her discourses, but he is less interesting than his unsatisfactory wife, *Kamala*. The chief strength of this book lies in its absolute sincerity. Nobody could for a moment suspect the author of writing for effect. She demands a high standard of conduct and exhibits plainly her own courage and forbearance. We cannot do better than apply to her the phrases in which she describes one of her characters: "She had rather a heavy sort of eloquence, there was no light touch of humour, no brilliant sparkling phrasing, no quips or merry jokes. If she had not been so confident and serious she would not have been worth listening to, but she had enthusiasm, and that made up for all she lacked in other directions, and she was able to hold her audiences." Madam, that is justly observed.

If you wish to pass some lively hours in contact with a mind at once witty and profound, critical and tolerant, you should read *The Moth of Holiness*, by PAUL BLOOMFIELD (THE BODLEY HEAD, 7/6). From the first page to the last, the author pours out a steady stream of pointed comment, tinged with a delicious melancholy. The story nevertheless develops and proceeds in the most orderly manner. Here are combined some of the best features of novels ancient and modern. The title, appropriately borrowed from ROBERT BURTON, indicates that the theme of the book is ambition and "its variant, snobbery," but most of the other springs of life are also handsomely reviewed. Altogether a noteworthy book, a classic in miniature. For the first time in my experience the publishers have been too modest in crying their wares on the wrapper.

Cornish Drolls (BRENDON, 5/-) is drawn from WILLIAM BOTTRELL's *Traditions and Hearthside Stories of West Cornwall*, and Mrs. S. L. ENYS, in presenting them in a new form, has given lovers of folklore an ample opportunity to refresh their memories. I refuse to say a word against Mr. BOTTRELL, but in these days of speed and concentration his style may be thought too diffuse, and I feel that, in rendering his work more acceptable to modern tastes, Mrs. ENYS has helped to perpetuate his memory. Personally I am incapable of reading several consecutive legends of Giants, Sorcerers, Ghosts or even of the Devil, but Mrs. ENYS has treated Mr. BOTTRELL with discretion, and the result is a book that, if hard to read at a sitting, will be delightful to dip into from time to time.

So rapid is the pace that Mr. EDGAR WALLACE sets in *The Man at the Carlton* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON, 7/6) that occasionally I found myself gasping. For instance, it is difficult to determine whether *Tim Jordan* was or was not related to *Mr. Awkwright*. On page 38 we are told that "there were moments when Tim Jordan was the most brilliant of Mr. Awkwright's nephews," but on page 165 *Tim*, an essentially truthful person, says, "so far from being a relation, I am not even remotely connected with him." Questions of relationship will not, however, seriously interfere with your enjoyment of a story which contains so lavish a banquet of sensation.

CHARIVARIA.

MR. ALEX JAMES has signed on for the Arsenal at last and we can now devote our attentions to affairs of state.

***

With reference to the wrecking of telephone property in Barcelona, we feel bound to confess that there are moments when our own feelings towards the telephone are positively Catalonian.

***

A fish has been hatched from an egg in an office of the Ministry of Labour. So much for the allegation that this Ministry is unproductive.

***

The allegation that Lakeland has been favoured by the weather is disputed; but it is beyond question that recently the district has had no monopoly of lakes.

***

A water-garden exhibited at a recent horticultural show was described as being longer than a cricket-pitch. But probably it was no deeper.

***

The recent gales are reported to have caused discomfort to the colony of artists who put the "Chelsea" into Winchelsea.

***

Now that we are having less rain it is said that many maids employed in Thames-side bungalows have been given shore leave.

***

Trawlers report a decline in the herring catch. This will no doubt mean that the herring-and-a-half which used to cost three-halfpence is going to cost more.

***

A man who, on being charged in a London court the other day, pleaded that he was suffering from temporary loss of memory is now suffering from permanent loss of two pounds.

***

According to a Harley Street specialist few people appreciate the importance of the nose and ears. We always make a point of wearing ours.

***

The odour of a musk-rat is so powerful, we are told, that it will penetrate a glass bottle and spoil the flavour of wine. Care should therefore be taken to exclude these rodents from the cellar.

An astrologer declares that he has the horoscopes of men unknown to the public who would make ideal rulers if their sense of proportion did not prevent them from coming forward. Yet we doubt whether he has ours.

***

A promising British heavyweight pugilist is eighteen years of age, over fifteen stone in weight and six-feet four at full length.

***

In an article on juvenile obesity it is pointed out that the Fat Boy in *Pickwick* was in need of a medical treatment which was unknown in his time. No blame therefore attaches to CHARLES DICKENS.



Visitor. "EXCUSE ME, BUT I RATHER WANTED TO BATHE. HOW LONG WILL YOU BE USING THAT CAVE?"
Simple Lifer. "WELL, I THOUGHT OF STAYING ABOUT A FORTNIGHT."

***

MR. RUDYARD KIPLING is the latest author to have his work adapted for the sound-film; but little credence is given to the rumour that he has consented to the production of *Talky and Co.*

***

A news item mentions a woman who has been writing poetry all her life and who has just been elected a member of an urban district council. This just shows the dangers of writing poetry all one's life.

To-day is said to be the anniversary of the day in 1764 when it didn't rain in Manchester. By some chance it was snowing instead.

***

A bonfire of three hundred old pianos at New Stroud, Gloucestershire, delighted children. We have long suspected that children don't like pianos.

***

"To wind wool, turn a chair upside down and pass the wool round the four legs," says a lady-writer. This is better than persuading a husband to adopt this position, as the blood is liable to run to his head.

***

Amateur gardeners are advised that the mowing-machine should now be overhauled and put into perfect working order. Be careful to ascertain that this has been done before you borrow it.

***

"The table-manners of some rich men are not perfect," says a critic. Many a millionaire was born with a silver knife in his mouth.

***

A writer says that the majority of comedians are not funny in private life. The last three words seem quite unnecessary.

***

The life of the modern bookworm must have been made pretty thick by the new fashion set by Mr. PRIESTLEY.

***

"One sees sandals worn in the most unexpected places," says a gossip-writer. But we still think the feet the only proper place for them.

***

The young sons of a wireless announcer will broadcast soon. Then little boys will be heard and not seen.

***

A writer on children's fears tells how she overcame a little girl's terror of the bathroom. It is very distressing when this complex persists into maturity.

***

The decision to open the Stock Exchange on Saturdays entails more work for clerks and less for caddies.

***

There is no end to the humiliations suffered by English sport. The Channel itself has just conceded a walk-over to an Austrian wearing water-skis.

AT THE OTHER END OF THE LINE.

(Advice of the old Salmon.)

THERE seems to have been quite a flood during the night. That accounts no doubt for the number of new arrivals in the pool. Good morning; I don't think we've met before, or did we meet last year? How was the sea looking when you left it, and did you have a good journey up? Presently I'll show you round the pool, for I've been here six weeks and know every corner of it. There are some capital flat stones where we can lie and have a talk about old times, that is of course unless you are anxious to be moving higher up the river. Not that there's any hurry; I like to take it easy myself.

However, the first thing we have to do to-day is to be particularly careful what we eat. It's just the kind of day when there might be things about which would disagree with us. Come up to the top, some of you grilse, and you'll see what I mean. Look! What did I tell you? There are the people on the bank in their mackintoshes, putting up their rods. How wet they must be getting in all this rain!

I know that boy who is going to start. He throws a fair line, I'll say that for him. What's that? Is that curious little thing bobbing up and down in the water good to eat? No, it isn't; it's very bad to eat. It calls itself a Silver Wilkinson when it's at home. Leave it alone and watch me.

Those poor men must find it very boring to stand there in the wet with nothing happening. Suppose I cheer them up a bit by rolling over the fly. It will be exercise for me and will encourage them. There—I've done it. Watch now how excited they are. They are all talking together. They are going to give me the usual interval and then they say I am sure to come again. Am I indeed? I heard somebody on the bank remark that I must be ten pounds if I'm an ounce. I shouldn't have thought I was as heavy, though I know I've put on a lot of weight in the last twelve months. Hallo! They are going to change the fly. That really is most cunning of them. Their dodges are enough to take in anybody, or take out anybody, except me.

Here comes the new delicacy. Do my eyes deceive me, or is this my dear old friend, Jock Scott? I remember I took hold of him once when I was a parr. They pulled me out and then put me back into the water. I was rather startled at the time, and I've never forgotten him. Does he taste nice? No, he doesn't; stay where you are. Besides you can't be hungry as early in the day as this; it is mere greediness that makes you ask questions like that.

I notice the water is coming down more and more; it's too heavy and thick for the fly. Ah! I thought so. Steady now, you young ones, and take special care, for this is much more deceptive. No, that's not a worm. At least it is a worm, but there are other things about it. Wait a bit; we'll have some fun with that worm in a minute. There's an old eel under the bank; I know exactly where to find him. I don't like eels; they are slippery things, and one doesn't want them wriggling about the pool. I'll go and fetch him, and we'll let him have a bite at that worm before we do. Don't on any account go fooling about with it while I'm away.

Here he is. He thanked me warmly, or as warmly as an eel ever thanks anybody, for my kind offer. Now, you see, he can't let go as easily as he thought he could. Look at him pulling and rushing about; he seems quite flustered. Isn't it comic? Oh, bother, he has managed to squirm off somehow! That man with the rod will go home and say at dinner to-night that he has had a good fish on, but that he lost it and that it's just like his luck. Wonderful fellows these fishermen are!

What do you say to some bridge? I mean lying under the bridge and seeing if anything is coming down-stream without a line tied on to it. That's what you have to look out for, the line. If you see a line, then the fewer tricks, I say, the better. I recollect years ago, when I was a grilse, there was a young friend of mine, a reckless fish he was, who bet me a couple of prawns that he could break a cast which was dangling about in front of us. There was a weak place, he pointed out, just above the fly, and he was sure it wouldn't hold. Well, he managed it all right, but it was a harder job than he thought, and he had to go round a rock to do it. How I laughed! He was stiff for a week afterwards and said he wouldn't try again for twenty prawns. Ah, well, those were the days. But I mustn't go rambling on like this.

I see those friends of ours are moving on to another pool, so you can do what you like till they come back. I heard them say that it is very odd, but some days, when the water looks in perfect order, nothing will induce the fish to take. They are quite right; it is very odd, isn't it? Jump out of the water somebody and wave a tail to them as a good-bye. It's the least you can do in common politeness. A. C.

"THE SUN IN SCOTLAND."
Daily Paper.

We wondered where it had been.

BADGER'S.

[Considerable feeling has been aroused among the natives in some country districts where the housing shortage is acute by the transportation of "picturesque" cottages to the United States.]

FOUR years ago
I mind Jim said
That, come another spring,
Him an' me'd be wed.

Jim's at High Havens
Tending Farmer's cows;
I wash the dishes
Up at Squire's house.

Three years ago
I mind Jim said
That, come another spring,
Him an' me'd be wed.

But Lydbourne St. Mary's
That full and that small
We couldn't find a cottage
Anywhere at all.

Two years ago
I mind Jim said
That, come another spring,
Him an' me'd be wed.

And when that November
Old Badger fell sick,
We tried not to pray for
Lord to take 'en quick.

But you can't help thinking . . .
I mind Jim said,
"Come next April
You an' me'll be wed."

An' we used to go walking
On my days out
Past old Badger's
An' look round about.

An' I'd say, "Chimney
'D seem to draw grand,"
An' Jim'd say, "Taters
'D grow in that land."

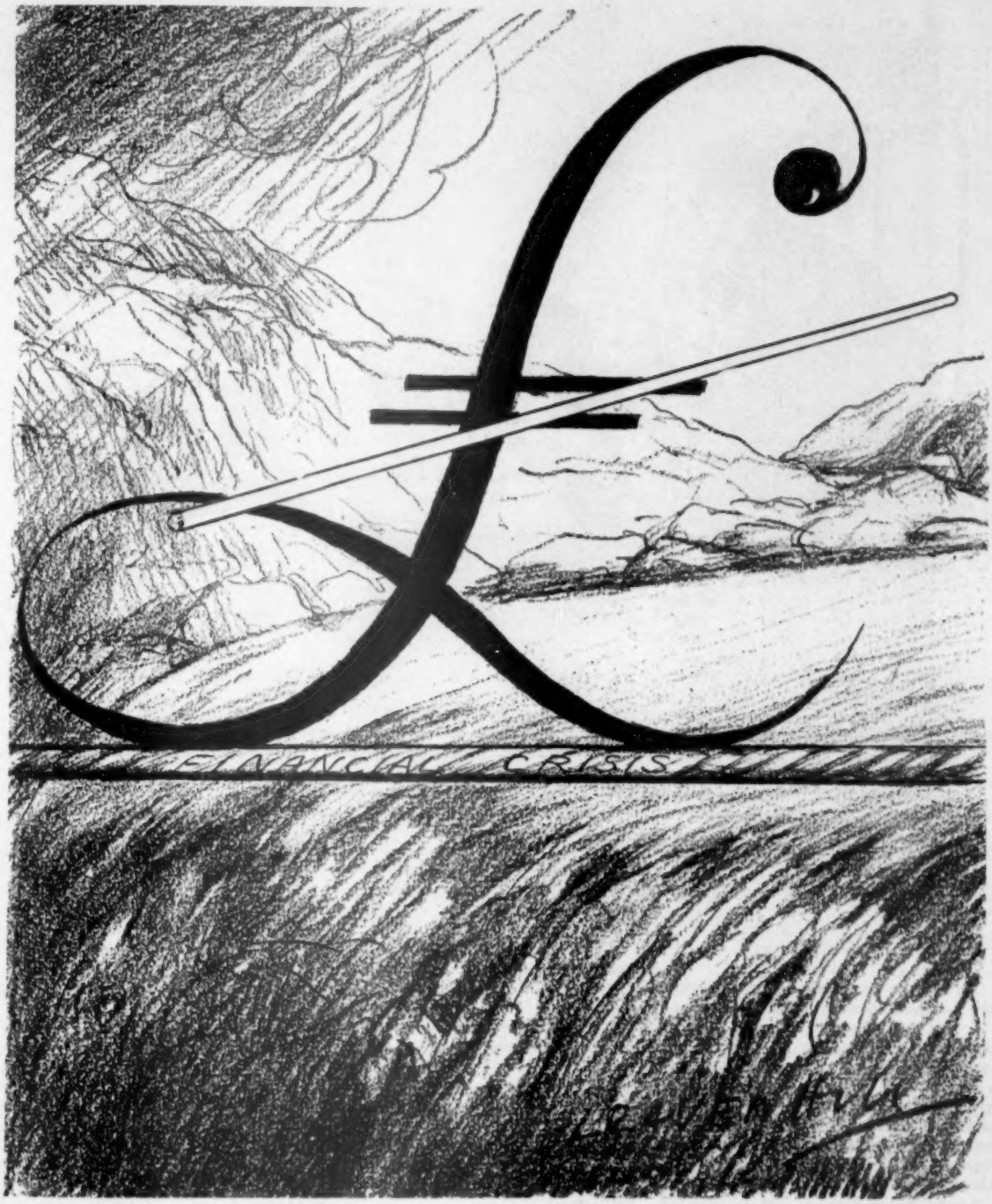
A twelve-month ago
Old Badger he died;
But I'm still waiting
To be Jim's bride:

For old Badger's cottage
It's gone 'crost the sea,
Packed in liddle boxes
Like a pound of tea.

It's gone for folks to look at
In a Yew-nited State;
So I reckon Jim 'n' me'll
Just have to wait. . . . JAN.

Statements which resist Comment.

"One cannot but feel that an opportunity was lost when Mr. Lees-Smith failed to catch the intruder whom he overheard in his house at Golders Green. It would have been an imposing spectacle to see the Minister of Education educating a burglar in the Seventh Commandment."—*Sunday Paper.*



A STERLING PERFORMANCE.

MR. POUND. "THE EYES OF THE WORLD ARE UPON ME, AND I'M NOT GOING TO LOSE MY BALANCE."



"LUCKY CHAP, YOU ARE, LIVING IN ALL THIS LUXURY AT THE BEST HOTEL ON THE CÔTE D'AZUR."
"WELL, YOU'RE HERE, AREN'T YOU?"
"OH, YES, I KNOW, BUT I *OUGHTN'T* TO BE."

A LITTLE PIRACY.

"HAUL in the mains'l!" I shouted. "Look lively there!"

"Who d'you think you're talking to?" asked Gilbey.

"You," I said. "And let fly the jib-sheet and—dash it, *do* something, can't you?"

"Why should I?" said Gilbey.

"Because you're the crew."

"Who says I'm the crew?"

There was no doubt about it, the tone was mutinous—definitely mutinous.

I may not have had much *practical* experience of mutinies at first hand, but my theoretical knowledge of them is tremendous, in fact I doubt whether any man living has quelled more mutinies on the high seas than I have—thanks to good eye-sight and an efficient library service. So I knew what to do. At the first sign of mutiny the best skippers never hesitate; they simply pick up a belaying-pin and lay the ring-leader cold.

Perhaps I was handicapped by not having a belaying-pin—the boat didn't seem to be equipped for mutinies—but I did the next best thing. With a promptness which any hard-case skipper might have envied, I leapt to my feet and sprang at the mutineer. About two-fifths of a second later the *Saucy Susan* gave a sort of sickening heave to port and the skipper and his mutinous crew were struggling in the ocean.

I have started like that because all the best books on writing stories say you ought to begin with an exciting bit; but that isn't really the beginning. The whole thing started when I suggested to Gilbey that we should take a boat out and do a little sailing in the bay.

"A nice couple of mugs *we* should look in a boat," said Gilbey scornfully.

"Why?" I asked with dignity. "You forget that I come of a race of sea-dogs."

"I never knew it," said Gilbey. "How did it happen?"

"RALEIGH and DRAKE and—er—HAWKINS—and people like that."

"What, *all* of them?"

That is the trouble with Gilbey, he is so literal. However, the stronger will won, and we embarked confidently on the *Saucy Susan*—that is, I was confident; Gilbey had, and expressed, his doubts.

It is perfectly easy to sail a boat; you just haul up the sail and hold the tiller, and there you are—the wind does the rest. By the time we had bumped the jetty twice I was feeling as though I had been a master mariner all my life, and I set a course out to the rolling main. For a time all went well, an off-shore breeze blew us merrily along, and I could simply *feel* the blood of my nautical ancestors dancing in my veins. Gilbey, on the other hand, *has* no nautical ancestors; all he could feel was his breakfast dancing in—however, that doesn't come into the story.

Every mariner knows that you can't go on sailing before the wind for ever—not unless you propose to go right round the earth and come back the other way, and we weren't provisioned for that. In fact by this time Gilbey practically wasn't provisioned at all. Consequently there arrived a moment when it became necessary for us to tack or luff or gibe or something.

Now these are complicated manœuvres, particularly when your only experience of them has been sitting in an arm-chair in front of the study fire, going round Cape Horn. To gibe successfully is a job for all hands—that was why I shouted to Gilbey to haul in

the mains'l, with the distressing result already chronicled.

So there we were, struggling in the water whilst the *Saucy Susan* slowly filled and sank beneath the waves. Two heads, a couple of oars and a ham-sandwich alone remained to mark the spot where a proud ship had gone down.

"Now you've done it," said Gilbey, clinging to an oar.

"*I've* done it!" I said with dignity, clinging to another. "If you hadn't mutinied——"

"Don't be a fool," said Gilbey, obviously still mutinous. "What are you going to do now?"

"Ah," I said, "that is so like a crew—you get yourself into a mess and then expect your captain to get you out of it. Fortunately for you I am able to do so," and I pointed to a little boat which was bobbing up and down about twenty yards away. Pushing our oars before us, we swam towards it in silence.

As far as we could see the boat had simply been put there by Providence for our use. There was no other way to account for it. It was an ordinary rowing-boat with a little mast, but neither sails nor oars, and—this is the extraordinary part—anchored right out in the bay. A little red flag was flying from the mast-head.

"What do you make of that?" asked Gilbey as we climbed aboard. "And what's the red flag for?"

I shook my head.

"Cholera, I expect," I said. "Probably the crew has deserted or died, and——"

"Rot," said Gilbey. "Anyhow, a boat is a boat, and fortunately we've brought our own oars, so what about rowing home in it now that you've lost the *Saucy Susan*?"

It is no use arguing with Gilbey, he is one of those pig-headed obstinate men. Ungrateful too. So, hauling up the anchor, we turned the little boat's nose towards the land and started to row.

We hadn't done more than about a dozen strokes before the sound of confused shouts made us turn. In the offing the first of a whole fleet of yachts under full sail was bearing down on us; in the bows a man was gesticulating and shouting.

"Take no notice, Gilbey," I said. "He thought we were going to be salvage or flotsam, or something, and now that he sees we are safe he's annoyed about it. It must be awful to have a nature like that."

We rowed a few more strokes in silence—that is, *we* were silent; the man in the yacht got more and more excited, and faint swear-words came wafting over the bosom of the deep.



Admirer. "WHAT A CHARMING NECKLACE!"
Film Star. "YES, ISN'T IT ADORABLE? MADE ENTIRELY OF MY WEDDING-RINGS."

At last Gilbey stood up and waved his hand. "It's all right, thanks," he shouted. "We're quite safe now."

The man on the yacht recovered his speech with difficulty.

"Safe be ——!" he yelled. "What are you doing in that emblazoned boat?"

"Rowing it," shouted Gilbey. "We're shipwrecked mariners."

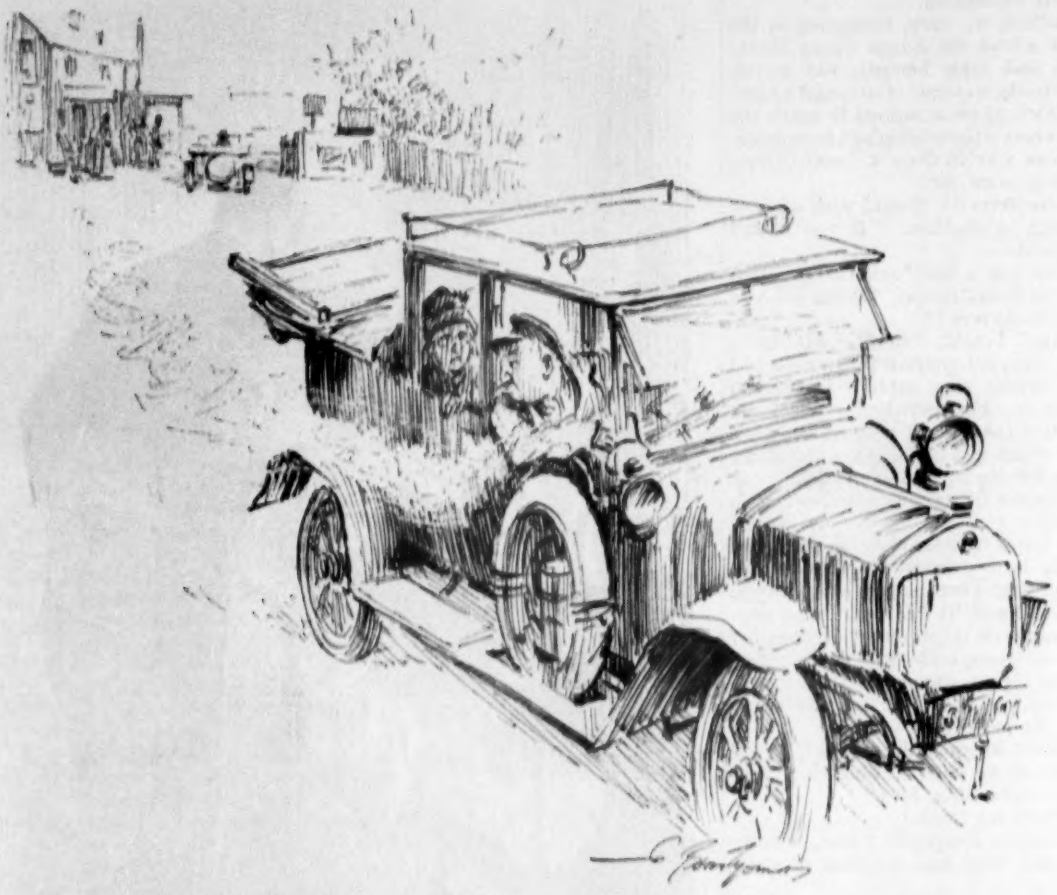
"You're——" But the rest of the yachtsman's reply was lost, perhaps fortunately, because just at that point the yacht had to go about.

"Gilbey," I said, "something tells me that that man is no friend to us. In fact, if he could do a bit of piracy and murder on the high seas, he would. So if you want to see England, Home and Beauty again—row, you knock-kneed lubber, *row*!"

We rowed. But it was a near thing. The yacht was beating against the wind and had to take long tacks each way, whilst we rowed straight ahead; but there wasn't much in it when we reached the jetty exhausted but triumphant.

However, our triumph did not last long when thirty-four irate officials informed us, with highly decorative rhetoric, that we had ruined the most promising regatta Sandy Cove had ever had by pinching the mark-boat.

L. DU G.



The Fare. "WHAT'S THIS FUNNY SMELL?"
The Driver. "NOTHIN' MUCH, MUM. JUST ME BOOTS SMOULDERIN'. THE ENGINE'S A BIT EXPOSED."

GIVE CHAUCER HIS DUE.

WE hear so much in these days about the advances made in the science of advertising that it is surprising to find any vein unworked by our tireless publicity agents. English literature has been raided fairly thoroughly; we have seen how DICKENS would have looked if he had used a certain type of razor; SHAKESPEARE has been conscripted into extolling the merits of a thousand-and-one proprietary articles; even SPENSER'S *Red Cross Knight* has been identified with somebody or other's ointment. It is curious, however, that CHAUCER should have been left out in the cold. He must feel just a little hurt as he looks down and sees the world of publicity doing homage to so many and yet always callously excluding the Father of English Literature.

One feels that some gesture on the part of the advertising community is due to him, and I suggest that a fitting *amende* would be the production of an edition of *The Prologue* interspersed with relevant announcements. By way of giving a lead to this worthy project, here are a few ideas for advertisers who may wish to associate themselves with the scheme:—

"Whan that Aprille with his shoures sote
The droghte of Marche hath perced to the rote."

WE SHALL HAVE RAIN. GET AN AQUA-SHIELD RAINCOAT TO-DAY.

"Of which vertu * engendred is the flour."

"THAT'S SMELL—THAT WAS!"

"And smale fowles maken melodye,
That sleepen al the night with open ye."

SENDEMOFF FOR SLEEPLESSNESS.

"Than longen folk to goon on pilgrimages
(And palmers for to seken straunge strondes").

A CONTINENTAL HOLIDAY THIS YEAR. LET SNOOK'S BOOK YOU.

"Wel nyne and twenty in a companye
. . . . . .
That toward Caunterbury wolden ryde."

REDUCED FARES FOR PARTIES OF TWELVE OR MORE ADULTS. SEE HANDBILLS.

"Of fustian he wered a gipoun
Al bismotered with his habergeoun."

HERCULE PERRE, DYERS AND CLEANERS. TWO DAYS' EXPRESS CLEANING SERVICE.

"A lovyere and a lusty bacheler,
With lokkes crulle, as they were leyd in presse."

SLIP ON A "PERMAVE" SLIDE WHEN YOU GO TO BED, AND WAKE WITH WONDERFUL UNDULANT TRESSES IN THE MORNING.

"So hote he lovede, that by nightertale
He sleep na more than dooth a nightingale."

DO YOU SUFFER FROM HEARTBURN, ACIDITY, OR EVEN MORE UNMENTIONABLE THINGS? TAKE BISURATED SARSAPARILLA.

"For Frensh of Paris was to her unknowe."

DO NOT BE HANDICAPPED WHEN YOU GO ABROAD. ANY FOREIGN LANGUAGE IN FOUR EASY LESSONS.

* *Vertu* in many editions is given in the glossary as "quickening spirit."



OUR BEAUTY TITLES.

SCENE AT A FASHIONABLE PLAGE: JUDGES TRYING TO SETTLE WHICH OF THE TWO FINALISTS SHALL BE MISS WORLD AND WHICH MISS SOLAR SYSTEM.

"At mete wel y-taught was she with-alle;
She leet no morsel from hir lippes falle."

CAN YOU EAT A GRAPE-FRUIT SILENTLY? SEND FOR THE "DEBRETT" BOOK OF ETIQUETTE. NO MORE TROUBLE WITH THE KNIVES.

"Of smale houndes had she, that she fedde
With rosted flesh, or milk and wastel-breed."

DOES YOUR BEST FRIEND ENJOY RADIANT DOGHOOD? IF NOT GIVE HIM "SPRAGG'S."

". . . she was nat undergrowe."

ADD TEN INCHES TO YOUR HEIGHT.

"Grehoundes he hadde, as swifte as fowel in flight."

GREYCING.—MEETING EACH EVENING AT 8.30. 2*s.* 4*d.*, 1*s.* 6*d.* AND 9*d.*, INCLUDING TAX.

"His heed was balled, that shoon as any glas."

THIS MAN WAS PIEBALD. LOOK AT HIM NOW AND BE WARNED IN TIME!

"His nekke whyt was as the flour-de-lys."

BLANCHE'S SKIN SUET FOR A LILY COMPLEXION.

"For him was lever have at his beddes heed
Twenty bokes, clad in blak or reed,
Of Aristotle and his philosophye."

TEN SHILLINGS DOWN WILL BRING TWENTY VOLUMES OF ARISTOTLE, SHAW OR DELL TO YOUR DOORSTEP.

"The hote somer had maad his hewe al broun."

ALL GOOD-LOOKING MEN ARE SOMEWHAT SUNKIST.

"His tythes payed he ful faire and wel."

WHY PAY RENT? WRITE FOR BOOKLET.

"A Somnour was ther with us in that place,
That hadde a fyr-reed cherubinnes face,
. . . . . .
Of his visage children were aferd."

ECZEMA EXTINGUISHED! THIS MAN HAD TRIED QUICKSILVER, LITARGE, BRIMSTOON, BORAS, CERUCE, OILLE OF TARTARE. GET A TIN OF "SALVE-ATION" NOW.

"And ye, Sir Clerk, lat be your shamfastnesse."

I WAS MADE ACTING-SUB-ASSISTANT-MANAGER TO-DAY, DEAR! ATTAIN SELF-CONFIDENCE IN THREE LESSONS, OR MONEY RETURNED.

The Knell of Beach Pyjamas.

"COMBINATION DANCE.
Old Girls' and Old Boys' Unions."
Australian Paper.

"During the innings, A. W. Carr, the Notts captain, catching Crabtree, dislocated his lead of 30 runs."—*Daily Paper.*

Cricket has been very out of joint this summer.

PIPES OF PEACE.

[During the critical hours of Sunday the 23rd, the camera revealed that both Mr. RAMSAY MACDONALD and Mr. BALDWIN found solace in their pipes.]

In old, romantic, legendary days,
The briar with its thorny tangled maze
Stood for the powers of Malice that divide
A gallant Prince from his enchanted bride.

But France, indomitable in pursuit
Of Progress, tamed her special briar root
And fashioned it into the perfect pipe
Which superseded every other type.

So now, when Party leaders have agreed
To join their forces in our hour of need,
We find the steadfast courage of their sires
Rekindled by the lighting of their briars.

An Impending Apology.

"LA SITUATION FINANCIÈRE ANGLAISE. . . . quelques détails du plan du gouvernement. . . . une réduction de 475,000 livres sterling de la subvention à la British Broadwasting Corporation . . ."—*Lausanne Paper.*

Ought the B.B.C. to bant?

THE NEW J.P.

AN INDIAN COMMENT.

WHEN I received a hint that I was to be made a Justice of the Peace and mentioned the matter with assumed carelessness to my wife, the first idea that occurred to that good simple-minded woman was that we must immediately get in touch with a printer. "We shall have to have cards prepared," she exclaimed, "to reply to the letters of congratulation."

Still treating the matter with well-simulated calm, I explained soothingly that in the case of such a comparatively minor appointment it was hardly likely that people would put themselves to the trouble and expense of sending personal letters of congratulation.

Nevertheless the following morning I did make a short call on our local stationer, McTavish, who has a printing-press at the back of his shop.

"Och, ay," said McTavish casually, "I could run ye aff a dozen or twa in nae time; but," he added with cynical candour, "I hardly think ye'll need them."

"Probably not," I agreed with a light laugh. But in my heart of hearts I cherished a belief that, at least among my more intimate friends, the fact of such an honour having been conferred upon me would arouse some slight expressions of gratification.

Even in this, I hope, comparatively modest expectation I was disappointed. The publication of the news of my appointment was received by my friends with devastating silence. Morning after morning my wife met me with the pitiful intimation, "No letters yet, dear."

"Well, well, Marjory," I remarked to her at length, "I'm afraid there is no such thing as real friendship in this world."

"I wonder," mused Marjory tearfully—"I wonder if they realise that you have it in your power now to put them all in jail."

The only written comment vouchsafed to me on the subject of my appointment has just come to hand from my old bearer, Fusaldar, in India. I sent Fusaldar a copy of the local paper, in which the list of new J.P.'s was published. His acknowledgment can hardly be called a letter of congratulation. The lugubrious tone of the communication may be due to some extent to the old man's spirits having been affected by the present disturbed condition of affairs in his own country. Fusaldar writes as follows:—

"I am thankful to Master for get it paper with news of making him the J.P. Here at first there is no man to tell me of meaning of this thing. But at last I am meeting Babu of much knowledge that is giving me the first hand information. Babu is telling me of J.P. is duty conferred on worn-out old man of being Judge and Counsellor. I am to understand that Master will now wear it the big wig and the long red robe. Master is well knowing his old Fusaldar is making for same like stage. For Master and Fusaldar is tired and weary with years. And the leg is growing thin with cold feet, and there is fewer hair on the head every morning. Therefore I am pleased for knowledge that Master will have comfort with wearing the long red robe and there will be warm wig for poor bald head of Master. And I am hoping and praying with all these things life of Master will be spared and prolonged for many days to come."

When I read Fusaldar's letter to my wife she remarked with a sob in her voice, "I think this J.P. affair is the most dreadful thing that has ever happened to us."

STEEL-SHAFTED HORTICULTURE.

I AM about tired of all this Nature business, and I propose at last to revolt against the popular superstition that because a thing is sponsored by Mother Nature (the coarse old harridan) it is necessarily beautiful. No longer am I going to stand about saying "How lovely!" when I am really thinking, as most rational people must, that a sunset is a bit of highly-seasoned vulgarity or that an Alp is heavily pompous and in the worst taste.

At the same time I intend to free myself from the yoke of the Soil. There is a great deal of romantic nonsense talked about it, particularly by clod-hopping novelists, and I consider it to be high time that the truth was stated in bald terms. Briefly, the Soil is the mouldiest element ever invented. It is a repository for everything foul and squirming and centipedal. It is constantly pushing up a vast quantity of green material of antiquated design which is inedible, trips you up, obscures the view, and in most cases has to be cut down. It is in fact very ugly stuff indeed. When at the skilful dictation of man it produces asparagus and strawberries and the other props to civilisation, it does a little to mitigate that ugliness. *But most of the rubbish which this imbecile substance bears of its own accord cannot be eaten by us.* Just consider for one moment the amount of grass and privet-hedges and fat useless trees that hang about the world, and then be prepared to look lethally at the next minor poet who froths to you of Mother Earth. *Mother Earth!* So much has been burbled by Lakeland's Idiot Boy and others about Loam, and Spring, and Sap, and Burgeoning, and Fertility, and Buds and Blossoms that whenever I now see any of these words in print I have to go and take an aspirin.

My revolt is not without its practical side. I have got hold of a young mechanic named Tinn, with no fairies in his eyes and a soul above clay, and I have appointed him my gardener. He is already at work covering our half-acre with a layer of concrete, surrounded by a narrow insecticidal channel. I have warned him that if ever I find a speck of mould or a solitary earwig he will be instantly dismissed.

A manufacturer of glass and china flowers is making me up half-a-gross of each of his nicer brands. They will be mounted on steel stalks, and these will screw into the small metal containers which Tinn is sinking in regular groups or beds in the concrete.

I am confident that the result will stagger even the Sapmongers and the Bards of blossom. My gardener will come in for orders every morning, and we shall say to him, "Oh, Tinn, we'll have the antirrhinums in the North bed to-day, we've got old Major Mufflet-on coming and he *does* love them so," or "You might put a drop of oil on the hollyhocks, the sockets were squeaking in the wind last night," or "The esch-scholtzias are looking a bit dusty, it's time you ran the vacuum-cleaner over them again."

I think when poor Mother Nature sees my new garden she'll go away and have a good cry over her own withering smelly little efforts. Smelly, did I say? I nearly forgot to mention that I shall permit no smells beyond the faintly antiseptic aroma of sun-warmed steel.

ERIC.

When Slang Fails.

"'FED UP' AMERICAN STOWAWAY.
Two days without food on Mauretania."
Local Paper.

"DO WE WANT WATER-COOLING."
Headline in Motor Cycling Paper.

Not this summer.

"The duty on wives and spirits will be raised by between 30 and 40 per cent."
Indian Paper.

Mr. Punch is strongly in favour of both these impositions.

"Mr. —— was proceeding to discuss the matter further when Mr. —— raised the question whether the terms should be cussed in the presence of the Press."—*Welsh Paper.*

We cannot believe that the Press would have learnt anything new.



Stockbroker (to partner who has just come up from the House). "IS THERE ANYTHING DOING THIS MORNING?"
Partner. "NO. IT'S SO QUIET YOU CAN ALMOST HEAR THE DIVIDENDS PASSING."

OLD MAN BY THE FIRE.

THE suns of eighty summers sleep in your eyes,
Your slow hands pluck at the homespun on your knee,
You gaze at the fire with a vacant stare that tries
To see the years that are gone or the years to be.

You are old and strangely bent and your head is grey;
The knotted veins are big on your trembling hand,
You move your head in an odd inquiring way—
Do you hear the song of the scythe in the meadow-land?

You were born in the age of the finely-whetted blade,
Your ears were attuned to the subtle music of steel,
To the whistling note of a stone on a sickle laid,
To the slow complaint of the lumbering waggon wheel.

You were young; you could work till the sun was on the wane,
As you swung the rhythmic scythe with a leisured swing;
When the roaring tractor slept in a cunning brain
And skill was the only fashion, you were a king.

The world is done with you now, and your work is done;
They will not miss you now by meadow or byre,
But they have left you still a place in the sun,
And, when the sun is gone, a seat by the fire.

The Cross-word Puzzle at Geneva.

"The League of Nations is a Conference held in Geneva to try to bring about Disargument."—*Schoolboy's Answer.*

A LOCAL TROUBLE.

OUR town by the sea has in all respects but one had a most successful season. In spite of the weather, which I grant has not been up to much, we have had more visitors than has been vouchsafed to us in any previous year. They haven't all been of much use; some passed through in cars, leaving hardly a shilling behind them, while others, mostly decanted from sharry-bangs, coolly spent the day on our sands with their own refreshments and cleared out in the evening without our having had a chance of getting at them. Still, we have had a lot of good temporary residents whom we may fairly claim to have skinned pretty clean. Now the harvest is for the most part gathered; our hostesses beam on the parting guest, our tradesmen rub their hands; in the chorus of jubilation but one class is silent. I refer to our publicans, who have had a lean year.

This has come out more or less by accident. They are a proud race, and would probably have suffered without audible comment. But statistics have appeared of late in which it is announced that in the two months of holiday-making there has only been, to employ the police jargon, one drunk. This might as well have been left out. The "case" had nothing to do with our visitors. It was only the old tame local bottle-nose, who was put away for about the hundred-and-fiftieth time. But the connection between holidays and alcohol woke a cry from our licensed victualling interest, and we have learned that through an otherwise fruitful period our pubs have been practically deserted.

The causes of this have of course been widely canvassed. Mr. Stubbs, the once genial proprietor of the "Pig and Compasses," puts it down to the late Government; but he is a strong Conservative and may be biassed. A more popular opinion ascribes it to the weather. We have had a good deal of cold and rain (not so much as other places) and to the chilled and damp body a steaming jorum of tea possibly commends itself more than a mug of beer. This view is backed by the fact that our tea-shops have done magnificently. Again, there are some who find a solution in our visitors themselves, who to quite a considerable extent have come in pairs. They can't all be young married couples, and I suppose they are taking companionate holidays. Nobody imagines there is any harm in it, and I wish them luck. But the point is that when you are running round with a girl and she feels thirsty you take her off to tea and don't lug her off to a public-house for refreshment.

But these arguments, though plausible, don't go far enough. There are still plenty of unattached males to be accounted for. Purely from motives of local patriotism, I have made a round of our bars and believe I have hit on their weak point.

The question is, why have the young men shown a degenerate preference for tea over beer? Now, though our tea-shops are good, I don't say too much for the tea. But the waitresses—a more attractive lot of girls you never came across. Their costume is appealing, their skirts are short and their feet neat. There is one girl especially in Miss Pink's place, who—but no matter. They are not shut up in a bar, but move freely among the guests diffusing gladness and frequently the glad eye. And now turn to our pubs. The barmaids, if I may so put it, are generally men. When female—that I should say it!—they are homely. Not, I think, that that matters. A barmaid is always awe-inspiring. She is credited with a power of blistering repartee too easily aroused, and the bar itself makes her aloof and unapproachable. It is not for her with shining foot to pass among the guests like the soft-footed and soft-eyed young person of the tea-shop.

It is in this matter that the trade must, so to speak, pull up its socks. Until it does I see a growing temperance urge ahead. More and more young men will float their powerful minds in tea. I shall, for one. DUM-DUM.



Batsman. "NO FAST BOWLING, 'ARRY; THESE COUNCIL 'OUSES AIN'T BUILT TO STAND THAT SORT O' THING."

MR. PUNCH ON TOUR.

THE Collection of Original Drawings by JOHN LEECH, CHARLES KEENE, Sir JOHN TENNIEL and GEORGE DU MAURIER, and of reproductions of Famous Cartoons, Forecasts and other exhibits from *Punch*, which has recently been on view at the *Punch* Offices, is being made accessible to our readers in the Provinces. It will be shown at Burton Public Library, Museum and Art Gallery, September 12 to October 31; at Manchester, November 7 to January 9, 1932; at Bootle, January 23 to February 20, 1932; and at Harrogate, March 6 to April 3, 1932.

Invitations to visit the Exhibition at any of the above places will be gladly sent to readers if they will apply to the Secretary, 10, Bouverie Street, E.C.4.

"British people are supposed to be inseparable from porridge, bacon and eggs, and roast beef."
Glasgow Paper.

But in practice it is found that a small piece of flannel moistened with benzine will remove them.

"'Later I went to the fields and discovered 21 hens and 25 chicken—all dead.'
"Heavy iron wheels, which were attached to some of the huts, were laying about the fields."—*Storm Report in Bournemouth Paper.*

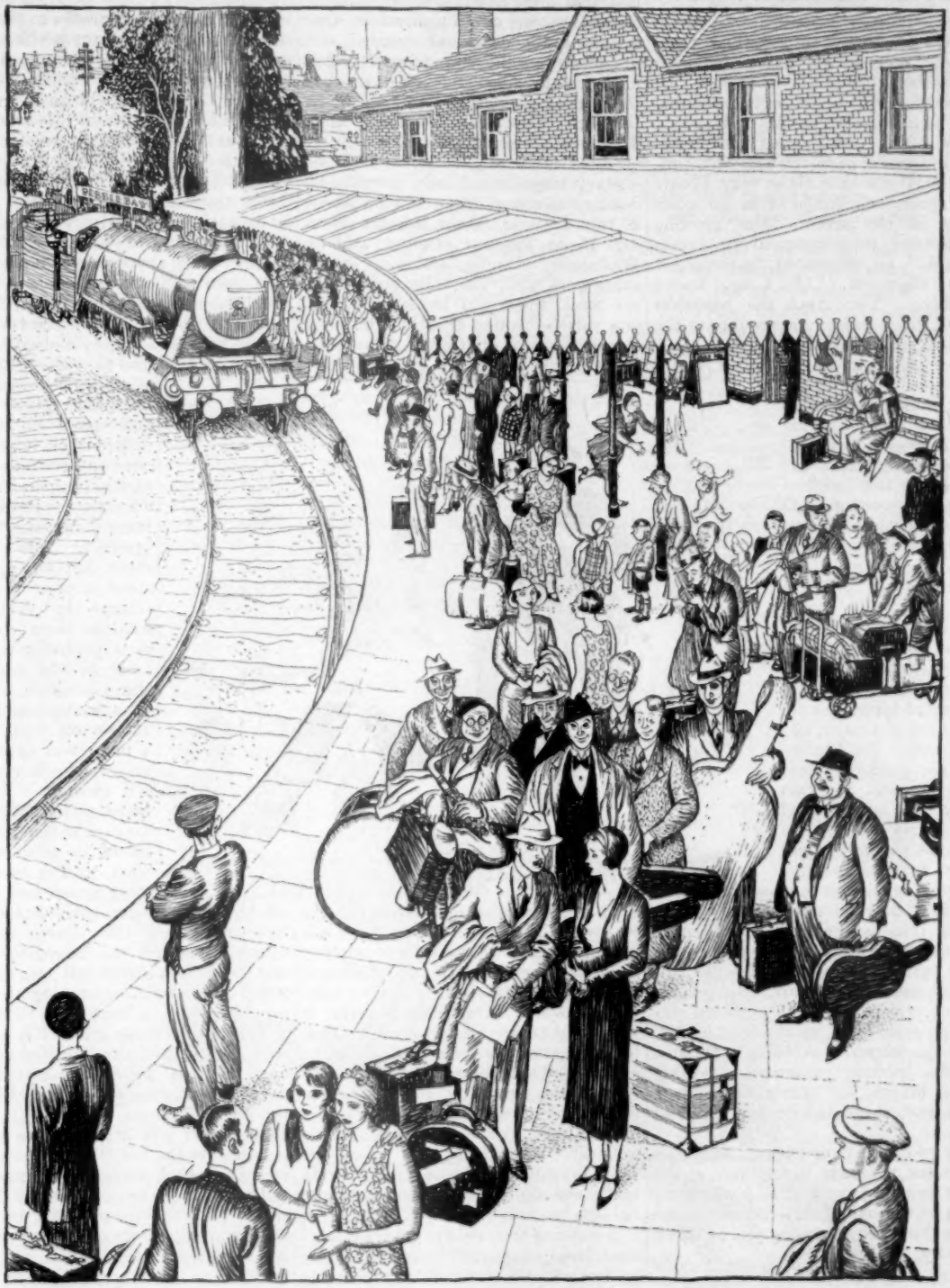
Nature's compensations are very wonderful.

"Mr. Neville Chamberlain showed obvious signs of irrigation at certain words of criticism and innuendo from Mr. Lloyd George . . ."—*Indian Paper.*

In these days statesmen are never far from tears.

"I wonder whether High Church clergymen will consent to officiate at weddings under the new law. They still sternly set their faces against the consecration of the union of a man with his widow's sister."
Daily Paper.

We always understood marriage to be out of the question in the next world.



Young Honeymooner (leaving seaside resort). "I'M AFRAID I'VE BEEN PAYING RATHER TOO MUCH FOR THESE REQUEST NUMBERS, DARLING. THE BAND SEEMS TO BE FOLLOWING US TO BRIMSEA."

MR. PUNCH'S GARDENING PRIMER.

AN eminent horticulturist whose name wild horses cannot drag from me—my memory for names being so rotten—said to me the other day, "Of course the principal thing in gardening is by no means the growing of flowahs." I said "No?" on a rising note of incomprehension and even apprehension; for you know how these very brainy and specialised chaps often go quite loopy in the sere. "The growing of flowahs is comparatively unimportant," he reiterated, gathering I wasn't there yet. "Oh, I see," I said greedily. "You mean the *vegetables* are the great thing; one should put the rosebed under asparagus and . . ." He turned from me in disgust, and I discovered later that what he meant was that it is less important to try to *grow* flowers as to concentrate on keeping down the garden pests that prevent said flowers attaining a happy old age.

And do I agree with this vital truth? I'll say I do.

Speaking as one whose garden has harboured—nay, lodged, with full board, well-appointed table, no extras, view of Downs, all mod. con.—practically all the garden pests there are and a good many that have to be seen to be believed, I would like here to go on record with the results of my experience for the benefit of other afflicted ones.

The principal pests met with in a garden—in my garden, at any rate—are these: greenfly, caterpillars, slugs (including snails), wire-worm, pigs (neighbours'), mice (all sorts), children (including your own), more slugs, horses, tame jackdaws, "shothole" fungus, bob-fly, jobbing gardeners, anything queer, known as "therblight," slugs, birds, rust, moth and thieves. Oh, and slugs.

As you may have guessed from the above list, slugs are, in my opinion, the worst pest of any; and so I will leave them to the end. I shall commence the series this week by wising you all up on greenfly.

I.—GREENFLY.

Greenfly, as you all know, is the creature that every year you find on your roses the morning after you have said, "Well, thank Heaven we seem to be free of greenfly this year." The principal thing about greenfly is its incredible powers of multiplication. One female, quite alone and unaided, can in one day produce up to twenty-five more greenfly (also all females) who are themselves capable of starting off on the same tack in a few days' time. Therefore, beginning—conservatively enough, as one might think—with one solitary unprotected lady greenfly on Sunday morning, there will be about 25 that evening, 50 on Monday evening, 75 on Tuesday evening, and on Wednesday evening, assuming everything goes well, 725. By the end of the week there will be 409,550. If you then—through oversight or prior engagements or anything—delay dealing with the matter for but one short day more, the cheerful pattering of little feet round the greenfly homestead will have increased to the tune of another 6,656,250 cheerful patterers, making a total of 7,065,800 greenfly on your rose-shoots, if any. Obviously therefore it is the best policy, when you see a single female greenfly on your rose-shoots, to swat it one immediately—even though it *is* a Sunday morning. It saves trouble in the long run. The above seven million or so, by the way, are all female greenfly. How things go when the male greenfly come along, as they do in the autumn, I have never felt strong enough to contemplate.

Assuming then that you have missed that first spring greenfly and have later to deal with them in bulk, the following are the best ways. Greenfly, like small boys, are notoriously averse from soap and water, and spraying them with this mixture severely discommodes them. It is not necessary to spray each greenfly separately; a general sloosh around will do. If you add paraffin to the mixture it is said to be even more efficacious. Some advocate adding a touch of beer or gin as well, but this, I think, is going too far. The thing will grow on you. For it's but a step from this to spraying your rose-trees with a well-iced dry Martini—which is obviously absurd, because right this minute you can no doubt think of a far, far better thing to do with a well-iced dry Martini.

Others advocate the use of tobacco, greenfly being apparently non-smokers. You take a cigarette, inhale a great mouthful and puff it out rudely in the greenflies' faces. Whereupon they fall off the roses in a stupor and either die or else are so dazed that they stupidly climb up a delphinium or some other plant and don't know the difference till it's lunch-time and too late to do anything about it. The stronger the smoke the more disturbing to the greenfly. The kind of cigar that you get instead of your farthing-change is absolutely fatal to them; but as it is probably equally fatal to you too, the thing becomes, instead of a well-planned gas attack on your part, a mere test of endurance between you and the greenfly. Besides being undignified, this may mean that you are forced to give in just when victory is within your grasp and there are but a bare dozen left. Before you have recovered this dozen will, of course, have felt the Biological Urge and the cradles will be full once more—which is pretty disheartening after the terrible cigar you have gone through.

The only reliable method is to procure a ladybird—any ladybird will do; even if it is not-quite-a-ladybird it doesn't matter much—and place her on the affected shoots. If you are close enough you will at once note an expression on the ladybird's face similar to that on a schoolboy's who finds himself alone and unwatched in the "grub-shop" (or whatever the 1931 term is). Next morning the shoot will be bare, and the ladybird, though suffering slightly from That Feeling of Fulness after Eating, will be quite willing to be transferred to another occupied shoot, and the procedure can be resumed. Sometimes of course the ladybird—tradition-



Flapper (in conflict with the law). "WOULDN'T YOU LIKE US TO HAVE THIS AS A NAUGHTY LITTLE SECRET BETWEEN US?"

ally a fool—thinks she hears a fire-alarm or something and Positively Has to Rush Home, my Dear, to see if the Children are Safe. But the insect's feeble-mindedness cuts both ways. She invariably eats *all* the greenfly on the shoot and has to wait for you to move her to pastures new; she hasn't the intelligence to leave a few unmolested, with the idea that they shall have replenished the larder for her by next morning.

It is said that ants are also useful for dealing with greenfly, bearing them off home for the sugary secretion, or "milk," that they afford; but personally, having watched two ants trying for twenty minutes to carry one burden different ways without even beginning to realise any lack of co-ordination of purpose, or even that another ant was on the job at all, I wouldn't trust even the most highly educated and intelligent ant to do anything that wouldn't cause unfavourable and derisive comment in an Imbeciles Home. No, ladybirds are the best—if you can get one. That of course is the difficulty, for one can hardly send a polite little note round to Major Gore-Bludsby, at Cawnpore Cottage, asking him for the loan of one of his ladybirds, please. It is liable to start something. It is quite possible therefore that your roses may have been destroyed before you have been able to follow a ladybird home and find out where she lives. But no matter; you do at least know how the disaster could have been prevented.

(Next week's Pests: *Caterpillars, pigs, mice, wire-worm, jobbing gardeners, etc.*)

A. A.

TEA BY THE RIVER.

DID the river bank seem lonely?
  Tell me, did there seem to be
Trembling leaves and rushes only
  When you settled down for tea?
When you cried, "Unpack the basket;
  This is perfect," were you sure?
Was your faith—I needs must ask it—
  Not a trifle premature?

What about the distant cattle
  Grazing faster than you'd think
Towards the bank and murmuring,
  "That'll
  Be a nice place for a drink"?

What about the apparition
  Of a silent swan or two
Suffering from malnutrition,
  As swans often seem to do?

When you stopped there did you reckon
  That, although the world is wide,
Picnic-parties serve to beckon
  To them half the countryside;
That the river with its greenery,
  Though delightful to the eyes,
Is the very sort of scenery
  Where the grey mosquito flies?

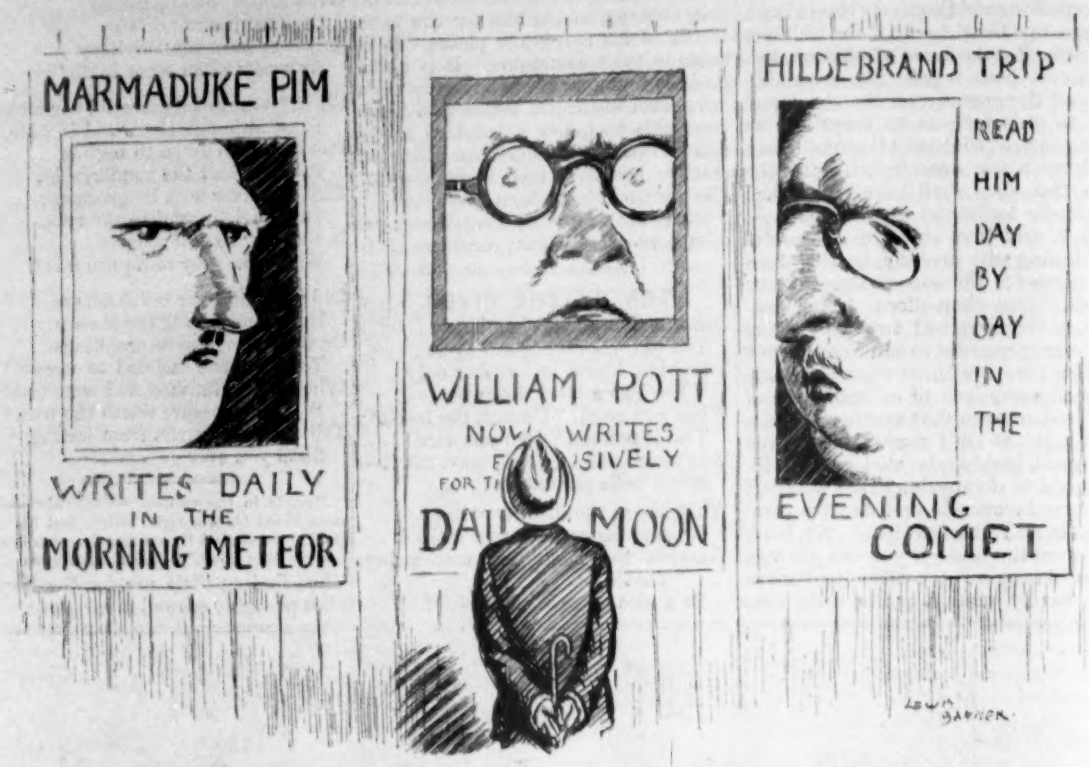
Did you find your tea delicious
  By the margin of the stream,
Or were things so unpropitious
  That you felt inclined to scream?
When you'd finished and were resting
  Was the pleasure worth the pain?
Tell me, quite apart from jesting,
  Shall you ever go again?

"Early in the contest —— made ——'s nose bleed from a right swing, but his opponent retaliated by cutting his rival's eye open with a hook."—*Edinburgh Paper.*

Thus finding little use for the horse-shoe probably stowed in his glove.



"STAY IN THE CORNER TILL YOU'RE SORRY. ANY MORE RUDENESS AND I'LL PUT YOU TO BED."
"SAID SHE."



HOW THE HOARDINGS HELP US TO CHOOSE OUR DAILY PAPERS.

In a Good Cause.

THE Committee of the London Hospital have decided to open a "Lord KNUTSFORD Remembrance Fund" which in a practical way will perpetuate the name of a great man who devoted himself with unwearying devotion to the care of the sick. At the time of his death he had in mind several necessary improvements to the Hospital, notably a new Massage and Electrical Department, new stores, additional maternity beds and maintenance, and a hostel for students; and the Committee consider that it cannot put the Fund to a better purpose than the achievement of these schemes. In the knowledge that Lord KNUTSFORD's name alone has in the past been sufficient inducement to a generous public, Mr. Punch feels that his readers will welcome the opportunity of contributing to so fitting a memorial. Contributions should be sent to the Treasurer, London Hospital, E.1.

"ROAD RACING TROPHY REGAINED FROM ITALY.
BRITISH DRIVER'S SUPERB LAPPING."
Sunday Paper.

Thirsty work, this road-racing.

MARINE ZOOLOGY.

(To M., who seems to have made a hobby of it.)

IT fills me with immense emotion
To sit, my child, upon the sand,
And try to get a clearer notion
Of things I do not understand.
For instance, of the life of ocean,
So different from the life on land.

I do not mean the wild waves' gallop,
The Nereid combing out her hair,
The blown Gull and the sailing shallop,
The *Wanderlust*, the *mal-de-mer*;
For me the Radiated Scallop,
The Wentletrap is far more fair.

The Red-nosed Cockle wakes from slumber,
The Sea-mouse on the spume is buoyed,
And here are Limpets without number,
And here, of petty shame devoid,
The admirable Sea-cucumber
Ejects its stomach when annoyed.

The Dragonets exploit their graces,
About his ways the Blenny goes,
The Pipe-fish stand upon their faces
And draw their nurture through the nose;
Ah! would that we in terrene places
Adopted such a manly pose!

The father Pipe-fish in their pouches
Protect the little pipe-fish young;
How perkily the brood debouches,
Or back to safety, see, has sprung!
For what paternal love this vouches,
How seldom seen ourselves among!

Not ours their way, for theirs is moister,
The Piddocks bore like soft-nosed pegs,
In her sweet mouth the Mother Oyster
Has hard upon a million eggs:
She does not gallivant nor roister,
She has a beard—she has no legs.

It fills me with a sense of wonder,
My child, to hear these things. I doubt
If human life is not a blunder—
But oh! I am too warm, too stout
To rise and go and rummage under
The rocks with you and rout them out.

EVOE.

Illusionist Bags for Smith Minor.

"WE SPECIALISE IN BOY'S SCHOOL SUITS WITH INVISIBLE SEATS."
Advt. in School Magazine.

Criminals in the Making.

"Among the many good things she started was a settlement to which bad boys could be sent instead of to prison, and this settlement was the making of many a young offender."
Children's Paper.

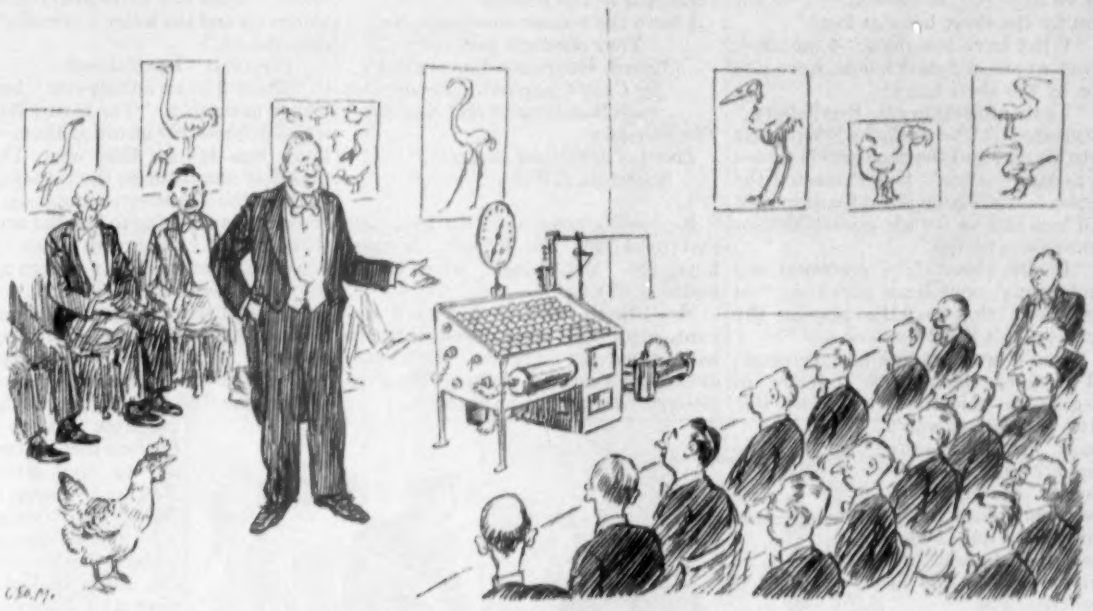


THE DAUNTLESS THREE.

"BUT HARK! THE CRY IS 'ARTHUR!'
AND LO! THE RANKS DIVIDE;
AND THE GREAT LORD OF BURNLEY
COMES WITH HIS STATELY STRIDE."

From "Lays of Modern England."

[MR. ARTHUR HENDERSON has associated himself with the uncompromising opposition of the T.U.C. to the new National Government.]



ENTERTAINMENTS AT WHICH WE HAVE NEVER ASSISTED.

A MEMBER OF THE STATISTICAL SOCIETY EXPLAINING TO THE ORNITHOLOGICAL SOCIETY THE PRINCIPLES OF AN INSTRUMENT HE HAS INVENTED FOR COUNTING CHICKENS BEFORE THEY ARE HATCHED.

LIVELINESS IN WHITEHALL.

LIFE in a Government department moves sedately and with a certain measured dignity. The grave routine proceeds; the well-oiled machinery turns; efficiently and inevitably, but always with a suitable decorum, the bureaucratic mills grind on. Yet even here at rare intervals the unsuspected may pop up. The human element, usually so subdued and disciplined, may emit a fitful and disconcerting spark. Glance for a moment into the room where Reginald Pendlebury and Percival Biffin strive in the service of the State.

It is a large room. At a desk in one corner sits Reginald. At a similar desk in another corner sits Percival. In the background, behind screens junior scribes ply their assiduous pens. Messengers come and go softly with catlike tread.

Occasionally a clerical officer approaches with a batch of letters for Reginald (or Percival) to sign. Not infrequently Percival (or Reginald) lifts a file from his IN tray, appends the word "Concur" or "Noted," affixes a small green label marked IMPORTANT and replaces the file in his OUT tray. Then he leans back and lights a cigarette. And so to lunch.

Here, one Monday morning, as the result of a local epidemic of influenza among the high officials, Reginald found himself temporarily in charge of the branch where normally he and Percival worked side by side in modest equality. It may not be denied that this sudden burden of responsibility went to Reginald's head. "Mr. Pringle," he was heard to say—"Mr. Pringle, kindly fetch me a new blotting-pad," and his voice was the voice of one who brooks no nonsense. But the unkindest cut was reserved for Percival.

Percival had spent an arduous morning. Four times his telephone-bell had rung—only once for a wrong number—and then, several minutes after his usual lunch-hour, he was called upon to sign a series of official letters. In one of them a hard-pressed typist had hopefully transcribed the phrase "this matter is uncertain" as "this mutton is underdone," and Percival failed to observe the trivial discrepancy in the text. Unhappily it chanced later to catch the watchful eye of his acting chief. Percival was summoned in a peremptory tone.

"Kindly explain that, Mr. Biffin," said Reginald icily.

Percival grinned. "Sorry," he said; "couldn't have spotted it. Frightful rush to-day, don't you know——"

Reginald swung round in his swivel-chair. "Really, Mr. Biffin," he said, "this will not do. You are letting the branch down. It is time you knew that nothing is more inexcusable in an officer of your seniority than to sign a letter unread. And allow me to add that the matter is not one to be treated with irresponsible levity."

Percival gasped like a fish. "Why, I—I——" he stammered; but Reginald cut him short with a motion of the hand.

"That will do, Mr. Biffin," he said curtly. "Please see that this does not happen again while I am in charge of the branch."

Percival came to tell me about it, stamping with rage and mortification. "The insolent puppy," he spluttered, "the insufferable little jack-in-office! As though he never signs his own letters without reading 'em! He ought to be strangled with his own red tape. But I'll teach him. I'll show the blighter. You wait."

I tried to calm the outraged Percival, but he declined to be mollified. His threats became more and more intemperate. It was clear that his dignity had been gravely affronted.

Nevertheless a fortnight passed and no unseemly incident occurred. One by one the chiefs and sub-chiefs staggered back to their offices, Reginald's brief period of authority came to an end and the branch settled down comfortably to the familiar routine. I was glad to think that Percival had forgiven and forgotten.

Then one day he burst in upon me

almost gibbering with excitement. "I've done it!" he crowed. "I've got him by the short hairs at last!"

"What have you done," I inquired, "and whom, my dear fellow, have you got by the short hairs?"

"That intolerable ass, Pendlebury," he gloated. "I've worked a faked letter into his tray and the poor boob 's signed it as large as life. I've extracted the copies and it 's gone down for despatch. I'll larn him to try his pocket-MUSSOLINI games on me."

"Really, Percival," I protested, my professional conscience shocked, "do you think that is quite playing the game? Isn't it rather a—a——"

"Don't worry," grinned Percival; "I've fixed things with a fellow in Registry to hold the letter back. But little Pendlebury won't know. He'll have the fright of his life, my boy. Come round to our room this afternoon and see the fun." Percival took himself off, rubbing his hands in diabolical glee.

In due course I sauntered round to visit Reginald. Percival, with a wink, joined us, nonchalantly waving a sheet of paper.

"By the way, Pendlebury," he remarked, "I've just spotted this letter you signed this morning. I suppose it 's all right?"

"Of course it is, if I signed it," said Reginald.

"I 'm glad," said Percival; "it seemed a bit queer at first, I thought."

"Let 's have a look," said Reginald carelessly, taking the proffered copy.

I read it over his shoulder:—

21387/30/CS.

Statistics Relating to Home Food Products (Miscellaneous).

SIR,—

1. With reference to the above-named subject, I am directed to request that any relevant information in the possession of your Board bearing upon either of the undermentioned questions may, in accordance with Treasury minute No. 4444/24, be communicated without delay to this department on the appropriate Form Z 300:—

(*a*) Do kippers swim folded or flat?

(*b*) How many beans make five?

2. I am to add that it will be very greatly appreciated if, by way of a most desirable and salutary change, any necessary action arising may be expedited to the utmost.

I have the honour to remain, Sir,
Your obedient Servant,
(*Signed*) REGINALD PENDLEBURY,
for Chief Comptroller, Department of Co-ordination and Supply.

The Secretary,
Board of Statistical Research,
Whitehall, S.W.1.

Reginald staggered to his feet, pale and trembling. "Mr. Pringle," he cried hoarsely—"Mr. Pringle, what is the meaning of this?"

Mr. Pringle, well-trained civil servant, read the preposterous missive without moving a muscle. "This letter did not pass through my tray, Mr. Pendlebury," he said in level tones.



Little Man. "ER—EXCUSE ME—DO YOU HAPPEN TO BE MR. CLARENCE LUTT OF SURBITON?"
Other. "NO, I DO NOT."
Little Man. "OH—ER—WELL, YOU SEE, I *DO*, AND THAT'S HIS NEW RAINCOAT YOU'RE PUTTING ON!"

Reginald snatched the telephone. "Give me Registry, quick!" he cried. "Hullo, Registry. Did you handle a letter from me this morning addressed to the Board of Statistical Research? Yes, yes—Mr. Pendlebury speaking. What? Despatched at noon? Hell!"

He turned savagely upon Percival. "This is your doing," he stormed; "you—you——"

"But surely," said Percival, "you read the letter before you signed it, Pendlebury?"

At this point it seemed to me tactful to withdraw.

* * * * *

One up to Percival, I thought as I returned to my room. I did not grudge him his triumph, though I did not suspect how short-lived it was to prove. For within a quarter-of-an-hour he sought me out again, a wild look in his eyes.

"A ghastly thing 's happened," he cried. "That fool in Registry mucked things up and the letter 's actually been despatched."

"Percival!" I exclaimed.

"There 'll be an unholy row," he continued miserably. "The Board 'll think we 're deliberately insulting them—you know how touchy they are. They 'll probably complain to the Secretary of State or the Treasury or someone. I've confessed everything to Pendlebury and told him I 'll explain the whole thing. I must say he was fairly decent about it. Come round and see him."

Reginald sat limply in his swivel-chair, but all the swivel was gone out of him. "I 'm ruined," he muttered. "They 'll never forgive me for allowing a letter like that to go through. They 'll probably sack us both for conduct unbecoming to civil servants. You 're a single man, Biffin, but I've got a wife and two-seater at home dependent on me. Oh, don't apologise; I dare say I deserved it."

In the days that followed Reginald and Percival lived like men poised precariously on the edge of a precipice. They wore the furtive look of hunted animals. When a telephone-bell rang they trembled.

At last the crisis broke. The undemonstrative Mr. Pringle rang me up to say that Mr. Pendlebury and Mr. Biffin would be glad if I could step round and see them for a moment. I stepped round and beheld an unusual spectacle. In the middle of the room Reginald and Percival were executing an eccentric dance in a highly extravagant fashion, to the scandalised astonishment of the clerical staff.

"Ha!" they gasped together as I entered. "Read this letter, my boy."

I read it.

Statistics Relating to Home Food Products (Miscellaneous).

DEAR SIR,—With reference to your communication 21387/30/CS of the 15th instant, I am writing semi-officially to inform you that it is regretted that the information you so urgently require is not officially available in this Department. I would suggest that you should direct your inquiries to the Ministry of Agriculture and Fisheries, where it is to be expected that reliable statistics



THE OPTIMIST.

"WELL, SILAS, THIS IS BETTER WEATHER—DON'T YOU THINK SO?"
"AY, MISS, WE DO ZEEM TO GET ONE FINE DAY—THEN BACK WE GO TO ZUMMER."

of a pertinent character will be readily obtainable.

Yours faithfully, J. HORBOTTLE,
Assistant to the Principal Assistant to the Under-Secretary of the Board of Statistical Research.

Reginald Pendlebury, Esq.,
Department of Co-ordination and Supply,
*Whitehall, S.W.*1.

P.S.—I am returning your letter herewith as no suitable file can be found for it in this office.

"Splendid!" I said. "So there is nothing more to be done about that."

"Except," chanted Reginald and Percival in chorus, "to ring up the wholly sound and admirable Horbottle and invite him to tell us when, where and how often he will do us the honour of lunching at our expense." C. L. M.

"IRISH ROAD TRAFFIC BILL.
An important alteration relates to civil action where a jury awards damages for negligence. Such verdicts in future will be for damages generally and the amount will be paid by the Judge himself."
Daily Paper.

We foresee a frightful shortage of Judges in the Free State.

HYMN AFTER ACTION.

[To E. A. MACDONALD, the Australian fast bowler, who came over from Australia in 1921 and who is retiring from first-class cricket at the end of the present season.]

A DECADE back they sent you from Down-under,
Knowing full well how surely we'd detect
In you the customary bowling wonder
They've taught us to expect.

Yours was the very poetry of action,
"A pard-like spirit, beautiful and swift,"
You found our wickets to your satisfaction
And made of them short shrift.

Not mine to argue if your pace was hotter
Than GREGORY'S; in authoritative tones
Compare you with forerunners such as COTTER,
EADY or ERNEST JONES;

But, summing up your prowess altogether,
This much I will at least asseverate,
That you have won, a wizard with the leather,
The epithet of Great.

Farewell! And since you've also *inter alia*
Earned by more recent deeds this minstrel's thanks—
A wassail, O MACDONALD of Australia
(And latterly of Lancs)!

Henceforward ranked among the Game's immortals,
No more to come like lightning off the pitch,
Go, take in its Valhalla's hallowed portals
Your not unworthy niche. A. K.

A Mechanised Mess.

"CAMP OF HANTS TERRITORIALS.
. . . the machine-bun companies will play a big part in the schemes during the fortnight under canvas."—*Portsmouth Paper.*

"STAGE THAT MOVES SIDEWAYS."
Daily Paper.

Isn't it liable to crab the production?

"GANDHI'S LATEST SHIFT."
Daily Paper.

Anyway, it's a change of garment.

AT THE PICTURES.

R.K.O.

To me—an inconstant film-goer—the news-programme of a cinema theatre is always joy. The little pamphlet which I received at the Leicester Square Theatre said on page 4, "When Fred Niblo, director of the R.K.O. talkie, *The Iron Chalice*, spoke some lines into the 'mike' for a scene in the film, the Sound Director put his head out of the



NOT A FLOOR FLOWER.
Sally Winch . . MISS GRACIE FIELDS.

recording booth and shouted 'O.K.' 'O.K. nothing!' shouted Niblo; 'it was perfect.'"

Where else could I have learnt a thing like that? Where else have been told that "Bennett *mère* disliked a stage career for daughter Constance"; but that (her S.A. having been apparently O.K.'ed by none other than SAMUEL GOLDWYN himself), daughter CONSTANCE has "become an R.K.O.-P.D.C. star"—very nearly, you might say, an alphabetical constellation?

To tell the truth, I am sadly ignorant about the titles and initial letters of the guilds, corporations, companies, outfits and plants which control the cinema world.

The Leicester Square Theatre, for instance, was quite obviously, on the evidence of this brochure, under the ægis of R.K.O. But what was R.K.O.? I found out that. It was the Radio-Keith-Orpheum. What is a Radio-Keith-Orpheum? There you had me again.

"He thought he saw a village choir
Intoning the *Te Teum*,
He looked again and found it was
A Radio-Keith-Orpheum;
'The meaning of that phrase,' he said,
'Would stump the Athenæum.'"

However, I persevered and discovered that R.K.O. was an American film corporation which encourages the Associated Radio Pictures (or A.R.P.) to produce British films and guarantees their release in America—a most beneficent activity, I am sure. And as I said, it runs the Leicester Square Theatre; so much so that the performance, which was partly on the stage and partly on the screen and designated "London's Swiftest 50/50 Show," contained besides the principal film an R.K.O. featurette (I must remember featurette), the R.K.O. News in Sound, and JACK HULBERT's Exclusive Song and Dance Show, *The R.K.O. loud-speakers*, not to mention HARRY ROY and his R.K.Olians, "every instrumentalist a soloist."

Et ego in RKOliâ vixi.

The featurette must have been the comic film, in which two young gentlemen were projected or retrojected by means of a drug into ancient Egypt, where they featuretted as MARK ANTONY and JULIUS CÆSAR humorously contending for the favour of CLEOPATRA—a kind of "Yankee at the Court of King Arthur" show, in which there was some very clever super-imposition, chariot-drivers charging madly amongst motor-cars and trams. The principal film was *Sally in Our Alley*, the first talkie featuring or featuretting GRACIE FIELDS. The original stage-play from which it was taken was called *The Likes of 'Er* and may be described as a just-after-the-great-war play. *Sally Winch* is a ham-and-beef and coffee-shop waitress whose soldier-lover is wounded and asks a pal in hospital to say he is dead because he doesn't want to return to his girl a cripple and ask her to marry him. There were probably



HARASSED BY CUPID.
Sam Bilson . . . . MR. BEN FIELD.

fewer of these magnanimous hospital cases in real life than novelists and dramatists suppose. Anyhow, *Sally*, who besides being the good angel of her slum-quarter is a bit of a cantatrice, nearly marries the coffee-shop proprietor, who is a mere figure of fun. She also befriends a girl who has a drunken brute and bully for father. Her friendship for this waif produced the principal scene in the original play; for the girl is a good-for-nothing liar and vicious



PLEASURES THAT CUSTOM CANNOT STALE.
Florrie Small . . MISS FLORENCE DESMOND.

too; she tries to capture the affections of the crippled hero, now returned from the grave, steals his note-case and generally behaves as nastily as a bad slum-child can.

Sally Winch maddens and exasperates her merely by being so kind and so good, and finally, when the little wretch says she feels she must break something, *Sally* tells her to go on. "Break everything. Smash all my cups and saucers. It'll do you good." Resolving a complex, I suppose. Urged finally to break the watch which *Sally's* soldier gave her for a keepsake long ago, the girl breaks down, confesses everything and is forgiven. Probability seemed to me to be rather strained when I saw the play, and I do not think the strain is lessened in the film. Perhaps it is not precisely the *rôle* that I should have chosen to fit the genius of GRACIE FIELDS, who acts it very well, but maddened me also a little (as she maddened her friend) by her immarcescibly seraphic behaviour. She sings a song about *Sally* which makes a terrific hit with the screen audience, and the voice reproduction is very good indeed. But whether it was my fault

or hers, or the R.K.O. in conjunction with the A.R.P. (that is to say the Associated Radio Pictures), who produced the film, I was not as much moved as I expected to be. The Associated Radio Pictures by the way, in conjunction with the Radio Keith Orpheum, are producing the screen version of Mr. A. P. HERBERT'S *Water Gipsies*. This then will be an R.K.O.A.R.P.A.P.H. show, and the best of good luck to it.

EVOE.

BARDOLPH.

Bardolph's real name was never known to me. No doubt, one wise in the ways of bats could have told his pedigree and titles after a second's study of his facial and bodily characteristics. To me he will always be just Bardolph—the only bat I ever loved.

When I first moved into the old banda near the kitchen, above which the pepper-trees hung their grey-green feathery mantles, tasselled with long clusters of little red beads, I found Bardolph hanging motionless, like a miniature closed umbrella, from the wooden core to which were fixed all the roof rafters at the apex of the hut. He hung so lifelessly that I thought he had died in position. But when I poked him with a stick to make sure, he made a small protesting sound, so I left him alone, thinking it was unkind to wake him in broad daylight. He was all alone in his quarters and underneath his down-hanging head, on the cracked mud floor, lay an appreciable litter of moth-wings and other insect *débris* which showed that he had been in residence for some time.

It was a nice enough place he had found for himself. Even in the brightest sunshine it was pleasantly dim inside the hut. What light there was came through a couple of narrow windows, with wooden shutters in place of glass and through the warped door which stubbornly refused to shut. In rainy weather the thatched roof leaked a good deal, but where Bardolph was hanging it was dry enough.

At first I thought of serving notice to quit on my lodger. But Providence saved him. While I was away looking for a tennis-racket with which to eject him, Kenya's swift twilight fell and, after the lamp in the banda had been lighted, I found that Bardolph had seized his opportunity and departed about his own business.

After that, until the mosquitoes began to worry me, I was only reminded of his continued presence by the moth-wings which were renewed each morning on the clean floor. Beautiful wings some of them were. The most frequent kind were yellow with black circles on them. It seemed as if this kind of night-butterfly played in Bardolph's life much the same *rôle* as the rabbit in man's. Judging from the remains, Bardolph's victims were often not less than half his size, and, though he was no giant, his appetite was remarkable.

In a few days' time the songs of questing mosquitoes made me wonder whether it was wise to remain so close to the garden furrow with its water handy for the propagation of anopheles. Those first scouts were cautious, however. Though the whine of their trumpets kept me awake and, when they ventured too near, irritated me beyond endurance, my flailing hands kept them at a distance until I fell asleep. And in the mornings I found to my surprise that they had seldom taken advantage of my unconscious state. At first I put this down to an unexpected chivalry on the part of the pests, or to the fact that years in the tropics had so soured my blood that the fastidious insects would have none of it. But one night, staying awake longer than usual, I discovered the real cause of my immunity.

Lying open-eyed on my camp-bed I saw a shadow flicker through the star-sprinkled triangle of sky outlined by the porch over the doorway. Presently, invisible in the darkness, a soft body bumped against the walls, something flopped across the floor with a rattle of parchment wings. A moment's silence was followed by the loud scrunching of sharp teeth from where the apex of the hut hid itself in a pool of dark-



Stonecracker (to elegant pedestrian). "I SEE YOU 'RE ONE OF MY SORT, SIR; DON'T BOTHER NOWT ABOUT CLOTHES."

ness. I realised that Bardolph was enjoying his breakfast. Another silence followed.

Faint in the distance a mosquito's siren began to sound with maddening persistence, grew louder and throbbed uncertainly around my exposed ear. Raising a stealthy hand, I swiped at the sound and hit myself a resounding blow on the cheek. Back came the mosquito, and it seemed to me there was a jeering note of triumph in its piping. I was preparing, in futile rage, to chance another blind blow when something swished over my face with a faint musty smell and the mosquito's song ceased abruptly.

For a moment I was astonished. But a second similar experience made me realise that Bardolph was paying his rent.

From that time on, we shared the banda in mutual amity and respect until the fate which meets most males eventually seized him.

One morning, astonished by the unusually large mound of *débris* in the middle of the floor, I glanced upwards to see why Bardolph's appetite had doubled in a night. Instead of one small closed umbrella hanging in the half-light, I saw two.

I realised immediately with regret that Bardolph and I had come to the parting of the ways. He would be too busy providing his wife and family with juicy moth joints to be able to spare the time to protect a human being. Besides, his wife would prefer that he didn't associate with the friends of his lone stag days. I was right.

After the couple left the banda the mosquitoes multiplied exceedingly. I was forced to take to a net, although once in a while Bardolph, having persuaded his wife to join him, would make a great raid on the hut which cleared the night-air for some time. But I was never again able to sleep without a net in the certain knowledge that my good friend, Bardolph the Bat, would see that the insects did not disturb my slumbers.

AT THE PLAY.

"COUNSEL'S OPINION" (STRAND).

MR. GILBERT WAKEFIELD does not lay bare the recesses of the human heart or point a moral, or even with complete success suspend the solutions of his excellently devised entanglement, but he does give us a most satisfactory light entertainment, he does not leer and snigger or invite us to do likewise in a situation which might well lend itself to that treatment, and he has invented characters which all take their place easily in his airy scheme and can be made to come alive by competent handling.



"AND SO TO BED."

Logan . . . . . MR. OWEN NARES.
Leslie . . . . . MISS ISABEL JEANS.

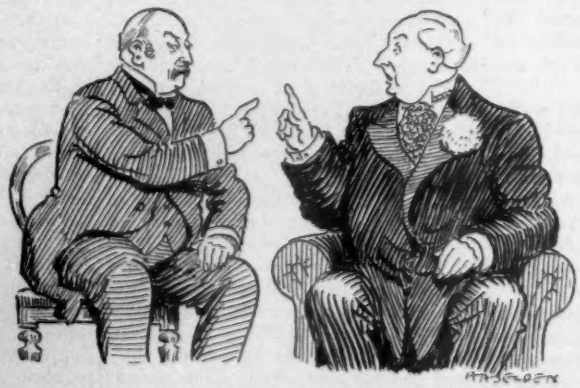
It so happened that young or youngish *Mr. Logan*, a personable and philandering bachelor with a heavy practice in the Divorce Courts, arrived from sunny Italy at the Royal Parks Hotel in the middle of a "London particular" of unparalleled density, secured a comfortable suite, and, tired out with a vile journey and after the ablutions and anointings appropriate to the handsome adventurous, is about to dive into a luxurious bed preparatory to plunging into the full tide of work on the morrow. The harassed manager pleads with him to surrender his bedroom to one of the many fog-bound ladies who have been attending the Fancy Dress Ball and to retire chivalrously to the couch in his sitting-room. He will not. Then will he allow his sitting-room to be used as a refuge? Examining the lay-out of the suite, he declares roundly that he will not do that either. Looking shrewdly upon our *Mr. Logan*, we think this exaggerated caution unlikely. But perhaps he distrusts the luck of the draw.

And even when a ravishing beauty, powdered, patched and skirted in the Restoration mode, slips into the room and pleads on her own behalf, he stoutly, yet not quite so stoutly, adheres to his ungallant resolution.

After a brief engagement, in which the fair unknown unmasks all her batteries and the man takes a deep wound, she sinks down happily into the soft pillows, and he takes his weary body to the austere couch.

In the morning, in the course of manœuvres for the possession of the bathroom and the breakfast, the wounded bachelor learns that the lady has a husband, tall, dark, lithe and handsome. We doubt this description. We even doubt the existence of the husband. Well, at any rate she will ring her new friend up and, yes, dine with him that very evening. She has not yet disclosed her name.

Lord Mere, an elderly pompous angry owl of a man, the kind that would naturally suspect his wife of



BROTHERS' OPINION—OF ONE ANOTHER.

Willock . . . . . MR. MORTON SELTEN.
Lord Mere . . . . . MR. ALLAN AYNESWORTH.

infidelity, and with some plausibility, comes to ask our *Mr. Logan's* aid in the matter of the dissolution of his marriage. *Lady Mere*, it seems, was fog-bound at a hotel last night. A man was seen (by her ladyship's maid bringing her ladyship's clothes) leaving her room in the morning. Naturally it was the Royal Parks Hotel. Other details fit the facts—such as the costume worn by her ladyship.

The pattern is now clear. Ruin stares our gallant *Logan* in the face. It is not etiquette for a prominent Divorce Court counsel to appear in the capacity of co-respondent. Of course there are compensations. He does really wish to marry the lady. . . . But still.

And so our ingenious author (of whom we shall hear more, I fancy) puts his hero on the rack, and the lady gives it a twist here and a twist there, and is adorable and unreasonable and tortuous and untruthful and looks even more lovely and raffish in modern chocolate-and-white than in Restoration red-and-black; and good old *James* (Mr. ROBERT RENDEL), his friend, rubs it well in, and mutton-headed faithful *George*, his man, gives him away guilelessly on the telephone; and so forth and so on to the happy ending which we shall not disclose.

And Miss ISABEL JEANS, the lady, if the very least little bit over-elaborate for the light mood of the affair, smiles and pouts and looks up dangerously under soft lashes and is imperious and melting by turns, and Mr. OWEN NARES, the hero, does not allow his good looks and easy charm of manner to betray him into merely gracefully walking through his part on his head, but improves in technical accomplishment every time we see him at work. Mr. ALLAN AYNESWORTH is the perfect owl and victim of cuckoos and quarrels heavily with his solicitor brother (Mr. MORTON SELTEN), who explodes and grimaces with excellent effect in a part cut precisely to his standard pattern; while Miss MARGARET BAIRD as an astigmatic half-wit, goggles and whimpers to the life, Mr. CYRIL SMITH is the perfect "man" for a bachelor's flat and Mr. RONALD SIMPSON the perfect clerk in farce-chambers. In brief we are all put into excellent good-humour and heartily congratulate Mr. WAKEFIELD on his little plot and Mr. LESLIE HENSON for seeing that there was laughter and money in it. T.

"WALTZES FROM VIENNA" (ALHAMBRA).

This is a gay and delicately sentimental affair, produced, as it were, in the spirit of the MCKENNA duties. That is to say, the design is Viennese, the manufacture English. The Viennese authors, Herren WILLMER, REICHERT and MARISCHKA, have handed over their work to Messrs. HASSARD SHORT, DESMOND CARTER and CASWELL GARTH. Robust English jokes have been added to taste. Mr. ALBERT R. JOHNSON has provided some most effective scenes rich and mellow in colouring and of a definitely Middle-European derivation, against which Miss DORIS ZINKEISEN'S really charming costumes glitter bravely under the perhaps at times too restless but generally effective lighting. And of course we have the now inevitable hydraulic or electric machinery in operation and an immense false gaudy proscenium to give the theatre a jolly alien air.



THOSE STRAUSSES.

Johann Strauss, Senior (*Mr. C. V. FRANCE*) *as his Son* (*Mr. ROBERT HALLIDAY*) *conducts "The Blue Danube"*). "THIS'LL CLEAR UP THE POPULAR CONFUSION ABOUT US, BUT IT STILL LEAVES RICHARD AND 'LEEDLE YAWCOB' STRAUSS UNACCOUNTED FOR."

The story is commendably simple. *Johann Strauss père* (Mr. C. V. FRANCE, looking very grave and handsome) is the idol of Vienna, as writer of dance-music and conductor of his famous orchestra. His son *Johann* (Mr. ROBERT HALLIDAY, with a nicely controlled voice of pleasant tone) has also taken to waltz-writing. "Poor stuff," his father says. "Perhaps you are right," says young *Johann*, after a feeble defence of the rights of modernism. How unlike the youths of our day! The pastrycook's pretty daughter, *Thérèse* (Miss EVELYN HERBERT, who sings charmingly and assumes easily a Viennese vivacity which shows her to be an actress of talent), though she likes young *Johann's* waltzes, does not see a livelihood in them. She begs him therefore to give up music for a pastrycookery. "Certainly," says the compliant lover. But "accident," contrived by the beautiful Russian Countess (Miss MARIE BURKE, who gives a rich sweetness to her sentimental numbers) puts father *Strauss's* baton into young *Johann's* hand. The *Blue Danube* is played by a full orchestra (which has been lifted from the bowels of Leicester Square into the ballroom) and is an immediate success. Whether *Thérèse* married her musician or the excellent sergeant (Mr. DENNIS NOBLE), in whose arms she is held at the curtain's fall, while *Johann* is busy with the orchestra, we are not quite sure. Perhaps the gallant sergeant was merely taking a last tender farewell. And what warrant the authors have for their story I do not know.

Humour is provided by the immense pastrycook, *Hieronymus Ebeseder* (Mr. DAVY BURNABY), and the butt of his jokes, the tailor *Wessely* (Mr. ROBERT NAINBY). There was also an expansive firework-monger (Mr. AMBROSE MANNING), whose display was a notable success even if the fireworks behaved in a distinctly unusual manner.

The corps de ballet acquitted itself well—as bridesmaids with skirts of apple-green, as merry sylphides in a formal measure which Madame ALEXANDRA DANILOVA graced with her beautifully poised movements and general technical competence, the Mlles. SYLVIA PHIPPS, MARGARET BRAITHWAITE, VERA LAVROVA and JOAN COWLEY being in support; and the quadrille in *Doumayer's* grounds, with the gilded popinjays of the garrison and the lighter ladies of the town, was certainly a gallant kaleidoscopic affair.

All the ingredients, sentiment, tuneful Straussian melody, dancing and spectacle were blended into a jolly dish to enable us to forget reality and the need for a National Government. T.

A Vocal Microbe.

"Mrs. —— was in good voice with the solo 'Roses,' and 'Not Understood.' The latter item was an absolute germ, and created exceptional applause."
New Zealand Paper.

Misunderstandings of this sort are regrettably infectious.

"66 YEARS MARRIED
Reddish Couple's 15 Children."
Manchester Paper.

All the same tinge?

"Full matriculation has been made the standard of entrance upon the University curse."—*Canadian Paper.*

In English universities this ceremony usually takes place on the towing-path.

THE CRI——.

LET us talk about something else. Let us ignore IT—not even think of IT. Are we not sick of IT? The papers are full of IT now, and when Parliament meets there will be nothing else but IT for *weeks*. . . . Fiery scenes, cries of "Murderers!" namings, suspensions, honourable Members being carried out in a cloud of cant and easy publicity. . . . Now let there be a lull. Let not the word "crisis" so much as enter your minds.

What then shall we discuss? Last week I had my first journey in a motor-coach. Great comfort. Careful driver. Skilful driver. Felt perfectly safe. Felt quite sure that if we hit anything we should win. But also as we whizzed along the narrow lanes (Bucks), curving, high-banked, full of blind corners, I thanked my stars that I was in the coach and not in the lane. The monster fitted the lanes as the Tube-trains fit the Tube. But on the Tube nobody is walking or coming the other way. Also over the straight stretches the attention paid to the thirty miles speed-limit laid down by Parliament seemed a little contemptuous, if I may timidly say so. However, only about twenty people are being killed on the roads every day still, and not all of these by motor-coaches. So one must not complain.

Talking of motors, I am particularly sorry for Mr. HERBERT MORRISON, the late Minister for Transport. Did a lot of hard and efficient work and left something behind him. He was one of the few politicians who appreciated the importance and possibilities of the London water-bus. And I hope that his labours on the London Traffic Bill will not be entirely negatived by the cri—— Sorry.

As I was saying, I have been puzzled lately, not for the first time, by the reverent spirit in which the dramatic critic approaches the crime, detective, murder, or gangster play. "I must not for the world reveal the secret;" "It would be unfair to give away the dénouement" are favourite phrases in their notices of these works. And managers even go so far as to put in their programmes solemn requests to critic and public to keep the secret dark.

And very nice too. But why not "extend" (to use the word now so popular in political circles—careful now!) the same courtesy to plays and books (if there are any left) which do not deal with murder and crime? All drama, if it is any good, and most good fiction depend largely on the element of surprise; and, if you know what happens at the end, your pleasure is by so much diminished, whether the play is by EDGAR or BERNARD. But, in writing about the non-WALLACE drama, most of the critics never hesitate to give away all the secrets and all the surprises; they state exactly what happens not only at the end, but all the way through, and will even print what they thought the best jokes in their papers. "The story is a slight one," some of them will say, and then write twenty lines, relating the bald details of the slight story. This is maddening not only to authors, but readers, who do not want to hear who marries whom, but whether, if they see the play, they will be interested in the marriage. The critics would be very scornful of old ladies who open a book at the end to see what happens; but they seem to assume that their readers consist entirely of such.

Talking of the drama, I hear rumours that the Entertainment Tax may be largely increased. We must all, of course, take our medicine in these days of—in these hard times, and the theatrical managers (unlike the betting fraternity) have always been singularly law-abiding in this respect, handing over the enormous tax of seventeen to twenty per cent, not on profits, but *receipts*, with scarcely a murmur. (The bookies, you may remember, made such a fuss about a tax of two per cent on their turnover that the tax was taken off.) But it may be permissible to point out to the N.G. that entertainment is (sometimes) an education, and is always a productive industry. Betting is not—and is not taxed at all. What ought to be done, of course, is to impose a higher rate on the cinemas, which open (illegally) on Sundays, and a lower on the theatres, which don't open on Sundays, have higher expenses and employ more British actors. It is a great pity the N.G. does not call me in; I am the only man I know who could really deal with the present cri—— Blast!

As I write the Hammersmith Regatta is gaily proceeding. A hurricane blows from the east, and it looks as if we might have a flood. But never mind, some jolly lady-scullers, fours and even eights, flash by, and it is nice to see the people thoroughly enjoying themselves in spite of the cri——

Somebody yesterday explained the weather to me. A gang of American financiers, she said, have put a breakwater across the Gulf of Mexico and cornered the Gulf Stream for America. They are within their rights, of course, but I do think that in view of the present cri—— Darn! I give it up!

A. P. H.

THE UNDESIRABLE.

AN INDIAN SECRETARIAT STORY.

THERE was a file about the City Drains . . .
I feared that file: in the long tropic nights
At that low hour when suicide invites
And Lucifer his mastery regains
I thought of it—its length, its breadth, its thickness,
And lay oppressed as one in mortal sickness.

Its notes alone, in fair and foolscap print,
Were twice one hundred pages and the file
Itself as much again; and many a mile
Were we from that glad day when we might mint
From all this dross some golden Order worded
In final terms—and get the stuff recorded.

That file! Like some obscene and monstrous beast
It skulked about the Secretariat deeps;
Departments saw it and it gave them creeps
And quick they passed it on: it came at least
Three times a month to me, and always landed
Upon my busiest day and shortest-handed.

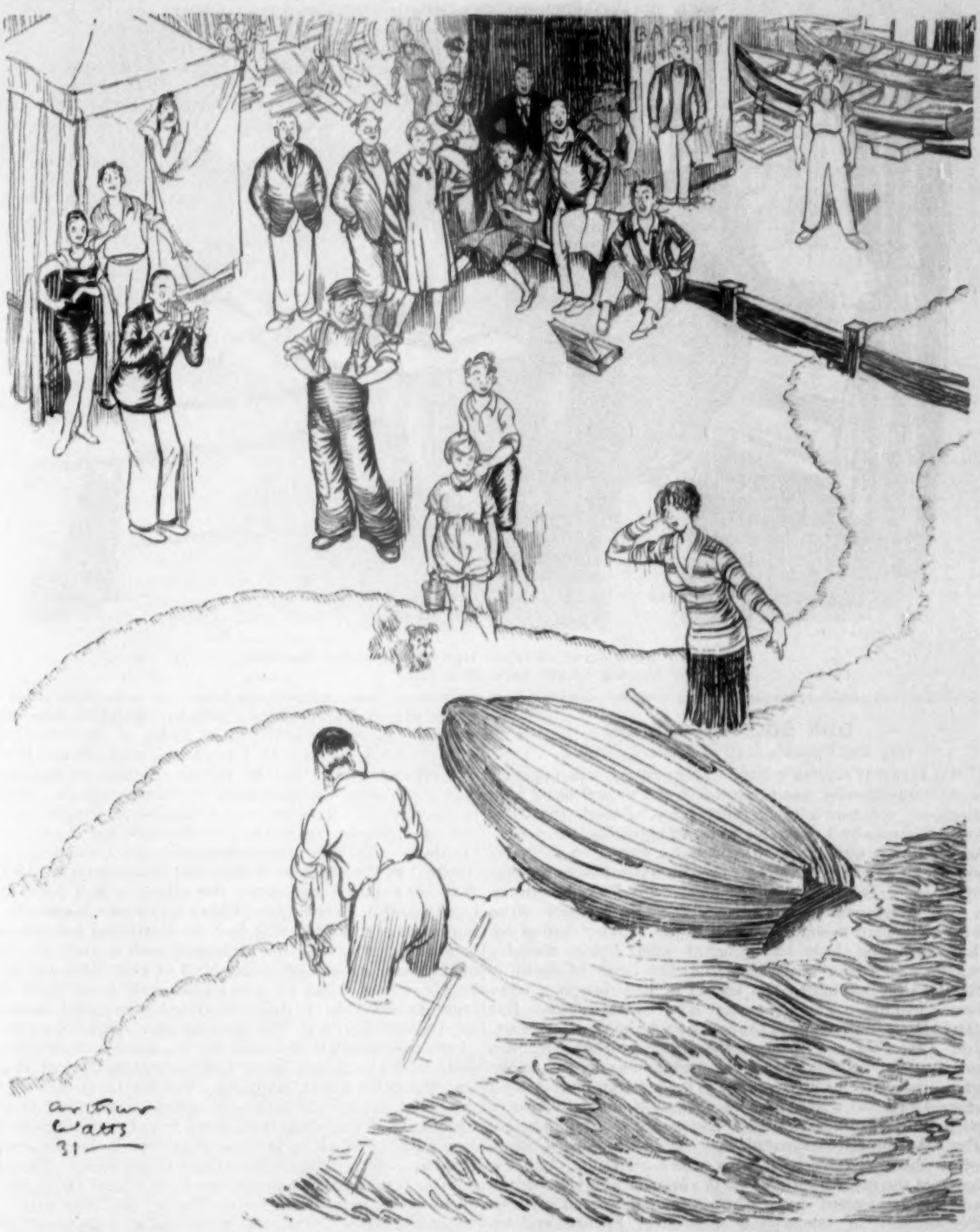
And then one morn a wild hubbub arose—
"Where is that file about the City Drains?
The Secretary, Revenue, explains
He passed it on to Legal; Legal throws
The blame on Works. The telephones are humming;
Sir George is mad; the file is not forthcoming."

It never was. Sir George might rage his fill
And Secretaries raise a vast to-do
Demanding explanations; Revenue
And Works might search—the file escaped them still . . .
Where was it, then? I cannot with precision
Inform you; but I have a happy vision

Of some poor, wormish, work-demented clerk
On whom it fell one eve at closing-time
Turning in frenzy sudden and sublime,
Snatching it up into the outer dark
And then, teeth rattling, every nerve a-quiver,
Hurling the hideous object in the river.

And there it lies beneath that stagnant flow
(Learning a lot about the City Drains)
Where Revenue and Works with all their pains
Will never find it. . . . Am I sorry? No.
My joy in life is wholly undiminished;
The file about the City Drains is finished.

H. B.



"YOU MIGHT HAVE UPSET THE BEASTLY THING A BIT FURTHER OUT, GEORGE. I'D RATHER BE DROWNED THAN LOOK A PERFECT FOOL."



Master. "WHAT'S THE WEATHER LIKE THIS MORNING, JENKINS?"
Butler. "ENGLISH TO THE LAST DROP, SIR."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

MR. HUGH WALPOLE'S Lake-Country saga, which opened with *Rogue Herries*, has produced in the second of its four promised volumes a much finer piece of work than the first. Personally I make no secret of regretting the genealogical habit, which has substituted a narrative as undeviating as a *route nationale* for the dramatically-converging by-ways of the old-fashioned plot. Yet I would pursue a straighter road than *Judith Paris* (MACMILLAN, 10/6) with so gallant a companion as *Rogue Herries'* half-gipsy daughter, who, from the moment when *Squire Gauntry* rescues her, a new-born baby, from the house of death at Rosthwaite, dominates the legend of her clan in a truly heroic fashion. You can "start now" with *Judith*. But *David Herries'* son *Francis*, the nephew who has half her heart, and *Deborah's* son *Reuben*, the itinerant preacher, who reveals what little she perceives of soul, are only two of the ubiquitous tribe as it reappears in its descendants. After a stormy girlhood, *Judith* marries a young French adventurer with dubious affinities in Whitehaven and London. *Georges Paris*, for all his unscrupulous vivacity, remains a somewhat shadowy motive for his wife's affection; but the truth of the matter is that *Judith's* love is chiefly maternal, and on the violent death of *Georges*, a liaison of pity, an illegitimate son, the orphan children of *Francis* and his worthless wife to fend for, more than fill her life. Her setting is exquisitely handled and the three Cumberland homesteads are portrayed with a poet's appreciation of their rare individuality.

The wise man knows better than to dogmatize, especially when dealing with the Far East; so Mr. E. MANICO GULL calls his book *Facets of the Chinese Question* (BENN, 10/6), indicating thereby that he makes no claim to anything like a complete interpretation of Chinese affairs. Many of his views, he confesses, are disputable and unorthodox, but at any rate, he maintains, they are based on facts. He deals with real manifestations—with Chinese script, "as real as Westminster Abbey and incomparably older," with her painting and music, her ethics, with Taoism and Confucianism. The mind of China, he asserts, is essentially non-practical, and to this fact he attributes her present condition, buttressing his argument with a fresh analysis of the teaching of CONFUCIUS and of that later prophet, SUN YAT-SEN. But he is not concerned solely with the anfractuosities (as Dr. JOHNSON might have called them) of the Chinese intellect. He gives us also vivid descriptions of the various parts of China he has visited—Outer Mongolia and the Bohea Hills, the fascinating city of Pekin and the new capital, Nanking. For Mr. GULL has many qualifications for his task. He spent seven years in the Chinese Customs, when fresh down from Cambridge—seven years during which he became conscious, as he phrases it, that his "perceptions were sorting themselves." Then he became a newspaper man on the *North China Daily News*, spent some months in France during the War with the Chinese Labour Corps, and witnessed as a correspondent the siege of Tsingtao, which he regards as one of the main turning-points of recent Far Eastern history. He lays before us a mixed bag, but containing quite a lot of useful miscellaneous feeding.

In *Kit of Kit's Folly*, at 7/6
From JENKINS, we've matter which shows
That life among Yorkshire's broad acres and ricks
Is subtler than one might suppose.

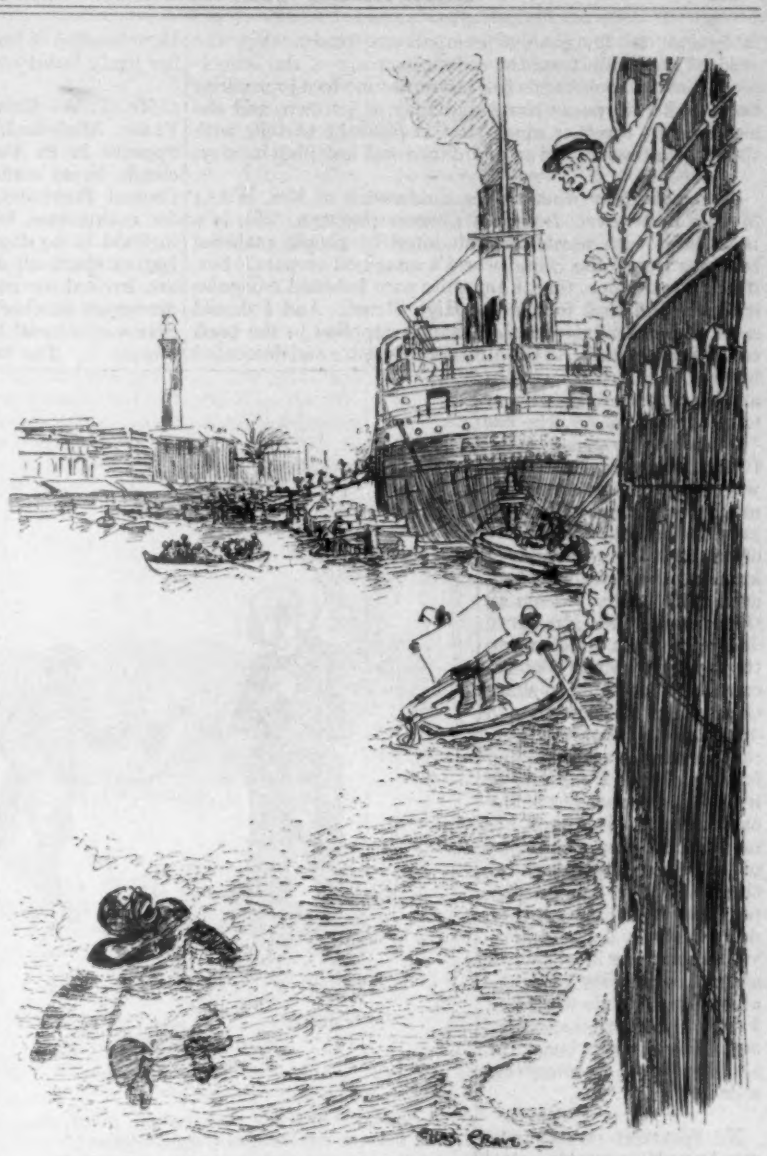
There's gossip of crops and of weather and work,
And so on, but all the above
Is camouflage hiding the pitfalls that lurk
In the path of the farmer in love.

And *Kit*, who's a foe to philandering, strides
Clean into the turmoil and stress
Of a three-cornered tangle with almost more sides
Than a triangle ought to possess.

But W. RILEY has written the book,
And on him we can safely depend,
However polygonal triangles look,
To get them all square in the end.

I can imagine no pleasanter or more expert guide to the wild life of the Western Highlands than Mr. SETON GORDON; and to share a whole twelvemonth's sequence of observation in his company is an experience to be sought after. It can be indulged in at one remove by purchasing *In the Highlands* (CASSELL, 7/6) and embarking in January—with the nesting of the tough and wily raven—on the round of the Caledonian year. From this initial enterprise of the raven to the desperate December feats of the little auk—who apparently spends a sleepless Christmas dodging Atlantic rollers—Mr. GORDON's bird acquaintances, migrants and stay-at-homes, pass through a hundred strange adventures. He has stories of other fauna, otters, seals and sea-trout, and an interesting account of the yearly operations of the crofter. He also relates the characteristically canny legend of the shepherd who prevailed upon a couple of golden eagles to act as purveyors of game to his own household. But bird interests are paramount; and two-thirds of the book's enchanting illustrations are devoted to ornithological close-ups. One of the most charming and the most difficult to obtain is that of the hoodie crow approaching her dishevelled nest; two solemn little golden eaglets pose sheepishly for another; and the comic and portentous puffin family delightfully predominate in two. Blackcock ruffle their courting plumage in the foreground of a misty sweep of moorland; and the austere predilections of the gannet are responsible for two striking pictures of Boreray of St. Kilda and Stac Lii.

Though it is difficult perhaps to find much of a thread of strict historic continuity in the series of studies to which Mrs. E. THORNTON COOK has given the title *Kings in the Making* (MURRAY, 18/-), yet there are undeniable possibilities about a volume that can include both the old story of that first baby Prince, who could speak no word of English, offered for the homage of truculent Welshmen in Carnarvon Castle, and a quite modern account of his successor struggling there to pronounce "Diolch o waelod fy nghalon" six hundred years later. A royal infant respectfully handled up and down a long chain of attendant nobles in the course of baptism seems to call across the centuries to an empire's favourite hero shaking too many thousand friendly hands, while the "solemn joustes in Cheapside" conjure up intriguing pictures of the effect on modern traffic were this form of royal welcome again to be in vogue. The writer follows several of the most fascinating of her twenty English Princes of Wales long beyond their attainment of kingship, and indeed she has found



Diving Boy. "MISTER RAMSAY MACDUNOLD, THROW SOME MONEY DOWN AN' I DIVE UNDER DA BOAT."
Literal Scot. "YE'VE MADE A MISTAKE, MA MANNIE. MA NAME IS NO RAMSAY MACDONALD—IT'S ANGUS MACDOUGALL."

little material for genuine comparative study. Yet the gradual transition from the sedate language of the school-room history-book to the full fervour of modern journalism that marks her pages has a piquancy of its own, and she has brought together much that is pleasant to tell, with the pleasantness of old acquaintance and unfailing loyalty.

I do not know whether the Calderwick of Mrs. WILLA MUIR's first novel, *Imagined Corners* (SECKER, 7/6), is a town built with words and inhabited by people gathered together from "the round world's imagined corners," but, if it is a real place, then I am quite sure I should recognise it the second I set foot in the High Street. And I should need no further introduction than is supplied in the book to the *Shand* family, to the Minister, his sister and demented brother, to *Dr. Scrimgeour* and his pert admiring wife, or to old *Mary Watson*, who has "aye tried to be respectable." In fact the entry to Calderwick is like that strange moment in a dream when one says to oneself, "But I've often been here before. I know all these people," and, even more wildly, "I *am* all these people!" For Mrs. MUIR does more than take us into the society of a small Scottish town: she forces us to share the feelings of more than a dozen of its inhabitants, so that we cannot while reading feel delighted or shocked or irritated by the actions of any one of them. The book has no plot in the accepted sense of that word; it simply shows the results that certain people have upon one another, describes their doings and reveals their inner life. There is a peculiar quality of magic about Mrs. MUIR's work that I can only describe as intimacy. Her prose is beautiful, and her book is altogether a delight.



Caddie. "SHALL I REPLACE THE DIVOT, SIR, OR WOULD YOU LIKE IT FOR THE HARVEST FESTIVAL?"

Mr. WALFORD HYDEN, who was ANNA PAVLOVA's musical director from 1910 till her lamented death, is modestly conscious that he has not given us the full, the adequate story (if that can ever be written) of the lovely gracious lady who first made our hearts go pit-a-pat and cost us so much in stalls and flowers just twenty-one years ago. But in *Pavlova: The Genius of the Dance* (CONSTABLE, 8/6) he has done an honest competent piece of work. He does not conceal the defects of temper and character in his subject or the arbitrary and embarrassing liberties which she took with her musical texts and *tempi*, and that makes better reading than the all-rose-coloured portraits of popular heroes and heroines which are rushed out by zealous uninformed admirers. PAVLOVA remained a heroine to her devoted servant, and two things stand out in his account—the conviction in the young NURA (ANNA's baptismal name) of predestinate genius and the heroic discipline of hard work and austere living which her devotion to her art and to her insatiable ambition imposed upon her to the end. How helpless is the camera to give any real impression of her lively beauty some twenty illustrations prove.

Mr. J. W. BEST's *Shikar Notes for Novices* (PIONEER PRESS, Allahabad, 10/6), originally published in 1920, now appears in its third edition. It has already become a classic in its own particular world, which is that of the Central Provinces. It is a book written by an enthusiast for enthusiasts, full of shrewd advice and not too much inclined to be dogmatic. It is a very complete guide to Indian sport, all departments being dealt with before we are invited to consider our diet ("Short drinks before dinner are another word for poison") and our health ("Two grains of calomel to be taken if you feel feverish or out of temper"). The tone of the whole is perhaps a trifle blood-thirsty for us squeamish sportsmen who gladly delegate to others the task of skinning our game. But then we rather like photographs of wild animals and are not so keen as we ought to be on getting "a good trophy which looks well on a wall." For mental nourishment in camp Mr. BEST recommends *Pickwick, Handley Cross, Huckleberry Finn*, etc. In our opinion GIBBON is to be preferred even to the "etc." The blank days are very long indeed.

Inspector Bedison Risks It (BENN, 7/6) is excellently named, for the difference between *Bedison* and his innumerable fictional colleagues is that he, with Mr. THOMAS COBB to guard him, throws caution to the winds of heaven and backs his opinion with no reservations whatsoever. A dual problem had to be solved; both the thieves who had stolen the *Faringay* rubies and the murderer of the *Reverend Ashley Drew* had to be traced. And there was ample reason for suspecting that *Margaret Cresswell*, a beautiful and lovable girl, was implicated both in the robbery and the murder. Mr. COBB has populated his story with people who, whether villainous or virtuous, are as entertaining as they are enterprising.

The House in the Square (GRANT AND MURRAY, 7/6) is one of those carefully considered and capably written novels of which we are offered far too few at the present time. Miss MARGARET H. WATT's name is unknown to me, but her picture of the *Scrymgeour* family and of Edinburgh society in the middle of last century is drawn with impressive skill. It is a simple story in which *Mary Scrymgeour*, the elder daughter, plays the leading part to perfection. Loved by *Ned Maxwell*, a most eligible Edinburgh advocate, she knows at her first meeting with a young and romantic Italian refugee that she cannot gratify her mother by marrying *Ned*. In a distinguished novel the portraits of *Mary*, her father and her grandmother stand out as especially lifelike. I am glad, indeed, to have met the *Scrymgeours*.

CHARIVARIA.

OPTIMISTS who are expecting fine weather this month are warned that one Swarajist does not make an Indian summer.

* * *

Fine weather favoured football enthusiasts at the opening of the season, we read. It wouldn't have dared to do anything else with a football crowd.

* * *

Harvesting by moonlight has been carried on in some districts. Farmers rarely have the foresight to make hay while the moon shines.

* * *

A gentleman residing at Hailsham says he has an umbrella which goes back to the Battle of Waterloo. But hundreds of people seem to have umbrellas which never go back to their owners.

* * *

Sir OSWALD MOSLEY proposes to make a charge for admission to certain seats at his public meetings and conjecture is rife as to whether this will be inclusive of entertainment tax.

* * *

During his holiday at Blackpool, Mr. EDGAR WALLACE was reported as saying that he had started to write a novel at seven o'clock in the morning and hoped to finish it that night. When he is on a holiday he takes his time.

* * *

Dean INGE dislikes books about field-sports, he declares, except when the hunter is properly mauled by wild beasts. The prospect of providing congenial reading for the Deanery should add a spice to adventure in the jungle.

* * *

As a concession to neighbouring residents, workmen engaged in the repairing of St. James's Street are forbidden to use pneumatic drills after 11 P.M.; but many club members complain of sleepless days.

* * *

A gossip-writer complains that depositing his hat in restaurant cloak-rooms costs him ten shillings a week. The question arises: Need gossip-writers wear hats?

* * *

The belief that a gang of thieves is responsible for the epidemic of losses of pearls on the Continent is supported by the fact that none of the victims are actresses.

* * *

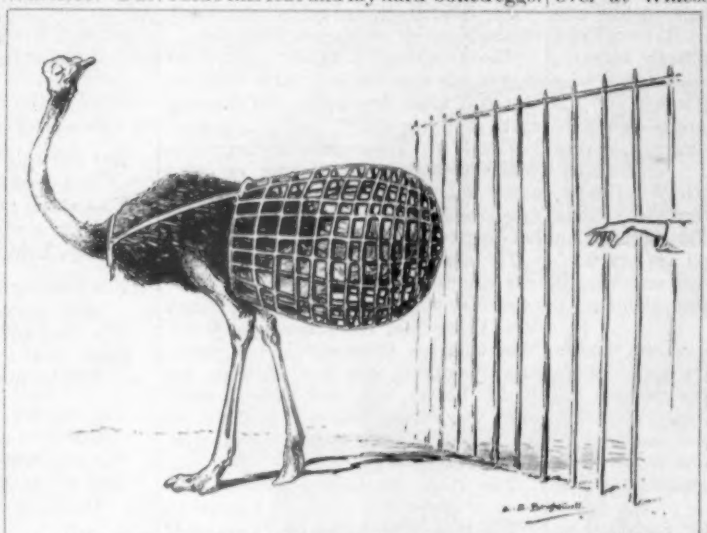
Miss ANITA LOOS has been reading *Das Kapital*. It is a moving thought that KARL MARX never had an opportunity to read *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes*.

* * *

In scientific circles there is a strong feeling in favour of perpetuating the memory of the great physicist whose centenary is celebrated this month by changing the name of one of the days of the week to "Faraday."

* * *

It has been so hot in California that omelettes have been cooked by the sun. We await with anxiety a day hot enough to enable a patriotic English hen to outdo this feat and lay hard-boiled eggs.



A SUGGESTION FOR THE ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY, INSPIRED BY A RECENT ATTEMPT TO SNATCH SOME OF THE FASHIONABLE PLUMES.

A safe stolen at Dover was found unopened at the bottom of a chalk-pit. It is thought that the robber's conscience suddenly made him resolve to leave his life of crime and become a milkman.

* * *

A Florida fisherman had to be taken to the hospital after a three-hour struggle with a six-foot tarpon. It is believed that he severely strained himself in his efforts to illustrate the size of his catch.

* * *

The B.B.C. authorities consider that "effects" produce a realistic atmosphere; but it does not appear to have occurred to them that a few "moo's" would add greatly to the interest of the fat-stock prices.

* * *

With reference to *The Times* correspondence on the subject of indifferent reading of the Lessons, our feeling is that allowance should be made for the fact that many laymen who are called upon to perform this duty suffer from "church fright."

* * *

In connexion with the abandonment of the projected Zollverein, an old lady writes to us expressing the opinion that these giant airships are of no practical value.

* * *

The suggestion in *The Times* that foot-paths should be formed on the field side of road hedges is likely to be overruled on the ground that it would tend to make pedestrians flabby.

* * *

A young man who had been bound over at Willesden sent his thanks to the Court in the form of a poem. In spite of this the magistrate decided not to revise his sentence.

* * *

A woman is not too old at forty, says a *Daily News* writer. Certainly not. Furthermore, it would be interesting to know at what age a woman becomes forty.

* * *

In some quarters it is feared that the recent flood-lighting of London will result in a lot of glow-worms being thrown on the rates.

* * *

"Those desiring driving licences should first be medically examined," maintains a writer. Otherwise a doctor may see them later.

* * *

An English song-writer has published songs under three different names. If any listener gets really annoyed he can always say that one of the other chaps did it.

* * *

A motoring writer says that the motorists in this country run into millions. We know that. We wish they didn't.

* * *

With reference to the few fine days of late cynics are expressing the fear that we are having next year's summer as well.

Pardonable Pessimism.

"LIGHTING-UP TIMES.

To-day . . . . . 9.27 a.m."

Local Paper.

CONVERSATION PIECE.

THE JOURNALISTS CHEZ EUX.

Dramatis Personæ.

The Husband . A GOSSIP-WRITER.
The Wife . . . A PROMINENT WOMAN-WRITER.
The Daughter . AUNTIE KATIE OF "HAPPY CHATS."
The Son . . . . A BOOK-REVIEWER.

SCENE—*A sordid one. Merely the tardy return of the husband, who is greeted by his family with frozen silence. He looks round and sees that some explanation of his lateness is expected.*

The Husband (*lightly*). I dropped in for a few minutes this evening at a certain public-house not a thousand miles from Tooting Bec. There I had the good fortune to meet Mr. Robert Jones (or "Bob," as he is familiarly known), most distinguished of *raconteurs*, who told me a most amusing story.

The Son. This dangerous and subversive story should unquestionably be repressed.

The Daughter (*to the Wife*). Really, dear, I think his conduct is a little lacking in good taste. But perhaps he does not realise that you are not used to this sort of thing. I am sure that if you spoke to him tactfully about it he would understand.

The Husband. We were shortly joined by Mr. William (or "Bill") Smith, who has just returned from the City looking bronzed and fit. Mr. Smith, of course, is the husband of Mrs. Smith. We became involved in a most absorbing discussion of the political situation. . . .

The Son. Yet another variation on a worn-out theme.

The Husband. . . . so absorbing, in fact, that when I glanced at my watch I was amazed to discover that the two minutes had lengthened into well over two hours.

The Wife (*cynically*). What relativity means to women!

The Son. I can heartily recommend this as a really first-class story.

The Daughter. And you say, dear, that this is the second time this has occurred?

The Husband (*indignantly*). But that is another story.

The Wife (*with sudden passion*). Why do wives allow their husbands to treat them in this casual fashion? The time has come for women to assert themselves.

The Husband. . . . as the beautiful and charming Lady Swooning wittily remarked when I met her in Bond Street the other day wearing a most *distinguée* frock of *après-midi d'amour*-pink with a necklace of weasels' ears and carrying one of the new *mal-de-mer*-green dachshunds.

The Wife (*coldly*). It is a remarkable fact that those men who are most unobservant of their wives' appearance invariably have an eye for the most intimate details of another woman's toilette.

The Son. A criticism of Life that is vital in its stark uncompromising truth.

The Daughter. If he is neglecting you to pay attentions to a girl of a superior social class I should say he is a snob. If I were you, dear, I should try to put him out of my mind. He is not worth bothering about.

The Wife. Is any man worth the sacrifice of a woman's independence?

The Son. A spirited exposition of one of the burning problems of the age.

The Daughter. I know, dear, that things are sometimes a little difficult, but you must try not to be discouraged.

The Wife. These are the dangerous years of marriage. Sooner or later every married woman comes to the cross-roads where she has to decide between——

The Husband (*hastily interrupting*). I was discussing this problem only the other day with no less a personage than Mrs. Pince-Nez, the famous publicist. Mrs. Quartus (formerly Mrs. Tertius, Mrs. Secundus and Mrs. Primus, *née* Badde-Lotte), the well-known authority on divorce, whom I enlisted on my side of the discussion, agreed with me. . . .

The Wife. Husband trappers!

[*A pause.*

The Wife. Are women mad to marry?

The Daughter. I am afraid I cannot answer medical questions. I advise you to consult a doctor. [*Another pause.*

The Son (*with relish*). An ingeniously baffling situation.

The Husband. There is obviously no course open but to make the *amende honorable*. Peace with honour, as—er—as a friend of mine wittily remarked.

The Wife (*doubtfully*). Are wives too forgiving?

The Daughter. Oh, no, dear. If he is really sorry I think it is your duty to forgive him. [*They kiss.*

The Husband. And so to bed, as the immortal Mr. PEPYS wittily remarked.

The Son (*disgusted*). Incredible! . . . Staggering! . . . Colossal!

CURTAIN.

"SIR HENRY WOOD TAKES NOTES."
Daily Paper.

We feel certain he gave them back again.

CHICAGO AGAIN.

[Chicago is getting ready for its Great World Fair of 1933.]

DREAM City of the dago
Beyond the Western blue,
Chicago, dear Chicago,
The joy I cannot forgo,
Of writing about you!

And would I had some Argo
To sail across the sea,
With fancy goods or sago,
To sell to you, Chicago,
In 1933!

I do repent that ditty
I wrote the other night,
Comparing you, O City,
With Camelot—a pretty
Untruthful thing to write.

I called you (feeling clever)
Romance's airy stuff,
I said that no endeavour
Would take me to you ever
In all my blooming puff.

But ah! this Exhibition,
This epoch-making Show,
This alters my position;
If I am in condition,
Boy, I should like to go.

For nothing mean nor shifty
Shall blossom in that Fair,
The Elegant, the Nifty
Shall meet at 50/50,
And be united there.

The booster, the go-getter,
The man of loftier brow,
The creditor, the debtor,
And the petted and the petter,
Shall hail it as a wow.

And chief of high pavilions
Shall be that glorious thing,
Where sits among his millions,
In ever-green resilience,
CAPONE, the Alky-King.

Master of all the revel,
His gangsters shall not cease
To hold their shot-guns level
And bump off every devil
Who looks like the police.

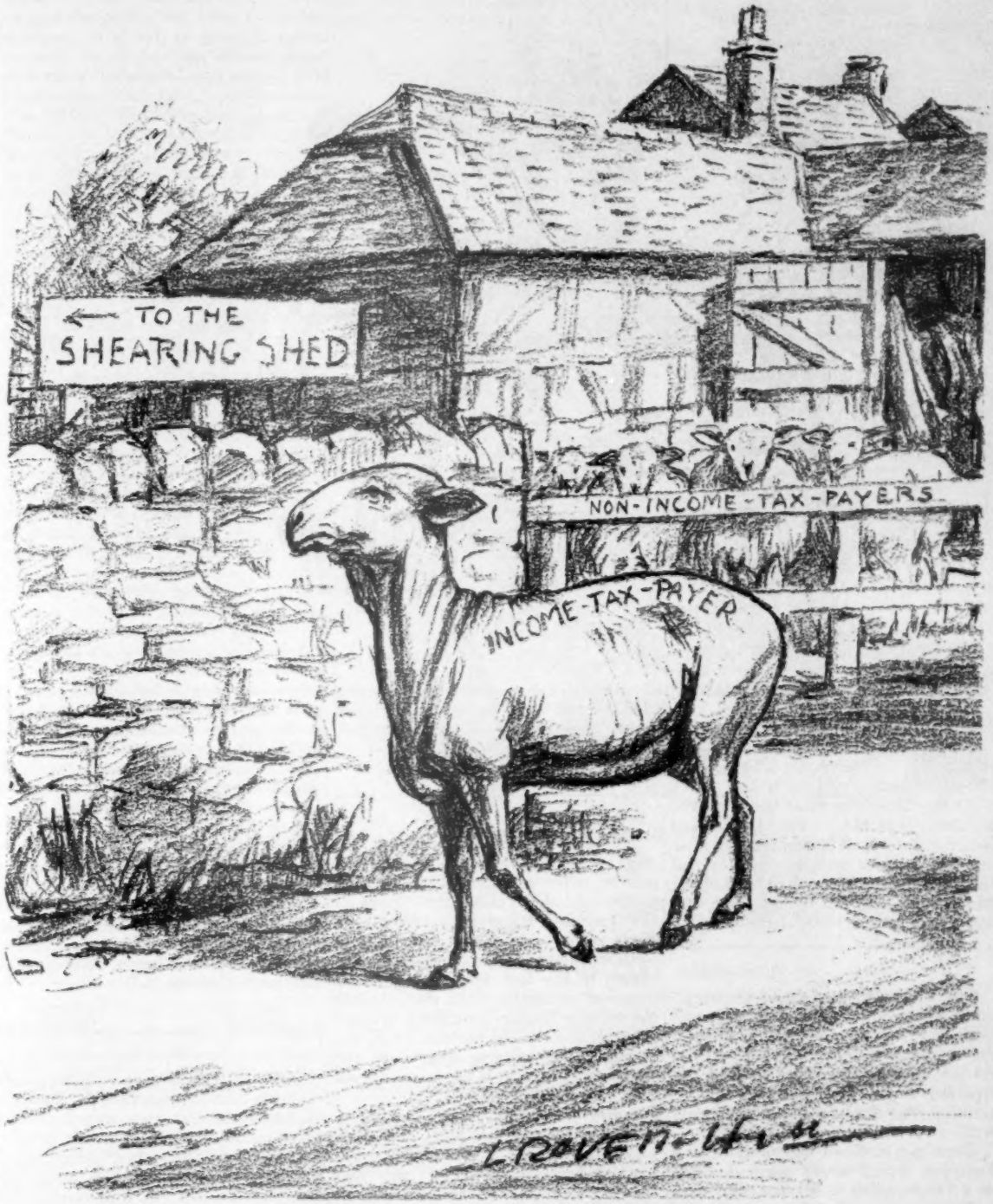
There booze shall flow illicit
At twenty times its worth,
That is the Freak to visit,
The Wonderful What Is It,
The Marvel of the Earth.

EVOE.

"PROGRAMME OF AUSTIN COMPANY.

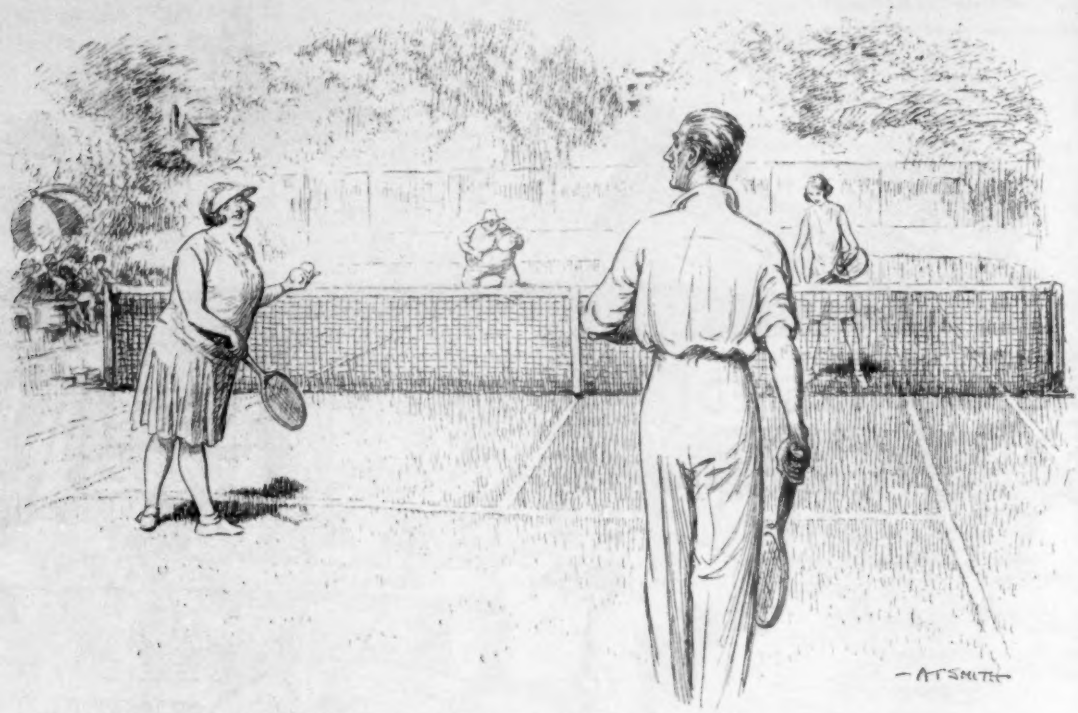
. . . The interior finish has been greatly improved, new type wings fitted, and a sunshine roof, sun visor, bumpers, and wheels form part of the general equipment."
Daily Paper.

Our Baby was born with the last-named years ago.



SHEAR AND SHEAR ALIKE.

VIRTUOUS SHEEP. "PROUD TO BE SHORN AGAIN IF NECESSARY; BUT I DO HOPE SOME OF THOSE SHEEP OVER THERE WILL HAVE THE PRIVILEGE OF JOINING ME."



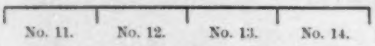
Visitor (after two double-faults). "SURELY THIS COURT ISN'T FULL SIZE?"

Stout Hostess (indicating equally stout Host). "NO, IT'S JUST A *LEETLE* BIT SMALLER. YOU SEE, JAMES FINDS HE CAN'T RUN ABOUT A LOT NOW HE 'S PUT ON WEIGHT."

MORE WALL.

I AM confident, reader, that in spite of the cri—— you would wish to hear the latest news about my wall.

At the time of my last despatch the situation was this. The L.C.C. had issued orders to all us riparians to raise our flood-works (as they like to call the modest little walls at the end of our gardens) by eighteen inches. The wall was then (roughly) this shape—



The L.C.C. did not desire that anyone should obey the order. The correct thing is to take no notice of such commands; and the L.C.C. then step in and do the work themselves. Most of the riparians loyally disobeyed the L.C.C., nothing was done, and all was fairly well.

Then my landlord produced what a head-line writer might fairly describe as a "bomb-shell." My landlord lives in the country and seems to be an old-fashioned person, so old-fashioned that when he receives a printed command issued by a public body under an Act of Parliament he assumes that the thing is intended seriously. And blow me if he didn't go and raise the flood-works of his (and my) house by eighteen inches, exactly as the L.C.C. suggested.

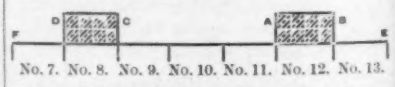
The wall then looked like this—



The shaded portion represents the new addition to the flood-works and marine defences of our little terrace, and indeed of the public sewers and all the teeming population behind us. None of us has been sleeping any sounder in our beds, as I think I mentioned in my last despatch. For we observed almost at once that, though the swollen Thames is unlikely to come through the shaded portion A—B, the danger of its coming over along the stretches C—A and B—D is not appreciably diminished.

However, there it was, and there, indeed, it is. But last week there was a new development. I was awakened by the familiar sound of pick and shovel and the cheery cries of concrete-mixers. I looked out, and, lo and behold, *another* new flood-work was being built at No. 8. Who owns No. 8 I do not certainly know, but I suspect that it—he—is my dear landlord again. I know that he has two houses in the neighbourhood and I cannot believe that there are two citizens who would in the present circumstances obey the L.C.C. If you ask me why he was so prompt to protect No. 12 from flood-peril and left No. 8 exposed for another two months, the answer is that I cannot tell you. I can only suppose that he was particularly anxious to protect me from inundations, and herewith I thank him.

Anyhow, the flood-works at No. 8 have been completed, and I am no longer wakened with picks and hammers at unsuitable hours. And now the wall looks like this:—

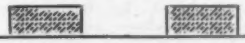


It will be seen at once from the above diagram that the waters of the Thames, though no doubt discouraged by the appearance of a new obstacle (D—C), will still be able without much extra exertion to cross the wall along the stretches F—D, C—A, and B—E. The public sewers of Hammersmith, therefore, are as poor a risk as they were before.

However, you say, the rest of the wall will eventually be raised to the new level—so why worry?

Well, old boy, there is this little

point. I see that the L.C.C. have caught the prevailing fever for public economy, and are to have a special meeting to discuss the abandonment of various "schemes" and things. And I can see, or think I see, what is coming. The L.C.C. will decide that in view of the cri—— it is not desirable to build walls round our gardens to protect the public sewers from floods, or that it is desirable but too expensive. And they will abandon the flood-work scheme; and all my neighbours (except No. 8) will heave a sigh of satisfaction. *But these two redundant islands of concrete will remain* in perpetuo—like that:—



And they are a darned nuisance. In the old days one sat in the garden and over the little wall watched the shipping go by, the lady scullers, the ladies' eights, the swimmers, sea-gulls, yachts, tugs, and so forth. Now one sits in the garden and sees nothing but a great wall of concrete backed by some not very attractive bricks. To see the heads of a ladies' eight one has to climb a great ladder; so, if we are ever to see the sights of the river again, we shall have to raise the garden. But the garden will then be higher than the gardens next-door, and people will think we are putting on side. Before the cri—— I had thought of getting in a contractor to destroy the flood-works; but this would be expensive and noisy and quite unjustified by the economic position both of the nation and myself. So there seems to be nothing for it but to glory in our shame. I am arranging with the tenant of No. 8 to have a Flood-Work Gala Party. We shall gather a few friends, sit on the tops of our little walls, drink cocktails and declare the flood-works open. We shall wave to each other across the intervening space, and jeer at the unfortunate tenants of 9, 10 and 11 who are still exposed to the peril of floods. And the flood-works will of course be flood-lit.

A. P. H.

Juicy Fruit on the Tree of Metaphor.

"Assuming the administration of Nigeria, he finds himself in a dual position and may not know through which horn of the dilemma he could sound his trumpet."
Nigerian Paper.

"—— said he had some whisky, not being used to it. He had had nothing to eat since the previous moon."—*Manchester Paper.*

Alcohol should always be avoided after a meal of green cheese.

Mr. Punch ventures to point out that there is nothing new in the use of arc-lamps for flood lighting. NOAH employed them first.



THE LAST RESOURCE.

"I'VE TRIED EVERYTHING, SIR, AND I CAN'T KILL THEM WEEDS. PERHAPS YOU'D COME AND HAVE A LOOK AT THEM?"

AN OLD SONG RE-SUNG.

(It is stated that every policeman nowadays has his hobby.)

EVERY bobby has his hobby
On or off his beat;
Some are happiest in the Lobby,
Some prefer the street;
Some are bound at home by wireless
Darbies to their Joans;
Others listen-in with tireless
Zeal to gramophones.
Some, a life of risk embracing,
Facing fearful odds,
Volunteer for bandit-chasing
With the flying squads.
Hence we see, where'er his job be,
Strand or Peckham Rye,
Gin a bobby has no hobby
He is bound to cry.

Economies at Whipsnade?

"NATIONAL GOVERNMENT FOR NEW ZEWLAND?"
Exeter Paper.

"POTATO GROWERS TURN TO GOLD."
Melbourne Paper.

If our gardener does this, we shall know how to spend him.

MR. PUNCH'S GARDENING PRIMER.

II.—CATERPILLARS.

CATERPILLARS are tricky pests to deal with, so it is lucky that they don't often put in an appearance in the garden. When they do it is with something of the suddenness and universality of one of the plagues of Egypt. Wednesday there are no caterpillars; Thursday they are on every stem and bud and leaf, positively jostling each other off. Wherever you look you see heads and jaws all wagging rhythmically till you could scream; it reminds you so much of a glance round the dining-room of the Mausoleum Club on a cold Monday in January. Poison-sprays, spring-traps, shot-guns—all are of no avail. Even inviting down nephews who are known to collect caterpillars has been proved useless; they merely glance loftily at the things and say, "Oh, a common Pearly Egger," or something, and proceed to do more damage in the other parts of your garden than the caterpillars themselves. The only really efficacious method of putting down caterpillars is to cut off their food supply, but this of course involves losing your plants and depends how deeply you feel about the matter. The next best thing is to take some weed, say groundsel (I can at any time let anybody have as much as they want), plant it out in careful rows and label it importantly, *Senecio grandiflora*. Be sure to let the caterpillars see you doing this—if you can even scowl and shake your fist at them in a warning-off manner so much the better. Then as soon as your back is turned most of them will come trooping maliciously across and start hungrily upon what they consider the more valuable plant. I should point out that you will of course have groundsel in your garden for the next fourteen years.

III.—WIRE-WORM.

(*See below*—"*Jobbing Gardeners.*")

These are peculiar creatures which apparently attack carrots, potatoes, shallots or any root vegetable that the jobbing gardener likes. The symptoms are withering of the green leaves above ground and, on further examination, total disappearance of the root below ground.

Treatment: Engage a new jobbing gardener.

IV.—PIGS.

Neighbours' pigs are one of the most unexpected and destructive garden pests that I know. Spraying with buck-shot in the absence of the pigs' owner has been found cheap and effective. In the unsuspected presence of the pigs' owner this method is more expensive and varies with the price of bacon.

V.—JOBBING GARDENERS.

(*See above*—"*Wire-Worm.*")

These are peculiar creatures which apparently attack carrots, potatoes, shallots or any root vegetable that wire-worms like. The symptoms are removal and quiet eating away of the root, coupled with a withering of the replaced green leaves above-ground.

Treatment: As for wire-worm.



Employer (whose salary-reducing scheme has been deprecated). "I HOPE, MR. BRIGHT, YOU'RE NOT PRO-T.U.C.?"

The Office Comedian (infusing genial note). "NO, NO, SIR—MERELY ANTI-C.U.T."

VI.—"SHOTHOLE."

This is a kind of fungus which starts by making holes in the leaves and ends by doing the whole plant in. The joke is that it is in the earth and not really in the plant at all, with the result that when you have laboriously and with breaking heart destroyed all your affected plants and replaced with others, the new ones get it too. You can check the disease by dusting the plants over with flowers of sulphur, which, being bright yellow, gives your garden a strikingly original effect and makes you feel pretty bilious. But the only real way to rid yourself of the worry resulting from "shothole" is to give up your garden and go and live in town.

VII.—MICE (ALL SORTS).

Mice (all sorts) comprise field mice, house mice and boarding-house mice. The first have an annoying habit of following behind you when you are sowing peas and beans and digging them up and eating them as fast as you sow them, subsequently smoothing down the earth again in a most deceitful manner. The joke is pretty much on you, because it is not till some weeks after, when you have been wondering why your peas are so late in appearing, that you begin to wonder whether there are any there at all. By which time it is probably too late to do much about it.

Soaking the peas in paraffin before sowing is a good method of combating this particular pest; the mouse feels quite sick over the first, and after thinking it over decides to knock off peas for several weeks. House mice and boarding-house mice (it is the latter who always try for second helpings) wait till the peas, beans and so on are well up the stick and then eat them off at the root out of sheer cussedness. They generally choose just the time when the plants are beginning to flower, which is calculated to make anyone lose his temper, though it is of little use, because the mouse has cunningly run away and hidden. You can set mouse-traps in the pea-rows if you like and if you are above being startled at anything, for your bag will be extremely varied. People don't believe me any more now when I tell them of the different fauna I have caught in an ordinary house mouse trap—but I'll just try you with it in case. At various times I have had a sparrow, a snail, a small slug, a kind of large purple beetle, a young rat (not yet in its teens), a chicken, by the toenails, subsequently released on loudly summoning help, and an unripe apple fallen from a tree. No, I haven't yet caught a fish, but it really wouldn't surprise me now if I did. Once I saw a cat stalk my trap and jump on it to give it a surprise. The trap, however, won.

Next Week's Pests: *Bob-fly, children, horses, birds, "therblight," rust, moth, etc.*

A. A.

A Glimpse of the Obvious.

"All shell fish should be heavy in proportion to their weight."—*West London Paper.*



Pessimistic Gardener. "'TAIN'T NO GOOD TRYING TO DO ANYTHING IN THIS 'ERE GARDEN; THAT THERE BLIGHT'S GOT ALL THESE PERTATERS."

Long-suffering Employer. "BEASTLY SHAME! GOT *you* A BIT TOO, DIDN'T IT?"

OUR VILLAGE CRICKET CLUB WHIST DRIVE.

WITH the object of improving the sorry state of our finances we decided to hold a whist drive in the new Village Hall, instead of the annual supper at the "Punch Bowl," the decision having been made contrary to the advice of our captain, the landlord of the "Punch Bowl."

The innovation was not rendered necessary by the loss of gate-money, occasioned by the deluges which proved such a feature of the season, but by the failure of our new vice-presidents to appreciate the sole reason for their election, the only exception being Farmer Porrett, who promptly sent the requisite five shillings, accompanied by a letter in which he explained the reasons for increasing the rent of our field.

The drive was quite a popular event and, thanks to some extent to the courtesy and tact of William the blacksmith, our umpire, who acted as M.C., we spent a pleasant evening marred by only a few trifling incidents. The first little unpleasantness occurred before the proceedings started, and was provided by one of the ladies who on entering the room explained that she thought she was coming to a dance, and not being diverted by William's jocular observation that she was "out to a no-ball," persisted in demanding the return of her ninepence.

The second incident, which happened during the interval for refreshments, was due to some outspoken and unfavourable comments made by our captain's wife in connection with the catering, for which members of the local branch of the Women's Institute were responsible. William's inquiry, relative to what one could reasonably expect from an outlay of ninepence, unfortunately failed to appease either party.

Towards the end of the evening our M.C. was afforded an opportunity of displaying his authority, for James, the under-footman at the Hall, our demon bowler (who is prone to be hasty), irritated by the persistent manner in which one of his partners trumped his tricks, threw the rest of his cards into the face of the offender by way of protest. William at once disqualified James, and, after a careful examination of the latter's scoring-card, consented to play the few remaining hands himself, and proved an easy winner.

The Ladies' Prize was won by a visitor from Slaughter-under-Weatherly, somewhat to our disappointment, although, when it was learnt that, until late in the evening, her play had been based on the theory that the ace was the lowest card of a suit, it was generally agreed that her play in other directions must have been masterly and that she deserved the prize.

Parson, our president, was responsible for the final unhappy incident of the evening, for, after presenting the prizes, he managed to deliver a considerable part of the speech which he had prepared for the cancelled supper.

During the course of his remarks Parson stated that in the case of our suppers at the "Punch Bowl," proceedings had often been hurried in order to finish before closing-time, but that on the present occasion there was no such need for haste, a view which, however, failed to appeal to the thirsty members of the club.

NEW ANGLES.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I write to thank you for your suggestion, in a recent issue, that all is not dross that litters.

For myself, it has lifted a load from my mind. I am one of those who take the pleasures of a wedding sadly at the best of times. At my sister Barbara's I experienced additional misgivings. Mindful of the Chief Announcer's paternal pleas mine was a queasy conscience as, with a wan smile of encouragement, I cast a confetto or two at the happy pair. Now, for all I care, the stuff may fall as thick as leaves in Vallombrosa.

But have you considered, Sir, that you may be putting a dangerous two-edged weapon into the hands of Bloomsbury—or wherever it is that all taboo is fetish, and all fetish taboo?

I have already heard it whispered that Marigold Mottle, true scion of a knighted stock, is to have a tilt at interior decoration: she is literally altering the attitude. At her new house, where she is economising from Balanced Budgets and things, she is having the dining-room floor thickly carpeted with loosely-spread coloured scraps of paper. Picnic meals are to be the fashion, and guests may discard on to the floor the paper-bags, wrappers and coloured fragments you now so justly appraise. Tins and broken bottles go into a capacious fireplace where an electric radiator glints on the glass and metal with most pleasing effect.

Young Joseph Klaxton, so well established as the most original of landscape gardeners, holds that the finest flower of the countryside is the quickly germinating bungalow. It all depends, he says, on the angle of your vision. The right angle, in this case, is from the air; from an aeroplane the bright red blooms of bungaloid growth along the straight stem of an arterial road present the attractive old-world garden appearance of a gigantic hollyhock.

He also thinks that few features have a more decorative effect than a refuse dump of variegated tins. Can storied urn or animated bust, he adds, reveal more of our rough island story?

Everyone knows Marcellus James, whose paintings are puzzling so many with their promise. He has just returned from Paris and taken a studio in Chelsea, and when I met him at Victoria he seemed very pleased to be back in what he calls "the well-considered whirl" of London. All true artists, he remarked, should dress with the admirable taste of the City man. For beauty of form one should study the figures that decorate the kerb in Throgmorton Street—the polished perfection of the topper worn at the Pisa angle, the quiet shade of burgeoning tie bulging as the golf-bag handle, the straight streamline of striped trousering and the twinkle of neatly-bespatted feet. The Philistine!

The other day I was at luncheon with the Hon. April Shaw, who is renowned for her playful fancy and her instinct for the new slant. She can see through and round things. "This August," she said, "was the fairest August that has ever swum into my ken during the whole of my twenty-two summers. Instead of bare sky and rude glare of sun the picture has been filled in with shapely cloud and the glittering jewellery of raindrops to refresh the fair face of a tired world. It has been ideal for colleen complexions. And the mind's eye waters with gratitude."

I scarcely know what to think of the new angle myself—whether it is acute or merely obtuse. My own opinion seems to fall between two stools of thought.

But I should not like to think that the new attitude is merely a new pose.

I am, Sir, Yours, etc., X. Y. Z.

TEN PER CENT.

Do you remember how glad we were when the Italian waiters combined to stabilise tips at ten per cent? Now, we said, we can travel, at any rate in Italy, without the old uneasiness: fear that we have not given enough; fear that we have given too much; annoyance to be giving anything at all to certain unsympathetic servitors.

It did not work out quite so simply and happily as that when we came to test it. There was always the uncertainty in our minds as to how the division of the spoil was made; if the nice man in an apron with a duster, and his nice wife, who looked after our room, came in for a sufficient share; if the offensive and far from helpful *maitre d'hôtel* downstairs took too much; and if the gay little boy in the lift got anything at all. And there was something of warmth missing from the farewell; something different from the old embarrassing days when the staff lined up with expectant hands—embarrassing but with compensations too. And of course there was the catch about the hall-porter being outside this arrangement altogether; and as the hall-porter was usually a man of terrifying competence and no little self-respect—probably in private life a Swiss millionaire—the problem of how little one could decently offer him was acute.

All the same we were glad, you remember, when the ten per cent basis was agreed upon, and with satisfaction we watched it being adopted in other countries. But in the new mood of clearsightedness regarding all money questions in which we now find ourselves—the mood in which National Cabinets are built—I am wondering. Having been lately in several Continental hotels, every one of which augmented a far from inadequate bill by this supercharge, I am wondering; and it is largely the mechanical character of the extortion that is on my mind. If there were a box to drop it into! But no. It becomes part of the bill; one more item and usually the biggest. Having calculated the price of everything with, one must suppose, the scientific precision of those who are not out for their health, they calmly ask for ten per cent more. For the staff, of course; but why, I ask again, should not the staff be paid enough at the start? It is an old question, but in the renewed and penetrating economical investigations to which we are now all committed I find myself (without becoming mean; merely awakening to reason) irresistibly asking it again. Every day the clock strikes for some inquiry too long postponed; is it not now the hour for the *tronc's*? In Mr. MACDONALD'S stirring phrase I must (or, at any rate, I should like to) "see this through."

Should, in the issue, it be decided that all tipping must stop, I have hit upon the way to stop it. Let everyone add ten per cent to his bill. The bus conductor and the newspaper boy would have some difficulty, since we have neither centimes nor the decimal system, but almost everyone else could do it. Take as one example the Harley Street specialist whom I shall be seeing directly he can tear himself from the links and return to a city in which it is incredible to him that anyone should be ill between July and October.

"And how much do I owe you?" I shall ask, but, instead of murmuring "Three guineas" in the old shamefaced way, he will hand me his account. Thus:—

	£	s.	d.
Medical Advice . . .	3	3	0
Ten per cent	0	6	3½
	£3	9	3½

Upon my soul I can't see why it should be absurd for a doctor to do this and reasonable for a hotel proprietor.

Or take a hat-shop.

"How much is this hat?" I ask.

"A guinea. Plus ten per cent, of course."

"Why 'of course'? Why should you add ten per cent?"



Facetious Passenger. "UNLESS THEY'RE CAREFUL, MISS, THERE WON'T BE ENOUGH RAIN FOR THE WEEK-END."

"A perfectly natural charge, Sir. As a recognition of the courtesy and efficiency of the staff."

"Meaning you?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Why don't you make the price of the hat high enough to include these extras?"

"We do, Sir."

Or take the box-office.

"I want two stalls for to-morrow night, please. How much?"

"Including entertainment-tax, twenty-nine shillings. And then, of course, there is the ten per cent."

"Why 'of course'?"

"We add that in lieu of tipping."

"Tipping whom? The actors?"

"Oh, no, not the actors. The attendants. Poor things, they must live."

"Then why don't you pay them a living wage?"

"We do."

There you are, you see. If we ran up against cases like this we should in our new financial clairvoyance very soon realise the folly we have for so long been encouraging and put an end to it. But if it is to go on, let everybody be tipped or nobody. Let me be tipped. Ten per cent extra on this contribution, please, Mr. Editor. E. V. L.

THE OPPORTUNIST.

HIS is the temperament that I'd possess
Whom no disaster can for long depress,
Who lets no drawback serve as an excuse
But turns his very handicaps to use;
Who, if a skeleton his cupboard owns,
Just cultivates a taste for Devilled Bones! W. K. H.

"FUMELESS MOTORING.
SIR WM. MORRIS' SECRET."
Headlines in Morning Paper.

But pedestrians will continue to fume.

FICTION WITHOUT TEARS.

"I WISH you would go away, Battersby," I said. "I'm trying to write a story. How do you imagine I can think out powerful situations with you burbling inanities at my elbow?"

It was stupid of me, I admit, to attempt any work in the club smoking-room, but I had counted on Battersby being at Lord's for the afternoon, and I couldn't very well pack up my manuscript and go home when he came and planted himself in an easy-chair close to the writing-table. He now leaned forward eagerly.

"A story, eh?" he said. "By George, that's interesting Are you writing it for love or for hire or reward?"

"For money, fathead."

"Ah," said Battersby, "in that case you won't be above accepting a little helpful advice. I used to write a good deal myself at one time for a Food and Home Economics publication in the United States. Good, strong, meaty stuff, mostly centring round men and women who have succeeded in the field of food. 'Purposive'—that is, tending to lead to right conduct and attitudes—but never 'preachy.' They paid me two cents a word, and it was cheap at the price."

"Well," I said, "you might be able to help. Mine is to be an adventure story of the great outdoors. It must carry a wholesome lesson, not by formal preaching or moral, but by conveying inspiration to the finer traits of a well-rounded character; the atmosphere must be clean, alive and inspiring, and, while romance should be the dominant note, anything which is remotely suggestive is banned. There must be nothing flippant or facetious; the story must be written in a mood of sober and heartfelt earnestness; but in the interests of modern scientific progress it may be approached from a mechanical angle. Photographs for half-tone reproduction may accompany the manuscript."

"I think I recognise the formula," said Battersby. "This is going to be easy. Tell me when you're ready and I'll start dictating."

I pulled a blank sheet of paper towards me and unscrewed the cap of my fountain-pen.

"I am now," I announced, "in a mood of sober and heartfelt earnestness. Turn it on."

"Night," began Battersby, "had dropped her velvet pall over the African veld, and Gwendolen Oliphant closed her paint-box with a snap and, turning into the tent, set about the preparation of her frugal meal of porcupine quills fried in camels' fat. . . ."

"Before we go any further," I interrupted, "I had better remind you that my story need not centre round women who have succeeded in the field of food. And how do you spell 'veld,' anyway?"

"I fancy the final 't' has become obsolete, but you can ring up South Africa House and make sure. The point is unimportant."

"Go on," I said.

"All round her," continued Battersby, "the jungle was alive with noise—the myriad noises of the bush, and not even the persistent ticking of the tape-machine at her elbow could drown the mischievous chatter of the aasvogels, the sullen booming of the aardvarks or the deep-throated baying of the tsetse-flies as they stalked their prey in the lush jungle grass. From very far away came the shrill scream of a tiger calling to its mate."

I laid down my pen.

"There are no tigers in Africa," I protested. "Whatever else there may be," I added meaningly.

Battersby accepted the correction.

"Oh, well," he said, "you'd better make it a giraffe. Only spell it with two 'a's.' Remember this is an Aafricaan story."

"All right, baas," I agreed.

"Gwendolen was in deep distress, and the delicately chiselled hand which held the frying-pan quivered as racking sobs shook the slender boyish frame. 'Why,' she asked herself over and over again, 'did I leave the restfulness and repose of a quiet country vicarage and come out to Africa in pursuit of the Will-o'-the-wisp called fame?' And from deep down within her answered the still small voice of Hope, saying, 'Courage, Gwendolen, and keep a stiff upper lip. You possess artistic talent, your soul is longing to express itself through the medium of your paint-brush, and you have an ailing mother and three crippled sisters to support. What matter though the tape-machine tells you that to-morrow is sending-in day at the Royal Academy? What matter though your picture, completed this afternoon, can never reach London in time? There will be other sending-in days, and with grit and determination you will win through.' For this was her secret trouble; she loved her art and she longed for recognition, but Fate was against her. She had painted—dear Heaven, how she had painted!—day after day with wearisome monotony, alone in the heart of the African bush, and with tired hands she had worked all her starved soul into the canvas, sometimes using several brushes at once and daubing the paint on in great blobs. Now it was finished, a magnificent tropical landscape entitled 'African Mud'; she had added the final touches to the canvas only that evening; but she was too late. To-morrow was sending-in day at the Academy, and nothing short of a miracle could bring 'African Mud' to Burlington House in time."

Battersby paused and filled his pipe.



"'OW ARE YER THIS MORNIN', CHARLIE? ALL RIGHT?"
"NO, MATE. DON'T THINK I'M QUITE MESELF—FEEL SORT OF HEAVY-HEADED LIKE."



Peter (told to write letters of thanks after his birthday). "PLEASE, MUMMY, CAN'T *I* WRITE MY THANK LETTERS ON THE TELEPHONE?"

"Do you really think," I asked, "that this will convey inspiration to the finer traits of a well-rounded character?"

"It cannot fail to do so," said Battersby. "It simply throbs with uplift. I should say it would be cheap at five cents a word."

"Oh, very well."

"On a sudden," Battersby resumed, "the girl pricked up her ears. Above the sizzling of the frying camels' fat and the raucous 'cluck-cluck' of the jungle-fowl, she could hear the unmistakable drone of an airplane. She rushed from the tent just as the great auto-gyro fluttered down into the clearing, and with outstretched arms and a joyous cry she welcomed the tall, well-knit, athletic figure who stepped from the machine. 'My hero!' she cried, twining her slender arms round the bronzed neck. 'Somehow I always knew you would come. Please Heaven we may yet be in time.'"

"I think," I interposed at this point, "I begin to see where this ghastly story is drifting. Correct me if I am wrong, but I have an idea that Gwendolen and her young man are about to approach Burlington House from a mechanical angle."

"You are perfectly right," said Battersby. "It will now be necessary to insert a row of asterisks, to signify the passage of a number of hours. A mean and niggling device, which causes a lot of unemployment among compositors, but it is quite usual.

* * * * *

"It was sending-in day at the Royal Academy, and the President, whose solemn duty it was to select from among the entries submitted the pictures best suited to adorn the walls of that august institution, paced restlessly up and down the spacious galleries tugging in perplexity at his Vandyck beard. He was faced with a task which was terrifying in its magnitude, for not one of the canvases laid out for his inspection was worthy of a place in the Academy, and he knew it. If he could but find even one picture good enough the situation would be saved and the doors could be thrown open to the public.

"As he stood there pondering this problem he heard a light step behind him and, looking round, he saw a tall well-knit young man accompanied by a girl of astonishing beauty and staggering beneath the weight of a canvas of colossal dimensions. One glance at 'African Mud' told the President all he wanted to know. The picture was the bee's elbow, a veritable ball of fire. With a hoarse cry of 'Eureka!' he leaped upon the canvas, picked it up by its string and hung it on a tin-tack on the centre wall of the main gallery. And as the heavy entrance-doors rolled creaking back upon their hinges to admit the fashionable throng to the Private View, Gwendolen Oliphant, R.A., and her airman lover passed out through the emergency exit into the Burlington Arcade and hand-in-hand they went towards the sunset."

"What did they do that for?" I asked.

"The public-houses," replied Battersby, rising and crossing over to a bell-push, "would be opening just about then. It's thirsty work, Art."

"When the police went to an hotel to look for Capone, they found him out."
Daily Paper.

The Prohibition authorities found him out long ago.

SIMPLE STORIES.

THE MISOGYNIST.

Mr. Salmagundi was rich and quite good-looking and fairly young, and he got on well with men but he couldn't abide ladies, because he said all those he had ever met had the brains of rabbits except his mother and one of his aunts and if he was polite to them they always wanted to marry him unless they were married already and then it was waste of time being polite to them as nothing could come of it and it was dull work. So he was very rude to all the ladies he came across and when somebody said to him you are a misogynist he looked it up in the dictionary and found it meant somebody who couldn't abide ladies and he said yes that is just what I am and I glory in it.

Well Miss Mollie Pulsatilla came to stay with her aunt Miss Emblem in the village where Mr. Salmagundi lived and she heard he was a misogynist and gloried in it and she said I will teach him a lesson. And Miss Emblem said what shall you do? And she said I will make him fall in love with me and when he proposes to me I shall refuse him, that will make twelve of them I have refused and I shall have something to talk about when I go to the Lido next month. And Miss Emblem said well I don't think you will be able to do it, but it is rather dull for you here and for me too, so it is worth trying just to amuse us both, and if you can get him to propose to you I will give you twenty pounds to buy pyjamas with. And Mollie who was very modern said you were always an old sport Auntie and at any rate I will give you a run for your money.

Well Miss Emblem wrote a letter to Mr. Salmagundi and asked him to go and have tea with her, and he wrote back and said he had something better to do than to go and have tea with old women who were past their prime and had the brains of rabbits. And Miss Emblem said that was only his little way and she didn't mind it, and she wrote him another letter and said she had her niece Mollie Pulsatilla staying with her who was a misanthrope, and as he was a misogynist it might be rather interesting for them to meet. And he looked up misanthrope in the dictionary and found it meant somebody who couldn't abide gentlemen, and he had seen Mollie Pulsatilla in the post-office and elbowed her out of the way to buy some stamps, and she had trod on a corn he had with the heel of her shoe and sent him hopping off so that she could buy her stamps first, and he didn't quite like it that she didn't seem to have fallen in love with him, but if she was a misanthrope that accounted for it and he thought he would teach her. So he wrote back to Miss Emblem and said well have it your own way, I will bring an ounce of my own tea because I don't suppose yours will be worth drinking, and please have plenty of anchovy paste sandwiches if you can afford to buy a pot of it. And Miss Emblem was such an old sport that she only laughed and said to Mollie I don't care about being rude myself because I wasn't brought up to it, but if you can pay him out for being as rude as that I shan't be sorry. And Mollie said call that being rude? You wait till you hear me.



"WHY HASN'T HE BROUGHT HIS KEEPER?"

Well Mr. Salmagundi came to tea, and he really looked rather handsome, like MUSSOLINI only younger, because his grandfather had been an Italian but he had got his rudeness from his father being a railway contractor and picking it up from the navvies, but they didn't mean anything by it and he did. And Mollie Pulsatilla wasn't there when he came in and he said to Miss Emblem where is that girl? If you have got me here under false pretences I shall go straight away again and you can have your tea by yourself. And Miss Emblem said she will be down in a minute I am so glad you have come Mr. Salmagundi, I feel it to be a great honour.

And he said well so it is, and just then Mollie came into the room, and she really looked perfectly lovely like a movie star only prettier, and she said to Miss Emblem who is this chimpanzee auntie, you do have freaks in this village, have we got to feed him like a human being?

Well Mr. Salmagundi didn't like that at all, as he was proud of his good looks and hadn't thought anybody could mistake him for a chimpanzee, and he grew red with vexation, but before he could say anything Miss Emblem said this is Mr. Salmagundi I told you about, and Mollie said oh that accounts for it, but why hasn't he brought his keeper?

So then Mr. Salmagundi picked up a little and he was really rather bowled over by Mollie Pulsatilla who was more lovely than anybody he had ever seen before, so he said I suppose you are only being rude because I am a misogynist and glory in it, but I don't mind being polite for a change now I am here, as I get rather tired of being rude always. And Mollie said I am never rude myself and you had better not be either or I shall telephone for the police, here are your anchovy sandwiches, you can go outside and eat them on the mat.

Well the end of it was that Mr. Salmagundi grew quite meek, as Mollie wouldn't let him be anything else, and the last rude thing he said was when he passed his cup to Miss Emblem and said give me some more tea, and when I say tea I mean tea and not hogwash. So when Miss Emblem had poured it out Mollie took the cup of tea and threw it at him, and after that he thought he had better not be rude any more, and they had quite an interesting talk about SHELLEY, because they both liked poetry and read a good deal of it when they had nothing better to do. And Mr. Salmagundi couldn't say that Mollie Pulsatilla had the brains of a rabbit because she was quite as clever as he was, and when he went away he had quite left off being a misogynist.

Well Mollie didn't go to the Lido but went on staying with her aunt Miss Emblem, and a month later the vicar

gave it out in church that if anybody knew any reason why Antonio Salmagundi and Mary Pulsatilla should not be joined together in matrimony he should expect them to get up and say so. But nobody did get up, as Mr. Salmagundi had left off being rude altogether by this time and would even open doors for Miss Emblem to go through, instead of going through them first himself and banging them in her face, and soon after that he and Mollie were married, because Mollie had really taken a fancy to him from the very first and had only pretended she thought he was a chimpanzee so as to teach him a lesson.

And the marriage was quite a success because Mollie kept the upper hand and locked him out of the house if he didn't behave properly and wouldn't let him him in again until he said he was sorry. And he soon learnt to do what she told him and Miss Emblem grew quite fond of him and said if she had come across somebody as obedient and polite as that when she was young she might have married herself. A. M.

"YOU CAN BE FAT FREE!!"
Advt. in Daily Paper.

Not at the Hôtel Caviar!

"GANDHI SAILS IN LOIN CLOTH AND SCARF."
Sunday Paper.

Our readers will remember that Ulysses went to sea in a wimple.

LONDON PRIDE.

Of London's motor-busses
I sing in terms of praise,
As fine a theme for vusses[1]
As anyone could raise;
What rolling wealth of colour
They splash about the town;
London would be much duller
Were they, for instance, brown.

The charm of London's busses;
For quite a trifling fare
People with meagre pusses[2]
Can travel anywhere;
The meanest feel their tanners
Are comfortably spent,
While the conductor's manners
Proclaim him quite the gent.

The old men tell of busses
Small, clumsy, slow, and sad,
Drawn by a pair of husses[3]
Who had to strain like mad;
Of livers rudely shaken,
Of squiggles up the skin;
Then, if I'm not mistaken,
Rubber had not come in.

Compare with these our busses;
How Science joined with Art
Lavish their best resusses[4]
On the most minor part;
One finds no detail lacking;
One feels no trace of jar,
While one admires the whacking
Great creatures that they are.

Then long may London's busses
Their scarlet courses run,
While everyone discusses[5]
How, at the price, it's done;
May time increase their glories,
And give them in the end
One or two extra stories,
And joints, to make them bend!

DUM-DUM.

[1] Verses
[2] Not cats.
[3] Horses.
[4] Guess this one.
[5] *Got it!*

Big Golf.

"The shot that beat Hunter was his drive to the 17th 2885 yards. It was a little too long."—*Daily Paper.*

Some players when desperate will go to any lengths.

"STAFFORDSHIRE HOUNDS IN THE ESK.
The otter took refuge in a drain in Mr. John Robinson's field, but was ejected and quickly killed."—*Yorkshire Paper.*

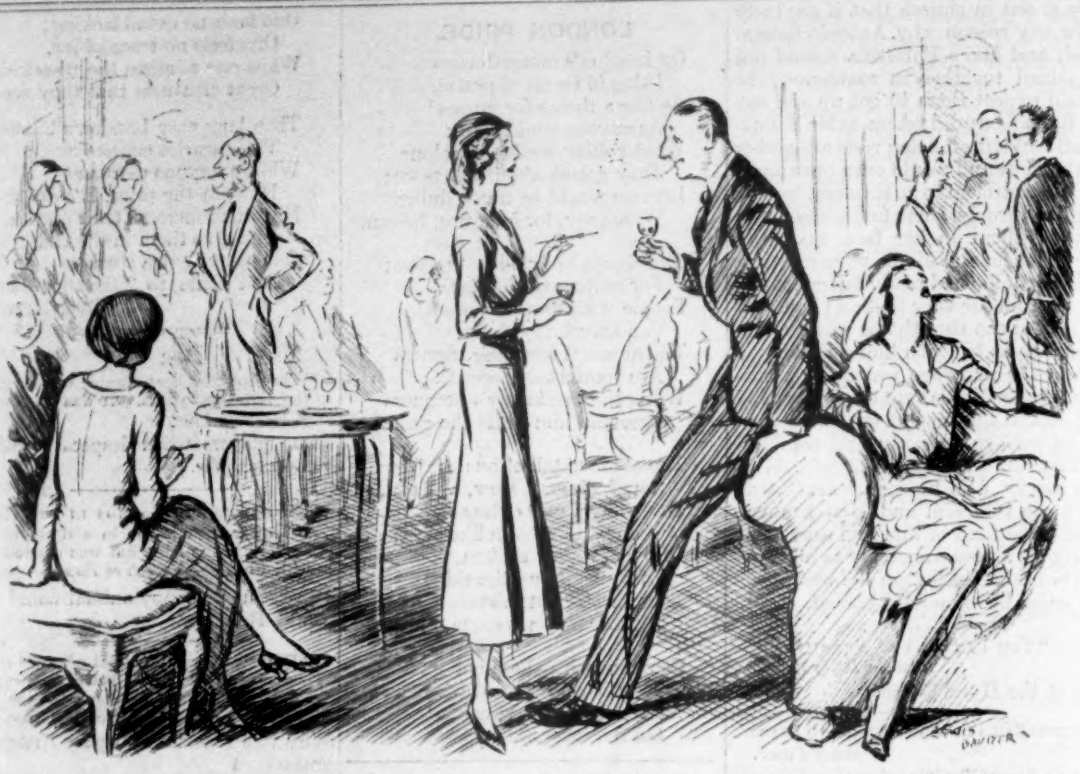
Before the unhappy animal could cry "Jack Robinson."

"Sterne was being ironical when he wrote 'They order this matter better in France.' What he really meant was not 'better' but 'different.'"—*Leader in Evening Paper.*

Why this reflection on poor STERNE'S grammar?



Producer (to Talkie Star). "COME, COME! TRY TO IMAGINE YOU'RE STRANDED ON A DESERT ISLAND, NOT A SOUL IN SIGHT."



Lady Blanche. "THIS IS A PRETTY DUD SHOW, BILL. FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE DO SOMETHING BRIGHT FOR MY GOSSIP COLUMN TO-MORROW."

Lord William. "WELL, LOOK HERE—I'LL HAVE A TRY IF YOU'LL SNAP OUT ONE OF YOUR BRILLIANT 'MOTS' FOR MY PAGE NEXT SUNDAY."

MY HAT!

THE so-called Fair Sex and myself seem to have executed in the matter of hats what the writers of political correspondence call a *volte-face*—they have got my billycock and I have got their embarrassment. The embarrassment arises, you see, from my recently acquired béret.

Have the goodness to believe that the béret was not, in the first place, acquired for anything but the plainest and most presentable of purposes; it was not a case of art or ornament, but strict and obvious utility. A béret won't blow off however fast you drive with the hood down; and even in this painful summer there have been holiday occasions when it was possible to put the hood down and go as fast as the car would let you. It is admitted, then, that the béret (a black béret, that is) represents value rather than vanity?

Very well, then. But, having acquired the blamed thing, one would like to wear it with distinction, would he not? Very well again; be warned in time—if your face is rather like a muffin to begin with, it will be almost indistinguishable from a muffin if the béret above it be not accurately adjusted at the exact angle which imparts a touch of the older Latin Quarter to the more solid qualities of the bull-dog breed. Take it from me, it is no use jamming a béret on; it has got to be adjusted. *And you cannot adjust it* (at least I cannot) *without a looking-glass.*

So there you are—and, unless you are very careful, there you will most unbeautifully remain. You remember all those old jokes about ladies who were perpetually worrying whether their hats were on straight? Their trouble is now mine; their old care has become my constant anxiety. I put my hat on before a mirror and with infinite solicitude; if it works loose in transit I seek a shop-window and try to pretend I am scratching my head while looking at picture-postcards. Did I say that a béret would not blow off? I am beginning to wish it would, and the devil would fly away with it.

Men and brothers, do not judge me harshly on my holiday. If you see me wandering down the High Street in the direction of the garage, and if, as I go, I appear to be glancing at my reflection in every window and polished surface, do not assume that I am a conceited ass. I am not an ass but an invalid. I am suffering from Béret-béret or the latest form of Peeping Sickness.

LONDON SONG.

THEY who walked with many friends
Shall find themselves alone,
The princes shall go down to dust
And leave an empty throne,
And they who ruled shall bow the head
And bear in turn the load,
While tales are told and beer is spilt
Along the Old Kent Road.

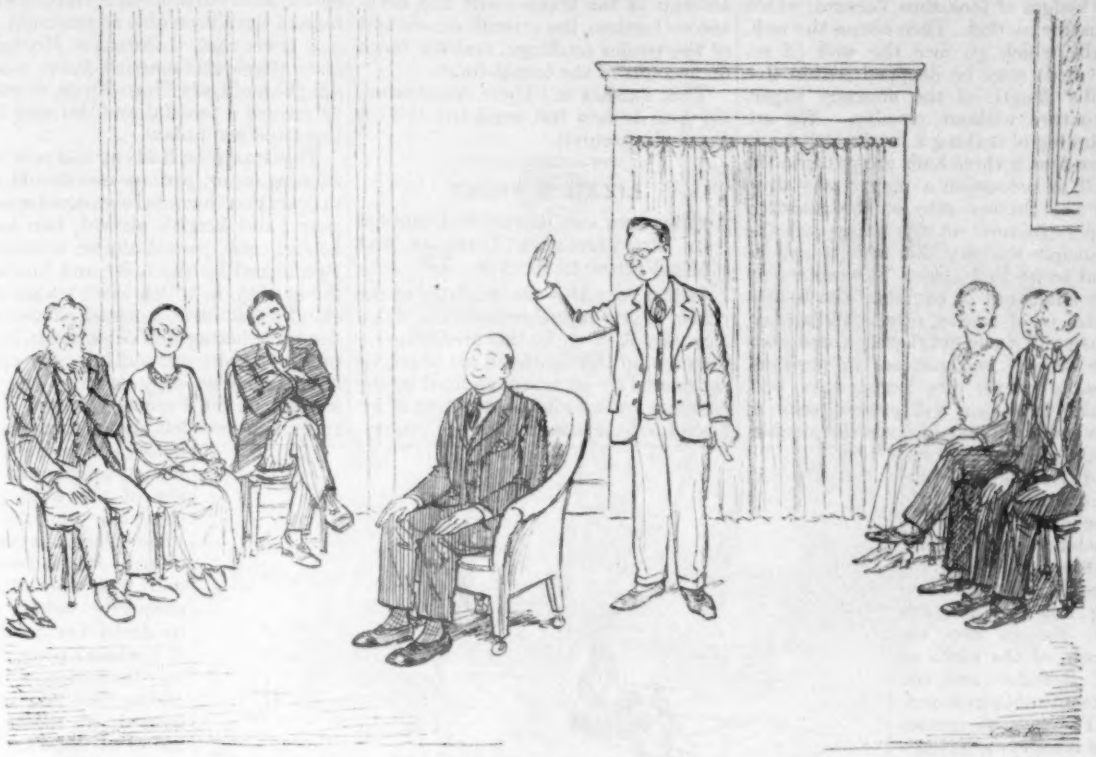
Beauty's face will alter
And vogue may follow vogue,
And many a saint with placid face
Shall prove himself a rogue,
And men may pull their houses down
Or build them ridge on ridge,
While all the time the Thames goes on
Beneath Blackfriars Bridge.

Ships may leave the land behind
And find another sky,
New stars will burn across the night
And old stars dim and die,
Boundaries may break and change
And land may war with land,
But still the exiled heart shall turn
At sunset to the Strand.



A NEW DAY BEGINS.

JOHN BULL LOOKS HOPEFULLY TO WESTMINSTER.



ENTERTAINMENTS AT WHICH WE HAVE NEVER ASSISTED.

"STRIKING THE HAPPY MEDIUM" AT THE SOCIETY FOR PSYCHICAL RESEARCH.

AN EASTERN GARDEN.

I AM no gardener.

I leave everything more or less to Valérie. Occasionally I walk around the garden with the *mali*, but the fact is he doesn't understand my classical Urdu, and I have equal difficulty with his dog-Latin. It isn't easy to get results that way; but then, as Valérie does all the real supervision and gets all the real results, it doesn't actually matter.

During the rains there is nothing much to do in the garden except weed, *chil* (or shave the ground), and build miniature golf-courses. George and I have just completed the plans for a course of ten holes in our garden here in Laraipur. We have the thing all worked out on paper, and we have surveyed the ground and played a mental round or two in anticipation. It is necessary to construct the course during the monsoon because the preparation of greens and sowing of *doob* grass give the best results at this season. Take care of the greens and the hazards will take care of themselves. But I don't suppose you want to hear about our proposed links, do you?

The first tee then will naturally enough be under the portico. From here a short pitch will take you to the cook-house green, where the Zinnias will make a difficult hazard, especially as the mixed Giant Grandiflora Robusta Plenissima and Curled and Crested Elegans we planted are coming on very well. From here you take a niblick and go over the cook-house to the second green in the middle of the vegetable-garden. The hazards for this hole comprise the Brinjal or Egg Plant, the Old Homestead Scarlet Runners, Okra or Lady's Fingers, Hardy Improved Round Spinach, Sludger's Early Snowball Double-Breasted Kohl-Rabi, and other Indian vegetables. The spinach is really nothing of a hazard—nothing at all. Indeed the chief hazard here is the Lady's Fingers—and of course the cook-house.

The third is a longer affair. To get to the tee you have to cross the road to the garage—that is to say, the road to the garage must be crossed. Your tee-shot will explore that section of the garden known by courtesy as the Rockery, because of the *kankar* and bricks (the only rock available in these parts) lying about beneath the lichen and early sting-nettles; it might be a half-mashie. The main difficulty about this hole, apart from the Rockery, is the *mori*, or Indian drain, running along the edge of the green. The fourth is a small hole to the garage-door, little more than a putt. Perhaps I shouldn't have mentioned it. The next, or fifth, is to be known as the Alps. The tee is situated on the flat roof of the garage. There will be two ways of playing the hole. You go either (*a*) over the bungalow, or (*b*) around it. The latter method makes an interesting dog-leg, or, to be more accurate, a scorpion-claw; but method (*a*) is to be preferred, because you go up at the turn, if you follow me—or through the dining-room window (where the whisky decanter is) if you follow George.

The sixth is the longest hole on the course—from the rose-garden to the middle of the herbaceous bed on the far side of the tennis-court. A full mashie, I should say, though George says a jigger. This hole is not only the longest, but also the most difficult on account of the interesting and varied fairway to be negotiated. There are first two Gold Mohurs to the right, followed by the front drive, bordered

by hedges of tenacious Tacoma, which must be carried. Then comes the well. Balls which go into the well (if recovered) may be dropped within five clubs' length of the masonry superstructure without penalty. We are thinking of making a further local rule here that if three balls are put into the well in succession a player may drop on the further side of the masonry superstructure on the ramp, on the principle that by this time it will be best to let well alone. The cactery on the left is out of bounds. The tennis-court is, of course, mere child's play, when and if you get there, except when the screens and net are in position. Finally comes the herbaceous bed, which in season will present some of the most difficult hazards imaginable, such as Geranium red and Delphinium blue and choice mixed Escholz—Eschchso—Eschhhh—you know, Californian Poppies. Yes, a most interesting hole. It reminds me, though not too much, of the ninth at St. Banadoc and the fifteenth at Cairn Gorm.

The seventh crosses the nursery-beds, seed-boxes and Blue Gums to the Arbour, which is covered with Petræa. This is followed by the eighth and ninth—two comparatively short holes, little more than putts. Perhaps I shouldn't have mentioned them. And finally comes the tenth. The tenth, or last, crosses the tennis-court diagonally to the Neem tree, demanding a short pitch or long putt; and we are now at the bungalow again and it is time for tea.

George has lately insisted that the course is too long. That is due to his retrenchment complex. He has had his salary reduced by ten per cent and he wants to retrench to a similar extent on our miniature golf-course. But which of the holes is to go? George says the seventh—ridiculous. I say the fifth; George will have none of it. It is all very difficult, and unless we can find a satisfactory formula as a basis for agreement the thing will never be constructed at all.

As a matter of fact the thing will never be constructed at all. Valérie has suddenly put her foot down. She bans the first on account of the zinnias, the second on account of the early cauliflower, the fifth on account of the dining-room windows, the sixth on account of the tennis-court and herbaceous borders, the seventh on account of the tender seedlings, and the tenth on account of the tennis-court.

That finishes it. There remains nothing to do now but weed and *chil* (or shave the ground).

LIZZIE'S FIGHT.

A THRILLING AND REALISTIC ROMANCE OF MID-VICTORIAN TIMES IN THE MID-VICTORIAN MANNER.

IN the year 18— the minister of the parish of X., in Sutherlandshire, was a Rev. Mr. A——. In this misfortune—for such, in the depths of his heart, he considered it—he was comforted by the presence and assiduous attention of his niece Lizzie, a pale girl of some twenty-five summers, with a shrinking manner and a scanty but sufficient wardrobe of sober-hued garments. Lizzie had lived in the manse since childhood, acquiring there, in addition to the three rudiments, a fair acquaintanceship with Latin, Greek, Algebra and Astronomy. Hebrew her uncle had not taught her, wisely concluding that such knowledge would avail her but little in after life.



Shipwrecked Sailor (to ditto, who is walking about raft restlessly). "YOU GET ON MY NERVES WIV YOUR BLINKIN' BIKIN'."

When therefore, a few months after this story opens, the Rev. Mr. A—— overset his trap at the Corrievreckan Bridge, leaving his niece heiress to some five hundred pounds and a library of theological books, Lizzie set out for Inverness with the intention of having a high old time.

At this period there was in the garrison at Fort George a handsome young officer of the Line, Lieutenant the Hon. Beaumont Montmorency, third son of the Earl of Hildebrand. Unfortunately, however, only three weeks after Lizzie's arrival in Inverness, his regiment received orders to proceed to India, and, so far as I have been able at ascertain, the pair never met. Lieutenant Montmorency afterwards married Julia, second daughter of Lady Fipps-Fipps, to whom he proved a faithful and devoted husband and son-in-law.

The Grampian Railway had now been running to, or, perhaps one should say, in operation towards Inverness for some years, and Lizzie's arrival, two hours behind time, passed almost unnoticed. Bewildered by the noise and bustle of the station, in which three trains were standing at once, amazed at the evidences of luxury and ostentation in the attire of those around her, she might have fallen an easy prey to the unscrupulous Sir Francis Deveron if his train had not left some three hours before she arrived. As it was, so ignorant was she of the ways of a great city that she approached a stout gentleman in Harris tweeds, and with the utmost simplicity asked him to direct her to John M'Farlane's place. This he immediately did, adding that he was delighted to meet any friend of John's.

Lizzie now found herself in surroundings very different from those of her youth, and resolved, so far as it lay in her power, to spend the rest of her life in Inverness. Realising, however, that even with the most rigorous economy her small patrimony could not last her beyond her forty-fifth year, she determined to seek some means of augmenting it. Perceiving in the local journal an advertisement for a governess for two children, ages seven and nine, French and music, she immediately applied for the position; but, owing to her total ignorance of French and music, was kindly but firmly rejected.

In this *impasse*, while walking one day in dejected mood on the bank of the river Ness, musing on the hardships which awaited her in her forty-fifth year unless some stroke of good fortune intervened, she observed approaching her a young man. He was tall, well-favoured, with dark bushy whiskers and light check trousers; and, as he strode along the grass-bordered track, combined grace and agility with a pleasing assurance, and even arrogance, of demeanour. Casting down her eyes she permitted him to pass; then with



Mr. Newly-wed. "I THOUGHT WE SHOULD HAVE DONE BETTER THAN TWO BRACE IN THAT FIRST DRIVE."
Mrs. Newly-wed (grouse-driving for the first time). "I'M NOT SURPRISED, CONSIDERING THE FUNNY WAYS OF SOME OF YOUR PARTY. WHY, THE MAN NEXT TO ME LAY DOWN IN THE BOTTOM OF HIS BUTT WHENEVER THE BIRDS BEGAN TO COME OVER."

beating heart followed at a discreet distance to his place of abode. It was, she ascertained, a boarding-house. Henceforth, our heroine resolved, she would keep a boarding-house.

Fortune favoured her, and very soon she had (in addition to several females) three young men from whom to choose—a painter (house), a postman and a booking-clerk. Of these only the postman could be truthfully said to be good-looking, but all were possessed of an amiable disposition and a modicum of means. Amid their rival claims she spent hours of mental conflict, but a period was put to her indecision by the revelation, at the end of a fortnight, of her inability to cook any other than milk-puddings, and her boarders, with the exception of the booking-clerk and one old lady, who were partial to such fare, left *en bloc*.

Recognising in this occurrence a directing finger, Lizzie now devoted herself with assiduity to the booking-clerk, training him to remove his boots ere entering the parlour, to abandon the use of tobacco indoors, to beware of complaints regarding the food served up and to reserve his spare cash for future emergencies. Just when her efforts appeared to be meeting with success, the booking-clerk jammed his fingers in a doorway and, after a week in hospital, took lodgings elsewhere.

Left thus with one old lady as her sole support and anchor, our heroine was almost in despair. The future indeed might not have seemed so black if the old lady had been rich and without relatives, but unfortunately she was supported by her son-in-law, who, Lizzie was confident, performed this pious office rather from duty than inclination. At this juncture, while seated disconsolately one evening in the kitchen, Lizzie was awakened from meditation by a ring at the door-bell, and, hastening to respond to it, beheld for the first time in her life John M——.

John M—— at this period of his career was about twenty-four years of age, delicate, almost effeminate in appearance, and just commencing scholastic duties in the Inverness Academy. Finding himself, however, ill-adapted to this career, he was even then contemplating the higher calling of the ministry. Need I say that from the moment of his entering the establishment a strong affection developed between the pair? To Lizzie, warned by previous experience, nothing seemed too good for John, and when he broached the subject of marriage he was instantly and cordially accepted.

The ceremony was delayed some five years while John struggled through his divinity course. In the interval Lizzie laboured heroically in the boarding-house, contriving by superhuman efforts to pay not only her own way but also the greater part of her *fiancé's*. At length the long struggle was over, and on the 18th of April, 18—, the pair were united. Shortly afterwards, the Rev. Mr. M—— was appointed to the parish of X. in Sutherlandshire, and there, for the rest of her life, our heroine resided, a pale lady of shrinking manner, with a scanty but sufficient wardrobe of sober-hued garments.

"The twelve famous bells which made their dramatic appeal to Dick Whittington on Highgate Hill will be taken down and cleaned. They were first cast in 1669."
Daily Paper.

But were nevertheless forecast by DICK WHITTINGTON about three centuries earlier.



Hopeless Golfer. "WHAT COULDN'T I DO TO A NICE BIG BOTTLE OF BEER?"
Caddie (scornfully). "HIT IT WITH A CLUB."

HEROES OF THE HOUR.

"So far as I can see," I said, "in the case of a rich man like yourself, Ponderby, who pays a thumping super-tax and drinks quantities of brandy and French wine, and smokes cigars profusely, and keeps a motor-car with a crest on it, and writes hundreds of letters, and has a gun licence and a rod licence, and one or two dog licences, and uses the wireless, and goes to theatres and cinemas and agricultural shows and flower-shows and horse-shows and race meetings and dog races and dirt-track races, and——"

"Steady on!" said Ponderby. "I don't do half those things."

"Then you ought to be ashamed of yourself," I said. "I believe you *do*, but no matter. I'll take your word for it. Supposing you did, and supposing you kept a butler and a valet and a gardener, and were constantly entering into foolish litigation, then, so far as I can see, you would be the man to whom people would point, or ought to point, as the saviour of their country in the hour of peril; the man whom RAMSAY MACDONALD and BALDWIN and SAMUEL and SNOWDEN would come and thump on the back. A slightly bloated yet withal a dignified figure. A bottle-nosed yet morally beautiful Ponderby. A national memorial. A man whose epitaph, when he died, leaving a fat lot for the death duties——"

"I wish you'd shut up," said Ponderby rather crossly. "I suppose you've been studying the subject of direct and indirect taxation?"

"A little," I said. "I and ADAM SMITH between us. He blazed the trail, as you might say, and I followed him. I wonder if you knew, by the way, that ADAM SMITH was stolen as a child of three years old by tinkers, and had to be tracked and recovered by his uncle from a wood?"

"Has that got very much to do with it?" he inquired.

"Nothing, except the narrow shave the poor chap had of becoming a gypsy and never worrying about taxation at all. No doubt he was rather a blighter in many ways, but what I want to call attention to is his maxim that every tax ought to be levied at the time or in the manner at which it is most likely to be convenient for the contributor to pay it. Also that he likes indirect taxes because the consumer pays them little by little as he buys the goods. It seems to me that the great thing in these days is to encourage luxury and extravagance in the citizen for the benefit of the State. Nobody can really expect us to pay more income-tax than we do at present; but when it is sincerely and truly felt that the man who refuses to buy a cigar is doing his country a disservice, and that a man who telephones when he might have sent a telegram is losing the NELSON touch——"

"It seems to me," said Ponderby, "that a good many other luxuries ought to be taxed so as to dashed well distribute the burden. A lot of fellers don't smoke or drink. But look at oysters. I don't like oysters myself, but crowds of fellers would give their soul for them, duty or no duty. And *pâté de foie gras*."

"And periwinkles," I suggested. "Why not periwinkles? I assure you that the desire of some people for periwinkles is as the desire of a moth for a star. And the same with fried fish."

"It would be difficult to collect," urged Ponderby.

"Not if the vendor has to take out a licence. Besides, you forget the force of propaganda. If you can get a man into the habit of saying, 'Let us go over the Top and have three-pennyworth of periwinkles for the Motherland's sake,' he won't mind if he is paying a penny more than last year. The fried fish shop should be the front line of our financial rehabilitation. And then there's beach-wear. And sunburn. We mustn't leave the women out. And permanent waves. And toilet cream. You don't of necessity lower the consumption of these things if every woman who is greasing her face feels certain that she is greasing it for England's good. Let the luxury trades go on, but let every girl who uses a lipstick feel like a W.A.A.C."

"Or like a countess with a coronet on her car," said Ponderby. "I think you're right about that. Take the case of a man——"

"I know what you're going to say," I broke in. "Take the case of a man who doesn't ever write any letters, and abstains from tobacco altogether, and is a strict teetotaler and hates GRETA GARBO, and walks to his work, and hasn't got a dog or a wireless-set."

"And perhaps doesn't pay income-tax either."

"The man is a swab," I said. "He's putting his country in the cart. Everything is being done for him and he gives no return. He ought to be made to put his back into it, and go and have a glass of beer or buy a packet of cigarettes from an automatic machine. He should be hounded into the post-office by an infuriated mob. Petrol should be dumped in his back-yard. Suppose for a moment that this traitor were to go on the dole. With his wretched attitude towards the nation's welfare he might even save money and put it away in a sock. He would then be an out-and-out parasite, sponging on the rest of the community and never returning a penny to the Treasury unless someone could inveigle him into a cinema or tempt him to go greycing, or watch the Arsenal some afternoon. Clearly, the man becomes a conscientious objector to the great idealistic movement of the hour, which is to be taxed as much as we possibly can be taxed. Whereas you and I joining up as Budget balancers, waving farewell to our women-folk, march into a restaurant and order——"

"Quite," said Ponderby. "Two more indirect taxes and soda-water," he said, turning to the waiter.

"And there is another point," I said, when the benefits to the Treasury had accrued in front of us. "I think there ought to be a little more recognition of the people who do their bit for the State. Something like a badge or a ribbon to be worn by those who patronise the post-office and the excise and the theatres most."

"Do you really think," asked Ponderby, "that that is the way ADAM SMITH would have felt about it?"

"He had hardly worked things out," I said, "as succeeding thinkers like myself have done. Besides, he was a Scot. My own view is that, failing a poll-tax, we have all got to pull together for the sake of the National Government and never permit ourselves one highly-taxed luxury when we might take two or three."

"Waiter!" said Ponderby. . . .

EVOE.



"OH, SHURRUP, THE LOT OF YER! YER MAKES ME GLAD TO GIT BACK TO 'IM."

End-of-the-Season Bargains.

"CHEAP WICKETS AT LORD'S."
Evening Paper.

Journalistic Suicide.

"Too much has been done already in the way of exaggeration and we have ourselves to thank for many of the malicious rumours which are being spread regarding British credit."—*Leader in Evening Paper.*

AT THE PLAY.

"THOSE NAUGHTY NINETIES"
(CRITERION).

THE shining or perhaps we might rather say the drab innocence of those far-off days is the theme of this mild little extravaganza by E. SAVAGE GRAHAM and RONALD SIMPSON. Those of us who knew our nineties were quite aware that hearts quite as bold and bad as those of our deplorable day beat above the tight waistbands and heavy alberts of the period. But it suits the purpose of our authors to believe otherwise. As Sir NIGEL PLAYFAIR, the producer, hints in one of those sly disarming little notes which are a feature of his programmes, this is a vision of a past age seen through the self-consciously superior eyes of to-day. He refers explicitly to Mr. MICHAEL WEIGHT'S settings and costumes, but he implies a good deal more. And as Sir NIGEL is a specialist in pleasant period distortions one understands the appeal that this amiable libel makes to him.

The *Wilders'* drawing-room at Henley in the summer of 1896 shows us three wasp-waisted young women with heavy ballooning sleeves and skirts covering their notoriously dangerous ankles. Each has a secret. The demure, pious and homely *Nancy* (Miss PAMELA WILLINS) is angling for a curate (she catches him later in the Thames, into which he has slid off the end of a punt-pole). Pretty pouting *Doris*, her sister (Miss THEA HOLME), has achieved the desperate adventure of driving round and round Regent's Park in a four-wheeler with her handsome impecunious bank-clerk, *Eric Masters* (Mr. MAURICE EVANS). Comely skittish *Maud*, their friend (Miss JOAN MAUDE), is about to marry an eligible *parti* two lives removed from an earldom. Mama *Wilder*, a fussy managing climbing matron, prematurely old and capped (Miss MARY JERROLD), approves the curate, heartily disapproves of the bank-clerk and crassly manœuvres to entangle the pompous idiot, *John Glazebrook*—I imagine "something (but nothing much) in the City"—into marriage with a most reluctant *Doris*. Old *Mr. Wilder* (Sir NIGEL PLAYFAIR) reads *The Pink 'Un* and chuckles and grunts or says "damn" feebly in the background. He has some sympathy with the young people and heartily dislikes the fatuous *John*, but is a coward, and prefers the quiet enjoyment of whisky, marsala and, on great occasions such as this of the fireworks party, chablis, to the assertion of his authority against the quiet tyranny of his *Miranda*. (Authors should, by the way, avoid names ending in "a." "Idea" too is a dangerous word. There was a good deal of Miranda(r)ing and an idear or two to shock the sensitive ear. The theory held by some foolish optimists that the theatre is a school of decorous English speech is no longer tenable, I am afraid.



PASSION'S SLAVE—1896.
John Glazebrook . . MR. LAMONT DICKSON.
Doris Wilder . . . MISS THEA HOLME.

Two years pass. *Doris* is sadly playing "When We are Married" in a chenille-haunted drawing-room. The apparently mild *John* has turned Tartar and is raising hell about a clothes-brush. *Eric*, having come into his father's money, has returned from exile in Australia, where he had been sent to avoid bookmakers. *Doris* has been seen by the immense forbidding char (Miss DORA GREGORY) emerging from his "rooms"—"rooms" were deadly things in those days—and, being inexperienced, pays blackmail to the help. Papa *Wilder* begins to show active sympathy with his badly-used daughter. *Nancy* has married and buried her curate.

Another year passes. All Ealing, where the old *Wilders* now live, is frothing over the *Glazebrook* divorce-case. *Miranda* fears the ruin of her second Thursday. The Vicar's wife and others call to rub salt into the wound. *Nancy*, who has speedily forgotten her curate, brings some consolation in the shape of an elderly goat of a professor to whom she is affianced, and *Doris* stamps on the embers of the dying tea-party by appearing in a ravishing frock and a pretty brazen air: and finally *Maud* (now *Lady Granchester*, through a happy boating accident) comes to stand by her friends, to put the turned-up Ealing noses straight, while a backfiring horseless carriage of the period disgorges a bear-like figure who, shedding pelt and goggles, reveals our erring *Eric*, and the curtain falls upon a pair of lovers entwined in an impassioned kiss.



Mr. Wilder (*Sir* NIGEL PLAYFAIR), *to Professor Holmes* (*Mr. H. R.* HIGNETT). "WE MUSTN'T BE TOO DEPRESSED BY OUR APPEARANCE. LET US REMEMBER THAT WE ARE ONLY THE *present generation's impression* OF THE 'NINETIES!"

I hardly know why so heavy a dullness fell upon us as the affair developed—a dullness relieved certainly by the clever acting (and singing) of Miss PAMELA WILLINS, by the comeliness and competence of Miss JOAN MAUDE and Miss THEA HOLME. Miss MARIE BRETT DAVIES too gave us a little gem of caricature—an Ealing maiden with comic song at the piano. Mr. LAMONT DICKSON'S extravagant portrait made us laugh. But there were undoubtedly flat stretches of boredom among the gayer peaks. T.

"GRAND HOTEL" (ADELPHI).

At long last Mr. GILBERT MILLER has launched his mammoth Three-dimensional Super-Cinema, the wheels of Herr MAX HASAIT'S ingenious machine have been coaxed

into going round and round and round, the camp-stool brigade (or such as survive) have, after protracted Pisgah-sights, entered the promised land, and VICKI BAUM's striped cross-section of thirty-six hours of crowded life in a Berlin hotel is presented to us "by arrangement with MARY LEONARD, RONALD SQUIRE and EDMUND GWENN" (whatever may be the significance of that!) in a smooth adaptation by Mr. EDWARD KNOBLOCK, after Herculean labours by Mr. RAYMOND MASSEY, the producer and the sixty-five produced—dancers, *entrepreneurs*, excitable and fleshly business men, adventurous ladies, very curious gentlemen-in-waiting, porters, bell-hops, professors and what not and so forth, rushing or creeping or climbing about on their lawful and unlawful occasions.

I have the impression that little *Otto Kringelein*, the book-keeper (Mr. IVOR BARNARD), who, having but a few weeks to live, has brought all the cash he could rake together to see life for the first time, takes up rather less space in this compressed version than was allotted him in the book. The dancer *Grusinskaja* (Miss ELENA MIRAMOVA) and the handsome ne'er-do-well, *Baron von Gaigern* (Mr. HUGH WILLIAMS) move into the centre of the stage—which is sound tactics.

Miss ELENA MIRAMOVA, though at first a little disconcerting with her Transatlantic tone-values, gave us a delightful—a sensitive and moving—portrait of a Star whose time for setting has come, her portion at best being fame-with-loneliness, and henceforward loneliness and the mere shadow and memory of fame. And when in the depths of her dejection she wakes in the heart of a hotel-thief who has not altogether ceased to be a chivalrous gentleman a real love, or as real a love as his type is capable of, and flowers anew in the warmth and radiance of it, this talented visitor does really move us by her tantrums, glooms, gaieties and tendernesses—a very skilful achievement, for she has little time to prepare her effects and has carefully to avoid the danger (so far as is possible) of striking isolated chords without modulations.

Mr. HUGH WILLIAMS seemed to me to interpret admirably that excellent stage character the *Baron von Gaigern*. (A very distinguished and decided lady in my neighbourhood did indeed declare in characteristically audible tones that he was not the type for the part. But I venture to disagree, however rash a proceeding that may seem!) He was not a mere rotter and a hero of romance by turns—but the genuine kindliness to little *Kringelein*, to pretty little *Flämmchen*, to the overworked chambermaid, *Anna*, and the real tenderness and sympathy for *Grusinskaja* shone, as it were, through the rotter in him. A well-balanced performance.

The character of the little book-keeper is a really charming conception of the lively author's and a "gift" to any intelligent character-actor. Mr. IVOR BARNARD did really show us in the little space allowed him a true development of character—the angry, suspicious and bitter little man softening under the kindness of *von Gaigern* and *Flämmchen*, the influence of good or at least better clothes, of cocktails and the trimmings of the high life, but still enjoying his moment of triumph over the *Herr Director Preysing*, who had hitherto controlled his obscure drab destiny. Mr. ERNEST MILTON as the sinister dope-ridden shell-disfigured sardonic philosopher, *Doctor Otternschlag*, was very effective as a tragic chorus surveying and commenting on the mad scene; Mr. LYN HARDING's study of the harsh blustering provincial business magnate, unresourceful in council and awkward in love, seemed to me extraordinarily good; and Miss URSULA JEANS got right into the skin of the attractive little *Flämmchen*. Her unconventional scene with the *Herr Director* was played with true tact, a fine restraint and genuine perception—a very charming little cameo.



Baron von Gaigern (Mr. HUGH WILLIAMS), having first stolen necklace and then made successful love to its owner, Lisaveta Andrejewna Grusinskaja (Miss ELENA MIRAMOVA).
"THIS CERTAINLY IS A *GRAND* HOTEL."

It is useless to test this affair by academic standards. The thing comes to life and moves us. And I am sure we were right, having generously applauded the principal players by turn, and the whole company, to give Mr. RAYMOND MASSEY a positive ovation. He richly deserved it. But the poor man, having rushed away from Late Night Final, was half-dead with fatigue and would need much staying with champagne—which I hope was provided for him—to enable him to realise what a good thing he had done. T.

A THIRD-PARTY RISK.

"I DON'T know how to thank you," said the old man.

"Don't mention it," said Sir Garavan. "It was child's play, I assure you, with such a young dragon."

"Young he may be," said the old man, "but he's been worrying the life out of my chickens for the last six months. In fact, if you hadn't come along I should really have had to move to a new cave. Now how can I reward you for your trouble?"

"The laws of chivalry," Sir Garavan protested, "do not allow us to accept any——"

"Stuff!" said the old man. "I'm not offering you money, of course, because, being a hermit, I haven't got any. But in my younger days I took a degree in magic, and I still have a certain skill left. Not enough to deal with dragons, as you see, but enough, perhaps, to give you a little innocent enjoyment. What do you suggest?"

"Well," observed Sir Garavan thoughtfully, "I have a great fancy to see what this country will be like five hundred years from now. Do you think you can remember enough magic for that?"

"Certainly," said the old man; and, quickly brewing a concoction of leopard's-bane, he handed it to Sir Garavan to drink.

* * * * *

The road still lay white and dusty across the downs, but the old man had vanished. So had Sir Garavan's horse; but he had another kind of steed between his knees, which snorted all the time instead of only when excited, and had handle-bars instead of reins. It was carrying him slowly up the steep hill, and after a few moments he found the creature quite easy to sit. At the top of the hill he saw a young girl lying on a bank amid a foam of fool's parsley. She smiled at him, and as his steed was

by then almost at a standstill, he managed to dismount, though he could not let go of it in case it lay down.

"Good day," he said politely. "Can I help you in any way?"

The girl gazed at him critically.

"You look all right," she said at last. "Can you give me a lift as far as the farm at the bottom of the hill? I'm quite used to pillion-riding," she added as she clambered astride behind him.

"You still call that a pillion?" asked Sir Garavan delightedly.

"Why, of course—what else could you call it? That is, unless they've invented a new name for it since last Sunday week. All right—off you go."

Sir Garavan was not at all sure how to start off, but he began pushing with his feet, and as the road sloped steeply downwards he contrived to get the machine going, though surprisingly enough it had entirely ceased to snort. Their pace increased rapidly, and the girl clung more and more tightly round his waist as the banks of fool's parsley flew past them.

"Oo!" she shouted into his right ear. "You haven't half got some nerve!"

Sir Garavan did not understand her idiom, but he recognised her tone of voice as being identical with that used by Lady Maisery while watching his prowess at the great tournament a year—or rather five hundred-and-one years—ago, and he felt an appropriate thrill of pride.

"Steady," cried the girl, after they had gone about a mile. "This is my dad's farm on the left."

Sir Garavan tugged fiercely at the handle-bars, but the motor bicycle continued to gather speed and shot past the farm-house in a cloud of dust.

"Stop!" the girl shouted, letting go perilously with one hand and banging him on the back. But willy-nilly Sir Garavan sped on.

"Oh! oh!" she wailed, clinging tighter and bursting into tears. "I never thought you were one of them sort, or I wouldn't have taken a lift off you. Mum was warning me only the other day——"

Sir Garavan's heart smote him, and he turned his head round to explain.

"I am no vile seducer——" he began reproachfully.

"*Look where you're going!*" she screamed. "Or you'll be a murderer in a minute, and that's worse."

Sir Garavan felt deeply shocked at this remark. In his day some things had been considered, by all nice women, to be worse than death. But there was not much time to think, for the next minute they had reached Great Starlingham, and crashed softly but thoroughly in the middle of the village green.

The local policeman came up, notebook in hand.

"This man's a brute," sobbed the girl. "First he tried to kidnap me, and now he's gone and sprained my ankle."

"Name," said the policeman.

"Garavan."

"Caravan?"

"No, 'Garavan.' Sir Garavan."

"Knight or Bart?"

"Knight."

The policeman was disappointed, for he had a grudge against hereditary titles and took a particular pleasure in running them in. Still, even a knight was better than a plain mister.

"Abduction," he said with relish. "That's what the charge'll be, I shouldn't wonder."

"But I didn't abduct her," protested Sir Garavan, though even as he spoke he wondered whether he was being truly chivalrous.

"Then why didn't you stop at my dad's farm?" the girl demanded.

"Because I didn't know how," he confessed miserably.

"Didn't know *how*?" echoed the policeman. "And you go about giving people lifts? You must be—here!" He thrust his moon-like face close to Sir Garavan's and sniffed officiously.

"Drunk," he declared with satisfaction. "I thought as much—though what on, beats me. It isn't whisky, nor yet beer."

"It's only leopard's-bane," explained Sir Garavan.

"Ar. One of these foreign liquors. That makes it worse. Not even sticking to Empire goods. Well, I daresay that washes out the abduction, but being drunk in charge of a motor-cycle's quite bad enough." His face lit up as an afterthought struck him. "I suppose," he inquired hopefully, "your insurance policy covers third-party risks while carrying a pillion-rider?"

"I do not understand you," said Sir Garavan.

"Oh, you don't, don't you? Well, let's have a look at your stifficate."

"I carry no stifficate," said Sir Garavan, though he did not know what kind of a weapon it might be.

"Well, you *are* for it," said the policeman triumphantly. "Under the new Act, you'll be lucky if you get off with a fine. Imprisonment more like."

Imprisonment . . . the word conjured up for Sir Garavan the vision of a loathsome rat-infested dungeon.

"No," he said firmly. "I would not mind being killed in honourable combat, but for a true knight imprisonment is out of the question."

"Ho!" said the policeman offensively. "It's no good talking like that. There's one law for all classes nowadays—we're not living in the Middle Ages, you know."

"You may not be," said Sir Garavan courteously, "but I am, if it's all the same to you. Chivalry is dead, pillion-riding is forbidden, and this is no time or place for me. *Hey, old man!*" he shouted in a voice mighty enough to carry across five centuries. "*Take me home, I pray you, take me home!*"

* * * * *

"But 'e *was* there," the policeman explained that evening to a group of cronies. "Large as life, and reeking of foreign liquor. And if you don't believe me, ask Pargeter's girl where she got her sprained ankle."

"She must 've been riding the bike 'erself," said one of the cronies. "There wasn't no one else there when I come up, only her and you staring at each other as though you'd both 'ad a touch of the sun."

"But 'e *was* there, I tell you," the policeman protested. "Called me 'old man,' and asked me to take 'im 'ome."

"Touch of the sun," the crony repeated soothingly. JAN.

CRICKET PERSONALITIES.

THE COACH.

THE perfect coach is born, not made;
He knows each stroke and how it's played;
The drive, the cut, the glide, the hook
Are taught according to the book,
And he'll discover at a glance
The smallest fault of style or stance.
It doesn't help at all to say,
"Great RANJI rarely played your way,
And BRADMAN never lifts his bat
Up from the block as straight as that;"
He'll answer with unruffled phlegm,
"So much the worse, my lad, for them."

Admitting that it may be jolly
Blindly to crash the ripe half-volley,
He bids the ambitious tyro shun
Such sheer exuberance of fun.
"First learn with shrewd defensive art
To break the hopeful bowler's heart."
This slogan, ever on his tongue,
Inspires and edifies the young,
Bringing at length its rich rewards
Of faultless centuries at Lord's.

* * * * *

I'd never venture to reproach
My wise and conscientious coach
Who tells me what I mustn't do,
For every word he says is true.
But, speaking as a hopeless case,
I must confess one lapse from grace:
Vile though the wretch may be who socks
A six by means unorthodox,
My soul exults in shameful pride
When, casting every rule aside,
With one atrocious rustic swipe
I clear the tallest elm, by cripe!

C. L. M.



"NO WONDER SHE'S SEIZED UP, ETHEL. THERE'S NO WATER IN THE RADIATOR."



Wife of Resident. "LOOK, GEORGE; SOMEBODY'S USING OUR GROYNE!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

MR. ROBERT BERNAYS' account of his recent five months' experiences in India is a far better book than its catch-penny title and the blare of captions on its jacket would lead you to expect. Why so typical a Liberal as the author of *Naked Fakir* (GOLLANCZ, 10/6) should bait his cover with a quotation from Mr. CHURCHILL I cannot imagine—unless he is out to decoy, in an unwary mood, the diehards of the circulating libraries. In this enterprise I hope he will succeed; in fact the more readers he inveigles the better. For though his book makes little or no contribution to the right disposal of the Indian jig-saw, it gives an interesting and, on the whole, impartial account of the pieces that make up the puzzle. Compounded of cables to *The News Chronicle*, private letters and retrospective narrative, its central theme—the duel between Lord IRWIN and GANDHI—is unrolled by a warm admirer of both protagonists who was invariably on the spot when there was anything doing and managed to put in a good many valuable excursions during the *entr'actes*. Interviews with the Mahatma alternate dramatically and usefully with sojourns at New Delhi and Bombay; and Benares, Lahore, Simla and Peshawar find Mr. BERNAYS always anxious to comprehend if by no means equally skilful. He portrays India in the throes of transition. He also portrays his own change of heart. For coming out with no prepossessions in favour of the British Raj, he left impressed against his will by the courage and self-sacrifice of its administrators.

Rear-Admiral ARNOLD-FORSTER knows all there is to be said
About *The Ways of the Navy* from A even down to Z,
Salutes, correcting the compass, mine-laying, heaving the lead,
Signals, torpedoes, small arms, picket-boats, drifters as well,
"Piping the side" and its meaning, and the lore of the "Little One Bell,"
Fleet work in peace- and in war-time, of these he has plenty to tell;

Likewise of the humours of wireless when it was the latest thing,
The earliest days of the "tin fish" and the last of the "stick and string,"
The way the sunrise is welcomed and the way the battleships swing.

These are among the matters, and many beside them yet,
To be found most readably dealt with in a book I must not forget
To mention that WARD, LOCK publish at seven-and-sixpence net.

Mr. MARCUS WOODWARD, who has already to his credit one delightful redaction of the immortal "GERARD," has issued a new variant of his edition of 1927, in which the gardener's interests predominate over the historian's. Something of course had to be jettisoned if so many plants (hard on three hundred) and so many, even miniature, reproductions of the original woodcuts (a hundred-and-thirty) were to be included in one small octavo. And though *Leaves from Gerard's Herball* (GERALD HOWE, 7/6) lacks any account of the writer, its lavishness with the writer's material more than makes amends for the omission. Arranged roughly as a calendar, it opens with the "Snow Drop," whose description exhibits at the outset the characteristic charms of GERARD'S highly unscientific and exquisitely apt vocabulary. It ends with "The Barnacle Tree or the Tree Bearing Geese," of whose mythical exist-

ence honest JOHN was devoutly convinced and to which he could and did adduce some sort of ocular testimony. In between these familiar and exotic discoveries the herbalist ranges with enthusiasm, telling you where to find his native plants and how to grow such as were not originally of "the large and singular furniture of this noble island." His practical exhortations are still far from useless. For if we can no longer "glew" the feathers to our arrows with juice from a wild hyacinth we can and should plant our hedgerows with apples. And the man who bade us "Forward in the name of God" to this admirably patriotic task was obviously an Englishman to be proud of.

On big trout or wee trout
  Here's the book you should buy—
Fishing for Trout and Seatrout
  With Worm and Wet Fly,
Thus of JOHN STIRLING shall an
  Angler win nous,
And his work's from PHILIP ALLAN
  At Quality House.

His treatise takes you mainly
  To northward of Tweed;
Very clearly and sanely
  It answers a need;
Where the fly falls by the beaches
  Or to worm's no shame
It teaches and it teaches
  A tyro the game;

The river's mode it dockets,
  The loch's it connotes;
It will go into pockets
  Of your old tweed coats,
With a worm from the garden
  Or the fly to affix—
What—didn't I? Your pardon,
  It's seven-and-six.

A home life in which the central figure was a distinguished father who invariably addressed his children as if they were foreign ambassadors, seems a natural early environment for a writer with a touch so delicately grave and considered as that which Lady GWENDOLEN CECIL once more employs in the third volume of her *Life of Robert, Marquis of Salisbury* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON, 21/-). One would not quite say that she dearly loves long words, though her syllable-ratio is high, but she does convey the impression of never having outgrown a certain delight at finding herself able to clothe ordinary ideas in precise and intricate phraseology, and I am nearly sure she shares my love for *Jane Austen*. This present instalment, covering the period 1880-1886, shows the Conservative leader, greater perhaps as Foreign Secretary than as Prime Minister, now at the height of his powers and reputation and wrestling valiantly with a world of problems that ascended in the scale of vexatiousness from Bulgaria and the Eastern Question to the Soudan, Ireland and Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL. This volume is not notable for its secondary figures nor for the new material it may supply to the historian, but almost solely for one inimitable portrait. To Lord SALISBURY'S human infirmities reasonable witness is borne, for instance in the tale of the paper-knife dagger he habitually used, to jab himself awake through sleep-inspiring conferences; but in his scorn for intellectual folly, his supreme clarity, his combination of reserve and mastery, he is portrayed as a superb figure, a great aristocrat.



Owner of Alsatian. "THROW YOUR ARMS ROUND HER—STOP HER! I'VE LOST HER FOR A WEEK AND SHE'S RUNNING WILD."

William Maddison, the hero of Mr. HENRY WILLIAMSON'S *The Dream of Fair Women* (FABER, 7/6), as of the other three parts of the author's tetralogy, is discovered by the beautiful wanton, *Eve Fairfax*, with her Madonna's face and her talk now like a fishwife and now like a not very sophisticated but pretentious schoolmarm, in his eremite's cottage surrounded by two spaniels, a maimed otter cub, a cat, a sea-gull, a jackdaw and a jay. He is trying to put on to paper the bitter thoughts bred in him by the War, which has hit him hard and broken his nerve for the ordinary jobs of life. The author is artist enough not to mitigate the ruthlessness of his portrait of the abject *William* so easily

seduced by the esurient *Eve*, detached from his beloved menagerie and held in bondage—by this *Eve*, to whom a half-dozen other young men are similarly attached and, discovering her deceptions and heartlessness, shoot themselves or take to drink as temperament dictates. It is no criticism of the book to say that it is perplexing and exasperating, or that we don't much believe in the value of *William's* "Policy of Reconstruction." *William* is obviously a study of war neurosis; but it is not easy to discover the secret of *Eve's* glamour or accept her husband's touching faith and ignorance of her reckless and notorious amours.

Nowadays it is such a joy to come across companionable and pleasant people in a book written without pretentiousness that I am in danger of eulogising Mr. GORDON DAVIOT'S *The Expensive Halo* (BENN, 7/6). His plot is not particularly brilliant, and he has stretched the long arm of coincidence to its utmost reach in allowing *Gareth* and *Sara Ellis*, the children of a sanctimonious grocer, to become acquainted (separately and almost simultaneously) with *Lord Chilterne* and his sister, *Lady Ursula*. But, though the mechanism of the book does run more smoothly than life, and though two of the characters are, in their magnanimity, perhaps a shade larger, the author has made his lovers' meeting so credible and so entertaining that the slickness of the plot is not at all irritating. Mr. DAVIOT seems really at home with the people he has made, and he introduces us to them quickly and efficiently. They are, except for the grocer, a pleasant company, and he provides just the right touch of villainy in a book that might otherwise contain too many domestic saints in easily-fitting haloes. The likeableness of all the diverse characters—*Gareth*, the faun-like musician; *Sara*, the shop-girl; *Mrs. Ellis* and *Lady Ursula*, who buys her halo so dearly—that is the astonishing part of the book. The author is, mercifully, too good an entertainer to allow his really nice people one touch of smugness. He writes well, he has humour, and his characters remain our friends long after the final page is reached.

If *Major Hugh Armstrong*, with the rather babyish pink-skinned face, brilliant ingenuous blue eyes and a habit of breaking even his shortest sentences with "hr-humphs," made fun of the brown filly in the Doncaster sale-ring, saw her pretty young Irish owner, *Anne Hardress*, burst into tears, and retrieved his mistake by buying the misfit and deciding that he would run a stud with *Anne's* brother, this was merely to enable DOROTHEA CONYERS to carry her Englishman across to Co. Cahervally (Co. Limerick for a guess). She gave him some first-rate hunting over formidable country, good company (including the happy-go-lucky gentleman horse-coper, *Jacko Hennessey*, and the much-marrying *Marquis of Clonaboyne*) and bad (including a thrusting octoroon beauty and gentleman jewel-thief); also the opportunity of *Managing Ariadne* (HUTCHINSON, 7/6). *Ariadne* was *Anne's* aunt, a little faded and a good deal bitter, at least in speech and on the surface. But English *Hugh*, we feel, made a good bargain. "Unstable, unfaithful, sweet-voiced, tender-hearted, bloodstained, and yet wondrously kindly, Ireland was Hugh's and he was Ireland's as his eyes looked at her beauty." Our lively author's love of Ireland, of Irish folk of all classes and of clever Irish horses makes this a pleasant holiday book to rattle through.

Weary as I am of sensational tales in which some criminal organisation or another tries to dominate the world, I admit that Mr. SAX ROHMER has, as regards lurid incident, surpassed himself in *Daughter of Fu Manchu* (CASSELL, 7/6). On the one side in this fight between wrong and right was "a person tall, lean and feline, high-shouldered, with a brow like SHAKESPEARE and a face like Satan," so it was only fair that the opposition should have the assistance of a man who seemed to hold "not sluggish human blood but electricity in his veins." Wherever the scenes of this melodrama are laid, danger of sudden death is always lurking, and as *Fu Manchu* and his evil daughter, *Fah Lo Suee*, were not numbered among the slain, one may reasonably expect that Mr. ROHMER will give their admirers further opportunities of meeting them.

The death of Mrs. FALCONER JAMESON deprives us of a novelist who, under the name of J. E. BUCKROSE, gave pleasure to many readers in tales that always possessed dignity and distinction. *Out All Night* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON, 7/6) is a typical example of her work; without fuss or sensational incident she draws a memorable picture of Wensthorpe, a small country town, and of its local celebrities. Such people may be small fry enough to the world at large, but seen through the eyes of J. E. BUCKROSE they attain an importance that makes them extraordinarily engaging companions. Among her numerous studies of Wensthorpians of two generations, I like especially *Mr. Thompson*, who in spite of business cares and domestic worries found time to dream dreams and to live in a world of his own. A quiet story admirably told.



Zealous Ratepayer (to Beach Inspector). "I SAY, INSPECTOR, OUGHTN'T YOU TO DO SOMETHING ABOUT THAT WRETCHED FOOTBALL TEAM? THEY APPEAR TO BE USING UP A TREMENDOUS LOT OF OUR OZONE."

Contradictions from Calshot.

"The British high-speed flight is quite up-to-date in its training. Two flights were made yesterday in the S.5 machine which won the race in 1827."—*Local Paper.*

Our Erudite Contemporaries.

"The Asquith family is, of course, strongly literary, and I hear about a new book by one of its members. Mr. Herbert Asquith has two successful novels to his credit, especially 'Orlando' . . ."
Daily Paper.

As Cooks Go.

"A.—Cook-General disengaged; excellent plain cook; here to-day."—*Advt. in Belfast Paper.*

And, you may bet your life, gone to-morrow.

CHARIVARIA.

THE fact that a famous musician contemplates joining it has led to the rumour that the MOSLEY Party is to be set to music.

* * *

Dr. ADDISON accuses the Tories and Liberals of saying roughly that what suited the bankers would suit them. Our feeling is that in times of stress politicians are to be excused for saying things roughly.

* * *

It is greatly to be regretted that the unrest in Lancashire has been intensified by doubt as to the outcome of the negotiations between Accrington and DON BRADMAN.

* * *

Flood-lighting of the rear of Government offices is reported to have disturbed the Treasury cat. Conjecture is rife as to how the creature came to be out of its bag.

* * *

"Where is our great national leader?" asks "A.A.B." in *The Evening Standard*. Yet we can hardly believe that Lord BEAVERBROOK'S movements are not known in Shoe Lane.

* * *

During the civil war in Barcelona the Special Correspondent of *The Daily Mail* says he was caught between two firing parties of police and syndicalists. We felt it would not be long before that revolt would lead to something serious.

* * *

Storks are said to be leaving Alsace because the draining of the marshes has caused a scarcity of frogs; and it is thought that a "Hands off the Marshes" movement would have the support of French gastronomes.

* * *

The Greek origin of the name of the aspidistra has been discussed in *The Times*; but Hellenists reject the theory that in Ancient Greece no home was considered complete without one.

* * *

A method of counting the number of bees in a hive by means of a microphone and amplifier is being investigated. Similar instruments have, of course, revealed the presence of bees in bonnets.

* * *

Kentucky mountaineers, among whom blood-feuds have broken out again, still speak a form of Elizabethan English, it is stated. Film-producers would soon rectify that with the "Kentalkies."

* * *

Two Czecho-Slovakian waiters have started to walk round the world, each carrying a complete coffee-service. Our belief is that the waiter at our table in Soho the other night had just accomplished a similar journey.

* * *

Just when people were trying to brace up and look on the cheerful side of things, along comes the announcement of a new type of gramophone-needle which will play one thousand records without wearing out.



Visitor. "OH, DO TELL ME THE STORY OF SOME OF YOUR SHIPWRECKS."

Longshoreman. "VERY WELL, MISS; BUT BEFORE I STARTS I WOULD REMIND YOU THAT THE COPYRIGHT OF THEM IS RESERVED THROUGHOUT THE COUNTRIES SIGNATORY TO THE BERNE CONVENTION AND THE U.S.A."

The statement, on the authority of a professional rat-catcher, that rats of extraordinary colours are found in Piccadilly will be reassuring to habitual revellers.

* * *

Postmen in a flooded district have been going their rounds in bathing-costumes, and there is a strong local feeling that it ought to be made compulsory for postmen to be able to swim.

* * *

A musician complains that many English people look miserable when they sing. We have always thought this show of sympathy for the audience highly creditable.

* * *

The formation of a women's bowling association with a Mr. MALE as its secretary is welcomed as evidence of a determination to control bias.

A critic says there is a fortune awaiting the man who can produce perfect stage snow. The same cannot be said of all those who produce a perfect stage frost.

* * *

According to a fashion-writer black hair and heavy earrings with a pale face will be the autumn fashion. It is consoling to know that faces will still be worn.

* * *

Burglars who broke into a house at Winchester left the back-door open. This is the sort of thing which gives burglars a bad name.

* * *

A man in the dock at Sydney recently posed as EDGAR WALLACE. He was proved an impostor, however, because he failed to fill the magistrate's bookshelf with novels after a full hour's test.

* * *

A British composer has written a song called "Summer." A well-known song written some years ago on the same subject was entitled "One Fine Day."

* * *

An athlete says that to triumph in sport we must unearth new talent. Our golfers are frequently seen to be unearthing something.

* * *

"After all, what is the difference between the rich man and the poor man?" says a writer. The rich man has acute laryngitis and the poor man has a cold.

* * *

The production of a revue was postponed at the last moment. One wildly incredible theory is that the producer had mislaid the plot.

* * *

It is known that there is a profit of fifty per cent on fried fish, says a writer. Profit on a high scale?

* * *

"One baby is born in New York every three minutes," we are told. That must be awfully tiresome for the baby.

* * *

It is stated that many young men are going from public schools into West End stores. Others, of course, get married and wait outside them.

* * *

A doctor declares that bad tempers can be cured by massage. Care must be taken however not to rub the patient the wrong way.

STILL MORE ECONOMIES.

READERS will hardly credit—in fact, readers will simply not credit at all—the number of letters hourly received at this office during the past week containing suggestions for balancing our Budget, distributing the burden of taxation and encouraging the revival of trade. A vast secretarial staff has been employed in opening them, sorting them, correcting (where necessary) the spelling, and throwing them away. One or two, however, may be quoted here as showing how deeply the necessity for retrenchment has burnt itself into the national soul.

TAX THE FOREIGNER.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—At a moment like this it is important to prohibit all imports of any and every kind whatsoever. Things are constantly coming into this country. Why should they do so? Turn them back at the ports, say I. Butter, rubber, tea, eggs, oil, wine, caviare, comedians, fur, films, face-powder, and a thousand other commodities are arriving every day. Throw them out!

Only the other morning I saw a large number of barrels at the docks. What did they contain? I strongly suspect sugar or glue. *Nothing should be allowed to enter the country except gold.* Fling all these other articles into the water and gold will soon come to heel.

Yours faithfully,
Penge. ELIZABETH MURGATROYD.

HELP THE TREASURY.

SIR,—There are surely throughout the length and breadth of England a large number of gold watches which do not go and could be melted down in the national need? This is a moment when every patriotic Englishman or Englishwoman should be prepared to sacrifice even a family heirloom, and bring it to the Mint, or wherever the appointed place may be. What I have said applies equally to tie-pins, golf-cups, medals, trowels, candlesticks, unwanted wedding-rings, and the clips of abandoned artificial dentures. This is no hour for hoarding while England weeps. I myself have sent a set of evening-shirt studs (warranted eighteen carat) to the PRIME MINISTER direct.

I am, Sir,
Yours earnestly, "SACRIFICE."
Blotton-under-Edge.

NASTY NOISES.

DEAR SIR,—What is urgently needed is a heavy impost on things that go off pop behind your back when you are not expecting them, like motor exhausts, fireworks, loud laughter and dogs in the street. Why was Mr. SNOWDEN not advised of this? Such a duty could be collected by the police immediately, who would furnish a receipt, after the manner of the Italian Fascisti.

I would also have taxed:—

(1) Paper bags.

(2) Narratives of golf-rounds (at so much per hole; information to be lodged immediately at the nearest police-station)

(3) Coloured finger-nails.

(4) Absence of hats.

(5) American words.

I enclose my card.*

Yours, etc.,
AN IMPENITENT VICTORIAN.

A SIMPLE REMEDY.

SIR,—Why not tax rhubarb?

Yours faithfully, GASTRONOME.

EVERY HOUSEHOLDER CAN DO IT.

MY DEAR MR. PUNCH,—The present situation in our national affairs demands sacrifices from everyone, high and low. I summoned my household last Friday and explained the seriousness of the crisis. It was a question, I pointed out, of living abroad or pulling ourselves together and lessening the servants' wages unless something were done immediately. Bread is too often burnt or thrown into the dustbin when it might be made into puddings or used for *croûtes* surmounted by rolls of bacon, which make an enjoyable savoury. I was scandalised also to see a large crust lying outside my own door only the other evening. On inquiring into the matter I was told that it was not ours; but a straw will serve to show which way the wind blows. Little wonder that there is a drain of gold when such things go on.

Old toast can be freshened by soaking it in water and baking it again in the oven. Potato-peelings should be collected and sold to farmers for their pigs. Remains of rice-pudding, cabbage-stalks and orange-peel, contrary to the general opinion, may well be used for stock. Soap is squandered by being left insufficiently dry. Stains can be removed from wash-leather gloves...

[ED. This letter goes on for several pages. We have thought it better to omit the rest.]

AIDS TO AGRICULTURE.

SIR,—It may or may not have been brought to your notice that a Halewood dairy farmer has recently obtained excellent results by laying his wireless-set on to the shed where the cows were milked, the effect being to produce a far richer and more copious yield. It would be not difficult, surely, at this moment, when the whole finance of the nation is in jeopardy and farming in particular at a low ebb, to extend this practice for the benefit of agriculture in general. Saxophone music is said to have a remarkable effect upon swedes, and a gramophone attached to the plough-handle would certainly encourage horses in their toil.

I have myself been experimenting recently by reading the prefaces of Mr. BERNARD SHAW'S plays to my hens whilst they were laying eggs, with the most astonishing results, many proving double-yolked.

Sculpture, I find, has little or no effect on tomatoes; but a Cubist picture, bought many years ago, has been very helpful to a neighbouring pig-breeder, the farrow on one occasion being no fewer than fourteen.

I am speaking to a gathering of local farmers on "Art *v.* Chemical Nitrates" at our own Town Hall to-morrow night. ECONOMICUS.

Bartley Monacorum.

THE LITTLE ONES TOO.

DERE MR. PUNCH,—We the undersined have agreed to give up our pocket-munny next term to help Mr. SNOWDEN, as a jesture of simpathy with the N.U.T.

LOTTIE SMITH.
MILLIE HOPKINS.
ROSIE BROWN.
BOB PHIPPS, JR.

EVOE.

*The card was not enclosed; only an omnibus ticket on No. 31 Route.

SMALL GAME IN AUTUMN.

YES, it was a wonderful sun-down
Straight out of a picture-book;
Time and again I put the gun down
And just had to look;
The air was amber, the sea blue glass
That would shiver, it seemed, at a touch;
But—I wish I had the insect that lived in the grass
And bit me so much.

Yes, there were rabbits a-plenty,
Trustful and easy to view;
There were partridge—I counted twenty,
There were hares not a few;
And a red grouse, trespassing over,
Copped it neatly and well:
But—I wish I had the insect that lived in the clover
And gave me such hell.

Oh, a great evening surely,
An enjoyable shoot all right,
And I ought to remember it purely
As a dream of delight:
Game, gun, landscape, weather
Knocked everything into fits;
But—I wish I had the insect that lived in the heather
And bit me to bits. H. B.



"RESTING" STARS.

MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL. "YOU'VE NOTHING TO COMPLAIN ABOUT, LADDIE. *I* WAS PLAYING *HAMLET* BEFORE YOU WENT TO SCHOOL."



"I LIKE THAT NEW-FASHIONED LONG HIGH NECK. I MUST GET ONE."

OUR TUDOR COLONY.

IT was upon me that the young man who sold fire-extinguishers called first. I was rather pleased with this distinction, because most young men with things to sell are given the office by the landlord of "The Rose and Crown" and present themselves first before Purbank, who is generally considered the leader of the Colony. But, as I have said, this particular young man called first upon me.

Very likely the landlord had advised this very procedure, for I knew he was incensed at Purbank's efforts to produce Home Brewed Ale and Old English Cordials, and had even been heard to refer to Purbank as an "igrant amachoor." In such a state of mind he might well pause before naming Purbank as the most prominent figure in the community. I myself had once been in the landlord's black books for some time, having inadvertently referred to his house as "The Crown and Anchor." The good fellow saw in this error a veiled suggestion that he received slips over the bar. I only wish he did, for it would save me a great deal of money on telegrams, and, as I told Purbank, racing is a good Old English Sport.

Anyhow, wherever lay the initiative, one should never fail to respond to a compliment. I listened to the young man's patter and promised to help him in any way I could short of purchasing an extinguisher myself. I considered that in Tudor days fires were extinguished by water thrown from buckets, while fires themselves are distinctly pre-Tudor. The whole business was therefore historically respectable. But I warned the young man that, although the riff-raff of the community, like Stokes-Satterly, who hasn't a grain of real Tudor instinct in his system, might be content with the standard pattern extinguisher in red-and-black, Purbank and the elect would require an oaken casket or at least some brown paint to camouflage modernity.

I then undertook to assemble at a given date as many of our members as I could to witness a demonstration of fire-extinguishing. A pile of wood and inflammable material was to be erected to resemble a small house. This would be ignited, and when the blaze was at its highest the demonstrator would, as the North Americans say, "do his stuff." The stuff done, orders would be taken while the spectators were still heated.

Now certain members of our Colony are rather close-fisted. Extracting blood from a stone would be a light parlour-game as compared with achieving a sale to, say, McArdross or Lewison. Still, I expected some customers among the company and, for my own part, was glad of the prospect of some of my neighbours owning up-to-date extinguishers, for in an emergency I could quickly borrow them.

I found the members enthusiastic. McArdross at once suggested his unmade garden as the site of the demonstration and Purbank volunteered to make a speech on fire-extinguishing in Tudor times. Both offers were accepted.

The great day came. Willing helpers had piled high a mass of faggots and remnants of planks on a bare patch of the McArdross estate—rather near a new barn, I noticed. Purbank was there with a sheaf of notes, Campion with a pile of literature supplied by a rival firm, and Lewison carrying an axe and looking curiously shabby. Now as a rule Lewison is smart to the point of gleaming, his suit-pattern pronounced and his person starred with glittering

points. To-day he resembled a man in the second-hand clothes business who had clad himself from stock. Also he looked stouter than usual.

Purbank opened the proceedings with some learned remarks and then rather tactlessly added that with real Tudor buildings, inhabited in a real Tudor manner—he himself uses only candles for illumination—there was little danger of fire. But when people travestied Tudor styles in their houses and then introduced electric light they were living in hourly danger. This constituted a direct attack upon all the sham-Tudorites present, so at this point I had to nudge the speaker.

The young man then explained the peculiar beauties of his apparatus, a thing looking like a model railway-engine with its wheels off. He offered patterns in copper, brass, aluminium, Tudor or Jacobean finish. While he was challenging the world to produce a finer article I took the opportunity of examining the bonfire. It now seemed to be very near indeed to the barn, but, as McArdross had appointed himself feeder of the fire and was even now adding wood to the pile, I remembered the courtesy due to my host and withdrew quietly.

Now came the climax of the entertainment. The young man laid out his weapons in a long row in front of the enemy and declared himself ready. Stokes-Satterly, a prospective client, was invited to apply a match. He did so.

Well, as a bonfire, it was one of the biggest successes I have ever witnessed. In a few seconds the flames soared aloft and the heat startled even the young champion.

The blaze rose higher yet, and I am sure I caught a whiff of paraffin. Next I observed the flames run along the ground and set fire to the adjacent barn. Purbank must have noticed it too, for, as Chairman, he ordered the demonstrator to demonstrate. The young man promptly opened fire from his battery, and I am bound to say the results were remarkable. The fire fell back steadily before each discharge. But by now all eyes had remarked the state of the barn and all voices shouted to the young man to alter his objective. He seized an armful of his weapons and advanced. Meanwhile Lewison could be seen wielding his axe and dealing the barn massive blows at whatever point he could reach.

The barn seemed to burn even better than the bonfire. It was of new resinous wood—for McArdross is a very third-rate Tudorite—and was destroyed pretty completely before the demonstrator could cow the flames. He then turned back to his original point of attack, quelled what fire remained in a few seconds, calmly produced his book and asked for orders.

I am glad to say he got plenty. I myself persuaded Sitlow, my nearest neighbour, to record his admiration of the performance by purchasing half-a-dozen extinguishers. Stokes-Satterly, after the shock given him by Purbank, was so frightened by the realisation of what fire was really like that he purchased fifty. Purbank bought a couple for his garage, whence their un-Tudor taint would not reach him. McArdross ordered a dozen for his new barn when erected. The present ruin, he said, was well "covered," and had been built in the wrong place. Lewison was seen behind the ruins removing his damaged suit. When remonstrated with on grounds of decency, he disclosed a second suit underneath, also singed and damp. The condition of these suits he appeared to view with satisfaction. It is known that he has a brother in the insurance business. E. P. W.



"I WONDER WHAT YOU'D SAY, PETER, IF I CAME TO THE TABLE WITH GRUBBY HANDS LIKE YOURS."

"I HOPE I'VE BEEN BROUGHT UP WELL ENOUGH NOT TO DRAW ATTENTION TO IT."

A Good Conservative Son.

"MR. AMERY'S SON FINED.
Drove Past a Red Flag on the Kingston By-Pass."—*Evening Paper.*

"Mr. ——, who is a Virginian by girth, has been a member of the United States Consular Service since 1921."—*Canadian Paper.*
These Southerners are stout fellows.

MR. PUNCH'S GARDENING PRIMER.

VIII.—"BOB-FLY."

"BOB-FLY" are more of a vegetable garden pest than a flower garden pest. About the only things they attack, now I come to think of it, are radishes; so, if a fellow says he thinks he has "bob-fly" on his beetroot, he is just boasting of the size of his radishes. The "bob-fly" eat the leaves of the radish and as you approach jump off guiltily, trying to look as if it were two other fellows. The approved method of discouragement is to dust the radish-leaves over with fine cinder ash. This dust hangs around, gets down the "bob-flies'" necks and into their eyes, clogs their feet so that they can't jump so far, and in general makes them so depressed and irritable that as like as not they give up all thought of radish-eating as a career and go into a convent or some place.

IX.—CHILDREN, HORSES, TAME JACKDAWS, ETC.

Children, horses and tame jackdaws considered as garden pests are just a shade better than pigs, for you *can* catch all three if you try, whereas a pig you cannot. It costs a lot of temper to catch a horse; a sixpence, a ring or other bright object to catch a tame jackdaw; and for children anything from a bob up per head, according to age and financial acumen. It is cheaper, therefore, to suffer from horses than jackdaws. On the other hand, if during the catching a tame jackdaw treads on your foot, it doesn't matter so much. Spraying with a rose-pink solution of permanganate of potash—the gardener's panacea—is of not much avail for any of the above, and after all why the blazes should it be?



Parent. "GEORGIE, YOU MUSTN'T DROP LITTER ABOUT IN THE STREET LIKE THAT. PICK THAT BAG UP THIS INSTANT AND PUT IT IN THIS GARDEN."

X.—"THERBLIGHT."

Whenever you see on your plants something peculiar which may be either small black crawling things or small yellow crawling things, or just any small crawling things that aren't greenfly—or even if you don't personally see them at all but realise that the plant does from the way it has started back in horror during the night—then that something peculiar is called by your gardener "therblight." "Therblight" is in fact practically anything that he doesn't know by its correct name—which in the country will be either "the palmers" or "the barb" or "wots" or something like that. "Therblight" is generally cured by spraying, though what you spray it with depends on what particular beverage is anathema to the particular creature concerned. The unfortunate thing about most sprays is that they are anathema to the gardener too—either by smell or by subsequent effect upon the plant. I mean, if in order to save your delphiniums from "boss-weevil" or whatever "therblight" may be, you have to spray them with something which turns the leaves bright purple and the flowers green, or else which leads visitors to sniff apprehensively and say, "Isn't it rather dangerous living so near the sewage-farm?"—well, then it is worth considering whether "therblight" is not the lesser evil. It is up to you to decide; as in so many other aspects of gardening you can't have it both ways.

XI.—BIRDS.

Birds are, of course, terrible pests—more annoying in a way than most things, because they will do their damage right in front of your nose, when you are sitting reading on the lawn. You shout, shoo, wave, do everything to scare them off, but they merely look at you in an inquiring way and either decide that you are not, after all, addressing them, or else make pointed remarks to each other about the Strange People One Sees About Nowadays before pecking off a few more lupin buds. If in a last endeavour you throw anything, it is a rule that you miss the bird and break a lupin. Not till you finally get up does he fly away, handing you as he does so a musical raspberry in E flat minor. He then hides in a bush and only reappears just as you settle down comfortably once more. This time probably he has brought two or three pals along to take pot-luck.

Experts say the way to deal with this is to twine black cotton in and out among the flowers. The bird doesn't see the strands, keeps tripping up, falling on his face, barking his shins, and so on, and finally gives up. But if ever you have tried twining cotton among flower-heads in the wind that on the calmest day instantly springs up when you start twining cotton among flower-heads, you will realise that, in order to have it completed by the time the flower-heads are likely to be attacked by birds, you must start before the plants are big enough to have cotton twined round them—*Quod est absurdum*, as EUCLID, himself no doubt a gardener, would have said.

To keep birds from soft fruit there is a general impression that to put netting over the fruit is successful. This is quite wrong. Any bird worth the salt on its tail can find a way into the netting—indeed I have seen elderly and experienced blackbirds holding up a corner while the family filed in; but few birds once in can ever find the way out. If you try, in your own interest, to help them out, they merely become quite hysterical from claustrophobia and volplane madly about, cannoning off the gooseberries, getting involved with the netting and in general behaving in such an uncontrolled manner that you are simply ashamed to be seen assisting them, and go away. It is a moot point whether they ever do get out. Even this wouldn't matter if they

died of starvation or something, but they don't; they have plenty of your fruit to feed on. The only thing to do when you get birds inside your netting is to get inside too and eat against them. Having a larger mouth, you may yet achieve the satisfaction of doing them down.

XII.—RUST, MOTH, THIEVES.

Rust has to be dealt with by means of stuff called liver of sulphur. It is best to get a friend to do this for you and go and live in London while it is being done. *Vide* index: "Farms, sewage, apparently adjacent."

Moth should be treated by putting camphor in the beds, while thieves need not worry you. They worry me, but then I live in the same village as old Miss Gumwhistle, who comes out to call with a basket and trowel, and often finds you not in.

(Next Week's Pests: *Slugs.*) A. A.

MEMORIES.

[Three hundred old pianos were recently destroyed on a bonfire at Stroud.]

SPARE a tear-drop, gentle reader,
For that noble funeral pyre;
Smell the rosewood, sniff the cedar,
Down at Stroud in Gloucestershire;
Listen while the chorus swells
To three hundred sad farewells!

Once their owners used to cherish,
Love them for their perfect tones,
Now upon a fire they perish,
Making room for gramophones;
No one plays pianos now,
Too much trouble anyhow.

Often at an evening party
Would some budding baritone
Sing a ballad with a hearty
Intonation all his own;
While a sweet and blushing maid,
Heart a-flutter, softly played.

Edward and his Angelina,
Each upon a stiff-backed chair,
Tinkled out a sonatina,
Stumbled through "The Maiden's Prayer,"
Counting one, two, three or four,
Beating time upon the floor.

When, about the early 'eighties,
They were somewhat past their best,
Little Mary Janes and Katies
Thumped with unabated zest
Simple melodies in C
To their elders after tea.

In the naughty 'nineties nimble
Aunts and uncles used to play
With the children Hunt the Thimble,
Blind Man's Buff and Nuts in May.
Was the old piano flat?
Yes, but good enough for that.

Then how dashingly the dancers
Pranced and capered madly round,
Whirling partners in the Lancers
Till their feet were off the ground,
And, collapsing on the floor,
Breathlessly would cry, "Encore!"

Can you spare a glance of pity,
Gentle reader, as they go,
Wreathed in smoke above the city,
In a last fortissimo;
Raise, perhaps, a feeble cheer
When at last they disappear?



The Man. "LOSH! AH'VE LEFT MA WALLET ON THE MANTELPIECE."
The Girl. "WHERE DO YOU USUALLY HIDE IT?"

A correspondent asks us "Who is the General Secretary of the T.U.C.?" The answer is very nearly a lemon.

THE MAN WHO FLED FROM THE POUND.

"BEEN away?"

"Yes," said Poker, a little guiltily, I thought.

"Where to?"

"Switzerland."

He hung his head, and bit by bit I wrung the story from him.

* * * * *

"Overdrawn," said Poker's banker. "And nothing further doing."

"Very well," said Poker brutally, "I shall fly from the pound."

The banker blanched but bit his lips and carried on.

Poker went home and, as he described it, "mobilised his overdraft," a charming phrase he borrowed from the T.U.C. I, it seems, was one of the mobilisees. I remembered his coming to me for an urgent loan to help him to visit a sick relative on the Continent, and I gather there were several other mugs—or mobilisees.

But Poker had also a hundred pounds in War Loan. He rang up his stockbroker and ordered him to sell. That day, as it happened, the news came through that KAYE DON had won the first heat of the motor-boat races, so the Stock Exchange was buoyant, War Loan had bounded up an eighth or two and Poker sold quite well.

Then, with all his resources in his pocket, he said to the stockbroker, "I want to fly from the pound. Where do I fly to? America?"

"They don't want your money there. Choked with money."

"France? That's the other prosperous country, isn't it?"

"Not so sound as she seems—France. No, if I were you I should fly to Switzerland. Switzerland is as safe as the Bank of—of Switzerland. Buy Swiss francs, Swiss hotels, baths, lavatories—that sort of thing. Can I get you something Swiss?"

But Poker is thorough and logical. If he was going to fly from the pound, he would fly body and soul. He refused the stockbroker's kindly offer, put his mobilised overdraft in his pocket and took a ticket to Switzerland. Discouraged about currency, he did not feel drawn to francs, even Swiss ones. His idea was to get a stake in some nice Swiss lake, public bath or wash-house, settle down beside it and make sure that his hard-earned overdraft did not vanish in the night.

In the opposite corner of his carriage at Calais was a Frenchman. Poker talked to him and presently discovered that he, the Frenchman, was flying from the French franc. Poker was pleased by this evidence that he had a good stockbroker. Also he did not think that anyone else in England had thought of flying from the pound and had been afraid that he might be lonely in Switzerland; so he was glad to be assured of some sympathetic company. He and the Frenchman discussed the possibility of buying up some nice Swiss lake or lavatory between them.

But in the dining-car he sat opposite to an American who was flying from the dollar. And the man next to him was an Italian flying from the lira. And after dinner he found that the morose gentleman across the way was a Spaniard flying from the peseta. On his way back to his compartment he passed a number of second-class carriages full of Dutchmen flying from the gulden. Later the train was invaded by a crowd of Germans flying from the mark—and all were flying to Switzerland.

Poker formed the opinion that he must be on some International Flight-From-Currency Express. His attendant confirmed this view. "*Tout le monde*," he said, "*s'enfuie de l'argent national*."

Poker began to think that it might be more difficult to get a nice Swiss skating-rink or wash-house than he had thought. In the corridor, about midnight, he met an Egyptian princess flying from the piastre and an Indian Prince flying from the lakh. As the train approached Switzerland the passengers snatched at the first opportunity to acquire the beloved currency of Switzerland and madly relieved themselves of the loathsome currencies of their native lands. Spaniards contemptuously flung their loose pesetas out of the window; Rajahs openly spat upon the rupee. "It was an uncanny thing," said Poker, "the great train speeding through the mountains loaded with men and women of all nations fleeing in terror from the cruel coins of their birth (so to speak)." At the frontier a small stowaway from Whitechapel was discovered in a luggage-van, fleeing from the copper.

The train ran on and every passenger looked out of the window and sighed with relief to be at last in a prosperous and stable country.

Poker left the train at Geneva and, suit-case in hand, hurried to the exit, anxious to find the wash-house market before everything had been snapped up by foreigners. But before he had reached the barrier he was met, indeed he was swept back by, a surging crowd of men and women all making for a train on the other side of the same platform—the Calais train.

Many of the crowd, Poker noticed, were British; and in the front rank was a London business man whom he knew. This man's face wore an expression of great strain and anxiety. Poker stopped him, but with difficulty.

"Where you going, old boy?" he asked impatiently.

"Switzerland," said Poker. "I'm flying from the pound."

"Good heavens!" cried the man, "don't do any such thing. *Switzerland's unsound!*"

And with these alarming words the man leapt into the train.

Poker stood irresolute and shocked for a moment, hustled by the crowd of fugitives from the Swiss franc. What had happened to Switzerland? Panic among the yodellers? Revolution? A tidal wave on the Lakes? Had the Swiss stopped washing? Poker did not know. Nor does he know now.

But flags were waved and whistles blown, the train began to move, and Poker jumped into it. . . .

He told me yesterday that he was buying British War Loan. A. P. H.

TO A LATE BUTTERFLY.

'TIS now, Red Admiral, 'tis now too clear
By cumulative force of circumstances
That the effete and fast-declining year
Weakens before the winter's first advances;
For now wild clematis casts plumed seed
Free to the winds, as well becomes a weed;
Cuckoos are gone, the birds of this year's breed,
And swallows swift pursue them where they lead,
And martins take no chances.

The calendar, Red Admiral, is right,
The all-too-aged year indeed is dying;
For nightjars jar no longer in the night,
Nor spotted flycatchers catch flies a-flying;
And, Atalanta, O thou butterfly
Haunting the garden like the soft wind's sigh,
Could I but copy thee, with winter nigh
I should be much inclined to have a try
At something well worth trying!

For you on wavering black-and-scarlet wing
Seek for the fallen apple in the grasses,
And where the wasp, not worrying to sting,
Gnawing industrious as the pale day passes,



Conductor. "LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, WE ARE NOW PASSING WINDSOR CASTLE—WELL WORTH A TURN OF THE 'EAD."

Has eaten an appreciable chunk,
There suck you cider with a quivering trunk
Until, the low-pitched sun too swiftly sunk,
Night steals upon you exquisitely drunk—
Drunk as with many glasses.

But whenas Winter draws a bit too near,
Longing to drop on you still elevated,
You fold your wings and simply disappear
And he perceives that you have hibernated;
As many men would do, I little doubt,
If, after an ecstatic cider-bout
Lasting till loud October's final shout,
They could, like you, just sleep the winter out.
I might, as I have stated. VERGES.

"KID BERG WILL USE HIS HEAD."
Daily Paper.

Boxing has always had its butts.

"SIR ALEXANDER MACKENZIE, FRIEND OF LISZT, 84 TO-DAY.
Queen Elizabeth knighted him in 1895."
Chicago Paper.

As GLORIANA remarked at the time, "We are not amused."

Where the Cabinet takes the Strain.

"THE GOVERNMENT.
New Appointments Made.
Minister of Tensions.—Major the Rt. Hon. G. C. Tryon."—*Jersey Paper.*

The Last of the Absentee.

"TO-DAY'S WEATHER.
Sun rises 9.54 p.m. sets (Saturday) 3.42 p.m. Last quarter to-morrow."
Daily Paper.

"OVERNIGHT START.
LADY ASTOR FIRST INSIDE THE BAR."
West-Country Paper.

We always imagined that the atmosphere of the House would have its effect in time.

A FABLE.

THE KING OF THE JUNGLE.

THE Beasts of the Jungle met in Conclave to decide which of them should be King.

When the shadow of the tall palm falling aslant the white stone in the forest-clearing indicated the hour for the opening of the meeting, the members present unanimously voted the Camel to the Chair. They held that, as he was himself not truly of the Jungle, he might impartially preside over their deliberations.

Observing the Hippopotamus slowly pushing his way to the front, the Chairman called upon him to open the debate.

"Here, hold hard a moment! This isn't the Beauty Chorus," interposed the Quagga. "I move that all Submarines—Submersibles, Amphibians, whatever you call 'em—be barred. We shall have Old Man Crocodile butting in next," he added.

This resolution was put to the meeting and carried with loud stamping of feet. The Hippo showed no resentment at his exclusion; he took small interest in politics and had not intended to stay; it was too hot away from his bathing-pool. Grunting, "Well, anyway, Quaggas and Tigers are born barred," he turned clumsily and lumbered on his way back to the river, chuckling wheezily at his joke.

A tall figure in the background was seen to be shifting uneasily from side to side as if he wished to speak, and the Chairman called "Mr. Camelopard."

Drawing himself up to his full height, the Giraffe said, "Truly, O Beasts of the Jungle, none may deny that I am the highest among ye all. Ye cannot do better than make me your King."

At this there was general laughter and much chatter in the Monkeys' corner, whence came a voice: "He's Early Victorian. Ought to have a monocle and Piccadilly weepers!" And another voice: "Spells his name Giraffe and pronounces it Camelopard!" Then more laughter.

"Order! Order!" called the Chairman loudly. "Silence for Mr. Lion."

Tossing back his shaggy locks, the Lion said: "My lanky Friend, you are talking through your hat. A King needs strength, Sir, strength! And the respect of his subjects. Could they respect you? You're as nervous as a cat. Why, when I spotted you yesterday morning coming out of the forest into the plain you made a quick turn and—well, you must have broken record over six furlongs."

"Yes, I saw him myself," confirmed the Jackal obsequiously. "He looked most ridiculous."

"Oho!" remarked the Wild Ass, "so you were disappointed over breakfast too." And all the smaller vegetarians tittered, trying not to look too conspicuous about it lest it might be remembered against them.

Following an appeal from the Chairman that members should confine themselves more closely to the subject of debate, the Elephant said: "Talking about strength, my Friends, forgive me if I seem to blow my own trumpet, but if Mr. Lion will give me a fair hold I'll undertake to pitch him right up there among the palms and bring down a kokernut every time."

"You are all very strong," sneered the Buffalo; "which of you will try a fair end-on charge against me?"

"Put your head down now," snorted the Rhinoceros, and there was such an ugly look in his little piggy eyes that the Chairman hastily intervened. "Order! Gentlemen, order! No personalities, please. Remember there is Armistice until sundown," and, looking around, he asked: "What are your views, Mr. Gorilla?"

After stretching his enormously long and muscular arms and beating upon his breast with a loud drumming noise, the Gorilla said: "Talking about strength, who among you will meet me in a fair match, best two falls out of three, stranglehold or any hold permitted? Catch weights, side stakes, winner to take all." He paused and made a contemptuous gesture with outstretched thumb and fingers. "Mr. Lion and Mr. Bruin are very quiet, I notice," he added.

The Tiger yawned as if he found the proceedings insufferably boring. "Talking about strength," said he, "who among all you strong ones will remain at the water-hole this evening when I come down to drink?"

"And while still on the subject of strength," quietly remarked an inconspicuous little animal in a brown fur coat who had just pushed his nose through the bushes, "who among all you strong ones will remain in this clearing when I get my little Scent Spray into action?"

But there was a loud snapping of twigs and a trampling of many feet and, looking around for an answer to his question, little Mr. Skunk found that he was alone.

Moral—Strength and Sweetness do not always go together.



Town Modiste's Child. "LOOK, MUM—A SLUG WITH A BUSTLE!"

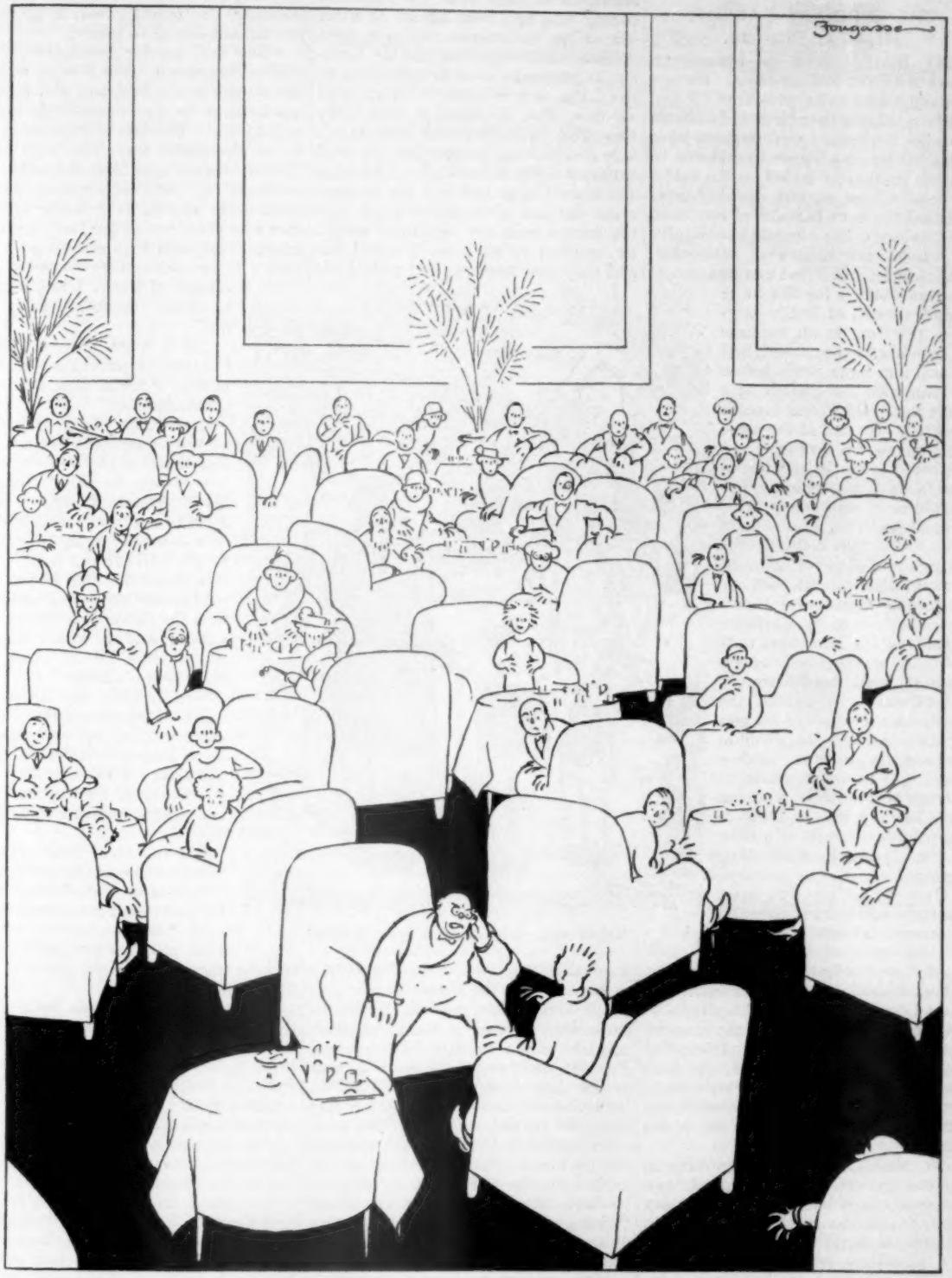
Le Mot very Juste.

"After the race Cameronian was examined by a veterinary surgeon and found to have a temperature of 103. Many other hot favourites have failed at Doncaster. . . ."
Daily Paper.

Real Democracy.

"Twelve Socialist members voted with Mr. Snowden, Mr. J. H. Thomas, Sir William Jowitt, Mr. Craigie Aitchison, Mr. G. M. Gillett, Mr. Malcolm MacDonald (all Misters)."—*Daily Paper.*

Is Mr. JOWITT's glory to be so short-lived?



DELIGHTS OF A HOTEL LOUNGE.

"AND WHAT WAS IT YOU SAID YOU WERE SUFFERING FROM?"

THE BIRDIKIN FAMILY.

III.—THE POACHER.

MR. Birdikin was not himself an adept with the fowling-piece. He saw nothing wrong in the pursuit of fur and feather, judging that birds and animals suitable for human consumption were intended by an all-wise Providence to appear roasted or boiled on the tables of those whose worldly circumstances entitled them to partake of the more costly viands. But some slight obliquity of vision, not otherwise noticeable, made him an indifferent marksman, and a disinclination for the more arduous forms of bodily exercise, resulting in an increase of girth about the midriff, had caused him some years before to relinquish the pursuit of a sport for which he felt himself unfitted. He had at the same time given up preserving feathered game in the woods and fields of his demesne, but members of the coney tribe abounded there, and birds from the coverts of his neighbours, the Earl of Bellacre and Captain Rouseabout, not infrequently transferred themselves to those of Mr. Birdikin.

One of his numerous outdoor staff was deputed to keep down the vermin and to supply his master's table with the toothsome trophies of his gun or his traps, and Mr. Birdikin was wont to prefer the modest boast that his requirements in the way of game when in season were as fully met as those of his neighbours, and at a tithe of the expense to which they were put.

One morning this man Shotter came to his master and informed him that a cottager of the name of Onion had regaled his family the day before with a rabbit, which had no doubt been illicitly snared on Mr. Birdikin's property. It was not the first time that the savoury smell of this rodent had been detected coming from Onion's dwelling, and Shotter, devoted to his master's interests, respectfully suggested that it was time that a stop should be put to his depredations.

Mr. Birdikin judged it his duty to pursue the matter. Onion had been employed in a boot and shoe factory in the neighbouring town, and inhabited a hovel on the outskirts of Mr. Birdikin's estate, from which he could not be dislodged, as it was his own freehold. He was an unsatisfactory character, never attended the ministrations of Mr. Guff, the excellent curate, and had been known to utter subversive sentiments on the subject of landowners in general and Mr. Birdikin in particular over his potations in the "Pig and Whistle." In spite of all this, Mrs. Birdikin, a true Lady Bountiful, had included this man's wife and children in the visits she paid to the cottagers on her husband's estate, and since Onion had lost his employment she had given instructions that the scraps from her *own* table should be supplied to his wife, if called for, and only that morning had picked out a suitable tract on the sin of gluttony to be added to the eleemosynary gift. Small wonder then that Mr. Birdikin's gorge was aroused at the ingratitude and dishonesty brought to his notice. As a Magistrate of the County he sent instructions to a police constable to take Onion into custody, and before night fell he was safely lodged in gaol.



"HERE THEY WERE MET BY MRS. ONION."

So far the dictates of right and justice had been followed, but Mr. Birdikin's large-minded humanity forbade his including the innocent victims of Onion's turpitude in the punishment he designed for the perpetrator himself. The next morning, in his daily walk with his children, he directed their footsteps to Onion's dwelling, and on the way thither expounded in a manner adapted to their immature understanding the iniquity which he had felt himself bound to punish.

"You will see for yourselves," he said in conclusion, "the misery which the turpitude of a husband and father has brought on a comparatively innocent family. The wife is culpable in so far as she *cooked* the stolen food and the children are to be blamed for having *consumed* it, but we whose table is bountifully spread may make allowances for those whose food supplies are intermittent, and I do not propose to take further notice in *their* case of an offence of which I feel bound to exact the full penalty in *his*."

"If I were hungry," said Charles, "I should eat all the rabbits I could find, and the pheasants too."

Mr. Birdikin's brow darkened at the thoughtless disposition thus displayed by his elder son, but before he could express his displeasure Henry, who was more responsive to the training he was endeavouring to impart to his children, said, "So should not I. Our father has continually impressed upon us that the rights of property are sacred, and I would sooner starve than lay a finger on what was not mine."

Mr. Birdikin was about to commend the propriety of this utterance, but before he could do so Fanny broke in with the question, "Then why did you gobble up all the comfits that our aunt brought for us yesterday?"

Clara, the little Peacemaker, hastened to intervene. "My brother thought they had been a present for himself," she said, "and as he was under that misapprehension I willingly resigned to him my share of the dainties."

"After he had filled his belly with them," said Fanny, whose propensity to pick up coarse expressions from the stable-lads, and others of the lower orders employed in her father's stylish establishment, caused her excellent parents much concern.

The rebuke administered by her father withdrew attention from Henry's unfortunate mistake, and by the time it was ended they had arrived at the lowly cot which was the objective of their excursion. Here they were met by Mrs. Onion, who ran out to her benefactor, with half-a-dozen ragged children hanging on to her skirts, and implored him to have pity upon an

innocent man. "Indeed, your Honour," said she in her rustic jargon, "the rabbit were not snared by my Jarge. It come into the garden and was nibbling of our cabbages when it fell down dead, and all we done was to skin it and put it in the pot."

Mr. Birdikin was not unmoved by this address, and was proceeding to inquire of her the manner of the rabbit's decease, not being without the suspicion that its life had been ended by violence, when her respectful demeanour suddenly changed. She pointed her finger at Henry and shrieked out, "Who's the thief now? Get out of my sight you old sarpent, and take your greedy brats with you. I'll have the law on *you* now. Get out!"

The cause of this deplorable outburst, so little to be expected from one who owed so much to Mr. Birdikin's bounty, was that Henry had picked a bunch of currants from a neighbouring bush and was eating them when the woman's eye fell upon him.

The full weight of Mr. Birdikin's displeasure at her outrageous speech and demeanour would have fallen upon her, but she had retired into her hovel and banged the door in his face. He judged it wiser to remove himself from the scene, all the more so as she thrust her head from the window and cried out that she suspected him of hanging about to "pinch," as she vulgarly expressed it, the family plate, and adjured him in the most indecorous language to take himself off, and his "spawn" with him.

"Come, children," he said, with the dignity that he maintained under the most trying circumstances, "let us begone. You, Henry, who have brought upon us this indecent exposure of low-breeding, shall yourself gather the twigs which I will bind into a birch for your correction. As for this no-doubt demented woman, I command you all to forget her improprieties. Those of you who disobey me, whether male or female, shall feel the weight of my hand."

For the children the episode was ended by this command and by Henry's chastisement. For Mr. Birdikin, however, the annoyance and injury to which he had been subjected were not yet over. His upright and perhaps over-scrupulous way of conducting himself were not to the mind of his neighbour, Captain Rouseabout, who was addicted to cock-fighting and other low sports. Though totally unfitted for judicial office, except in his abhorrence of poaching and poachers, he sat on the Bench as a magistrate, and when the charge was preferred against Onion had the audacity to say that it was Mr. Birdikin who should have been brought before them for shooting and trapping game reared by his neighbours. The woman Onion's counter-accusation of trespass and fruit-stealing caused Captain Rouseabout to burst into a loud and rude guffaw. She was not permitted to prefer a charge, but Mr. Birdikin's fellow-magistrates held that it was a case of tit for tat, and the charge against the poacher was dismissed.

Mr. Birdikin returned home, and regained from the respect and deference of those dependent upon him the serenity which had been somewhat shaken by the annoyance he had undergone at the hands of Captain Rouseabout. In the spacious and opulent surroundings of Byron Grove he felt himself indeed a king among men, and was upheld by the conviction that such a man as his neighbour must inevitably, be it sooner or later, come to a shameful and dishonoured end. A. M.



THE MAN WHO COULDN'T GET AWAY THIS YEAR.

"THOSE NAUGHTY NINETIES."

SIR NIGEL PLAYFAIR has written in some indignation (natural in the circumstances) to explain that the *r* added to "Miranda" and "idea" against which T. protested in his notice of *Those Naughty Nineties* was inserted deliberately in order to be in character with the uncultured middle-class husband and wife, therein depicted. T. confesses that his passion in this matter led him astray. He would venture to point out however that the upper ten (or what is left of them nowadays) are quite often sinners in this way. He does not however wish to mitigate the abjectness of his apology and gratefully accepts SIR NIGEL PLAYFAIR'S assurance that never in his productions is the offending liquid inserted save in the interests of accurate characterisation.



THE CONTINENTAL SUNDAY: A SKETCH IN A SMALL FRENCH TOWN.

THE £

(Lines in which the poet became a little mixed owing to the vastness and complexity of his theme.)

O round red wheel,
Thrice perfect sum,
Not zinc, not steel,
Not platinum!—
O crinkly paper which we place
With hopes on each succeeding race!—

Elate, I took the heavenly lyre in hand,
I saw the serried Consols firmly stand;
"Now give me words," I cried, "my Muse, to tell
About our great Financial Crisis."
Hell!
My head went whirling round and round;
With great regret I shortly found
I did not understand the £.
I mentioned this to Mr. Jones,
He answered, "All these foreign loans. . . ."
I turned and spoke to Mr. Smith;
He said, "We are confronted with
A crisis which has gone so far
That soon it may endanger par."

Awake Æolian lyre, awake
And give to bullion all thy trembling strings,
To currency and loans and such-like things,
For Par, beloved Par, is now at stake!

Ah! why in all the English tongue
Was never a rapturous bard who sung
Of that mysterious thing and strange
Called International Exchange,
And never a lute that wove romance
About the dawn of World Finance?
Why sits where never sat before
In friendship, Mr. ORMSBY GORE
With PHILIP SNOWDEN? Tell me why
MACDONALD's keener eye
The axe's edge doth try?
And BALDWIN, by-the-by,
Appears to get on singularly well
This morning with Sir HERBERT SAMUEL?
'Tis Parity that wrought this curious thing;
Of Parity, my Muse, then let us sing.

Sovereign of gold,
In whom are hid
Delights untold,
Be strong, O quid!

Of old sat Sterling on the heights,
She could not leave it, not by rights.
(Arouse thee, Muse! Attempt still loftier flights!)
This royal throne of kings, this sceptred isle,
This seat of Brokerage, this home of Pars,
This other Eden, demi-Paradise,
This fortress built by Commerce for herself
Against Inflation and the fall of shares. . . .

But no, we could not make it. All in vain
I spurred the Muse. She did not stand the strain.
The subject was too big
For our poetic rig.

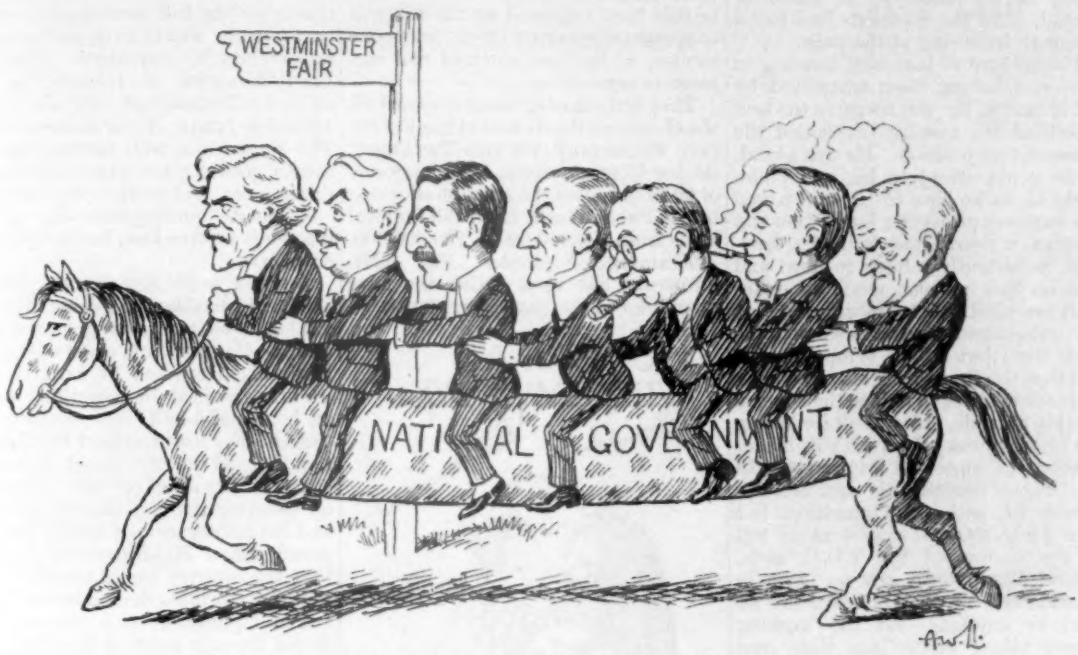
"The nation sits in council. Leave to those
Who understand how specie ebbs and flows
To keep the £ in its peculiar place
And deal with all the aspects of the case,"
Apollo said, and touched my trembling ears.
And so I ceased, subsiding into tears.

EVOE.



THE HARD ROAD TO SAFETY.

JOHN BULL. "WELL, HERE GOES!"



"Wi' MACDONALD, SIR DONALD, SAM (HERBERT), SAM HOARE, JIM THOMAS, STAN' BALDWIN, OLD UNCLE PHIL SNOWDEN AND ALL."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Tuesday, September 8th.—Adversity, as the proverb justly declares, makes strange Front-Bench-fellows. Looking down upon a scene as quaint as it was animated, upon the MACDONALD lying down with the CHAMBERLAIN, the SAMUEL reclining at ease beside the CUNLIFFE-LISTER and the DONALD MCLEAN linked in official wedlock with the KINGSLEY WOOD, one could only ask oneself what, in the words of the Widdicombe ballad-monger, would be "the end o' this shocking affair," and for how long "old Uncle PHIL SNOWDEN and all" would be mounted together on the grey mare of Emergency?

The Labour Party, seething in Opposition behind Mr. ARTHUR HENDERSON, presented a more normal spectacle, and a message from the KING inviting his faithful Commons to provide for effective economies in public expenditure, and devise a modicum of additional taxation provided the occasion for a debate which, if it occasioned no perfervid oratory, was also unmarred by manifestations of fury or unseemly mirth.

Letters of resignation from Sir ROBERT YOUNG and Mr. HERBERT DUNNICO were read by the SPEAKER, and gave Mr. HORE-BELISHA an opportunity to demand that in future servants of the House should be responsible to it and not to "outside bodies"—a reference to the executive of the Amalgamated Engineering Union which had apparently demanded Sir ROBERT YOUNG'S resignation.

There were other references during the debate to interference by outside bodies, for while the taunt of T.U.C. domination is supposed to wring the withers of the Opposition, the charge of being under the thumb of the bankers is believed by the Labour rank and file to be equally embarrassing to the Government. Meanwhile the PRIME MINISTER had moved that Sir DENNIS HERBERT be appointed Chairman of Ways and Means, and the "No's" were not persisted in to the point of a division. Mr. C. RHYS, the new Member for Guildford, then swam into our impatient ken; Mr. HENDERSON got himself entangled in a misunderstanding about the course of business, and the ground was at last cleared for debate.

It was plain from the start that the PRIME MINISTER had his fighting clothes on, as they say, and it was unfortunate, in those circumstances, that, instead of trusting to native eloquence and the inspiration of the hour, he preferred for the most part to read a previously-prepared speech. Nevertheless it explained the position of Mr. MACDONALD and his colleagues clearly enough. His main argument—that a cut in wages that nevertheless remained real wages was infinitely preferable to nominally higher wages that had lost their purchasing power through the collapse of the £—was listened to by the Opposition in uneasy silence.

Mr. HENDERSON looked nervous and sanctimonious at the same time, and seemed more concerned with describing his own emotions than with assailing his former chief's actions. Any pleasure he felt at realising his long-cherished, if secret, ambition to lead the Labour Party was tempered by the knowledge that his emergence in that *rôle* at this particular time took a deal of explaining. His speech however was characteristically moderate in tone, and was largely concerned with pointing out that spendthrift Conservatives were quite as much responsible for the crisis that had arisen as spendthrift Socialists (quoting *The Daily Mail in extenso* to that end), and with insisting that the split in the Socialist Cabinet had really come over the proposal to make cuts in unemployment benefit.

Mr. CHURCHILL, speaking from the seat lately vacated by Mr. MAXTON, apparently intervened in the debate with the object of telling the Emergency Government that its roses would soon become brickbats and that what was wanted was an early General Election followed by plenty of Protection.

He could see no restoration of confidence in the country, at home or abroad, until the Socialists had had a thorough trouncing at the polls.

The picture of lone wolf howling to lone wolf having been completed by Mr. MAXTON, Mr. BALDWIN, in the best speech of the evening, explained the Conservative position. He was placid, as he could afford to be, and philosophical, as he likes to be, and paved the way very pleasantly for Sir OSWALD MOSLEY, a nearly lone wolf who, however, persistently refuses to howl and who on this occasion made an eminently practical speech, pointing out that the unbalanced Budget was not the crisis itself but only a symptom of it and that the Emergency Government's real task must be to reduce the adverse balance of trade. He was all for letting the Government get on with it, inadequate as he conceived its proposals to be. These remarks did not make a notable hit with the Opposition, but then Sir OSWALD somehow never will be the darling of the T.U.C. gods. Colonel WEDGWOOD saw no harm in inflation and Mr. W. J. BROWN saw no good in anything but the working classes taking power into their own hands. Mr. ALEXANDER developed more richly the theme of a sinister if nebulous City machinating against the interests of workers, and Sir HERBERT SAMUEL restored the realities by reminding the Opposition that a flight from the banker's £ meant a no less disastrous flight from the worker's shilling. Thus a debate moderate in tone, considering all the circumstances, but not without promise of "liveliness" to come, ended and the new Government emerged from its ordeal by Lobby with a useful majority of 60.

Wednesday, September 9th.—The Lords, having met yesterday to sample Lord READING'S leadership of the House and to hear Lord PASSFIELD, in the absence of Lord PARMOOR, endeavouring to lend political verisimilitude to a bald and unconvincing Opposition, rewarded itself by taking to-day off. The Commons meanwhile bent themselves to the not unprecedented task of giving a disgusted acquiescence to the Government's proposal to pinch private Members' time.

Mr. BALDWIN made the necessary appeal with practised ease. Members felt that it would be a positive pleasure to hand over hours which they would have wasted anyway to so amiable a time-snatcher. Mr. LEES-SMITH, it is true, offered perfunctory opposition, but beyond reading into Mr. BALDWIN'S words intimations of an early appeal to the country that were far from being in the LORD PRESIDENT'S mind and divagating into the somewhat irrelevant topic of how as P.M.G. he had been badgered by the Liberals to spend more money on the telephone service, he had not much of real moment to say.

That little matter being disposed of, the House, on the motion of the FINANCIAL SECRETARY TO THE TREASURY, (Major ELLIOT), voted by a majority of 99 to cut down the amount allocated by the Public Works Loan Bill for local loans from £30,000,000 to £20,000,000.

Thursday, September 10th.—Mr. SNOWDEN has been called the Iron Chancellor of the Exchequer, but there



"THE DUTY OF THE OPPOSITION IS TO DEFEND."

NEW PARLIAMENTARY RULE ADOPTED BY MR. WILLIAM GRAHAM.

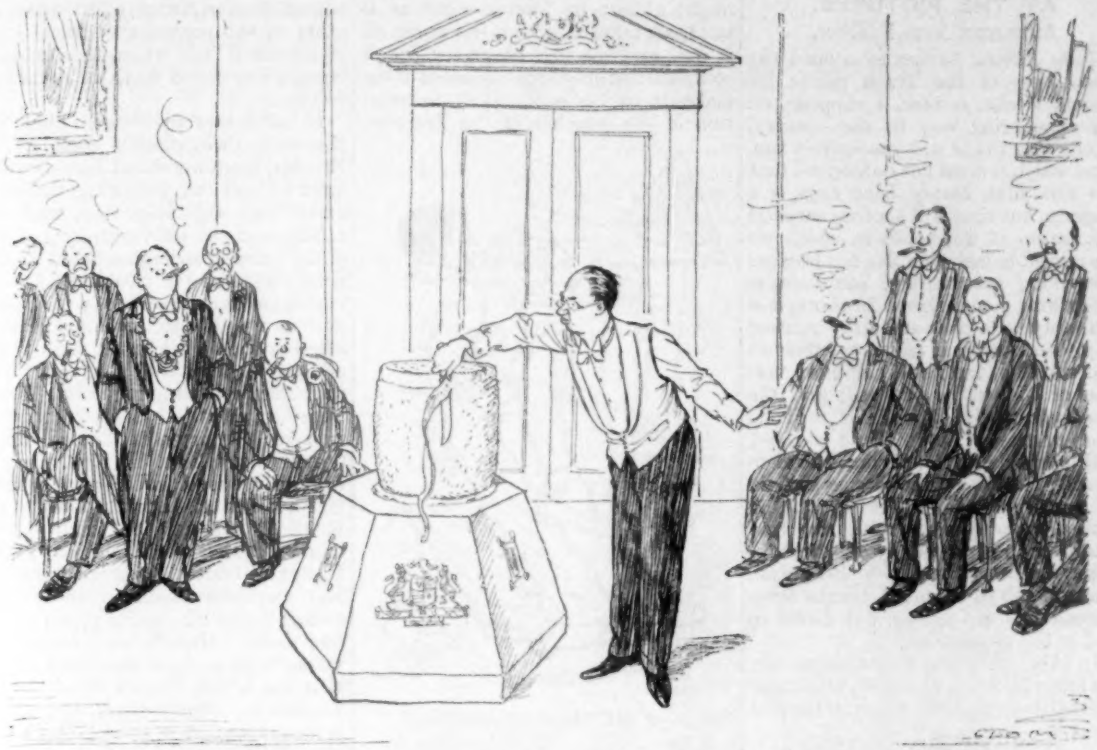
was more of the niblick than the iron about the Emergency Bill with which, on this memorable afternoon, he proceeded to dig the ball of national finance out of the bunker of disorganisation. The shot was produced—if the simile may be prolonged—with comparative brevity and positive spirit. The relief obviously felt by the CHANCELLOR'S tidy mind when, somewhere around 5 P.M., the gap between the waistcoat of projected expenditure and the trousers of anticipated revenue finally disappeared was doubtless heightened by the knowledge that the extra hitch to be given to the latter garment was to be administered as comprehensively and impartially as was humanly possible.

Mr. SNOWDEN declared a faith in the public's willingness to bear its share of the national burden which Mr. Punch, an accepted authority on such matters, shares to the full, and made it clear that nobody was to be denied an equal opportunity to contribute. Like the Lord Chancellor in *Iolanthe*, he will sit in his Treasury all day taking disagreeable lumps of our income away. The single man who neither smokes, drinks, goes to places of entertainment, drives a car, will escape, provided that—a remote contingency—his earned income is £100 or less; but nobody will envy *him*.

Anyway, as Mr. SNOWDEN explained, the horrid business of raising an extra £244,000,000 had to be gone through, and the CHANCELLOR, cruel only to be kind, like Grandma in TOM HOOD'S poem, explained in something under an hour-and-a-half how he proposed to do it. For the most part the Opposition listened quietly enough, but it let out a derisive shout of "No" (of which, on thinking it over, Mr. HENDERSON and his colleagues can hardly be very proud) when Mr. SNOWDEN declared that the country would cheerfully accept the sacrifices demanded of it.

The Opposition also shouted and jeered through most of the CHANCELLOR'S peroration—a breach of good manners unique in the recent history of the House—but this manifestation of ill-will was submerged in the ovation that he received, on resuming his seat, from the Government supporters on the floor of the House and in the galleries. Mr. GRAHAM, the Opposition's financial Number One, rose to offer the usual more or less perfunctory criticism, but for some reason omitted to offer the CHANCELLOR the congratulations that, perfunctory though they also may be, are usual on these occasions. In one less suave and imperturbable than Mr. GRAHAM the omission would have seemed significant. His remarks, on the other hand, were mild. Indeed he seemed more anxious to defend the Budgetary orthodoxy of his own colleagues than to pick holes in Mr. SNOWDEN'S schemes, and to explain that the T.U.C. was the gentlest butcher that ever threatened to cut a Ministry's throat.

Of far greater interest was the proposal of Mr. RUNCIMAN that the CHANCELLOR should put a ban on imported luxuries—a measure he had himself adopted while a member of Mr. ASQUITH'S two War Administrations. If anything Mr. RUNCIMAN'S exposition of the ills that would follow inflation seemed even more irritating to the Opposition bent on treating the Budget as the first step in a general attack by Capital on Wages than Mr. SNOWDEN'S proposed remedies.



ENTERTAINMENTS AT WHICH WE HAVE NEVER ASSISTED.

PARING NIGHT AT CHEESEMONGERS' HALL.

HER DAY.

It was an easy-going cow, a pattern to her kind
For quality of produce and tranquillity of mind,
Who gradually found herself afflicted with an utter
Disrelish for her labour in supplying milk and butter.

She yearned to know the freedom of the wild and open plain;
The processes of milking were an ever-growing strain;
But still she pined in secret till unluckily they took her
Off on a railway-journey; and I'm bound to say it shook her.

The swiftly-moving scenery sent shivers up her skin;
She sniffed the air with relish; it affected her like gin;
And when at last she landed at an unfamiliar station
Her spirit knew no bounds in its intense exhilaration.

She bounded to the platform; with a wriggle she was free;
Her buckings and her leppings were magnificent to see;
She cleared the morning platform that was crowded for the Mail (Up)
And bolted for the open with the tassel of her tail up.

The hunt was hot behind her; there were brave determined men;
They got her to a wide canal; they thought they had her then;
But as they closed around her she appeared to murmur "Dammit;
If other beasts have swum it, I can swim it." And she swam it.

Refreshed by this adventure, when a sportsman with a gun
Was moved to have a pot at her, begad she made him run;
And, coming to a river, though the stream was wide and brimming,
She took it in a moment. She was pleased about her swimming.

And then—O cow, they have you; there are men on yonder bank;
See, they have ropes to take you, to surround you, front and flank;
But when they saw her frown upon them, breathing fire and slaughter,
The stouter hearts skedaddled, and the weaker took to water.

And so she reached her zenith, for an engine on the line
Gave her a courteous whistle, as it always did with kine,
To shift her from the fairway, and was met with such a butting
That stricken with astonishment it vanished down a cutting.

A day of happy memories; unseen and unopposed
She ranged the land in quiet till the shades of evening closed,
And then returned serenely, having had her little flutter,
And peacefully continued the supply of milk and butter.

DUM-DUM.

AT THE PICTURES.

AMERICAN AND FRENCH.

Judy Abbott, having moistened the ready eyes of the Tivoli public for several weeks, is now, I suppose, on her conquering way to the country, where tear ducts are susceptible too, from which it must not be inferred that the FOX film, *Daddy Long Legs*, is a tragedy, but that it is another sure-fire concoction of sentiment in which we are moved to lachrymosity not because everything goes wrong, but because everything comes right. In short, it is the story of a waif-and-stray rescued from drudgery and raised to affluence and consideration: still one more version of *Cinderella*, you see; and the *Cinderella* motive never fails. Still one more version of *Oliver Twist* too, but with a less devious and sordid road to serenity, for the opening scenes are laid in an orphanage, where everything occurs in accordance with the best tradition as arranged by the popular American novelist, JEAN WEBSTER, whose name as author I caught for a moment on the screen, but failed to find in the programme.

In this forbidding Home, or, as Mr. WARNER BAXTER, the hero, would call it, Institootion, *Judy Abbott*, otherwise



THAT FIRST-VIEW-OF-THE-HEROINE LOOK.

Jervis Pendleton . . MR. WARNER BAXTER.

the captivating Miss JANET GAYNOR, is seen as the children's only sympathiser, nurse and friend, cheerfully accepting every task forced upon her by *Mrs. Lippett*, the ogress in charge, whose impatience, injustice and want of understanding are a necessary background to the drudge's willingness and sweetness. At first we are not quite sure how black is *Mrs. Lippett's* heart—she might almost be human—but as it suddenly takes a turn for the worse, all is well, and the way paved for *Judy's* complete and emotional conquest of the audience by her outburst of protestation in the presence of the Trustees,



A HEXAPODIC HIKE.

Willy . . . . M. HENRY GARAT.
Guy . . . . . M. JACQUES MAURY.
Jean . . . . M. RENÉ LEFEBVRE.

the most egregious of whom she had been caricaturing on the blackboard to amuse the starving young. From this moment the success of *Daddy Long Legs* is assured, for the latest of the Trustees, the handsome Mr. WARNER BAXTER, with his lounge-suit, his cane, his thick and glossy locks, his thread of a moustache and his empty bachelorhood, moved by *Judy's* attack on professional mass-production charity, decides to adopt the girl and send her to college. Whereupon we sink the more comfortably in our seats confident that it is only a matter of time, with a few trifling obstacles intervening, for *Judy* to discover who her benefactor is and to fall in his arms. This desired climax comes punctually enough a minute or two before the National Anthem. It might, had not this benefactor been such a Quixote and mutt, have come far sooner; but where then would be the full-length film?

Mr. WARNER BAXTER has nothing to do but walk about with his cane looking benign and handsome and rich and lonely of heart. Miss GAYNOR, who has to work harder, is equal to all demands and alternately is pathetic, coy, happy, unhappy, saucy, wistful, flirtatious, highbrowedly serious, and always pretty. The only other performer of note is Master KENDAL MCCOMAS, another of the precocious cynical hard-bitten small boys whom the American cinema has called forth in some profusion.

If all actors in French films had MAURICE CHEVALIER'S command of English, Hollywood and Elstree would have to look out, for in the matter of gaiety and pace they lead, while the radiance of the photography and lure of the musical accompaniment in such productions as the two RENÉ CLAIRE masterpieces and *Le Chemin du Paradis*, now at the Rialto, are an additional attraction. But it is the high spirits and easy aptitude of the young men that chiefly dwell in my mind. If they were linguists too I don't know where some of the screen's famous tailors' dummies would be. In *Le Chemin du Paradis*, however, excellent as are MM. HENRY GARAT, JACQUES MAURY and RENÉ LEFEBVRE, the bright particularly shining star is Miss LILIAN HARVEY, about whose grace and charm and exquisite freshness these three suitors flutter like moths round a dazzling flame. Here is an accomplished young woman, if you like; for I am told that she is not French at all, but as English as Birmingham, and at the present moment is at work on a German story. An ethnological problem—and triumph.

Although *Le Chemin du Paradis* is in French the story presents few difficul-



TEARS FOR TWO—PARADISE FOR ONE.

ties and there are English captions to help. Since, however, music has no nationality, you should go to the Rialto for the tunes, and especially for that one which flows so naturally and melodiously from the throat of the heroine's motor-horn.

E. V. L.

HELP FROM HONG-KONG.

18th August, 1931.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—Your article on nomenclature for Overseas Britons (with special reference to the 'Varsity match) has moved me to respond to your invitation for help. The problem propounded by you has defied solution so far, but as the father of two sons, both born in Hongkong, I have a special interest in the matter. At present my sons are being prepared for the mould of the English Public School. In due course they may find themselves at Oxford, and should they be possessed of more than average skill with bat and ball their exotic origin should give them an advantage over their home-reared rivals when Blues come to be awarded. Suppose they appear at Lord's somewhere about 1942, how will they be described? I have never heard of a Hongkongian or a Hongkongiensis, and my sons will certainly not be qualified to use your tentative title of "Dominioner." Heaven forbid that they be labelled Colonial, and their Scottish mother would never for one moment allow them to disguise themselves as English. So, like you, I have been puzzling my brains to find a suitable appellation.

To get down to the problem, you and I want to coin a word which will cover any Briton from Overseas, be he from the Dominions, India, the Crown Colonies, Protectorates, Mandated Territories or the Scilly Islands. In other words we have to describe the genus British in the sub-species Overseas. Very well, then, let us set it out thus:—

BRITISH, OVERSEAS.

The first step is to form a compound and add the appropriate suffix, which gives us:—

BRITOVERSEASISH.

That looks positively nasty and obviously calls for compression. What about

BROVERSEASON?

Still perhaps on the heavy side, and with more than the suggestion of a slur on the English climate. We could of course follow the American plan and evolve

BROVERSEASER,

but that recalls too vividly JULIUS and his *De Bello Gallico*. But I think we must be ruthless in our compression and so I suggest

BROVER.

Here, I think, is an admirable description, bringing in the noble bur-r-r of British, and yet not forgetting the overseas part. Moreover, there is a pleasant affinity to the sea-rovers who did so much to build up the Empire on which the sun never sets. Then shall we say BROVER; or does the word make you squirm? My chief fear is that some minor poet will make it rhyme with "lover," thereby misleading the man in the street, who will jump to the conclusion that it has something to do with our little bruvvers from over the seas. Rather than run the risk of that I think perhaps we had better stick to British; but if you really like the look of BROVER, I make you a present of it and subscribe myself (if I may be permitted to do so),

CONSTANT READER.



"MY DEAR, WHAT *IS* SO WORRISOME IN LIFE IS ONE'S OWN *INTELLIGENCE*."

"WE MURDER PRICES.
ACCUMULATORS CHARGED."
Advt. in Kilburn.

It seems awfully hard on the innocent accumulators.

AT THE OTHER END OF THE GUN.

(Reflections by the old Grouse.)

HARK! There's a bang. Bother it: I had looked forward to an easy morning, and I suppose now we shall have to be on the look-out the whole time. What a nuisance! Never mind; it'll do us good to run about and fly a bit; you young ones are so lazy these days. I'll mount this rock and have a look round. I'll tell you whether it's dogs or driving, and we'll make our plans accordingly. They are a long way off yet, but I can make out the old laird himself. He is going a trifle short on this rough ground after his attack of gout. Still, I'm glad to see him on the moor again. And that's Master John with him. A family party. Ho! ho! Yes, there's that black-and-white pointer ranging in front of them. It's dogs to-day, my chickens. Come on up the hill, will you, and remember we all settle on a bare patch so that we can notice what's going on. No snug squatting in the heather before lunch. Off we go. They will be telling each other that we are as wild as hawks. Inconsiderate of us, isn't it? This is what comes of the Safety First movement.

What we had better do is to watch them coming along the valley below us, and then we can fly back to the ground they have already hunted. I don't see the laird doing the same beat twice over on a hot morning like this. Hallo! here's another lot following our example; we seem to have set the fashion. That's the hen who nested behind the shepherd's house, a nice old bird with a pleasant family. She knows a thing or two, like I do. Good luck to her! Look at the pointer observing her departure with pained surprise. A dear dog he is; still we don't want him poking round, do we?

To tell the truth I hoped they might be driving to-day, for it's late in the season to be walking us up. Which do I like best? Oh, driving by a long way. When dogs are out the least carelessness on your part makes the business confoundedly risky. Do I know any dodges to speak of? Well, there's "counting bangs," but it's not much of a game and I never had the nerve for it myself. Don't know what it means? It means when you see there are two guns and they come on a covey of you, waiting till you've heard four bangs and then getting up suddenly. I suppose it dates from muzzle-loading days; but now you have to be precious quick about it, I can tell you, for they can load again in next to no time. There was an acquaintance of mine—I only knew him slightly—who was proud of this trick. I kept telling him it was a silly thing to do, and one day he got the fright of his life. He hadn't noticed there was a third gun out, a university professor, as we found out afterwards, and a very learned man. However, he was so flustered, having never been out shooting before, that he didn't get his gun off at all, so there he was with two cartridges in and a bird sailing away in front of him. My friend used to say that he believed the fellow had some shots at him, but he didn't wait to make sure. When I told him that it was better luck than he deserved he pretended that he knew his man, and said that higher education was a wonderful thing. What he meant I don't know.



Fond Mother (with first child). "IT'S ALL VERY WELL FOR JOE TO WANT TO CALL HIM AUGUSTUS MONTAGUE BERNARD, BUT IF THE LITTLE FELLOW GOT INTO THE ROAD, WHY, 'E'D BE RUN OVER BEFORE I COULD SAY ALL THAT."

Have I had any narrow escapes? Yes, one or two. The tightest place I was ever in was once when, like a goose, I was busy arguing with my eldest brother and not attending to anything else. He lives somewhere down Ben Vane way now; I haven't come across him for months. I forget what we were discussing. Oh, yes, I remember, it was where you could get the best grit. He was an opinionated grouse if ever there was one; still he did me a good turn on this occasion. Suddenly we saw the goggling eyes of a setter who was glaring at us, and, what was worse, we heard voices unpleasantly close. I was scared, as you may suppose; but what do you think my brother did? He whispered, "Come along; follow me," and I scuttled after him through the heather as quickly as I could. Then he said, "Now fly as low as you can," and up we got skimming over the top of the heather. There were tremendous screams and yells, and I fancied I caught the word "Duck," though why they should say "Duck" when we were grouse, I can't tell. But to my surprise there were no shots at all. Why was that? It was because we were flying straight for the pony-boy, who was some short distance away. Clever, wasn't it, and worth remembering? People ought always to be safe shots, I think. It's better to be safe than skilful. It was then at any rate.

Driving is the simplest affair so long as you bear in mind my dear old father's advice. When they drive, he always said, listen where the noise is and fly in that direction; don't fly where it's quiet. "Go for the shouts and not the shots," was the way he put it, and he said it was an epigram, if you know what an epigram is. When you know, like I do on this moor, exactly where all the butts are, of course it's easier still, and you can have some fun out of it. I remember one day I wanted to see who was out, so I passed the line a decent distance from the outside gun. He was a stranger, but as he loosed off both barrels at me I put him down as a naval officer. Nobody but a sailor, accustomed to long-range practice, could have been such an optimist, and I was much tickled, not bodily, I need hardly say, but mentally. I saw him



THE SLUMP AFFECTS THE PLAGES.

Waiter (to habitués). "NOT ZIS TABLE TO-NIGHT, EEF YOU PLEASE, M'SIEU—DAME. WOULD YOU BE SO GOOD AS TO SEAT OVER IN ZE FAR CORNER? EET IS MAURICE'S TURN TO RECEIVE YOUR TEEP TO-NIGHT."

shading his eyes with his hand and watching me with deep interest while another lot of grouse by the way went over his head. Well, thinks I to myself, he must be having a poor day and as he has amused me I'll do my best to amuse him. So, when I was a good distance off, I tumbled over into the heather as clumsily as possible and then made tracks to a convenient look-out up the hill. All turned out as I hoped. When the drive ended there was my would-be assassin pointing and gesticulating in a state of immense excitement. Presently he appeared, heading a procession of keepers and retrievers, to the hollow where I had fallen. There was another gun with him, and I heard my friend say to him confidently, "He 's a dead bird, and we may as well gather him," as they set the dogs to work.

There was a prolonged search, during which the other young man, who seemed less attentive, lighted a cigarette. Things went better and better, for one of the retrievers stopped at a tuft of grass and stood over it wagging his tail from side to side in obvious delight. "There he is!" cried the sailor, or whatever he was. "Mind, he may get up," and he crept along with his gun ready. Then a very small rabbit, one of the smallest I ever saw, ran out hastily. The other man for some reason or other had difficulty in speaking. "He has turned into a rabbit," he said at last, "and not a very big one either. They often do," he added in a low tone which I could hardly hear. It was the most comic business altogether.

There they go: the laird is sitting on a rock in the sun and smoking a pipe. He feels the heat, I 'm afraid. We might go back to our old place now and I 'll tell you some more stories. One of us will have to do sentry, though. It 's a bore, as I have observed, but still, as I have also said, we can't be too careful. Getting to an age when I repeat myself, am I? Dear, dear! A. C.

DIDO OUTDONE.

[Suggested by the chorus of ecstatic eulogy recently reported in *The Evening Standard*, in which the film potentates of Hollywood, with composers, sculptors and critics, have celebrated the exotic personality of Miss ELISSA LANDI, the "Empress of Emotion," whose face sparkles like diamonds and in whose eyes are to be found the stars, the moon and the tides.]

DIDO, the first Elissa, sprung from Tyre,
Who, failing lamentably to retain
The affections of her pious swain,
Lit and ascended her own funeral pyre,
Lives only in the strains of VIRGIL'S lyre.
But had she, like her namesake, been
A film-star of exotic mien,
"An Empress of Emotion,"
Carthage might still be mistress of the ocean
And dominate the policy of the screen.

Sad, sad to learn that sentimental STERNE,
Author of *Tristram Shandy*,
And that great patriot, NAPPER TANDY,
LOVER, who gave us *Handy Andy*,
And BRUMMELL, the incomparable dandy,
Never set eyes upon ELISSA LANDI!
Yet is there hope that the Mahatma GANDHI
And Signor GRANDI
May gaze upon the features which unite
In a divine delight
The sweetness of Elysian sugar-candy,
The pep of ancient brandy,
Or of Madeira shipped by Blandy—
The face which launched a thousand reels
And by its manifold appeals
Elicited ecstatic squeals,
Reducing DIDO to a dud
And CLEOPATRA to the merest mud.

C. L. G.

SAM.

Sam's entry into the Civil Service at the early age of two (months) was due entirely to that much-abused but powerful force which is termed "influence" or "a friend at court." His narrow escape from compulsory retirement (without pension) was due to an even more ignoble medium.

A Principal in the Ministry of Peace and Quiet discovered to his horror that mice had found his office to be the ideal premises for a rodent night-club. He decided that something had to be done about it and sent for the Head Messenger, who was always consulted by everybody when something had to be done about anything. This official said that he would see about the matter, and sought the Chief Clerk.

Later in the day the Chief Clerk presented for signature an application to the Treasury for permission to appoint one cat (temporary) at a commencing salary of two shillings a week. The Principal, as usual, signed it without reading it, and after it had been duly forwarded a file was opened and labelled "*Cat.*" After much written argument the Treasury permission was obtained, though, owing to a transient economy complex, the salary was fixed at one shilling, inclusive of cost of living bonus.

The Head Messenger arrived next day carrying a fish-basket, which he opened in the typists' room. The appearance of the ebon kitten was greeted with such delight that the Head Messenger departed contentedly, knowing that the recruit's comfort would be no further concern of his. After lengthy and acrimonious discussion it was decided that the kitten should be known as "Sam," and, the Chief Clerk having sanctioned the name, the file was amended to read:—

Name . . . . . *Sam.*
Rank or Grade . *Cat, temporary.*
Department . . . *Ministry of Peace and Quiet.*
Authority . . . . *Treasury Letter, MPQ/OC. 1.*

* * * * *

Sam's position was a sinecure. His actual duty did not commence until 6 P.M., at which hour a messenger carried him to the Principal's room, bade him Good-night and shut the door. Next morning an office-cleaner liberated him, provided him with his breakfast, bought from his weekly salary, and removed any defunct mouse or mice. The rest of the day was his own to do as he would, and from the day of his arrival his habits were practically unvaried. He would stroll leisurely around the offices and greet the staff, and at half-past nine he would lounge into the typists' room with a courtly "miaow." From this hour onwards he beguiled the time by dozing on the cushion that had been provided for him, playing with typewriter spools tied to pieces of string and similarly-constructed toys, and taking nourishment ranging from saucers of milk to chocolate biscuits.

Every morning the previous night's bag was shown to the Principal as proof of Sam's attention to duty, and as these were the only mice that he now saw, the Principal decided that application should be made for Sam's transfer to the permanent staff. He now talked of "our Sam" instead of "that cat." Sam's future was assured. At least, it *seemed* assured.

At the end of a month Sam was to be dismissed for laziness and incompetency, a proceeding hitherto unknown in the history of the Civil Service. Pampered and grossly overfed, Sam's initial keenness had completely evaporated and the mice returned in force to their old haunts. The Principal sent for the Head Messenger and delivered his fiat.

"That cat must go," he said firmly and far from gently. "It's so stodged with food that it's useless. Get the Chief Clerk to apply for permission to recruit another cat—and see this time that the typists have nothing to do with it."

The Head Messenger told the sad news to the Chief Clerk, who swore. He in turn told the typists, who wept and referred to the Principal as a "hard-hearted brute." They told Sam, who opened one eye for a fraction of a second and then returned to his post-prandial slumber, having dined rather heavily on a whole tin of sardines.

Everybody except the Principal decided that something had to be done about it, and the Head Messenger was bidden to find a solution. Luckily for Sam's career he found one.

Two days later the Head Messenger proudly showed two rodent corpses to the Principal and informed him that Sam had completely recovered from the complaint which had caused his duties to suffer. The application for Sam's discharge was postponed. At the end of a week the casualty list had maintained an excellent average, and the application was destroyed.

* * * * *

Sam is now on the permanent staff and his salary has been raised to one-shilling-and-ninepence, the typists spend even more time and money on his physical comforts, and the Principal again refers to him as "our Sam." The only person who makes complaint is the office-cleaner, whose duty it is to bait the traps at night and extract the corpses in the morning for their customary presentation to the Principal.

LITTLE BROWN BIRDS.

Now "partridge" the word is
And "cartridge" the rhyme,
So break away, birdies,
While yet there is time!
There are guns in the stubble
And dogs on the grass,
A warning of trouble
That's coming to pass.

Be wise and remember
The danger you face,
Since death in September
Is writ for your race.
No swiftness of pinion,
No cunning of plan
Can burke the dominion
Bestowed upon man.

No hope's in the mustard,
No safety in seeds;
No use sitting clustered
In shade of the swedes;
The guns are at shoulder,
The dogs are on edge;
If you want to grow older
Get over the hedge!

The finger's on trigger,
The stock's at the cheek,
The bag's to be bigger
Than even last week;
The menace grows stronger
Each moment you stay;
If you want to live longer
Up!—Whir-r-r!—and away!

W. H. O.

From Gay to Grave.

"Have you heard of Lower Dittisham? It is famed for . . . the old-fashioned Dittisham teas. Call for one, and sit down to a feast of cream, cockles and plum jam! It is Dittisham's speciality. There is a small cemetery at the top of the hill."
Cheltenham Paper.

"Scotland and Ireland met on Saturday at Newcastle, Co. Down, and won a hard fight by one point."—*Daily Paper.*

It was only to be expected that the county would be down to both.

"Miss —— presided at last week's meeting of the Wesleyan Sisterhood, and gave an address on 'Wilt Thou not revive us again?' The meeting was concluded with tea."
Gloucestershire Paper.

Strong Kitchen Indian is the best resuscitator. —— A. A.

In view of the alleged *panem et circenses* tendency in Labour politics, it is understood that the new Opposition is to be known in Government circles as "The T.U.C. Shop."



MRS. KITTY KOOTY

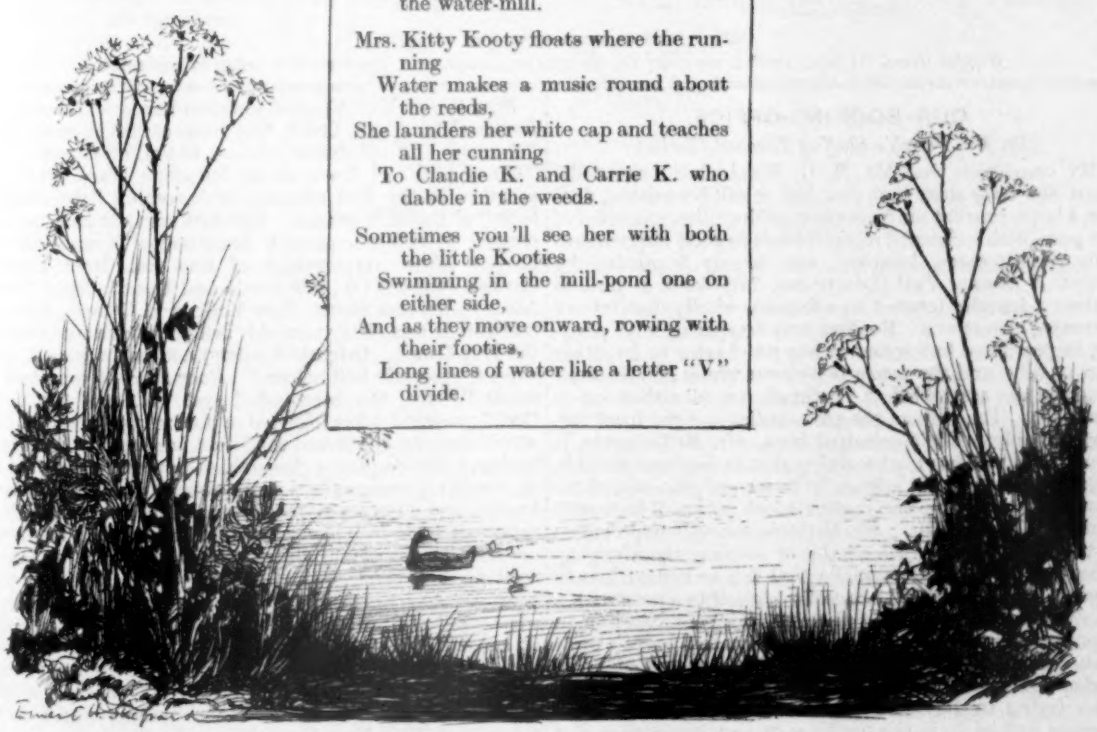
(The Bald-headed Coot).

Mrs. Kitty Kooty lives near a willow,
With bulrush and crow-foot thriving at her porch,
The ragwort and thistledown make for her a pillow,
For her too the water-flag will light a golden torch.

Mrs. Kitty Kooty is dressed quite demurely
In black all the year through, roaming at her will
Where deep pools darkle or water running purely
Shimmers on the pebble-stones below the water-mill.

Mrs. Kitty Kooty floats where the running
Water makes a music round about the reeds,
She launders her white cap and teaches all her cunning
To Claudie K. and Carrie K. who dabble in the weeds.

Sometimes you'll see her with both the little Kooties
Swimming in the mill-pond one on either side,
And as they move onward, rowing with their footies,
Long lines of water like a letter "V" divide.





(*Car refuses to move—miles from anywhere.*)

Helpful Guest. "I SAY, YOU'LL HAVE TO DO SOMETHING ABOUT THIS AWNING—IT'S LEAKING TERRIBLY."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(*By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.*)

MY conviction that Mr. H. G. WELLS has written the finest *Sea Lady* story that ever has or will be written, does not, I hope, prevent me from approaching other examples of the *genre* with a cheerful receptiveness to good impressions. This receptiveness, however, was largely frustrated by *Loona, A Strange Tail* (LONGMANS, 7/6), for it is hard to sustain a friendly interest in a fantasy wholly destitute of agreeable characters. Realism may be sparing with pleasant impressions, but romance has no charter to be either sour or silly; and the *dramatis personæ* whom Mr. NORMAN WALKER has assembled at Porthtullo are all either one or the other. The parson, the pious ladies and the local bigwigs are silly. Their principal butt, *Mr. Hetherington*, is sour. And well he may be, seeing that he has been forcibly retired from teaching science in a second-rate school for abetting a small boy who cocks a snook (as small boys will) at official Christianity. *Mr. Hetherington* rather specialises in these gambols himself, a habit of twitting the Almighty being one of the idiosyncrasies that fail to endear him to Porthtullo. However, he consoles himself in a cave with a lady whose mentality—half piscine, we are told, half human—prompts her to regard him as an alternative pet to a tame crab. How this innocent flirtation is suspected of being darker dalliance with a maid-servant, and how *Hetherington*, after trying to live a double life, finally sheds the more onerous half of it, is the hardly sufficient inspiration of a carefully-written but curiously unremunerative story.

Miss MARIE VAN VORST has taken her title, *Good Night, Ladies* (MILLS AND BOON, 7/6) from a darkie song about "A honey bird wif shinin' eyes—a lil gal full grown." The "honey bird" of the book is *Josephine Ware*, who gave promise, in the first chapter, of becoming "the reigning belle" of Buffalo's season. Her first admirer and dancing-partner is rather curiously described—"Young Edward Barkes (Furs; importation of fine furs from Canada. Barkes, Jeans & Co., Wholesale and Retail, Canal Street, Albany; Broome Street, New York; and Ottawa, Canada; Stalwart House, fifty years old; bringing down furs through the Erie Canal. Original Traders) had never been a guest at an aristocratic ball before." Poor *Edward*, who had for rivals "Peter, the bean-pole" and "Robert, the Greek God," yearned after *Josephine* for many years, during which time she continued to attract admirers. Her aunt's husband, her employer (for sudden poverty compelled her to become governess in a slave-owner's family), a friend's brother and a lawyer all made honourable or dishonourable proposals to her. One swain killed another, a third misunderstood *Josephine*, *Josephine* misunderstood a fourth. So it went on until, at the beginning of the American Civil War, *Edward* "prayed to her, illumined by the light of what was to be for him on those dreadful fields. Kneeling at her side, his arms around her, then rising and holding back her beautiful head, kissing her throat under her cape, and their tears and parted lips mingled." There is a great deal more, written in much the same manner, and I do not think that Miss VAN VORST'S novel will please any but admirers of the sentimental and melodramatic.

Hazardous as it is to prophesy, I venture to foretell that the name of JAMES BRIDIE will become increasingly well-known in the coming years. As author of *The Switchback* and other plays he has already made a distinct impression as a dramatist, and *The Perilous Adventure of Sir Bingo Walker of Alpaca Square* (CONSTABLE, 7/6) proves him a writer with a delightful sense of the ridiculous. In a story as fantastic as this Mr. BRIDIE is continually treading on dangerous and slippery ground; *Sir Bingo* might, for instance, so easily have become a ludicrous bore. But Mr. BRIDIE never puts a foot or a finger wrong. Once granted that you like fantasies I have no hesitation in inviting you to follow the adventures of *Sir Bingo* and his squire as they go tilting in the modern world. The drawings by Mr. GILBERT RUMBOLD are, and this is high praise, as amusing as the narrative.

Saturday Night (HEINEMANN, 7/6) is at once a memorable indictment of London slum life and a pathetic tribute to the courage of such poor mortals as try to keep up their end in it. Such resilience, I understand, is not, as a rule, to be looked for in the ingrained slum-dweller. It is the country folk, inveigled to the Metropolis, who try to preserve country decencies among their unpropitious surroundings. This, at any rate, is the moral of Mr. THOMAS MOULT's rather terrible story, whose heroes are a family of boys submerged by an eccentric mother, fleeing from an unsatisfactory husband, in a North London tenement. "Father" is but a spectre difficult to lay, and "Mother"—though she has religious bees in her bonnet—is hardworking and a home-maker. Yet divided loyalties embitter the relations of *Mrs. Poplar* and her children; and it is not until the paternal *revenant* is finally laid and the slum is left behind for Highgate that things look up for the boys. *Luke*, *Matthew* and *Mark* get to work to retrieve the family fortunes; and *Mark's* experiences as the estate agent for some rack-rent flats provide a pathetic recapitulation of slum-conditions as seen by an ex-slum-dweller. *Mark's* romance with a typist and *Matthew's* entanglement in the murder of her sister are but exciting interludes in a novel whose texture is finer than its embroidery. Altogether a distinguished piece of work, though I regret the narrator's almost total immersion in his cast and his neglect of the rights (and duties) of superior vision.

Against the sombre background of a Europe covered by the shadow of NAPOLEON Mr. CLENNELL WILKINSON has visualised in *Nelson* (HARRAP, 12/6) the stately fleets of England and France and Spain manœuvring in picturesque evolutions or occasionally clashing into crisp and martial action, while, frankly posed in true but histrionic heroism, the thrice-mutilated little figure of England's greatest sailor stands out in the flash of the guns to demand the applause of his beloved country. Mr. WILKINSON does not claim to say anything new about his hero, but he does justify his contention that the victor of Trafalgar can hardly be too much written about, and, apart from a treatment of the HAMILTON connection that is perhaps unnecessarily squalid simply by reason of his excessive zeal in sympathetic understanding, there is matter for enjoyment and congratulation in every aspect of his study. When emphasising NELSON'S success in establishing a health record in his fleet never since surpassed, or in winning to himself sailors from the act of mutiny, or in patiently analysing beforehand every possible turn of events in an approaching battle, the present writer is particularly successful, for while the amazing detonations of NELSON'S instantaneous genius will never be neglected, these other factors may be forgotten. He has been held to be one of a type whom nearly every Englishman imagines himself to detest, yet never was a commander, then or since, more affectionately regarded. In his well-balanced estimate of the "fascinating little fellow" Mr. WILKINSON goes far to explain the paradox.



THE COUNTY CALLS.

"MY DEAR MRS. JONES-SMITH, WE SHOULD HAVE CALLED LONG AGO, BUT WE HAD NO IDEA YOU HAD SUCH A NICE PLACE!"

Judged by the standards of CARROLL'S *Alice*, who asked, "What is the use of a book without pictures and without conversations?" Miss RUTH HOLLAND'S first novel, *Country Tune* (GOLLANCZ, 7/6), should rank very highly. It is packed with exquisite word-pictures of country life in field, garden, cottage and wood, and in between the pictures come conversations that are mostly between two girls who have left London to revel in a cottage of their own. The only trouble is that there is very little else in the book; the plot is the merest thread connecting the golden days described so lovingly by the author, and the characters are only mediums used by her to convey impressions of sounds and scenes and scents. The writing is careful, but a little strained in places; for instance, we read of "yellow-handled knives, sharpened and thin, like old people's faces," and of someone whose voice "fondled and gambolled round Rachel [one of the girls] like a little dog barking." I feel both disappointed and churlish at not being able to appreciate Miss HOLLAND'S work as much as I should like to, firstly because it is so nearly beautiful all through, and secondly because I fancy it is one of those rare books that is really an author's treasure. Yet I do not believe that even GILBERT WHITE or RICHARD JEFFERIES could have achieved what Miss HOLLAND has attempted in trying to give us the country between covers, and that without the aid of any real personalities either human or animal.

Books dealing with settlers in the Far West have changed during the last few years, as is only natural. The chief troubles that oppress the soul of the modern pioneer are not Indians and "bad men" with revolvers, but the crowd of new immigrants invoked by the Government away in Ottawa, which seems to his jaundiced soul to be against the homesteader all the time. Your true settler hates to feel crowded. The forces of nature are hard enough for him to fight without the vices of a new civilisation, to say nothing of the makers of reapers and binders with their soft-spoken agents and their much less soft-spoken collectors who come along later. Mr. JOHN BEAMES has written the story of these things in *Army Without Banners* (BENN, 7/6) in a sensible downright style which pleases me. Few, I fancy, will read the book without feeling that they have been through it all with the *Kents* and the *Clovellys*, breaking up the virgin soil, building the first shack, turning their hands to trapping or freighting in order to make a little money with which to carry on through the winter, and facing all the difficulties of life in the wilds with each other's help, getting somehow through it all to bring up families of new pioneers. I confess I liked *Army Without Banners* very much. It rings true, and has a sufficiency of humour and varied adventure. JOHN BEAMES may not be a great novelist, but he has proved once more that most men have at least one good novel in them—if they are content to write of what they know.



Lady. "I HOPE YOU WILL BE AT THE VILLAGE HALL TO-NIGHT, MRS. MIGGS; MY DAUGHTER IS GOING TO PLAY BEETHOVEN."
Mrs. Miggs. "REELLY, MUM! WOT AT?"

For more than one reason Mr. D. WYNNE WILLSON'S story of a boys' public school, *Early Closing* (CONSTABLE, 7/6), deserves more than passing attention. For instance, Mr. WILLSON is clearly at home in the surroundings that he describes and his picture of the school is extraordinarily vivid. The masters, and notably the housemaster, are also ably and amusingly drawn. But when I think of the boys, *Oliver Gray* and *Nigel Bentley*, I cannot help wondering whether their creator has not put a little too much of himself into their composition. In action *Oliver* and *Nigel* are real boys and very entertaining, but mentally I could not get on familiar terms with them. The tale, however, as a whole is a success that may safely be recommended even to those who usually regard novels of public-school life with suspicion; and incidentally a schoolmaster friend of mine tells me that it contains a tip for teaching algebra which he intends to take.

Mr. ALEC WAUGH is a clever and alert young man who scours the world for good copy and has the wit to find it. *Most Women* (CASSELL, 12/6) is incidentally a travel book and more explicitly a series of studies in what I suppose we must nowadays call "sex psychology" in the form of short stories with interpolated comments. Martinique shows him a formidable modern witch; Tahiti an elaborately cautious English lover; on board ship he observes a romantic infatuation. In Tahiti, a young native girl, the white tiare flower set symbolically behind her left ear, tells him the legend of Prince Atahoe and Princess Tehaura; Siam gives excuse for the story of the loneliness of exiled pioneers; Chiengmai for a study of the morbid psychology of a man going in fear of leprosy—a story with a hint of KIPLING about it; San Francisco, the Middle West (Dayton), New Orleans, New York and, at the journey's end, Villefranche, all provide their material. There are also casual and reasonably tactful touches of autobiography. And the vigorous woodcuts of Lynd Ward, if they do not quite show us the images which the beauties or their swains see in their mirrors, have a fine sense of decorative pattern and are technically interesting.

"JOHNSON'S HOUSE AND STATUE AT LICHFIELD.

The statue in the foreground commemorates the Great Chain in the town where he was born."—*Wireless Paper.*

We wonder what the Grand Slam of English literature would have had to say to this.

CHARIVARIA.

IT is announced that the Government is to dispose of its biggest gas-bag. We reluctantly refrain from comment.

***

"Economy at Barking" was a recent headline. Barking at economy, on the other hand, is discouraged nowadays.

***

An electrical expert thinks that the illuminations in London this month may not appeal to the reserved man. It was for this reason, we presume, that the suggestion of flood-lighting Mr. G. B. SHAW was abandoned.

***

We read of a Rugby team of income-tax clerks who are looking for a good half-back. And if Mr. SNOWDEN does not relent they'll be looking for a good three-quarters on January 1st.

***

A financial writer says that the slump has had a sobering effect on Wall Street. Money, however, is still very tight.

***

With reference to the acquisition of the battlefield of Bannockburn as a Scottish national monument, we have no confirmation of the rumour that a similar movement is now on foot to acquire King's Cross Station.

***

An orchid-hunter relates that everywhere in the wilds he found it possible to obtain excellent British beer, brewed by the natives with bottled Kentish hops. We do not, however, anticipate a rush to the wilds as an effect of the flight from the extra penny on the pint.

***

It is on record, says a lecturer, that a tortoise lived eight months after its brain was removed. There are many people in similar circumstances who not only manage to live but write revues as well.

***

A shortage of ink is reported from many parts of the country. The announcement at the same time that Mr. EDGAR WALLACE is going to Hollywood to write may of course be only a coincidence.

***

The discovery of unopened oysters in a Roman oyster-bar excavated at Caerwent is regarded as evidence that the place was evacuated when there was an "r" in the month.

***

In retaliation for a police ruse of disguising themselves as tourists in plus-fours and pullovers, a Corsican brigand has threatened to shoot tourists on sight. Still, plus-fours and pullovers have long been worn with impunity.

A medical writer recommends gardening as a gentle exercise all the year round for the ordinary man, but warns him not to overdo it. No such caution is needed by our gardener.

***

Experiments are being made in Algeria to test the possibilities of skiing in the Sahara; but winter-sports enthusiasts do not anticipate a vogue for sand-balling.

***

With reference to the Cuban, the new dance with no particular steps, it is explained that you listen to the music and go. We ourselves should have no hesitation about going.



HARD-BITTEN TAXPAYER.

"I DON'T MIND BEARING IT, BUT I'M DASHED IF I'LL GRIN!"

In certain beauty-parlours women may now have their faces made up during their shopping expeditions. We sincerely hope this will not lead to shop-face-lifting.

***

"The reasoning power of animals is greater than that of human beings," says an author. Quite so; even a mouse is not foolish enough to think that a black cat means good luck.

***

A parrot has appeared in several American talkies. We understand that in view of a possible visit to this country the bird has been taught to say that it thinks our London police are wonderful.

***

An increasing number of women watch Rugby football. It is feared that the scrums at the sales will be fiercer than ever.

***

A Norfolk allotment-holder who has taken a prize for the biggest marrow is a bricklayer. It is recognised that even allotment-holders must have some sort of recreation in the daytime.

***

At a recent race-meeting, we read, Lady ——, Lady ——, Lady —— and Mrs. —— were among wearers of mackintoshes. We are not told who were among holders of umbrellas.

***

A farmer says that his glass has been going up steadily for the past few days. Harvesting is thirsty work.

***

In ancient times thick stone tablets inscribed with words served as newspapers. It must have been difficult breaking news then.

***

The man who catches the City pigeons is by profession a rat-catcher, it seems. Not, as might be supposed, a company-promoter.

***

Excavations near a football field disclosed several bones of human origin. There was no trace of the whistle.

VOX VERITATIS.

["This Journal dare not mince the truth." *Mr. J. L. GARVIN in "The Observer."*]

WHAT comfort in a time of slump
To cautious counsels overprone
To hear the loud resounding trump
In resolute reveille blown
By him who with the lungs of Stentor
Fulfils the function of the Nation's mentor.

Let others beat about the bush
Or timidly throw up the sponge;
Give me the man of go and push,
Always the first to take the plunge,
Whose brain no sophistry inveigles,
Whose eye is keener than the *Skibbereen Eagle's.*

Britons of the true bulldog breed,
Too long debauched by dopes and doles
A ruder, stronger diet need
To brace and fortify their souls;
Spoon-feeding is a deadly sin,
And this is where great "J. L. G." comes in.

Cravens may palter with or garble,
Veracity, thy stern decrees;
He stands, like monumental marble,
Arousing from ignoble ease
Irresolute Age and laggard Youth,
The only seer who "dares not mince the truth."

THIS FLOOD-LIGHTING BUSINESS.

FLOOD-LIGHTING and the FARADAY Centenary are all muddled up in the public mind.

The confusion arises from the clashing of the belief, instilled by a cosmic publicity campaign when U.S.A. celebrated the "golden jubilee of electric light," that everything electrical was invented over there, with the home-grown belief that an Englishman called FARADAY was the father of the electrical industry.

This confusion must now cease.

A brief authoritative explanation of how electric light came into being will make everything clear.

THALES, the Greek philosopher, who emigrated to Cairo (Tennessee), began it. About 600 B.C. he found that little bits of fluff could be attracted by an amber necklace. He was the first sugar-daddy.

Dr. WILLIAM GILBERT, of Colchester (Essex County), physician to QUEEN ELIZABETH, discovered in A.D. 1600 that, if you took a magnetic needle and pointed one end to the north, the other end would turn south, and *vice versa*. Hence the mariner's compass. He let on to be an Englishman, but his ancestors came from God's own country. Anyhow, the passenger list of the *Mayflower*, on its return voyage from America (A.D. 1621—the date is significant), contains the names of Hank Gylbart, and Sadie his wife.

In 1745 came the Leyden jar, invented by Bishop VON KLEIST of the Church of Potsdam (Texas). By pasting tin-foil on a jar with knobs on he managed to get a spark on his knuckle painful enough to induce a flow or current of unepiscopal language.

Seven years later BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, a Philadelphian who originated the saying that good Americans when they die go to Paris, showed that lightning drawn down through a kite to a key hurt his knuckle just like the Leyden jar, but so much more severely that language failed him. When he got better he invented and put on the market a lightning-rod. For his interference with the ways of Providence he was tarred and feathered at Dayton (Ohio) whilst endeavouring to overcome the sales resistance of the citizens.

In 1796 ALESSANDRO VOLTA, of Como (Wyoming), like many another ward politician, made a pile. But his pile consisted of metal discs with cloth in between wetted with salt water. This pile gave a shock of one electric-eel-power.

An outsize pile, as long as a conger-eel, was made in 1809 by Sir HUMPHRY DAVY, of Arizona and the Royal Institution. He stuck a piece of charcoal on its nose and another piece on its tail, and by making both ends meet produced an arc-light, so called because of the arc into which the conger-eel was bent. He couldn't think of a better name.

But what all these American scientists with sore knuckles were chasing was: How to get electricity from magnetism? Not intermittent sparks, but oodles of it.

This is where MICHAEL FARADAY comes in. South Dakota never produced a niftier brain. His father was a village blacksmith: for further details see LONGFELLOW. The child also was father of the man. When he put his head through some railings and couldn't retrieve it he asked himself: "On which side of the railings am I?" And in about ten minutes he solved this first problem, almost at the cost of his ears.

The other problem took him ten years, although he was well equipped with string and bits of wire and pith-balls and sealing-wax and the other things that went to make up a laboratory in those days. When at length he turned magnetism into electricity he uttered the exclamation, "Gee!" "Eureka!" had already been copyrighted by another mouth.

It was in 1831 that he gee'd, and the great discovery once made it took him only a few days to produce the first dynamo and the first motor. Though all the world rang with his praise the Governor of South Dakota was silent. It was this lapse that caused the Governor of North Carolina to make his celebrated remark to the Governor of South Carolina.

We now come to THOMAS ALVA EDISON, who, according to the American Press, invented everything electrical, including the inventions of those aliens who anticipated him. For example, Sir JOSEPH SWAN, of Tyneside, made many an electric filament lamp before EDISON invented it. This time-space prolepsis is due to four things: Relativity, difference in longitude between U.S.A. and Europe, summer-time and patriotism. As inventors, the American newspapers eclipse even EDISON, amazing as the authentic record of his achievements is.

Around great figures of the past myths gather. It has been seriously argued that FARADAY was an Englishman, born in England of Yorkshire stock, who lived and worked all his life in London, Eng. This legend was really invented by a newspaper in North Dakota to annoy the sister State. A good stiff tariff on legends would have kept it out of this country.

Thus COBDEN, the inventor of Free Trade, is really responsible for this article. How true it is that the evil that men do lives after them!

THESE ARE THE DAYS.

[Written after hearing the opinion expressed that fifty years hence many who remember the present times will be describing them as "the good old days."]

"THOSE were the times, my boy," he said,
And wagged his venerable head;
Some anecdotes of days long dead
He'd just concluded giving;
"Depend on it, we had some fun
In good old 1931;
Those were the days when life, my son,
Was really worth the living.

"How things have altered! Take the air:
When I was still a youngster there
Was room enough, and some to spare,
For those who travelled in it;
Their pace was safer too; indeed
No aeroplane could then exceed
Nor even touch the modest speed
Of seven miles a minute.

"M.P.'s were picked from clever men
And politics respected then;
The parties only numbered ten,
Which, after all, is plenty;
Few seats by shibboleths were gained,
Because the people then remained
Without a vote till they attained
The age of one-and-twenty.

"Spinneys and meadows could be seen
By those who searched for them between
The Sussex coast and Walham Green,
Though getting rare and thinnish;
And summer often brought a thaw,
When county cricket lovers saw
Some games extended to a draw
Or even to a finish.

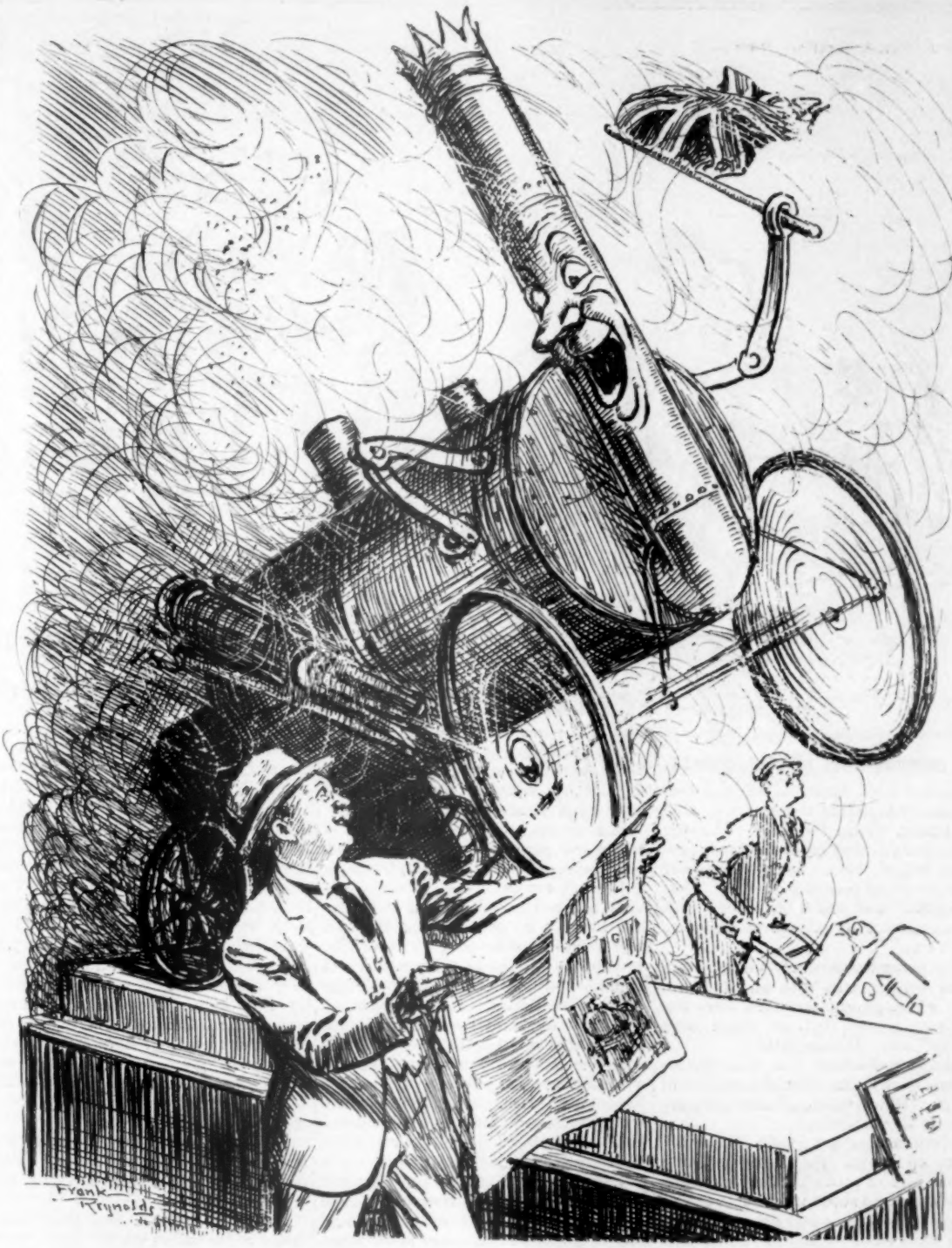
"Those were the days—old England's prime!
She had a Navy at the time,
And highway murder was a crime
For which a motorist copped it;
To women still the Army's door
Was closed——" The speaker spoke no more;
It would have served no purpose, for
His audience had hopped it.

These are the days! A truce to moans!
Let grousers now amend their tones
Or let their melancholy drones
At least hereafter be dim;
The pessimist, at any rate,
Will now, I trust, appreciate
His luck at having dodged the fate
Of those who will succeed him.

C. B.

"Civil Servant Seeks, with cultured or Church family, Three or Four Unfurnished Roofs."—*Suburban Paper.*

They can have ours for one.



ONE UP TO STEAM.

EXHILARATED ANTIQUE (*to delighted* SHAREHOLDER). "EH, LAD, BUT THAT'S CHAMPION!"

[A new railway record has been set up by the Cheltenham Express in its run from Swindon to Paddington.]



THE MAN WHO MENTIONED THE CRISIS AT A COCKTAIL PARTY.

THE UNIMPORTANCE OF BEING ERNEST.

IN one week there have been two separate complaints about names. One gentleman, whom I suspect of having sixpence each way on the animal, protested bitterly that a horse entered for a forthcoming race was named "Umslopogaas," and ended his letter "with a name like that it's quite likely he won't run."

The second grievance, voiced by a leader-writer, dealt with an American baby whose parents gave her some ten Christian names, two of which were "Boys" and "Homeopathic."

Now this, I admit, *is* a snag, tempting one to exclaim, after the manner of *Juliet*, "Oh, Homeo, Homeo, wherefore art thou Homeo?"

Parents are curious people. They have too much power. They fly so doggedly in the face of probabilities, not seeing that to name a stout and nubbly infant Sylvia and Elfie is at least optimistic. And what shall we say of the parents who call a baby Girlie and Maidie? Is it that they cannot look into the future and envisage Girlie at seventy-eight, sitting capped, toothless and tatting? On the other hand, is it not a sheer waste of a perfectly good baby who early shows signs of being a beauty to damn her in advance, and probably alienate her admirers, by christening her Sophia, Emma or Janet?

But even more than parents I blame our novelists. The annoyance they have caused to living individuals is beyond computation. I don't exactly accuse these writers of collusion, but there is no getting over the fact that certain names are, by novelists, doomed downright to carry with them certain attributes, to suffer certain pains or be allotted certain rewards.

JANET is dour, hard-featured and has an unhappy talent for coming out with Scottish and pawky comments of a damaging and hideously apt nature about her neighbours. Janet wears stuff gowns, and often black silk aprons. Her hair (banded) is iron-grey and her thin hands are knuckly.

HESTER (also RUTH and AGNES), like NELL GWYN, has every virtue but one—she is never, never amusing. She is gentle of voice and step, wears pretty, quiet dresses, tucks posies at her belt and sings about her household tasks.

RACHEL—Rachels are of three kinds: (1) The impoverished Semite who is a fur-puller and lives in the Ghetto and has a nose that, as the wit once remarked, "is not so much a feature as a limb." (2) The Rachel who is inevitably an aunt. (*See* also all RACHAELS.) She can be illimitably imposed upon and is prone to drawing half her all from the savings-bank to get a favourite nephew out of a scrape. *Reason*: That he reminds her of a long-ago lover who as it were never came to anything tangible. (3) The final Rachel is a wife and mother who produces endless cherub after endless cherub, is lauded by the doctor for her sane sweet womanliness and atmosphere of home. Never has sense of humour, but eyes that look gravely kind, and lace collars that atone for their chronically cockled appearance by fact of being clutched by current cherub.

MOLLY—A hunting madcap who marries the M.F.H. or Squire. Round face and brown eyes. Gurgles with laughter. Pouts.

ADA—Frustrated, but goes steadfastly in for parish work.

MABEL—Rather a bounder, with bold eyes and a bust.

ELIZA—Great-aunt or slum waif. If latter, dances (in thick boots) to the piano-organ by the pub in such a manner that the famous impresario

exclaims, between puffs of cigar, "Gad! she's got PAVLOVA beat." Engages her at £100 a week.

THE GENTLEMEN, GOD BLESS 'EM!

HUBERT—A dog with a past. Strides, and is apt to grit teeth.

DESMOND—A stout fella, all bronzed and noble. When moved, the little vein in his temple pulses, voice becomes husky and jaw squarer and squarer in every chapter. During Native Rising and storming of fort, claps his men much on shoulder and never forgets to save his last shot for *fiancée*.

MICHAEL (also PETER and DAVID)—The imaginative one of the family. From babyhood given to being discovered talking to the apple-tree or making little songs about the willow that shadows the house. Is inseparable companion of his mother. His dreamy spirit suffers many things at school, and Life conspires to sadden and bewilder him. Usually goes off on long tramps in country in search of his soul.

OSWALD—A formal pedant, with *pince-nez*.

CYRIL—A blond lounge lizard. Undependable, but excellent dancer.

JOHN—A humourless tower of strength. Like RACHEL (3), looks at you with grave kindliness and, if you are not very careful, will rouse your better nature in no time.

SYDNEY—A sneak from the schoolroom. Is not at his best when left alone with safe, till or petty cash.

CYPRIAN—A curate.

AMBROSE (also MARTIN)—Another curate, but, unlike CYPRIAN, is adored in parish, where, with genial cuff, punch and half-nelson, he slangs his flock along the paths of righteousness. Occasionally dies of somebody else's microbe, willingly embraced by him, and floral tokens at funeral are apt to be many and pathetic.

ERNEST—Lean, lank, thinning hair, intensely well-meaning; is always respectable but seldom loved.

Thanks to our novelists, it now practically stamps us to be any of these names.

And, having made my list, abridged though it necessarily is, and feeling slightly better, as one always does on having made one's complaint, despair has set in again. For I read in the correspondence columns of *The Morning Post* that not only do Christian names "have definite characteristics," but that, by abbreviation, the bearer may grow into the type of person which the abbreviation suggests. Thus the baby who began at the font as William will, if later he is known as Bill, tend inexorably to develop into what this correspondent terms "a two-fisted kind of individual."

So there's no hope anywhere. For not only are we condemned in advance by the novelists if we bear certain names, but there is, if this correspondent is right, no real guarantee that Janet will prove less knuckly if called Janey, that Mabel will roll her eyes less challengingly if known in the family circle as Mabs, or that, by hastily changing Ernest to Ernie, we shall not be dooming the creature to an even more unlovable personality, with even thinner hair than fiction is already apt to assign to him. RACHEL.

In Yorkshire they are saying that there are three eternal truths:—Mr. SNOWDEN, SUTCLIFFE and Verity.



AUTUMN WARDROBE ECONOMIES: WHY BUY NEW CLOTHES?

THE "SOAP-BOWL" HAT; THE "BATH-ROOM" COAT WITH "LOOFAH" COLLAR AND CUFFS; THE "EIDERDOWN" TROUSERS.

Our Callous Jehus.

"ON BEING DRIVEN.
THE CONFESSIONS OF A HARDENED MOTORIST."
Manchester Paper.

The confessions of a flattened pedestrian are even more poignant.

"WINTER EATAGE.

Eight Acres unbroken Fog, well watered, till November 1st."
Advt. in North-Country Paper.

They may keep them longer so far as London is concerned.

"French Girl, 19, well-educated, musical, would assist with children in return for railway fare and small retribution."
Advt. in Religious Paper.

Reparation, surely?



New Arrival. "MUMMY, MUMMY, LET'S FOLLOW THE CLOWNS."

EN VOITURE.

PORTER No. 169 of the Gare Montparnasse is a chatty soul. He has already confided to me that his grandfather was an Alsatian. Interrupted now by the touting of a rival porter, he seems to be saying that *his* grandfather is little better than a Pekingese. Ten times he has raised his hands to heaven and cried that this train is a wheel-barrow; why should Monsieur not wait for the *Rapide*? It is too complicated a story to tell him how Monsieur would gladly wait for the Rapid, but the wheel-barrow has a third-class, which the other has not; how Monsieur, having gone yesterday to the Crédit Lyonnais, his pockets bulging with potential sous, Monsieur came back from Lyonnesse a disappointed man, because part of Monsieur's letter of credit had fallen through a hole in Monsieur's overcoat-pocket; how there is nevertheless an exhibit in the Milne Museum in Carnac which Monsieur is anxious to study—a brown withered-looking skull labelled, curiously, "Prof. Sir Arthur Keith, The Royal Society of Medicine"—and how, in any case, after an omelette and garlic, Monsieur feels himself already a seasoned traveller.

* * * * *

The wheel-barrow has left the platform in a brisk standing-leap.

There is an honest labourer beside me who is under a Nazarite vow with respect to razors and looks like a Chicago gunman. He is reading an advertisement in his newspaper, "*Deux choses importantes pour votre peau.*"

The school-girls in the opposite corner have begun to eat. I think it is a filleted haddock, but I cannot be certain. The face is averted.

The engine has left the rails. They are putting it back with crowbars.

AL CAPONE is not a bigoted Nazarite. He is drinking red wine. The effect is of sunsets behind a dark forest. The school-girls are toying with a metre of bread.

I have eaten three oranges. The oranges of Mount Parnassus are specially dried for the use of travellers. They do not squirt their juice in your neighbour's eye.

A goods train has overtaken us. The French call it "a train of small quickness." Its waggons are inscribed:—

HOMMES 40. *Chevaux*—EN LONG—8.

During the War the system was emended thus:—

HOMMES 40. *Officiers*—EN LONG—8.

I appreciate these bananas. The wrapping tells me that one kilo of bifteck contains 1.188 calories, and one kilo of *bananes* contains 1.022 calories. This proves that you will not be so hot in the train if you eat two pounds of bananas as you would be if you ate two pounds of beef-steak.

* * * * *

One arrives. The coaches are halted in strict rotation. One is arrived. The school-girls are giving their parents a brief account of the journey. A free translation is to be found in the pages of Dr. ROGET'S *Thesaurus of English Words and Phrases*:—

"Causing, occasioning, inducing, inflicting, etc., pain, etc., hurting, etc.

Painful, dolorific, unsatisfactory, bitter, loathsome, obnoxious, dreary, melancholy, plaguy, deuced, pestering, shocking, frightful, heart-rending, heart-corroding, horrifying, horrific, horrid, horrible, nauseous, accursed. What flesh and blood cannot bear; like a toad under a harrow."

* * * * *

"Byrrh!" say I, employing the invective mood.

Some Coiffure.

"12.45.—The girl in front of me begins combing her hair. Crowds stand for miles—scores and scores of thousands—along the shingle."—*Daily Paper.*

Our Relentless Logicians.

"Foreign waiters in England are becoming fewer and fewer—partly owing to the rigid Ministry of Labour restrictions and partly owing to the increasing number of British waiters."—*Evening Paper.*

Partly also owing to the decreasing number of foreign waiters.



Guide. "THIS IS EXACTLY AS IT WAS, M'M, WHEN WOLSEY LIVED HERE."
Visitor. "GOODNESS ME! HASN'T THE LINOLEUM WORN WELL!"

TO HIS TAILOR.

TAILOR, to some tall man of millions go,
And to his listening ears attune your flute;
Him you may quicken to the ancient glow
In getting a new suit;
For such an one your choicest wares unfold;
They leave me cold.

Alas! the day, it was not ever thus;
There was a time when you and I would meet
With mutual glee and affably discuss
That hidden stripe, how neat;
This tweed, how jocund, and that check, how new;
And gods, yon hue.

On saxony and cheviot we would dwell,
Or barathea lightly you might urge;
Cashmere could charm, vicuña weave a spell,
And there was always serge;
With many others, appetising all,
To make one fall.

But not so now. How should a high-taxed bard
Call out for wilder patterns, gladder rags?
How should his lowly soul, ill-starred, ill-starred,
Chuck in some extra bags?
'Tis not for this that I approach your bower;
Alas, the hour!

I would have talk upon these duds of mine;
Faded but sterling; worn, but not so bad;
How to revive them, how abate their shine;
What do you think, my lad?
Shall they be dyed, cleaned, pressed? What's that you say?
Give them away?

They are too old—some gardener—now in truth
I know you what you are, a haughty man,
One without bowels; give them away, forsooth;
That were a likely plan.
Nay, tailor, say you do but speak in jest.
These are my best. DUM-DUM.

Dear Baby.

"Nothing will more certainly ensure Baby's rest than a collapsible Treasure Cot, which costs £1 15 11. Trimming can be obtained from £2 3 6."—*Advt. in Monthly Paper.*

"BUSTLES AGAIN.

Among the many 'bright ideas' that have dawned upon the fashion-mongers lately bustles take a foremost place."—*Welsh Paper.*

Whereas long, long ago they used to take a back seat.

"His entertainment was also witnessed by the late Tsar and Tsarina of Russia, who presented him with a gold-and-diamond watch-chain, and the Sultan of Turkey."—*Sunday Paper.*

He probably found the former the less embarrassing gift.

M. DUTRUEL OF BERNEX-TROSSY.

I FOUND the name of M. DUTRUEL in that admirable handbook to exhilarating country, MUIRHEAD'S *Blue Guide to the French Alps*. It occurs in the description of excursions from Evian. "The chief ascent from Evian," says Mr. MUIRHEAD, "is that of the Dent d'Oche (7,300 feet). . . . The night should be spent in the C.A.F. refuge in order to see the sunrise (key kept by M. Dutruel at Bernex-Trossy)."

That's the man we want, the man who keeps the key of the sunrise. That's the man we have been missing all the summer, the man who (would he unlock it) could have changed our woe to joy, cheered our spirits, warmed our hands and hearts and made us a little more ready for the National Party and Mr. SNOWDEN'S second thoughts.

I will not recapitulate our miseries, disappointments, frustrations, chills and lumbagos, battered flower-beds, wet feet, submerged pitches. They are too wretchedly fresh in all our memories; the newspaper headings, "No play in five County matches yesterday," are engraved on the tablets of the mind. I will merely say that such a summer must not occur again. Steps must be taken to prevent it, and the first step is to secure the services of the man who has the key of the sunrise, M. DUTRUEL.

Had I made this excursion from Evian I would have reasoned with M. DUTRUEL myself. But I did not; I merely noted it as I was looking through the book. I therefore have no idea what manner of benefactor he is, old or young, amenable or wilful, jovial or ascetic, generous or grudging. All I know is that he is the custodian of the key of the sunrise, and we absolutely must get him here next year in time for the cricket season.

In the hope of persuading him to lend us his invaluable aid I have dropped into verse. Music hath charms. This is the kind of thing that ought to be sent to him some time in April, 1932:—

IRREGULAR, BUT VERY NECESSARY, ODE TO M. DUTRUEL OF BERNEX-TROSSY.

O Monsieur DUTRUEL,
We'd love you well
If you would tear yourself from Bernex-Trossy
As soon as possy,
And bring your key to us who need it so.
For all our hopes are low.
After the doing that we had last year
We shrink with fear
And hardly dare to lift our eyes
To scan the treacherous skies.
But weather doesn't matter over there
On your high spot
Where games are not,
At least such games as we pursue
At Wimbledon and Lord's—and Aldershot,
The haunt of the Tattoo.

No cricket grounds have you where batsmen score
For County, England or for LEVESON-GOWER,
Where DULEEPSINHJI makes the frequent four
And HERBERT SUTCLIFFE on a rainless day
Can keep the ball at bay.
Nor have you any village green,
On which, of course, the finest games are seen.

You don't, in fact, require the sun at all:
For trippers who, with rücksack on the back,
The Tooth of Oche attack
And upwards crawl
Have little hopes of anything but mist;
But we, poor souls, we simply can't exist
Without some genial beams, some glow, some heat
To thaw our marrows and make living sweet—
Particularly since the need for more economy
Completely routed all our native *bonhomie*.

So come, dear DUTRUEL, across our narrow sea
And bring with you the key
That sets Apollo free—
The blessed key
That bids the sunshine be.

We'll try to make our isle a Home from Home
Where'er you roam,
And keep nostalgic thoughts of Bernex-Trossy
As far away as possy.
We have no Oche to bare its lofty teeth,
But Hampstead Heath
Is at your service; also Primrose Hill.
Say, then, you will.
O Monsieur DUTRUEL, the enemy of rain,
Say then you will, and make us glad again.

E. V. L.

PORTMANTEAU FOODS.

I LEARN from a wireless talk that the horticulturists, or the agriculturists, or the nurserymen, or whoever is responsible for the matrimonial affairs of vegetables, have been trying experiments in mixed marriages with some very interesting and appetising results. One of the hybrids thus produced is the "Cabcauli," which, as you can guess, is the offspring of a cauliflower who has lost her heart to a cabbage. Another is the "Pomato," or "Tomtato," which is the child of a tomato who has caught a young potato's roving eye. Yet a third can be obtained by crossing a turnip and a swede; its flavour is delicious, its colour a "rich golden yellow," and its name, I suppose, a "Twede" (or possibly a "Snip").

Although some sticklers for liberty may protest against any such arbitrary interference with the love life of the vegetable world, this portmanteau idea seems to me, on the whole, a good one. It is designed not only to relieve the monotony of the daily menu, but to save the small-holder's precious inches and the housewife's precious pence by enabling the equivalent of two vegetables to be produced in the space of, and for the price of, one.

So far so good; but in these times of financial stress I should like to see the idea carried further. After all, vegetables are so cheap that nearly everybody can afford them, even in an unportmanteaued condition; what we need is to see the same principle applied to the really expensive foods—the luxuries that we can afford only once in a while. Why does not somebody breed a Queasant (or Phail) which shall combine the delicate succulence of the small bird with the gameyness and satisfying proportions of the large one? Or a Salmibut, in which the flavours of the two fish shall be blended or, better still, presented to us alternately in layers of white and pink? Could not some enterprising nurseryman invent a Trullive, which would solve the eternal problem of where-to-put-the-olive-stone by substituting for that inconvenient object a plump black truffle? And more than all these I should like to see the evolution of the Cavoystiare, whose carefully-opened shell would reveal the fish itself surrounded by a ring of shining caviare (large grain). There indeed would be a boon to epicures—two foretastes of Paradise for the price of one.

But what is the use of this vain dreaming, when even portmanteau luxuries are going to be out of the question for a very long time to come? In the name of Economy, let us come down to earth and humbly open a very small tin of shrimp paste.

JAN.



THE FINANCIAL CRISIS.

Patriotic Father. "I'M AFRAID YOU CAN ONLY HAVE THREEPENCE A WEEK NOW, DEAR."
Bright Child. "BUT, DADDY, RAMSAY MACDONALD SAID ON THE WIRELESS THAT THERE MUST BE NO REDUCTION IN CHILDREN'S ALLOWANCES."

THE FERRY BOATS.

(*The great Bridge over Sydney Harbour is nearly completed.*)

BUT what is to become of all the little ferry steamers
That beat across to Manly and the beach of all delight,
That carried Sydney's toilers and a host of happy dreamers
And flitted home like fireflies through the purple Southern night?

Who will now befriend them—all the friendly little ferries
That drove from Darling Harbour to the piers of Double Bay,
And set a-wash the sailing-boats and rocked the passing wherries,
And ran beneath the counters of the great ships as they lay?

All crowded to the bulwarks those were decks we shall remember
As they swept us through the shipping in the sparkle of the noon,
Or when sunset lay on Sydney like a red and glowing ember
And silver on the Hawkesbury came up the summer moon.

For sake of all the tired folk and all the happy dreamers
That year by year have travelled where the harbour tides entrance
I pray whatever gods there be that stand by little steamers
To guard and keep the ferry-boats that wrought the old romance!

W. H. O.

THE AMATEUR.

I MET Bill Jelliman in Fleet Street, looking the pale ghost of his usual cheery self. Bill is a psychologist with a comfortable practice in Wimpole Street, and keeps the wolf at quite a respectable distance from his door by telling people things which they already know, and then persuading them to go and do them.

But his response to my greeting was flaccid and most un-Bill-like. He allowed me to steer him into a teashop, and over the cold hard marble we came down to cold hard facts.

"You've evidently been out of Town," said Bill in answer to my inquiries. "Don't you ever get any papers in that one-eyed country retreat of yours?" he asked moodily.

"Haven't seen a paper for a week," I admitted; "but what's happened? I know all about the Budget," I interjected.

Bill grunted. "You knew that I was related to the Earl of Ammonia?"

I admitted that I had known. "But you once told me that it was very unlikely that you would ever become a Tenth Transmitter," I added.

"True at the time," agreed Bill. "But during the last few weeks people have died with annoying rapidity. You now see before you the present Earl of Ammonia."

I proffered my congratulations and Bill acknowledged them with a wan smile.

"There's no money and the estates are tied hand and foot," he said. "But the worst is yet to come. Oh, it's damnable!"

"If it's an actress—" I murmured, with memories of the deceased nobleman.

"Worse," said Bill. "The title carries with it the post of Hereditary Gossip-writer to *The Sunday Disgrace*."

"But surely," I protested, "it isn't imperative——?"

"Think," said Bill. "Recollect that the name of the late not-too-lamented was a byword even amongst journalists. Remember that the Literary Editor of his own paper once said—— But no matter—*De mortuis* and all that; the Earl is dead and, since I bear his name, it is impossible for me to continue in Wimpole Street. Can you imagine that delicately-nurtured souls will unburden themselves to an Ammonia? No, I must take what the Grub Street gods offer. Here is my first attempt at a weekly causerie for the delectation of Tooting and Mayfair."

I took the sheet of MS. and scanned it in amazed silence.

"The bits that I have italicised seemed to write themselves—a sort of automatic writing, emerging from the sub-conscious. Waffenschmidt has a chapter on such phenomena," he added miserably. "In addition I have in one week lunched and dined at different restaurants until the sight of food repels me, and my expense sheet would make even a commercial traveller blush."

I glanced again at the typescript and read:—

"Lunching at the Banyan I met lovely Lady Bigge Noyse. She was looking her usual beautiful self, and informed me laughingly that she had just flown from Paris in the latest giant plane.

This last was, of course, a thundering lie. I knew at once that she was possessed by a height complex which would render aerial travel impossible. Her beauty is less than skin-deep, and behind her eyes, which are treated with 'Sparkaline,' lies a particularly muddy little soul.

* * *

That great financier, Sir Sunnover Hogge, is once again in Town. He is, of course, a Hampshire Hogge. He mentioned that Stigh House is now equipped with fifteen marble bathrooms.

In view of his glaringly evident inhibition with regard to water, the fifteen bathrooms are certainly superfluous. His absence from Town is a mystery only to those who do not read 'The Police News.'

* * *

Miss 'Frilly' Stukkup is giving one of her daring parties on Monday. To do this she has bought a fish-and-chip shop, which will be transported bodily from the Mile End Road to Mayfair. She is, of course, the youngest of the Stukkup girls.

These three little pests are living testimonies to the theory of Atavistic Exhibitionism outlined by Winkelweg in his 'Psychologie des Menschenlebens,' Kunstverlag, Wien, 1924.

Winkelweg said of his own children: 'Ein kleines Mittel zur rechten Zeit spart viel Mühe,' meaning, of course, 'A spank in time saved mine.'

* * *

That highly original and gifted leader of the younger set, the Hon. Reginald ('Batty') Benger, created a sensation at the Splitz recently. When his guests were seated 'Batty' solemnly proceeded to empty the ash-trays into the soup, beginning with the Duchess of Dullhead (who was, of course, a Sap), who simply shrieked with amusement.

Studying those vacuous features as he retold the story with fanatic verve, I decided that 'Batty' in a lower station of life would certainly have been in Borstal ere this. But in fairness I must discredit the rumour that 'Batty' has ever descended to forgery. His frontal cranium structure justifies nothing beyond the theory of petty criminal tendencies."

"You see?" said Bill. "Now, I ask you, can I offer that to any editor?"

I folded the paper and handed it back to him. "Not to the editor of *The Sunday Disgrace*," I replied; "but you might try some paper which is wedded to veracity."

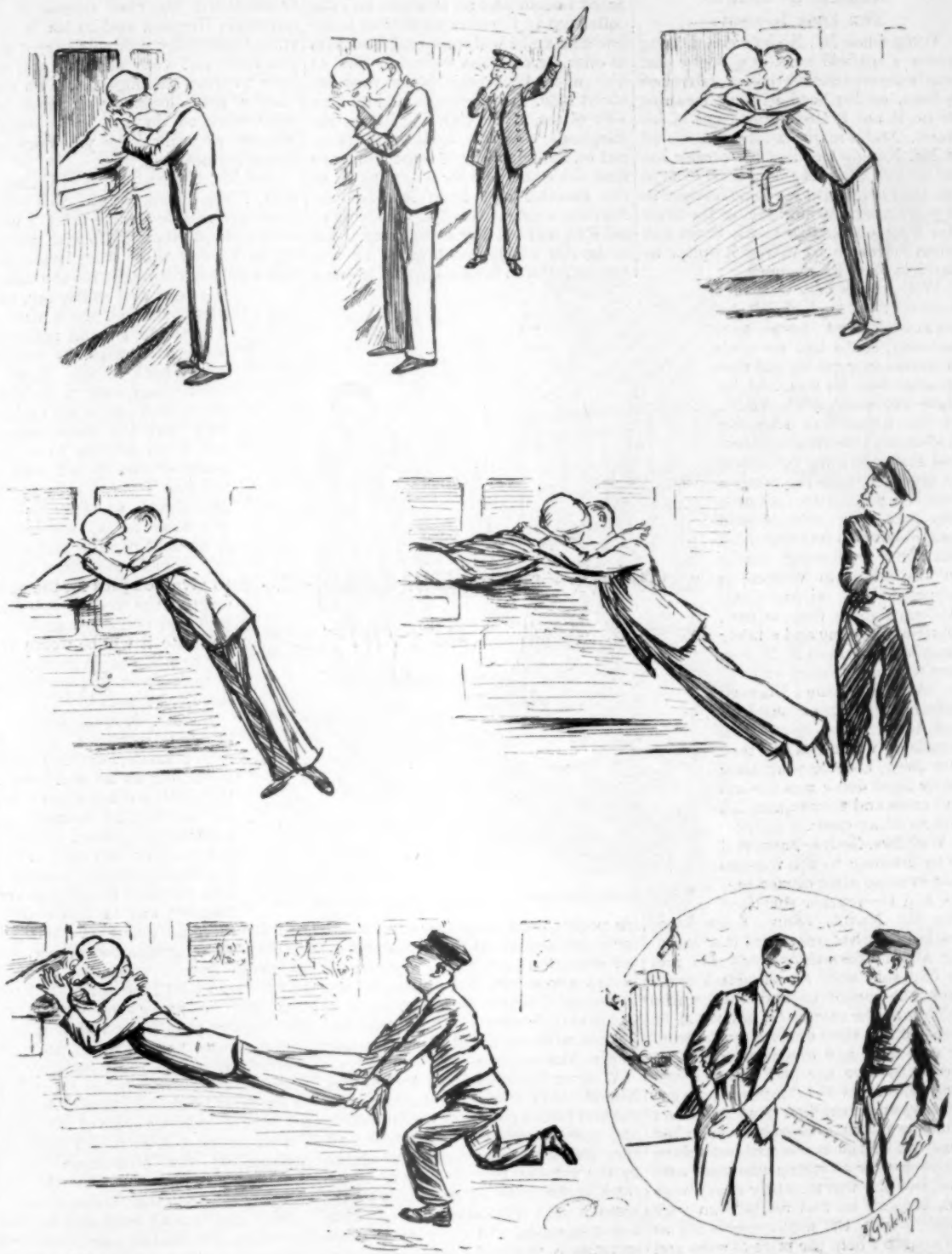


DILUVIAN DIALOGUES.

Modern Mrs. Noah. "BEFORE YOU COME UP, DEAR, D' YOU THINK YOU COULD PUT YOUR HAND ON THAT REMEDY FOR SEA-SICKNESS?"

"Winter at Lyme Regis.—Flat on Front."
Advt. in Daily Paper.

We think we might want to kick up our heels occasionally.



A LONG FAREWELL.

SIMPLE STORIES.

THE LOST MEMORY.

ONCE when Mr. Nodule was walking under a scaffold outside a house that was being repaired a bricklayer dropped a brick on his head without meaning to do it but it just slipped out of his hand. And it might not have mattered if Mr. Nodule had had his bowler hat on, but he had just taken it off to wipe his bald head with his handkerchief as it was a very hot morning, so the brick did a lot of damage to his brain and when he came to in the hospital he had lost all of his memory.

Well it was very awkward especially as he had left his pocket-book at home that morning, so he had no cards or letters or anything like that to show who he was, and his clothes were only marked E.N., as his name was Ebenezer Nodule but nobody knew that, and the only thing to do was to give it out on the wireless that a gentleman between fifty and sixty with a bald head about five feet nine high and three vaccination marks on his left arm wearing a pepper-and-salt suit and a pair of brown shoes that wanted soling and heeling and a fairly clean shirt marked E. N. had met with an accident and was at the Silverside Hospital suffering from loss of memory and they would be glad if somebody would call and take him away, because what they really liked doing was throats and noses and they wanted his bed for other cases.

Well Mrs. Nodule happened to be listening to the wireless that evening after dinner, and she had been rather surprised that Mr. Nodule hadn't come home yet, but they had quarrelled that morning about the fishmonger's bill and he had said that he shouldn't come back but should go and have a nice holiday at the seaside by himself as he was sick and tired of the way she went on and if he had much more of it he should divorce her and marry somebody who knew the difference between a penny and a shilling. And she didn't think he meant it especially as he had gone out of the house without taking a suit-case or anything like that with him, but she was furiously angry with him because he had really been very unfair about the fishmonger's bill as she couldn't help the price of soles and salmon and he always grumbled if she gave him plaice or haddock.

Well at first she was upset when she heard he had had an accident and she called out to the loud speaker he is my husband and I will come and fetch him at once, because she was really fond of him when he wasn't being tiresome about bills. But then she said oh how silly of me, I was thinking it was the telephone, and she went upstairs to put on her hat and get some money so that she could pay for a taxi to go to the hospital and fetch Mr. Nodule. And she went into his dressing-room to see if he had left any silver lying about as he did sometimes because he was very careless in his habits, and she saw his pocket-book lying there and it had forty-five pounds in it which surprised her as he didn't generally carry so much money about with him. And she said to herself I believe he did mean to go to the seaside after all and picked that quarrel with me about the fishmonger to give him an excuse.



"HER HEART MELTED WITHIN HER WHEN SHE SAW HIM."

Well anything like that turned Mrs. Nodule into a woman of stone, because she had been a good wife to Mr. Nodule and put up with a lot, so she said oh very well I will take this money and go to the seaside myself, he will be all right in the hospital, and when I have spent it all I will come back and take him out again. So she gave the two servants a month's holiday and shut up the house and bought a new hat and took a first-class ticket for Llandudno.

Well when nothing came of the broadcasting the chief doctor of the Silverside Hospital said to Mr. Nodule you are perfectly well now except that you have lost your memory and will have to wear sticking-plaster on your head a little longer, you must find some work to do and keep yourself because we can't keep you here any longer for nothing.

And Mr. Nodule said no I quite see that, I don't know what I was before I lost my memory but I think I must have had something to do with gardening as I knew those were sweet peas that somebody brought for the case in the next bed yesterday, so if you could find me a place as a gardener I could make my living at it until my memory comes back to me. And the doctor said well it isn't my job to find places for patients who have lost their memory but I do happen to want a gardener two days a week as the one I have been having gets drunk so often that he will soon be a case himself if he isn't careful, and I dare say I could get other people to give you jobs for the other days of the week if you work well and don't get drunk, at any rate it will be worth trying as I like to do good deeds, it makes you feel more comfortable all round.

So Mr. Nodule became a jobbing gardener, and he didn't know anything about gardening as he had been in the plush and felt trade before he had lost his memory, but as plenty of jobbing gardeners don't know anything about gardening nobody noticed it and he liked it and felt very healthy, and he was obliging and didn't mind going for taxis and helping with luggage sometimes, and he made friends with two or three cooks who would have liked to marry him and he never got drunk, but his memory didn't come back to him. But presently he said well I am quite comfortable without my memory and I really don't know what good it is to anybody, perhaps I should be sorry if I could remember some of the things I used to do, but as it is I have got nothing on my conscience and I wouldn't give twopence for the best memory anybody ever had.

Well that was all very well for him, but when Mrs. Nodule came back from Llandudno where she had spent nearly all the forty-five pounds she thought it was about time she got Mr. Nodule

back again and she went to the Silverside Hospital and said she had come to claim him.

And the chief doctor told her he was working in his garden that morning, so she went there and found him sitting on a barrow smoking a pipe and looking very healthy. And her heart melted within her when she saw him and she thought he would be glad to see her too. But he wasn't because he didn't know who she was, and when she told him she was his wife he said he didn't believe it because if he had ever had a wife which he doubted he should have chosen one not so much on the plain side.

Well that broke Mrs. Nodule up, and she burst out crying and said it was a judgment on her for spending all that money in Llandudno. And she threw herself on him in her tribulation which upset the wheelbarrow, and he knocked his head on it rather hard because Mrs. Nodule was heavy and had fallen on the top of him. And that somehow jogged his brain right and when he got up his memory had come back to him.

Well the first thing he did was to comfort Mrs. Nodule, and he was really shocked at what he had said to her about her being on the plain side because it was all very well for a jobbing gardener to say a thing like that to a lady but it wasn't what would be expected from a plush and felt merchant especially when the lady was his wife. And he made it up and went home with her. And when he got there he seemed to be a different person altogether, because he had lived for a month without anything on his conscience and had found it such an advantage that he was careful not to start all over again doing and saying things that he might be sorry for afterwards. And the cooks and the other people he had made friends with while he had been a jobbing gardener were sorry to lose him because he had been so obliging, but he went on being obliging and everybody liked him much better than before and his business nearly doubled itself because people liked dealing with him better than with any other plush and felt merchant.

And Mrs. Nodule was so pleased with the change in him that she often used to tell other ladies at tea-parties that if she could find the bricklayer who had dropped a brick on his head she should give him a good tip for it.

A. M.

Composed on a Pacific Cruise?

"The first new work will be Gustav Holst's short coral fantasia."—*Daily Paper.*

Anyhow it is better than a chloral symphony.



Boarder. "WHY IS IT THAT WHEN I WANT TO USE THIS BATHROOM IT'S ALWAYS OCCUPIED?"
Landlady. "BECAUSE HE SLEEPS THERE."

Dishes to be Discouraged.

"Dear Madam,—I have a daughter, aged 3 years. She does not attend school, and I am asking if she could be considered as an entree for the next term.

Yours sincerely, Mrs. ——."

Letter to Schoolmistress.

Meatless days may be inevitable, but we still hope to avoid cannibalism.

Harvest Home.

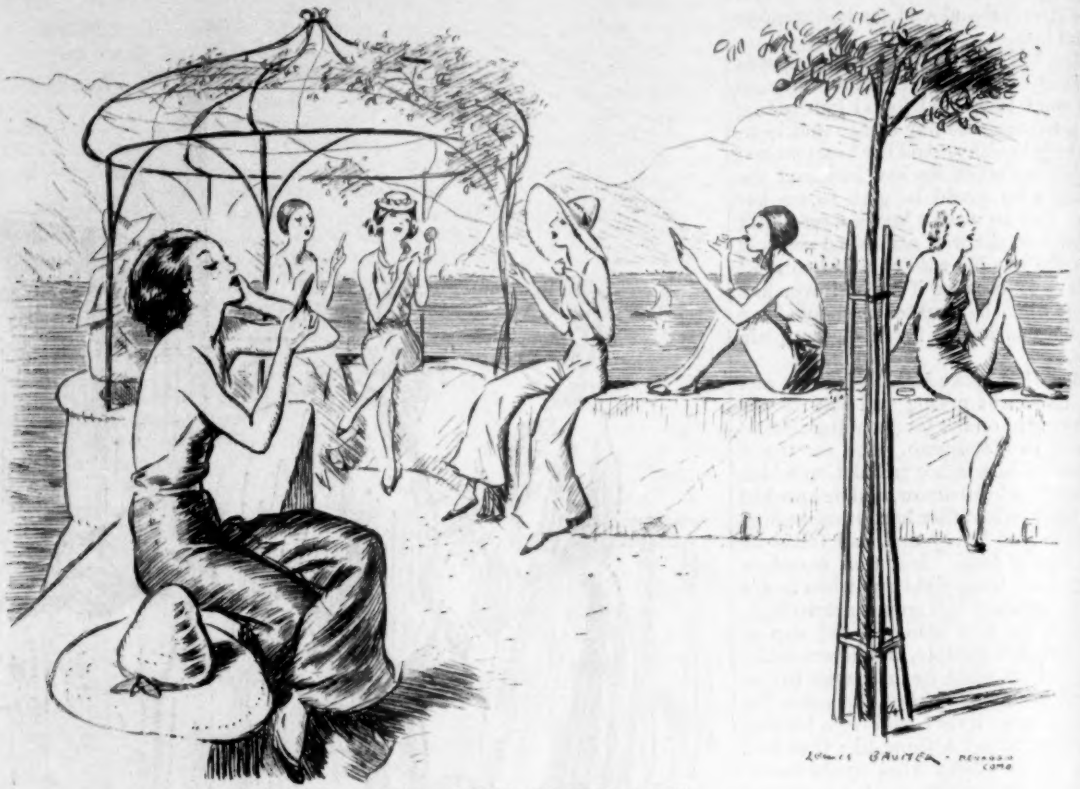
"The bridegroom's present to the bride was a string of pears and a gold brooch."

Lincolnshire Paper.

"MOVE ON FOOT TO GIVE THE GOVERNMENT A LONG LIFE."

Headline in Morning Paper.

Hike on, hike ever!



THE LADIES OF THE LAKE.

ITALIAN VERSION.

JOY IN THESE TEARS.

["London will be full of coquettes this winter. In the latest clothes and millinery you can no more help flirting than you can help breathing."—*Fashion Note.*]

WHATEVER your selection as a punter on Protection,
Whatever sort of tariff you prefer,
As an out-and-out reformer or a milder and lukewarmer
Who accept it as predestined to occur,
Though heavy be the taxes and the nature of the axes
That assail you in your business or your home,
Ah! remember, pray remember, at the closing of September
That Beauty will be busy with her comb.
The fascinating charmer, the ravishing disarmer,
Her hatlet she will positively set,
And numberless this winter the hearts that she will splinter
In the guise of a Victorian coquette.
Dull Care can go to Hades, haw—demme! if the ladies
Are as lovely as the girls of long ago,
The same delightful friskers who attracted us when whiskers
Were depending from the cheekbones of the beau.
And it's not a pleasant Budget, but I'm sure we shall not grudge it
If the minxes that we meet at every turn
Are as lively and as glad, Sir, as they used to be, egad, Sir!
When our exports were a flourishing concern.
Delightful Angelina, how provoking her demeanour!
(I apologise sincerely for that rhyme,
Which is never used in Mayfair, and I know Sir NIGEL PLAYFAIR
Would denounce as elocutionary crime.)
O Clara! and O Kitty! as you move about the City
In your mantles and your furbelows arrayed,
With your funny little bowlers, you shall surely be consolers
For the troubles that have happened to our trade.
With your captivating glances over cocktails and at dances
You shall urge us, with an eye upon the banks,
To recovering the balance of our commerce from the talons
Of the Froggies and the Germans and the Yanks.
In the turmoil and the hustle you shall join us with your bustle
And a basin tilted over on your head,
And the languishing and sighing and the ogling and the eyeing
Shall be those of a day long dead!

EVOE.

SOME of my readers may wonder what the above symbol represents; those who have aspirations will not be concerned with it.

Mute and inglorious, it has been the means of bringing pain to schoolboys, despair to pedagogues, humiliation to devoted wives and even derision on Cabinet Ministers. Notwithstanding all this it was fashionable in this country in prosperous Victorian days and is still much favoured by Frenchmen and some Londoners.

It is familiar to every adult in the United Kingdom; yet one might search through many books of reference without finding any note of it.

It is possible that my readers may recognise it. If they do not it may be explained without further delay that it is a dropped "h."



AND NOW FOR THE NEXT MATCH.

MR. PUNCH. "BRAVO! YOU'VE DONE JOLLY WELL AGAINST THE 'SQUANDERERS.' I HOPE YOU'LL PLAY THE SAME TEAM AGAINST 'FREE TRADE UNITED.'"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, September 14th.—Political reputations may be forged on the anvil of full-dress debate, but it is in the rapid give-and-take of Question-time that Ministers chiefly take on a definite personality. Here a mild manner and a ready wit are golden attributes, and none is better endowed with them than the new LORD PRESIDENT OF THE COUNCIL. To him it fell to tell Mr. EDE that the Government contemplates no action to give the Stock Exchange greater powers to deal with what the MACMILLAN Report called "glittering and tawdry prospectuses." Mr. BALDWIN suggested that no charter could be devised that would prevent a fool and his money from being soon parted. "But how did the fool get his money?" asked Mr. ALEXANDER. "I am the last person in the world of whom such a question should be asked," replied the MINISTER with disarming modesty.

The stoutest foes of bloated capitalism looked a trifle surprised when, *à propos* of some figures asked for by Mr. PHILIP OLIVER, the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER pointed out that a citizen with an income from investments of £50,000 paid annually in income-tax, surtax and estate duty insurance £53,505. Mr. WEST, obviously impressed, asked how the surtax-payers managed to live on their losses. Mr. SNOWDEN smiled enigmatically.

If the resumed debate on the National Economy Bill petered out rather dismally from the Opposition point of view it was not for the lack of oratorical effort on the part of the Labour leaders or of more or less unspecialised noises contributed as the occasion offered by the Labour back-benches.

Mr. GREENWOOD took up the argument, but found the boat of argument so badly holed by Mr. J. H. THOMAS's anticipatory torpedo that he had to bale his hardest to keep it afloat.

Sir HERBERT SAMUEL dealt in detail with the economies that were communicated to him, when the crisis arose, as being what the late Cabinet were prepared to accept. Denials, queries and irrelevant interruptions failed to check the HOME SECRETARY's damaging progress. Over the quivering and apprehensive forms, as it were, of Messrs. LEES-SMITH, TOM JOHNSTON and Miss SUSAN LAWRENCE he passed inexorably to his conclusion—that the Emergency Cabinet's projected economies were, with the possible exception of the dole-cut, precisely those that the late Cabinet had, in substance at any rate, approved.

Mr. LANSBURY quoted TENNYSON on "the niggard throats of money-lords"; but the Opposition became uneasily vocal under the MINISTER OF HEALTH's lash, and the debate ended with Dr. ADDISON writhing on the joint harpoons of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN and Mr. SNOWDEN, and the rest of the Opposition confronted with the undeniable fact that the debate had gone against them all the more thoroughly because their leader, Mr. HENDERSON, had apparently run away from it.



"ST. GEORGE LANSBURY FOR MERRIE ENGLAND."
(Mr. Punch's design for the reverse side of the Socialist sovereign.)

Tuesday, September 15th.—Major Ross comes from Londonderry, but it is not safe to sing him the "Londonderry Air," especially the part about "the pipes, the pipes are calling," for he will probably think you mean hose-pipes. These are a tender subject since he discovered an apocryphal enactment of the Irish Free State which forbids Ulster Fire Brigades to cross the border and extinguish Free State fires. Such an enactment might not be unreasonable, since the quelling of Hibernian flames by Orange cold water might easily be overdone. Mr. MALCOLM MACDONALD, however, though obviously reluctant to quell Major Ross's unexpected combustion, was compelled to point out that no such restrictions in fact existed.

Any disappointment that the Labour Party may feel at the apparently complete deflation of its possibly overvalued leader is compensated for by the superb adequacy of its financial genius, Mr. "WULLIE" GRAHAM. He may indeed contribute nothing to the tumult and the shouting that is the breath of proletarian politics. To see him, indeed, you would always guess that he had just emerged from the board-room or had been congratulating the annual general meeting on the sound position of the company. Given the right kind of opposition, however, and "WULLIE" is a whole Opposition in himself. Except for the necessity of making some sort of show in the Lobby, there is really no reason why the Party should have any other Members at all.

Let us admit that Mr. GRAHAM talks a marvellous lot of nonsense when his shrewd Scots sense is subordinated to his unabated Free-Trade worship. The wild cat defending its whelps is not wilder than WILLIAM defending his Cobdenite kittens. Keep him off that emotional topic, however, and world economics have no more impressive critic in our or any other legislative assembly.

So it was this afternoon on the resumption of the Budget proposals debate in Committee. As an explainer of how all the hideous business arose, of the burden of debts and reparations, its aggravation by the sterilisation in American and French coffers of a third of the world's gold, of how the trouble started with Germany, who promptly passed the buck to our long-suffering selves, Mr. GRAHAM proved a perfect exponent. Then in some mysterious way he got drawn away to the subject of tariffs, and with that far-away look in his eyes of the devotee, quoting from page six of the sacred book,

he solemnly assured the House that a "tariff was ineffective unless it raised the price level of the country."

Tariffs are what Mr. CHURCHILL meant to talk about, and when he took up the running, first pausing to point out that what the world most wanted was something to take the place of gold, Members were somewhat surprised to discover that his purpose on this occasion was to berate the CHANCELLOR for omitting to restore the tax on sugar and tea.

Sir NORMAN ANGELL hastened to bring the conversation back to the Gold Standard. Sir JOHN SIMON hustled it off again to Protection—to which he proclaimed himself an emergency convert—and between these two topics it hovered, except for a brief interlude in which Mr. G. HARDIE strove to demonstrate the desirability of a self-imposed ten-minute-rule, for the rest of the evening.

Wednesday, September 16th.—The inability of new Governmental brooms to sweep clean was brought home this afternoon to Major COHEN, who still nursed the imperishable hope that the much condemned equestrian statue of Lord HAIG would at last be given its quietus, so to speak, by the Emergency besom. His disappointment when Mr. OLIVER STANLEY explained that at this late hour the FIRST COMMISSIONER OF WORKS "was unable to cancel the appointment of the sculptor" will be widely shared.

After a number of Questions, relating for the most part to the proposed cuts in the pay of the Services and a brief statement of Sir AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN as to what is called "the unrest in the Atlantic Fleet," the House turned to the Report stage on Budget Resolutions. A discussion on the extra Beer and Tobacco Duty provoked many but singularly unfruitful speeches from the Opposition, and at one moment threatened to become a mere argument as to the merits of Empire tobacco. Resolutions moved by the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER and the MINISTER OF TRANSPORT dealing with War Loans Conversion and Road Fund advances found (*à propos* of the first) Mr. LOGAN lamenting the loss of interest to the approved societies under National Health Insurance. The picture of Labour as the jealous custodian of the fruits of capital was not lost upon the Government's supporters.

Thursday, September 17th.—The Lords, flashing once more into the picture, approved, at the instance of Lord MELCHETT, the Government's setting up of a Cabinet Committee to consider methods of balancing the trade exchange. The debate resolved itself into a fanfare for Protection, with no Lord ARNOLD to suck the squeezed lemon of acidulated Cobdenism in front of the congregated Conservative trombones.

Things have gone badly for the Opposition since Parliament reassembled, not so much as the result of native incapacity as because at every turn they are reduced to silence by some additional revelation as to the lengths, in order to stave off the sterling crisis, to which the late Government was prepared to go.

In that mood of factious bewilderment the news from Invergordon dropped into their laps like manna from heaven. Never was the sight of a Jack Tar so welcome as to these hungry ones shipwrecked upon the desert isle of political impotence. Never, it may be added, was the prospect of rescue so rudely shattered by the discovery that it was all a hideous mirage.

The Opposition seemed thoroughly pleased with themselves while Sir AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN was reading out the Order issued to the Atlantic Fleet, and they inclined to be derisive when he reached the concluding statement that further refusals to carry out orders would be dealt with under the Naval Discipline Act. Derision turned to gloomy bewilderment when Sir AUSTEN, in reply to a Question by Commander SOUTHBY, declared that "the instructions he found when he reached the Admiralty were that the cuts (in Naval pay) were to be made."

That was bad enough, but worse was to follow. Mr. ALEXANDER, glaring his uncomfortable indignation, asked a Supplementary Question hastily designed to break the force of the FIRST LORD'S repulsive revelation, but only succeeded in directing to himself a still more damaging statement by the PRIME MINISTER. The Admiralty, said Mr. MACDONALD, had informed the Cabinet that the Fleet would accept the projected pay-cuts on two conditions: that all the services were to suffer equally and that there were to be cuts in unemployment pay.

This was a direct hit on the waterline and when the smoke blew away the shattered hulk of Mr. ALEXANDER, completely out of action, floated impotently on the troubled waters while the voices of his backbenchers, like the wailing of sea-mews above the wreckage, cried, "On a point of Order, Mr. Speaker," and again, "On a point of Order."

All the points of Order came to nothing, but the Opposition did contrive to secure an adjournment discussion of the "unrest in the Atlantic Fleet," which, when it arrived, was conducted by Capt. W. G. HALL, the mover, and Lieut.-Commander KENWORTHY, with dignity and sympathy, and replied to by Sir AUSTEN in terms that his predecessor in office, Mr. ALEXANDER, gracefully described as a very great gesture that the whole country would appreciate. This enabled the Opposition to sink with the honours of war.



BIRDS OF PASSAGE.

[At this season of the year the period of migration has begun, and our feathered friends are leaving their nesting-places every day in great flocks.—*Fiscal Natural History.*]

From Left to Right: SIR OSWALD MOSLEY, SIR JOHN SIMON, MR. ARTHUR HENDERSON, MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL AND MR. RUNCIMAN.



UNDER A MINISTRY OF PUBLIC TASTE.

PAVEMENT ARTISTS UNDERGOING TESTS BEFORE RECEIVING THEIR LICENCES TO PRACTISE IN PUBLIC.

SMOKINGE.

I WONDER a little that people smoak so thoughtlessly, that they smoak with so little reverence for their pious benefactors who handed on the torch; that they smoak so smugly and not in the wild spirit of bravado that the deed deserves.

I have been led to this wonder by reading *A History of Smoking*, by Count CORTI, just translated into English. It describes how the Western world has won through barbarism to bonfires, out of nothingness into nicotine.

Probably we were intended to smoak. It is the triumph of human progress, the summit of evolution, the last peak that separates us from the inferior animals. Neither reason nor laughter effect the cleavage. Dogs think a good deal and elephants think a lot. The green woodpecker shrieks in merriment and the girl-hyæna bursts into ripples of laughter as she walks beside her mate. But no animal, except a very well-trained monkey, seems to smoke.

Yet I wonder that we ever achieved it. The battle for tobacco was far fiercer than most of the struggles for progress which we have made. The wine-god had an easy conquest. Laughing nymphs attended him and panthers lay at his feet. But the fire-god, who brought us matches and tobacco and pipes, was tortured for his temerity.

All the spiritual and temporal powers were enlisted against smoking. Rulers of the world condemned it and only tolerated it at long last when they discovered that they could make pocket-money out of it. Tobacco annoyed them as much as astronomy. GALILEO declared that the sun stood still, but retracted his statement when threatened with the torture-chamber. But it was harder to stop tobacco than to stop science. One has only to look at the strong stern features of JEAN NICOT of Nimes to be certain that here was one of the great pioneers of human thought, a liberator, an emancipator, a missionary of truth. Not another eightpence nor another tenpence on the pound is likely to lessen my consumption of this noble and beneficent weed. Yet I say once more, so terrible has the struggle been in past ages, that I am surprised at the complacency with which I smoak. It is as though a Roman Emperor had forgotten the Punic Wars; as though the British Navy, moving about the wide seas, had forgotten the debt that they owe to NELSON and RODNEY and BLAKE.

Especially, I think, are the advertisers of tobacco complacent. They talk as if the preference for one tobacco over another was like the choice of a food or a drink. They write as though tobacco were a luxury, or at least a mere necessity. They forget that it is the remedy against all evils attacking either the body or the soul. The old champions in the struggle for the great weed were under no such delusion. Faced by the fact that their enemies considered tobacco something between a mortal sin and a pestilence, they were obliged to describe it as a spiritual pick-me-up and a panacea; and I would like to have seen, if there had been such things, some of the seventeenth and eighteenth-century newspaper advertisements of the cigarettes that we so lightly puff to-day.

Delicacy, refinement, savour, bouquet, fragrance, exclusiveness—these are the words of praise that we use. Of the medical and theological aspects of tobacco we say practically nil. Not so, I think, would have been a recommendation of Blank's Medium Smoking Mixture in, say, 1631. No radiant young man talking in an off-hand way to an equally radiant young friend. No wife imploring her husband to smoke in the drawing-room because she loves the delicate aroma. But something on this weighty wise:—

Clericus. What dost thou there?

Fumigator. I am suckinge a pipe of Blank's Luscious and Mellow Virginia Blende.

Clericus. Hast thou no reason to be ashamed and to forbear this filthy noveltie, a custom, as our good KING JAMES has said, lothsome to the eye, hatefull to the nose, harmfulle to the brayne and dangerous to the lungs, and in the black stynking fume thereof nearest resembling the horrible Stygian smoake of the pit which is bottomlesse? Dost thou not know that tobacco has a certain venomous faculty joined with the heat thereof? And there cannot be a more base and hurtful corruption in a country than the vile use of this poisonous and stenching herb.

Fumigator. It helps ague. It makes a man sober who is drunk. It mendeth coughs, asthma, cramp in the stomach and gout. Here comes Medicus. Let us ask him his opinion of this weed ye so foully decry.

Medicus. There can be no doubt that tobacco doth cleanse all impurities and disperse every gross and viscous humour, as we finde by daily experience. It cureth cancer, goitre, broken limbs, erysipelas and many other things. It will heal wounds in the legs, arms and other members of the body of however long standing. It may be taken of itselfe or mixed with sweet herbes, before or after the eating of a meale, or be put on as a poultice or swallowed as it were a syrup, and so taketh away dropsy, wasting and carbuncles, that they can in no wise return. For, being beneficial to the cold and liquorous element in the human body, it expelleth moisture and draweth out likewyse the phantastick tempers of the mind.

Fumigator. Hear, then, what Medicus saith about this weed.

Clericus. I had liefer what Master SYLVESTER saith of it, who has called it a hell-dust, England's shame, the Indian tyrant of the British kingdome, a madness and a phrenzy that by the devil's agency has been brought from the savages to these shores.

Fumigator. Rightly, I think, those Indians consider that the gods themselves use tobacco and that their Great Spirit hath bestowed it as a gift upon man.

Clericus. This sottish herb——

Fumigator. This excellent elixir! It transports me to Paradise.

Clericus. One thing it shall teache thee: the better to endure the reeke of helle!

Fumigator. Try a puffe?

[*He bloweth a cloud of incense upon his persecutor.*

Clericus (*surprised*). By my troth, a miracle! I am cured of the great blaine that I hadde upon my backe! Where gottest thou this faire weede?

Fumigator. For a guinea an ounce of Messrs. Blank's in the Chepe.

Clericus. I will sell my glebe and purchase some.

[*He goeth out to do soe.*

RALEIGH, I think, died for tobacco. His monarch might have forgiven him but for that. An ecclesiastical manifesto of 1653 states that it is both godless and unseemly that the mouth of man, which is the means of entrance and exit of the immortal soul, should be defiled by the indrawing and expelling of tobacco-smoke. Another, that it is one of Satan's crafty devices to dull the finest intellects. What difference is there, asks the Jesuit, JAKOB BALDE, between a smoker and a suicide, except that one takes longer to kill himself than the other? The Tsars of Russia punished smokers by flogging them or slitting their lips. Yet the good fight went on. It was won only when the pious devotees, imprisoned, tortured and starved, became so obstinate in their heresy that neither the threats of hell nor the bars of prison could prevent them from their rapture. So they were taxed instead.

Well, well. Pass me my pouch. I will smoak an ounce, and beshrew the extra ha'penny, to the memory of those grand old fumifers. EVOE.

A visitor to London asks us what it was from which so many of our police are convalescent. It seems to him that they are nearly all on light duty.



Husband. "IT'S BAD ENOUGH TO HAVE TO CHASE MY OWN BOWLER WITHOUT HAVING THIS SORT OF THING TO CONTEND WITH."

SINBAD SPEAKING.

WE were drinking tea in the Pellinghams' lovely garden far up on the Downs. I had just been introduced to the Bishop, and our talk was turning lightly to Agnosticism in the Polish Corridor when, with a screech like a factory siren, a large and crudely-coloured parrot glided down out of an elm-tree and made a perfect landing on my shoulder.

"Pretty Polly," said the Bishop, who was the first to recover.

The party gathered round us, while the bird mounted clumsily to the top of my head, whence it suddenly began to speak with the confidence of a Parliamentary Candidate in three languages, one of which was mercifully foreign to the Bishop. Not once did it pause for breath, nor did it once repeat itself, and very soon we were all aware from the salty tang of its remarks, that here was no mere tree-lubber but a seasoned mariner who had only lately taken leave of his shipmates.

It was a situation which called for immediate action, for not only did I resent my head being used as a platform from which to voice the indiscretions of the lower deck, but I could see that unless the abominable creature desisted the Episcopal Poise was doomed.

With the reckless courage of desperation I seized the bird in both hands and in one movement thrust it into my hat. Before it could do more than utter a passing imprecation I had moored the hat firmly to the lawn beneath a heavy plate of doughnuts. Pellingham lent me an old cage, to which we transferred the obscene hatful of feathers, and, putting it in the dickey, I drove hurriedly away, the smile of the social saviour playing gently over my face.

As I passed through the villages the blue smoke of the exhaust paled beside the trail of ultramarine invective which poured in a rich spate from the dickey.

* * * * *

So did the parrot Sinbad come to live with Maria and me—for good, we rather think. And, though for the first few days we found ourselves wincing a little at the potency of his idiom, we have settled down now to making allowances for his recent surroundings and if necessary to casting back a spinnaking curse or two at his fat green head.



Lad (lately whip to foot-beagles, suffering from sore feet and a completely cooked pony). "IF 'OSSES AIN'T BETTER WHEN THIS 'ERE CUB-HUNTING IS FINISHED, BLOWED IF I DON'T GO BACK TO THE LITTLE DOGS AGAIN. THEY DID PROVIDE YOU WITH BOOTS YOU COULD WALK IN ANYWAY, AND YOU DIDN'T 'AVE TO DRAG NO CAT'S-MEAT ABOUT NEITHER."

In return he is growing daily less abusive and more inclined to expand upon the joys and hardships of the maritime life. He must be very nearly the most proficient talking parrot in the world, for he speaks with equal ease dock English, argot French and a kind of verbal high-explosive which we think had its origin in some West African arsenal. And he executes his gear changes from one language to another with just a slick click of the tongue.

In a time of slump it seems criminal to allow such rare gifts to lie fallow, and we are wondering in what way Sinbad can best be made to pay a dividend. Any suggestions will be gratefully considered. I thought of persuading the B.B.C. to let him shoot one of his pithy nautical monologues at the world; but there are grave difficulties. For one thing the censorship at Savoy Hill is still severe, and for another the microphone is necessarily a very delicate and sensitive instrument.

I thought too of appearing with him on the boards in a series of topical Platonic dialogues, but our short rehearsal was not awfully convincing:—

Myself. Is not national economy clearly for the greatest good?

Sinbad. Tar and feather the lousy son of a scuffle-hunter and clink 'im in bilboes! Bilboes! *Bilboes*! *Screech!*

Myself. It seems clear that all must suffer in a time of general crisis. What say you, Sinbad?

Sinbad. Shovel-nosed swab, always swipin' the grog. Gawd 'elp you if I 'ave to tell you of it again!

Myself. Is it not possible that a moral bond is stronger than a tariff wall?

Sinbad. Mort aux vaches! *Screech!*

You'll agree that this isn't the sort of thing that's cheered to the echo, even in a village hall. But whether or not Sinbad can bring us gold, he has just done us a turn too noble to be assessed in cold metal.

I have a teetotal cousin named Oliver who has a passion for inviting us to dinner. Occasionally we have to accept. Already this week we have exhausted by way of excuse Absence, Pressure of Work and Botulism. A moment ago the telephone rang, and Maria, hearing the familiar "Oliver speaking," thrust the transmitter wearily into Sinbad's cage.

The intelligent bird got a splendid start and went away confidently. It was fifteen seconds before we heard the click of Oliver's receiver. It ought to be a few months before we hear his voice again. ERIC.

BACK TO NEBUCHADNEZZAR.

[JIMMY SHIELDS, a four-years-old Australian boy—lost for a week in the tall grass plains—walked into a camp forty-five miles from home in rags, but fit and hearty, asking for "mammy and daddy." He had fed on "a kind of clover grass."—*Press Report.*]

STOUT chip of Britain's ancient block!
Before your epoch-making walk
  Imagination *is* dumb!
The feat may yield us useful tips—
As oft of old from childish lips
  Has flowed profoundest wisdom.

An anxious age might learn from you
The valiant art of winning through
  When all things seem to ban it—
An art whereof our day has need
Beyond all former days indeed
  On this distracted planet.

You teach a world of stress and strife,
Where dread and drastic "cuts" are rife,
  A timely gospel, showing,
Should our financial heavens fall,
How wondrous little, after all,
  It takes to keep us going.

Above the fog wherein we grope
You've set a tiny star of hope,
  O small but dauntless rover!
Till this depression drifts away
Let's take a hiking holiday
  And simply live on clover.

AT THE PLAY.

"A TRIP TO SCARBOROUGH" (ST. JAMES'S).

THIS is the Knight of Birmingham's challenge to the Knight of Hammersmith. Sir BARRY enters into Sir NIGEL'S field with the same battle-cry—the period-piece stylised and sophisticated. We are to have six of them.

A Trip to Scarborough might unkindly be dubbed VANBRUGH-and-water—the water or watering-down being added by SHERIDAN in the interests of the less rude manners and less explicit candour of the late eighteenth century putting its theatrical house in order. Quite obviously there are hiatuses in the talk and the action which the worldly-minded Sir JOHN would have filled agreeably for us, and more in accord with our modern taste of eliminating romantic euphemisms.

However, we were glad to see the piece, and certainly Mr. PAUL SHELVING'S really admirable decorations, costumes and properties delighted the eye and carried the critical mind over some of the inevitable *longueurs*.

Emasculation is always a diminishing surgical process. Mr. H. K. AYLIFF seemed to be aware of the existence of less lively passages and raced his players through them a little too fast for our comfort. I imagine Mr. ERNEST THESIGER (the beau-coxcomb, *Lord Foppington*) produces himself and does it very well—this is a part which it would be difficult to fail in and Mr. THESIGER is not negative like that. The other players, young *Tom Fashion*, *Foppington's* brother (Mr. HARRY WILCOXON), who stole his brother's heiress by a trick only possible on a stage; the gallant military gentleman, *Colonel Townly* (Mr. EDGAR NORFOLK), who took his revenge on his friend and supplanting rival in the affections of his mistress, *Berinthia* (Miss FRANCES CARSON), not with the sword, but by the more positively homœopathic method of seducing (or discreetly attempting the seduction of) his friend's wife; Miss GILLIAN LIND, the wife, *Amanda Loveless*, giving her heart in revenge for her husband's lapse from rectitude (and giving it very prettily and with Sheridanian reserves, I must say) to the handsome soldier; and the somewhat irresolute *Loveless* dancing attendance on the candid *Berinthia*—all these Mr. AYLIFF had schooled and drilled into a mood sufficiently differing from the Lyric mode to be free of the charge of gross plagiarism and infringement of Hammersmith patents.



BEFORE THE DAYS OF SLIMMING.

Lord Foppington . . . . . MR. ERNEST THESIGER.
Sir Tunbelly Clumsy . . . . . MR. ERIC STANLEY.

Mr. ROBERT DONAT and Mr. NORFOLK were attractive figures and spoke their lines with a pleasant clarity and wore their clothes and swords with a convincing air. The ladies, a little too headlong in speech, were very comely to look on. Little Miss MIRIAM ADAMS gave us a charming little picture—*Miss Hoyden*, kept under lock and key for marriage-market purposes, but having obviously learned more than a thing or two from the Romeo-and-Juliettish nurse, agreeably played by Miss ISABEL THORNTON. Sir BARRY is to be congratulated and can look Sir NIGEL in the eye without flinching or the need of apology.

The Prologue was spoken by Mr. GROSVENOR NORTH with point but perhaps not too fastidious a feeling for the rhythm of the verse. Mr. ERNEST THESIGER, looking (deliberately) like nothing on earth so much as one of the drearier attitudinising inverted young men of our day, rounded off the show neatly with the Epilogue. T.



YODELLING BY MISS SWISSILY COURTNEIDGE.

"FOLLY TO BE WISER" (PICCADILLY).

The theatre managers, having, with that remarkable sense of organisation, rationalisation, co-operation, accommodation, foresight, commonsense and what not, for which we as a nation are famous, left last week a complete blank, arranged, on the other hand, as many as ten fixtures for the week, September 14th to 19th. This is the kind of thing which in general terms has made England what it is, and naturally one does not presume to criticise. When making the choice from this embarrassment of riches, I said to myself, "You are pretty safe with a JACK HULBERT—COURTNEIDGE revue," and plumped for *Folly to be Wiser* as one of the three selections of the week. Nor was I disappointed.

An urgent appointment unfortunately made me five items late. I

am sorry. I arrived to find a bevy of those shapely-limbed ladies of the Chorus (which Mr. JACK HULBERT and his partner choose with an unerring instinct which commands my envy), dancing under a rainbow of many-coloured fast-changing lights—a pretty picture indeed.

In "The King Can Do No Wrong" Mr. NELSON KEYS, member of the *petite bourgeoisie*, got up for a fancy-dress dance as Henry VIII., and Miss CICELY COURTNEIDGE, a comely lady of the same admirable class, attired and wigged as Lucrezia Borgghio (*sic*), with an unfortunate tendency to hiccups as a result of invalid port, behaved with commendable fatuity.

In "Milking Time in Switzerland" Miss CICELY COURTNEIDGE and Company made the now inevitable joke inspired by *The White Horse Inn*; in "Road Tests for Pedestrians," a really ingenious and perceptive turn, Mr. NELSON KEYS and Miss BIBI DELABERE are seen passing the exacting tests—other-car dodging, steadiness of nerve under explosive exhausts, etc.—invented by Scotland Yard for those who wish to take out a licence for walking on the public highway. There is good criticism and good citizenship in this. "Sang Froid" was a well-invented little episode of two ladies from the Vicarage, airing a little French, blandly imbibing rum supplied through error and surveying with calm detachment the murder of the French equivalent to our barmaid by a 1st Gigolo (IVOR MCLAREN), jealous of a 2nd Gigolo (CHARLES COURTNEIDGE). Then followed impersonations by Mr. NELSON KEYS of Mr. GEORGE GROSSMITH, the sea-green incorruptible CHANCELLOR, a Coster and the too, too romantic MAURICE CHEVALIER. Possibly the coster was inspired by the memory of the immortal ALBERT.

In the second half the talkies were travestied (if that absurd toy is capable of travesty) in a way to delight the faithful followers of the legitimate and the abhorrers of the upstart. In "Mrs. Potter Prevails," Miss CICELY COURTNEIDGE, as an old back-row Gaiety Chorus favourite dishing the chances of her daughter (Miss PHYL ARNOLD), who has landed *Lord Blandon* (NELSON KEYS), next took our fancy. Mr. IVOR MCLAREN had an impression that "listen" was spelt "lissun" and that there might be no mistake about his impression he repeated it no fewer than thirty-five times. I do not wish further to embroil myself, however, with properly sensitive actors and their idiosyncrasies of pronunciation, so I leave it at that. In "Les Cinq Citrons," apparently at first sight an authentic acrobatic turn in which four of the lemons behaved in the manner expected in these affairs, Miss CICELY COURTNEIDGE, with courage, resource, sense of the ludicrous and astonishing insusceptibility to injury by wrench, heave, twist, and blow, gave us one of those laughter-moving exhibitions for which she has become deservedly famous.



THE NELSON TOUCH.

Mr. Horatio Roger NELSON KEYS. "I ADMIT THAT YOU LOOK VERY SMART, MISS COURTNEIDGE, BUT YOU HAVEN'T THE ADVANTAGE OF MY NAVAL NAMES."

Mr. KEYS, on the telephone, vainly endeavouring to get a number just round the corner while the Woman (Miss JOAN MCLAREN) immediately is put onto mid-ocean and the Man (CHARLES COURTNEIDGE) to Johannesburg, is a reasonable and delectable diversion. Nor can one wish to see a pair of Naval officers less like and less unlike the regulation type than Miss CICELY COURTNEIDGE and Mr. KEYS in "The King's Navee." One laughs because one must; one does not criticise because criticism is not called for. This is a thoroughly sound show for the well-fed eupeptic and the gaunt intelligentsia alike. One can't say fairer than that.

T.

AT THE OPERETTE.

"VIKTORIA AND HER HUSSAR" (PALACE).

PERHAPS Mr. SNOWDEN will take up the entirely disinterested suggestion put up in the best theatrical circles that a heavy surtax should be laid and pressed down upon Eastern-European ideas, spectacle, music and romance. There is an Eastern-European vogue, and managers no doubt, after their normal manner, having found success in this kind, will give us nothing else for years, while our own artistes, librettists and composers gnaw their nails, having little else to gnaw, in frenzied rage.

As it happens, this particular "follow" is a success. It is romantically set: Siberia, dark, dank and snow-bound; the American Embassy Courtyard in Tokyo; Ballroom in the American Embassy, Petrograd (which dates the affair); and a very charming vineyard scene, with the electricians clicking their effects with discretion.

The usual comprehensive catalogue of creators, adapters and enterprise may as well be briefly given:—This is an ALFRED BUTT production by arrangement with C. B. COCHRAN, soon, we hope, emerging from his illness with renewed strength to make his own unfettered arrangements; Captain HARRY GRAHAM makes the book out of the material of ALFRED GRUNWALD and Dr. FRITZ LOHNER-BEDA; Herr PAUL ABRAHAM, of Vienna or Viennese temper and flavour, has provided really captivating, almost tiresomely haunting melodies, sentimental, romantic and humorous; Mr. RALPH READER has staged the business under the Personal Supervision of Sir ALFRED BUTT; *Theaterkunst* of Berlin (Mr. CHANCELLOR!) have supplied the costumes—at any rate the more exotic ones—there being, of course, no English designers and costumiers capable of this (we hardly think).

As to the show itself. It moves swiftly; turns of the kaleidoscope reveal new patterns with commendable frequency. Herr OSKAR DENES, the Hungarian comedian (by kind permission or instigation of Lord ROTHERMERE?—the programme is silent on the point), is a gloriously vital person, whose gaiety is infectious, who just took the centre of the stage and "flung it over" at us and conquered our native shyness so far as to make us join in a merry

laughing chorus—a very considerable feat for an artist unknown to his audience. Miss BARBARA DIU, a charming Russian lady, makes an adorable little Japanese; Mr. ROY RUSSELL, the gallant Hungarian hero, is agreeable to watch and to listen to, and Miss GINA MALO makes a very proper maid, in no Puritan sense.

What is it all about? Does that much matter? It does not. In general terms—Love; beloved hussar, thought dead, really a prisoner; escape; reunion to lady of heart, now officially in arms of polite well-tailored American Ambassador; noble renunciations; red-integration of love; jests, innuendos, intrigue, Tziganery, laughter, melody, light, colour, movement. Good enough—what! T.

MR. PUNCH'S GARDENING PRIMER.

XIII.—SLUGS.

As I told you at the start of this series, slugs—or slug, as we sporting gardeners say—are about the worst pest of any. This has been an exceptionally bad year for slug, or, if you care to look at it from the slug point of view, an exceptionally good year. Slug eat anything, so long as it is young, green and valuable, their more usual method being for one or two portly slugs to climb up the larkspur or what-not till their weight bends it down flat, whereupon the waiting hordes of slug rush joyfully in and start the orgy. Sometimes when the plants selected for their menu are your young sweet peas they find that you have thoughtfully placed sticks all along to enable them to get easily at the upper shoots, instead of calling upon age and obesity. My own peas were thus eaten down to the ground in a single night, and so bad are slug this year, next night the pests started eating down the pea-sticks.

To discourage slug you put soot or salt close round the plant. If too close, the soot and the salt also discourage the plant, which leaves you where you were before. You can also get special anti-slug preparations, no doubt cleverly known as "Antislugge" or "Sluggol." This is supposed to be a nauseous poison which saves your plants from slug. To an extent it does, but you must use plenty of it. For my own theory is that it only saves your plants because the oncoming sounders of slug stop to eat the "Kilslugg" or whatever it is first and so never get around to the second course of African marigold.

Many amateur gardeners, I find, have the half-orange complex about slug. They strew their gardens with inverted half-orange skins and every morning peer hopefully underneath, presumably in the expectation that some of the local slug may have been caught in a shower the night before, taken shelter and perhaps dropped off to sleep, or got in a poker game or something which prevented their noticing how late it was. Whereupon, sooner than face their wives' criticism by returning home in broad daylight, they decide to spend the rest of the day there, subsequently having telegrams sent from Manchester to say they have been called up North on business. Well, as I say, there are gardeners with the half-orange complex who rush out each morning and peer hopefully underneath; but nobody has yet ventured to guess what would happen to their nervous systems if ever they found a slug there. On the other hand, as a method of brightening up a garden when all flowers have been eaten up by slug, the half-orange plan has its good points, and short-sighted old ladies will often come away quite ecstatic about your fine show of calendula. In virulent cases it leads to a greatly increased consumption of oranges in the home, which doctors say is all to the good. As a means of raising the slug death-rate, however, it is right off the map. Half grape-fruit make no difference.

Others—chiefly ladies, I am surprised to hear—advocate going round the garden at night with a bowl of salt-and-water in order to pick slug off the plants and drop them into the bowl. The action, I am told, is the same as picking gooseberries—except that you generally get a gooseberry the first time—but I have never been strong-minded enough to try this. You must remember to make the salt-and-water very strong. Slug don't mind water by itself, and it is disconcerting to realise that in your concentration upon the slug-picking you have omitted to notice that large droves of slug have crawled up from the watery depths of the bowl and onto your arm. It is also wise, for the same reason, to have a bowl that doesn't break when dropped. Slug of course don't break when dropped.

I now come to the last and best method—the "Slug Trap." Now you know that particular type of mouse-trap with a tremendously strong spring? You know how it is delicately poised so that on the bait being touched the spring flies over and breaks the mouse's back? And you know what a fat slug is like? Well, it should be obvious to you, if you have been following me, that a Slug Trap isn't anything like that at all. It just couldn't be. A Slug Trap is nothing more nor less than a circular trough of strong salt-and-water, surrounding a central tray which is full of bran, and the mainspring of the whole contraption is merely the fact that slug LIKE bran.

In this of course slug differ from humans. Most of us can't bear bran, but slug apparently revel in it. Slug will lie for bran, steal for bran, throw every shred of honesty and decent feeling overboard for bran. Slug have been known to leave home, wife and loved ones for a light little chit of bran. And, most important, slug can smell bran for miles. There is no need, I have found after experiment, to put up small notices about the garden reading: "BRAN this way! All welcome!" or "To the Free BRAN counter ☛." Slug just smell the stuff and come to it from miles around.

Well, they arrive, and there is the bran in front of them, with only a little gap to be crossed. Now you must not think the slug just circles round and round till he gets dizzy and falls into the salt-and-water below. (*See* newspaper next morning: "ELDERLY SLUG'S DEATH PLUNGE.") No, about the last thing you can really expect a slug to do is to miss his footing. He just reaches across the cunningly calculated gap, and, if you have never seen a slug reach across a gap, you have missed something. He stretches out and out till you get the idea there are somehow two or three slugs instead of one inside his skin. Finally he gets on the bran, where he starts to eat himself silly. *But*, mark this—all the time, loose dry bran being what it is and slugs being what they are, he is slowly but surely slipping, slithering, sliding down past all hope of regaining safety, slipping down to DEATH. . . .

PLOP! That's the only way to get rid of slugs. The fact that they are so attracted by bran as to come to it from all my neighbours' gardens and while away their time of waiting in the queue by eating my petunias is no doubt my fault for not getting enough Slug Traps.

A. A.

Marvels of Manufacture.

"Probably ball manufacturers will be able to turn out heavier balls of the same weight with the same plant, so that this new change may not affect them."—*Daily Paper.*

Or possibly larger balls of the same size.

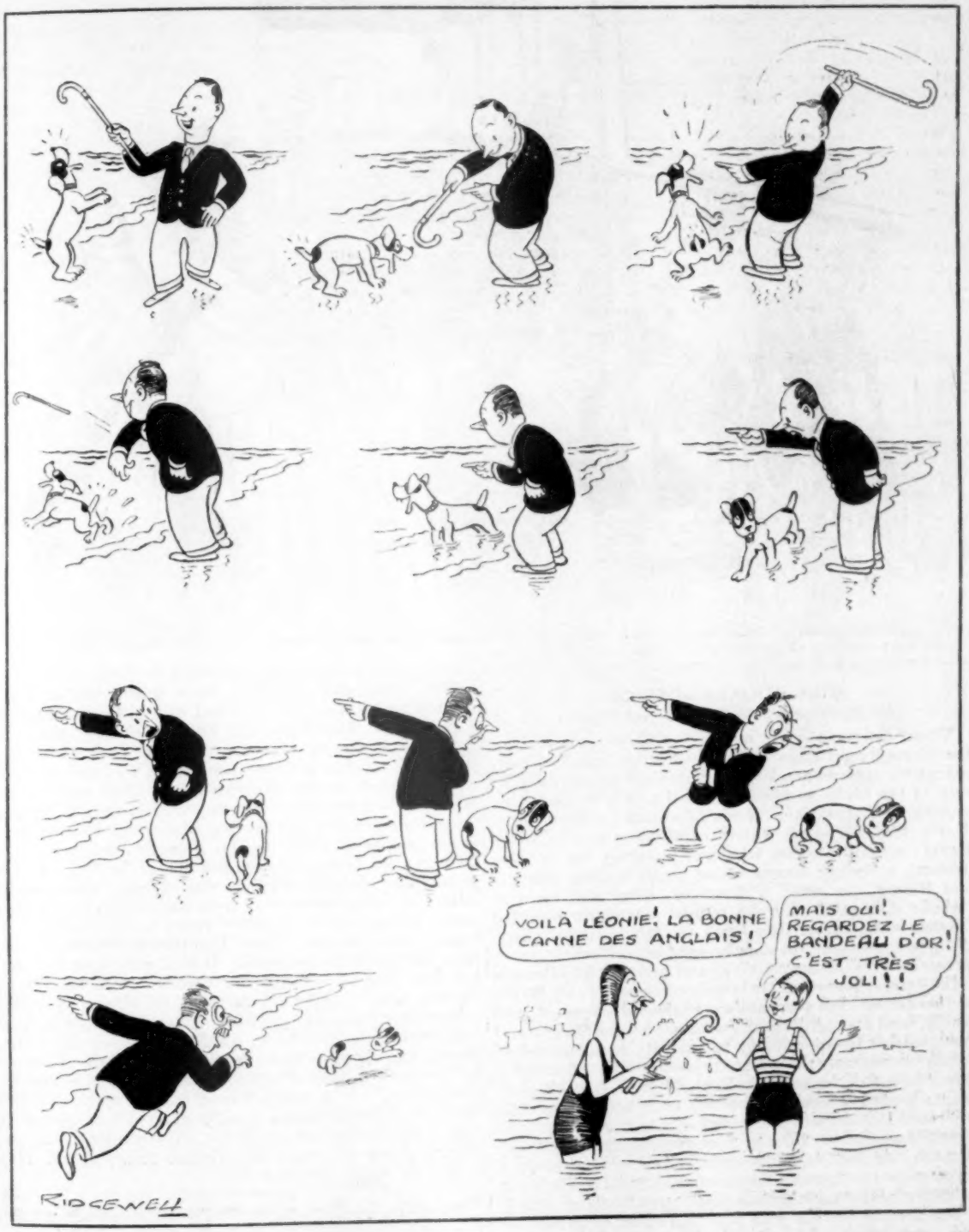
"The bride was in white parchment satin. The pall-bearers were Messrs. J. and W. ——, H. and A. ——. Mr. A. —— was the best man."

Wedding Report in South African Paper.

We think that this is a very proper spirit in which to approach matrimony.

"If you want to have clergy by the end of October you must earth it up now, or get those paper collars or cardboards on them without delay."—*Midland Paper.*

Another dodge is to put cassocks round the young spikes.



THE DOG THAT DIDN'T.



Bo'sun (of liner). "JUMP TO IT! 'ARF THE TOFFS IN ENGLAND'LL BE ABOARD SOON. 'OW MANY MORE TIMES AM I TO TELL YER WE'RE GETTIN' READY FOR A PLEASURE CRUISE?"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

THERE has come to be something a trifle desiccated about the literary reputation of MARIA EDGEWORTH—unjustly enough as regards her letters, if merited occasionally by such of her books as were subjected to her father's "improving" collaboration. *Maria Edgeworth: Chosen Letters* (CAPE, 12/6) revives a wholly captivating and animated MARIA: an educationist who was anything but a blue-stocking, a Society lioness whose gentle roaring eclipsed, said BYRON, his own; a daughter, sister and niece so "wholly domestic" that she refused a tenderly regarded Swedish suitor rather than break the family circle. Given all these traits—and they are brought into charming prominence in F. V. BARRY'S vivid and graceful introduction—the letters themselves are bound to mirror not only MARIA but her period. For a womanly yet talented woman of good family, with enough English *snobisme* to relish Society and enough Irish irresponsibility to take its awful procedure lightly, was exactly the woman to see the most entertaining side of post-Revolution life in England, Ireland and France. MARIA is always interested enough to be interesting. She will retail Dr. DARWIN'S definition of a fool or M. CUVIER'S report of a conversation with NAPOLEON on sugar-beet with as much *élan* as the compliments paid to her sisters' Paris toilettes or her father's inquiries, in a lending library in Leicester, about the circulation of *Castle Rackrent*. She is, if you have let her slip your mind, an intimacy to recover; and these letters (eight of which have never been previously published) are the pleasantest possible fashion of renewing the acquaintance.

Miss THEODORA BENSON'S latest book, *Shallow Water* (GRANT RICHARDS, 7/6), is packed with girlish confidences. Two friends, *Alice Lynn* and *Fanny Forrester*, meet together, in bedrooms after dances, in the park, at parties, in bathrooms after proposals, and there they talk and talk and *talk*. Their conversations are mostly about men who are labelled "Not very nice. But they are important," because "one cannot be seen for very long at a stretch without one." Other people talk too: *Cicely, Fanny's* schoolgirl sister, discusses life, love and sport, describing a butt as "a bit of ground that birds fly over to be shot at from." Occasionally *Alice* and *Fanny* break away from one another to talk with loving young men or eccentric peers, and sometimes one backs a horse because it has "beautiful faithful eyes," and the other interrupts proposals. It is all very light and silly, but Miss BENSON rescues her heroines from inanity by allowing them to make apt comments on life and to display some rather endearing qualities. I was alternately amused and irritated by this book, which contains as many conflicting ingredients as a really catholic cocktail. There is, for instance, a dash of sophistication, a lot of sentiment, a sprinkle of wit, a smattering of wisdom and a dollop of the sort of emotionalism usually expressed in letters to "Aunt Somebody" of, let us say, *Flossie's Mag*. If your literary palate will stand the mixture then you will enjoy it, but in small sips at a time.

To enter a family chronicle with its third and last volume is as embarrassing as any other outside intrusion into long-established domesticity. I am bound to admit that Mr. MAZO DE LA ROCHE introduced me with tact and expedition to all the surviving members of the Canadian clan

described in *Jalna* and *Whiteoaks*; and their allusions, not a little embittered, to a family inheritance left exclusively to one unpopular youth, put me *au fait* with the vagaries of a now defunct grandmother. *Finch's Fortune* (MACMILLAN, 7/6)—the money that was to have gone to *Ernest* and *Nicholas* and *Renny* and *Meg* and *Piers* and *Wakefield* and *Eden* (living in sin with *Minny* at *Aunt Augusta's* respectable English lodge-gates)—all devolves upon *Finch* on his majority. But *Finch*, by way of allaying ill-feeling and his own qualms of conscience, determines to "do something decent" for each of the dispossessed; and his by no means always successful efforts in this direction are the mainstay of the story. *Finch's* own convoying to England of the two old uncles, *Nicholas* and *Ernest*, is sympathetically described; though *Finch's* own love-affair with an Irish cousin has an improvised and somewhat inconsequent air. *Finch* himself, a well-meaning dilettante ironically endowed with the financial sinews lacking to indefatigable *Renny*, is hardly a winning figure, though his creator has done what he could for him. The story as a whole lacks humour and breadth of passion. Perhaps the cleverest thing about it is the sordid little vignette of *Renny's* Cockney batman, *Wragge*, and his dyspeptic *Missus*.

As *Peter Pentecost*, fosterling of peasants and humble clerk of Oxford, sat one evening above the king's highway from London to the West watching the pageant of the road go by, he saw his seventh magpie of the day and surmised that something unusual was in store for him. Nor was he wrong, for within twenty-four hours he had learned that he was the son of that Duke of BUCKINGHAM whom KING HENRY VIII., deeming him too near the Throne, had sent to the scaffold, and that certain lords, misliking the Tudor way with Church and State, were plotting to set him up in HENRY'S stead. What follows is an enthralling tale of high intrigue and deep concealment, entitled *The Blanket of the Dark* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON, 7/6) and written by that master of romance, Mr. JOHN BUCHAN. *Peter*, though not unwilling to be a king, refused to be *Lord Avelard's* pawn; and there were castles and knights and bishops, a very king and a girl who would have liked to be a queen in this game played out on the chequer-board of England. But though Mr. BUCHAN can place gallant youth and proud beauty, cunning age and simple piety in a historic setting as convincingly as any man, what gives the story its special distinction is its picture of the underworld of nameless folk created by Tudor exactions and the turning of ploughland into pasture. These priggers and palliards are finely imagined; and the land in which we meet them is so intimately depicted that we seem to hear the very heart of England beating.



He. "BEEN AWAY YET?"
She. "YES."
He. "WHERE D' YOU GO?"
She. "SCOTLAND. AWFULLY TOPPIN'."
He. "WHAT YOU DO THERE?"
She. "FISHED A BIT—SPOT O' GOLF—LITTLE SHOOTIN'."
He. "GOOD DOGS?"
She. "YES, AWFULLY TOPPIN'."
He. "DECENT WEATHER?"
She. "NOT SO PUTRID."
He. "I SAY, WHAT A TREAT IT IS TO MEET SOMEBODY WHO CAN TALK ON ANY SUBJECT!"

Miss ENID ROSE presents her *Gordon Craig and the Theatre* (SAMPSON LOW, 12/6) as "a record and interpretation." The record summarises perhaps too briefly GORDON CRAIG'S achievements as actor, producer, writer, draughtsman and engraver; as founder of that lively journal, *The Mask*, and as director of the theatre-school in Florence. The interpretation sets itself to explain the artist's dream, "the realisation of Drama through Action, Scene, Voice"; to resolve certain apparent contradictions in his own expositions of his thesis. Miss ROSE sees her subject as the neglected man of genius, victim of indifference, professional jealousy, crass misunderstanding and victimisation by theft and ignorant exploitation of his ideas. It is a spirited defence which does not conceal, does not perhaps try to

conceal, CRAIG'S inability to resist giving "pinpricks to dullness" and the use of "a sting a wasp might envy," his insistent demand for autocratic control, his habit of viewing proposals for co-operation as invitations to walk into the spider's parlour, his scorn of the arts of diplomacy, patient explanation and compromise necessary in a hard world to secure *carte-blanche* financial backing; all of which things testify to his single-mindedness if not to his worldly wisdom. The artist of whom GEORGE JEAN NATHAN, no reckless praiser, can write, with the agreement certainly of all his brother-critics and serious men of the theatre, "his spirit is present on every stage to-day that makes any claim to resourcefulness, to dignity and to grandeur," cannot be fairly said to have been undervalued or neglected.

Autocrat, æsthete, mystic, a constructive genius with a consuming passion for leadership and a fine scorn for petty detail, the least British of French Colonial proconsuls has consistently developed a policy that one has always regarded as typically Anglo-Saxon. In *Marshal Lyautey* (LANE, 12/6) the versatile M. ANDRÉ MAUROIS portrays a leader who has been wont publicly to embrace his junior officers, to fly into outrageous passions, to scrawl his approval on official plans in six-inch letters and to bedeck his court with all the coloured panoply of the Eastern satrap, while extending the borders of his rule by methods that were never attack but always organisation on the march; that were, to use his own favourite metaphor, the spreading of pools of oil over a steadily increasing surface of quietude. He has in Algiers and Morocco made potent the Oriental gesture as an instrument for the advancement of mechanised civilisation. He has driven a motor-bus through the velvety nights of the Atlas in the name of the unchanging Immortals. The half of Northern Africa has felt his hand working in ferro-concrete and attar of roses. In sympathy with his hero, M. MAUROIS is as exclamatory, effusive, effulgent as one must expect, yet contriving to convey no small residuum of solid information. No proper Englishman reading this passionate flowery book could remember with anything but horror that but for the grace of God he might have been born on the other side of the Channel, yet neither could he refrain from according ungrudging approval to Marshal LYAUTEY'S well-nigh miraculous achievement.

I like to feel that I am always ready to swallow whole any yarn by Mr. E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM, but his *Simple Peter Cradd* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON, 7/6) is really rather a mouthful. It is exceedingly difficult to believe that an insignificant little commercial traveller, who is always hard-up and constantly being bullied by his wife and children, could suddenly, on inheriting an unexpected fortune, turn into the pleasant and unaffected and yet shrewd and subtle person we are shown. Out of his wealth he makes provision for his family and, setting up a small establishment of his own, indulges in mild country pursuits which involve romantic and strictly controlled adventures. Then he moves to Town and explores it in the same spirit of guarded curiosity. Perhaps, if I had fuller details of the earlier period of his existence than the author reveals, I should be able to discover grounds to justify the gentle manner, instinctive right feeling and aptness as a learner which later come fully fledged. It is true that he relates his history fairly frequently to those with whom he rubs shoulders in the book, but only in general terms, and most of them find him more than a little incredible. And I am in the same boat.



Young Delinquent (afraid he has been forgotten). "YOU'LL EXCUSE MY BACK, WON'T YOU, MUMMY?"

John Mistletoe (FABER AND FABER, 7/6) is a most attractive book, but I find it so difficult to describe that I will quote from its jacket and tell you what it is not. "It has a definite narrative, but it is not a novel. It is unsparingly true, but it is not a biography. It offers judgments, but it is not a book of criticisms or a bundle of essays." All of which is accurate enough, though it is permissible to think that Mr. CHRISTOPHER MORLEY in relating *John Mistletoe's* experiences was not unmindful of his own. Possibly some parts of this volume may be found too discursive for your taste, but there are real gems in it and an index will help you to find them. For my own part I shall turn often to "65 ff, 316 ff," and read again the pages in which Mr. MORLEY writes so charmingly of Oxford.

Of the skill with which Mr. E. F. BENSON has described the rivalry between *Mapp and Lucia* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON, 7/6) I have no doubt. *Miss Mapp* had reigned supreme as social queen of Tilling until *Mrs. Lucas* took her house for some months and promptly became an aspirant for the throne. Both *Mapp* and *Lucia* were thoroughly unscrupulous, and the battle between them, though often amusing, was so "catty" that some of us may be a little tired of the contest before a terrific flood swept the rivals away and deprived Tilling of their presence for a considerable time. Doubtless many small towns suffer from *Mapps* and *Lucias*, and if ridicule can reform such women Mr. BENSON'S novel will have done excellent service.

Mr. Punch regrets that Miss D. WYNNE WILSON, the author of *Early Closing*, reviewed last week, was incorrectly described as "Mr."

CHARIVARIA.

AN old lady asks us if she is not correct in supposing that the flight from Sterling, which such efforts have been made to avert, has reference to a premature return of Society from the Highlands.

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"It is now possible to sit in the sun and read or smoke on the colonnade of the British Museum," says a gossip-writer. This is great news for those whom considerations of the currency exchange deter from going to the Riviera.

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A Somerset reader of *The Times* protests that cider is still untaxed; but it is not anticipated that a deputation will come up from Zummerzet to zee Mr. ZNOWDEN about it.

***

It will be gathered from Parliamentary statements that if this country has tears to shed it must be profiteers.

***

A great building boom is predicted in London suburbs. We understand that keels for several Thames-side bungalows have been laid down.

***

The Air Ministry was at a loss to account for the occurrence of a wet day when a spell of fine weather had been predicted; but we trust that the matter will not be allowed to drop without searching inquiry.

***

With reference to the Czecho-Slovakian experiment of hunting the fox by wireless and aeroplane, regret is expressed in the Shires that too few farmers in this country can be induced to see the advantages of wireless fox-hunting.

***

The curate who played a lawn-tennis match on the understanding that, if he won, members of his opponent's club should go to church is said to have owed his victory to his express service. Many clerical lawn-tennis players are inclined to prolong their services.

***

A man has married a girl he met when they were competitors in an angling contest. We understand that the bride has been besieged with inquiries from her friends as to what sort of landing-net she used.

The roast-chestnut man has appeared to cater for the theatre queue. So patrons of revue are assured of getting chestnuts both outside and inside the theatre.

***

"The winter overcoat will be different this year," says a tailor. We have an overcoat of the 1927 vintage and we disagree with this statement.

***

A returned explorer from Portuguese West Africa says that among the natives there it is forbidden for a man to see his mother-in-law. If these kind of statements keep cropping up, how can our humorists be expected to break fresh ground?

***

When a train arrived at a station on the Uganda railway it was found that the refreshment-room was full of lions. We understand that it was only after they had been pelted with railway buns that they were driven out.

***

Writing in *Pravda*, Comrade ROSEY advocates that circus clowns in Soviet Russia should devote their talents to Bolshevist propaganda. Clowns in capitalist countries will of course dissociate themselves from Rosey noses.

***

"More than half the fish caught is sold as fried fish," says an advertisement. We are not informed what proportion of the potatoes dug are sold as chips.

***

The publication of a photograph of a baseball player autographing a ball for AL CAPONE'S son arouses fears that autograph-hunters of the future will carry guns.

***

A ladies' hairdresser at Thorpe Bay is an enthusiastic yachtsman. He likes to see the clippers going through the waves.

***

In certain parts of Africa where animals are used in place of money, everyone does at least get a living wage.

***

Grapes, we are reminded, have grown on an outside wall in Soho for fifty years. They are not, however, used in the production of the local wine.

***

Now that many of our statues and monuments are being lighted at night a correspondent pleads that some of them might be shrouded by day.

***

"Some comedians rely largely on comic material written for them," says a critic. Such a comedian, of course, must keep his wits about him.



Small Nursery Visitor. "DO YOU KNOW, MY DADDY SAYS HE HASN'T GOT ANY MONEY NOW?"
Nurse. "REALLY, DEAR?"
Small Visitor. "NO. SNOWDROP'S TAKEN IT ALL."

THE NEW HAT-CRAFT.

["It is not sufficient to buy one of the new hats this autumn. You must also learn how to wear it, whether it be the new Spanish affair, the tricorne, or the modified version of the bowler. The tilt is the thing."—*Evening Paper.*]

WHETHER a male or female jilt;
Whether you're good or steeped in guilt,
Like WILKIE COLLINS'S *Miss Gwilt;*
Whether you wear the trews or kilt
Or simply a striped bathing quilt;
Although your cranium may be built
Like that found in the Down of Pilt,
Your self-respect will never wilt,
But Life become one joyous lilt,
With all its gingerbread regilt,
And all its streams unchoked by silt,
And all its apple-carts unspilt,
If you can poise your hat atilt.

SETTLED.

THERE will be Total Eclipse of the Sun to-morrow. Of that there is now no shadow of doubt. The whole country demands it. The popularity of the moon's eclipse last week has made it inevitable. Nothing remains except to select the place and hour most convenient for observing it. *The Daily Excess* is able to announce to its readers that Hyde Park at mid-day has been officially chosen as the *venue*.

The steps taken by *The Daily Excess* to bring about this entertainment so much desired by every section of thought in the country may be briefly recapitulated. About ten days ago Lord Busterbrook wrote a letter to *The Daily Excess* urging the necessity for a Total Eclipse. We thought this so important that we printed it on our front page. Opposition began to manifest itself almost immediately. The vested interests of astronomy were against us. The Home Office complained that an eclipse would interfere with traffic in Oxford Street. Various papers took the view that a Total Eclipse of the Sun at the present moment would be either disastrous or at any rate unnecessary. Abusive comment on Lord Busterbrook's generous-hearted proposal was printed everywhere.

"*What right has this Colonial farceur to control our ethereal affairs?*" wrote one organ which shall be nameless. Another came out with the ridiculous headline:—

MEDDLESOME MAXY!
AT IT AGAIN!!

And a third published placards bearing the legend:—

HANDS OFF THE PEOPLE'S SKY!

Even in quarters where Lord Busterbrook has formerly been able to rely on friendship and sympathy, his scheme met with disfavour and acrimonious criticism. On the very morning after *The Daily Excess* had stated openly in a leader "*A Total Eclipse of the Sun has been arranged for next week*," *The Daily Sale* declared "*There has been some silly talk of having a Total Eclipse of the Sun next week. It will not occur.*"

When we pointed out that a growing and continuous movement was manifesting itself in favour of a Total Eclipse, *The Daily Sale* went so far as to say "*The foolish talk of having a Total Eclipse has now subsided*," and even printed letters purporting to come from members of the Stock Exchange, in which the writers stated that a Total Eclipse would interfere with the commodity market and cause Hogs and Lead to fall.

To all these remonstrances Lord Busterbrook turned a deaf ear. He understood the sentiments of his fellow-countrymen and knew that the feeling of England was unanimously ripe for the great celestial phenomenon.

Hold the Eclipse whatever happens became the slogan of the hour.

What are the reasons for demanding a Total Eclipse of the Sun?

Firstly, it will provide a spectacle which thousands and thousands of Englishmen, especially Londoners, have never been privileged to witness before.

Secondly, it will show that England is not frightened. For the period of the Eclipse will be enlivened by the largest and loudest volume of community singing which has ever been heard, the conductor of which in Hyde Park will be Lord Busterbrook himself.

Thirdly, arrangements will be made for flood-lighting London during the Eclipse, a ceremony which has not yet occurred during the hours of the day, and is therefore a novelty to all patriots whom bridge, wireless and domestic routine have prevented from being abroad at night-time.

Fourthly, it will increase the circulation of *The Daily Excess*, in opposition to those papers which fraudulently increase their net sales by giving away a pearl necklace or a motor-car with every copy purchased.

Members of the British Association have been sounded, and with a few exceptions shown themselves ardent in support of Lord Busterbrook's plan. Professor POULTON burst into tears when he heard of it. Professor SEWARD remarked: "This will be nearly as interesting as Palæobotany." Professor A. R. RADCLIFFE-BROWN said, "Who is Lord Busterbrook?" and on being told, smiled. General SMUTS gave it as his opinion that a Total Eclipse of the Sun could not fail to restore public confidence in our finances and would go far to rehabilitate the pound.

Other distinguished support will not be wanting. Both Mahatma GANDHI and Mr. CHARLES CHAPLIN have graciously promised to assist by addressing the multitude, the one before and the other after the obscuration of the sun's disc, and many ladies connected with the stage and the film world have volunteered their services as sellers of smoked spectacles.

Against all this body of enthusiasts it is now idle to contend. The people of England have become eclipse-minded. The man in the street has spoken. There will be a Total Eclipse of the Sun to-morrow.

"ECONOMY CUTS IN ULSTER."
Manchester Paper.

There are economy darns in ours.

HUG ME TIGHT.

["Also, there was a charming hug-me-tight, finishing at the back in an amusing little bustle."—*Fashion Article.*]

ABOUT the fashions of the day
I read some interesting notes
On every hue from grave to gay
In frocks and furs, in hats and coats;
On this for noon and that for night,
On lace to drape and silk to rustle,
And of a charming hug-me-tight
With an amusing little bustle.

My Delia, if she has a fad,
Is cracked on everything that's new;
However wild it be and mad
She gets it, and it suits her too;
But, though she always cheers the sight
And stimulates the red corpuscle,
She hasn't got a hug-me-tight
With or without its little bustle.

It may be that by being broke
That once imprudent head is bowed,
Which ought to be a bitter stroke
To one who does herself so proud;
But I'm the man to put things right;
And, though to pay may prove a tussle,
I'll stand the girl her hug-me-tight
Complete with its amusing bustle.

DUM-DUM.

Books from Down-under.

Historic and literary interest attaches to the exhibition of the works of Australian authors just opened at Australia House by Mr. A. P. HERBERT. It has been promoted by the Australian Literature Society of Melbourne, and it includes both the work of writers born in Australia and of those whose residence in the Commonwealth and acquaintance with its conditions justify their inclusion. Two thousand books will be shown which between them will represent every branch of literature.

The exhibition will be open free to the public for one week from noon until 5 P.M., except on Saturday, when the hours are from 10 A.M. to noon.

Bringing the Sea Nearer.

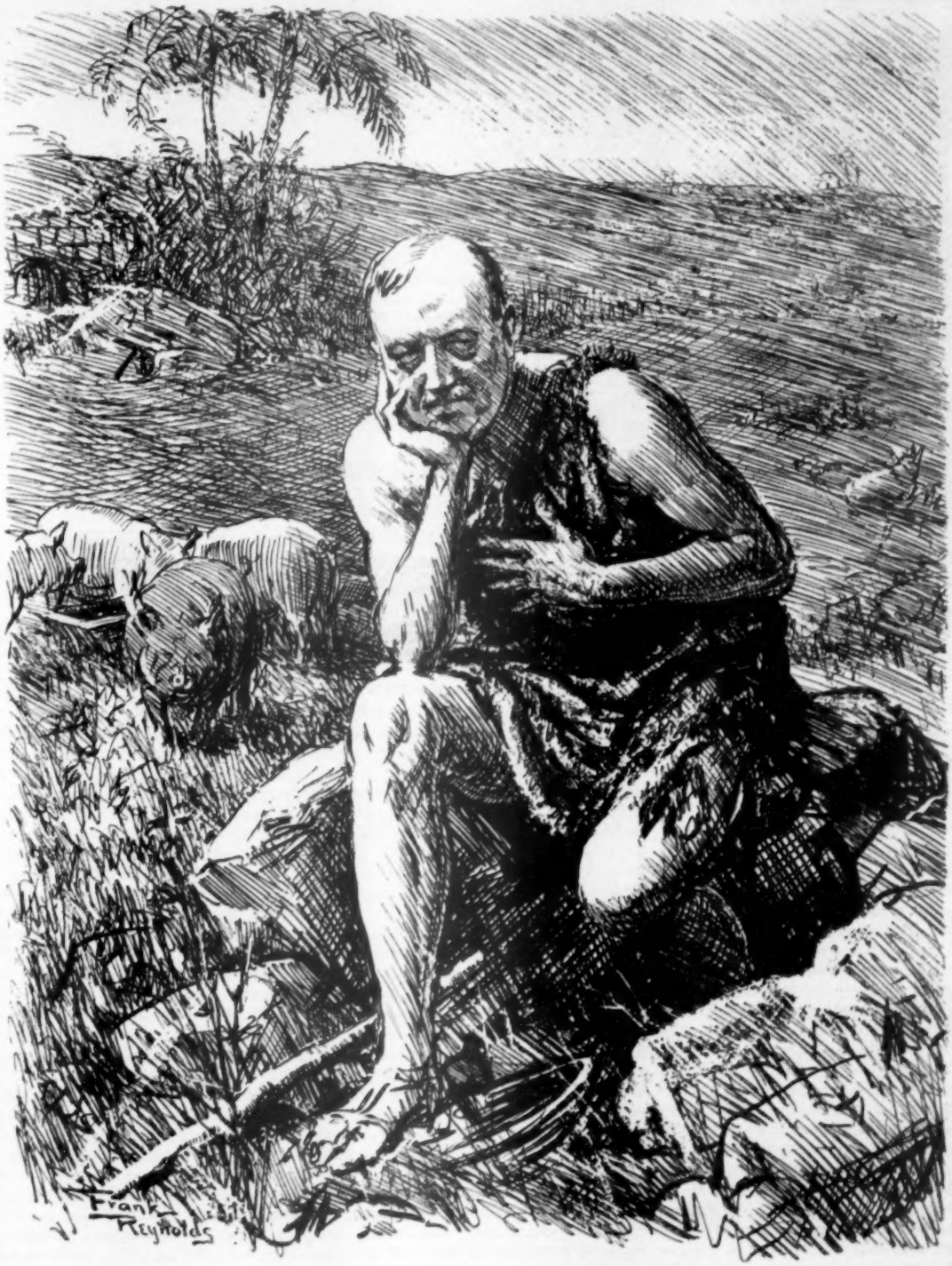
"On the line where City men's and holiday-makers' electric expresses will speed to Brighton in a year or two, engineers and artisans are now working night and day."
Evening Paper.

"GENERAL SMUTS MADE PRESIDENT OF THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION.
REMARKABLE ELECTORAL ADDRESS.
. . . Wave Combinations."—*Daily Paper.*

Much as we admire General SMUTS we shall refuse to do this.

"Mr. MacDonald was tucked up by his secretaries, who are remaining in London, in two fur rugs."—*Daily Paper.*

Very wise of them to keep warm.



THE PRODIGAL UNCLE.

MR. ARTHUR HENDERSON (*a little weary of his job*). "WHAT COULDN'T I DO TO A FATTED CALF JUST NOW?"



BRIGHTER PAVEMENTS.

FLOOD-LIGHTING: THE ENTERPRISING ARTIST FOLLOWS SUIT.

MR. PUNCH'S GARDENING PRIMER.

XIV.—WASPS.

(By Special Request.)

SINCE I started in my kind-hearted fashion these words of advice about garden pests, I have had many letters asking me why I haven't mentioned wasps, or when am I going to mention wasps. The answer to the first question is because these articles were primarily about pests that attack the things in your garden, while wasps are things that attack you. The answer to the second question, however, is—bowing to special requests—now.

Wasps are undoubtedly difficult. They start the day with you as soon as the breakfast marmalade is put upon the table, and the last cock-eyed reveller does not stagger home, boiled to the ears on trifle, till well after supper. No doubt he gets pretty well told-off by the Queen Wasp for fumbling around the nest-entrance and tripping over his wings, and no doubt he has such a hang-over next morning he can hardly crawl up the nearest blade of grass for a breath of fresh air, but that doesn't help *you* any. He has hundreds of brothers to carry on while he sleeps it off. Indeed in all probability there have been dozens of interesting events in the nest during the night.

There are very few effective ways of dealing with the wasp. Slapping at him with napkins, rolled-up newspapers, large flat slices of toast and other handy weapons from the breakfast-table is of little avail. The wasp can abruptly change direction in flight with far more forethought than you can deflect your napkin-slap once launched; with the result that he will rarely hit into anything, while you will have to get a new breakfast-service about once a month. Your loss in deleted crockery is not compensated by your gain in deleted wasps. Moreover, it is an accepted axiom that when you swipe a milk-jug with a newspaper you invariably break it, whereas when you hit a wasp you often only bend him. He lies unperceived on the floor, waving his legs and counting stars for a while till he feels better, when he crawls in a meaning fashion up the back of your trouser-leg and delivers a most unmannerly sting.

Some favour just flipping at him with the flat of the bread-knife. This, of course, calls for greater accuracy of aim and is far less likely to run up a bill for china. And when it does get the wasp it cracks his carapace and he hands in his marmalade-pail right then. On the other hand, repeated misses are apt to make you wild. You start slashing out, forget about the flat of the blade and may end by opening up somebody's face from chin to ear. In which case you won't be asked down for the week-end again. And if two of you are at it simultaneously it develops into something like the duel scene from *Richard III.*, and doubtless you will be requested to desist by other nervous breakfasters who can't digest properly amid the clash of steel, the panting, the shouts of "*En garde!*" "*A tierce!*" "*Touché!*" and what not.

Another method is to wait till the wasp settles on the edge of his free meal and then flip him into space with a skilful forefinger. Properly done this breaks his spirit; on coming round in a far corner his one thought is to get home and put some arnica on it and never, never contradict strangers any more. Unfortunately, however, it is very difficult to control your direction of flip, and he often ricochets off the coffee percolator and impinges at high velocity and sting down on Aunt Araminta. This doesn't half amuse the kids, but simply alienates Aunt Araminta.

Over the ungentlemanly method of permitting him to get well glommed into your marmalade and then grinding him into oblivion with your knife, I prefer to draw a veil. It has obvious drawbacks, and anyway wastes much good marmalade.

The above only deal with the symptoms of a wasp-plague (*i.e.*, the wasps) and therefore can never be really efficacious, for the simple reason that voluntary limitation of families appears to mean very little in the wasp-world. There are far too many baby brothers being found in the cabbage-patch every minute, and the most enthusiastic scourger of wasps will soon lose heart, temper and breakfast over the hopeless task.

Shutting all doors and windows during meal-time has its advantages, but the insects soon learn to get round this. Experienced wasps, real old stagers, will collect a bunch of the lads out of sight by the front-door and then rattle the letter-box till someone goes to see if it is the telegraph-boy or the parcel-post, whereupon they will all rush out of hiding, push rudely past, and burst hungrily into the dining-room with much raucous jeering.

The best thing of all to do, of course, is to destroy the nest—either with cyanide, petrol, gunpowder, bootleg-whisky, or Aunt Araminta's home-made chilblain embrocation. Unfortunately to do this it is essential to find the nest—one can't just go sprinkling chilblain embrocation about the hedges on chance, for it makes them break out in purple spots—and wasp-nests are not easy to find. Short of going to a pleasant glade for a picnic (which is the one infallible means of detecting a nest, but takes too much preparation in the cutting of sandwiches, etc.), the best method is to track down the wasps in flight.

Here again many difficulties will arise. Few people can run as fast as a wasp can fly, unless he is behind them, and not many people can keep him in sight for many yards. If you dust the wasp with flour or face-powder he becomes more visible, but unfortunately this often seems to change his ideas about flying home. Once sprinkled with Noubigant Rachel, it goes to his head and he flaunts around a long while, posing in front of elderly bees and trying to see himself in the mirror, and in general he gets so above himself that it's doubtful whether he ever goes home any more.

You may of course catch one in a box, take him outside, open the box, and mark down his direction; and then repeat the process with other wasps further and further up the indicated line of flight till you possibly arrive in the vicinity of the nest by Wednesday evening at earliest. The drawback to this is that the first half-dozen wasps invariably seem to fly in a sort of daze straight back up your sleeve, which ends by giving you a biassed view of the whole operation. If you persevere, however, one of three things will happen. You will discover either (*a*) that there are two wasps'-nests in opposite directions, and that as the wasps all wear the same college colours you have no means of taking the right wasp up the right line of flight; or (*b*) that the wasp loses his reason under the strain of captivity in the box, forgets where his home is and will be found by the police two nights later wandering about the main roads unable to give a coherent account of himself; or (*c*) that you are observed by the neighbours pursuing these investigations and have the local doctor calling on you next day with a couple of male attendants.

On the other hand, it is just possible that you may in a week or two have actually located a nest. You will then realise that it is in Major Gore-Bludsby's private garden, that he is very strict about trespassers and that anyway he *likes* wasps.

At this point the only sensible thing for you to do is to leave the whole thing to the first winter frosts, which have never failed yet, and meanwhile to concentrate on improving your forehand drive with napkins, rolled newspapers and large flat slices of toast.

A. A.



Youthful Subaltern. "I'M AFRAID I HAVEN'T READ ANY OF YOUR BOOKS."
Very Modern Lady-Novelist. "I SHOULD THINK NOT, INDEED, AT YOUR AGE!"

A MORNING'S CUBBING.

FOR some years I have not been a very enthusiastic follower of cub-hunting. The hour of dawn is not for me. My arthritic knees rebel against the saddle at 6 A.M. Tea and a slice of bread-and-butter at 5 A.M. merely produce nausea. But Barbara is now aged ten and the new pony has to be tried out on every favourable occasion. So last Tuesday I found myself in the stable cursing the cob because he would blow himself against the girths.

In a wet daybreak Barbara and I jogged out towards Boughton Gorse and, having forgotten my anti-acid tablets, I felt the day was well lost. We arrived with the hounds and joined a small field of followers. They were, to my somewhat jaundiced eyes, disgustingly alert. The M.F.H., who, if he were truthful, felt rather as I felt about it, passaged his horse up beside me.

"I've got my second whipper-in laid low," he said; "would you mind taking a stand at the lower end of the covert by Bugden's farm? They'll probably break there."

I went very reluctantly to this point of observation. At such an hour I had no desire to undertake the responsibilities of the Hunt. I merely wished to bury myself with the mass and allow my liver to settle down to a normal existence. But Barbara was delighted.

"This is the spot," she said when we got to a particularly greasy headland over which the cob skated in nerve-racking slides.

We took up our position in a corner of a field of swedes with Bugden's Elizabethan home outlined mistily at the far end. Within the covert the huntsman was cheering on his hounds. The meteorological conditions were damnable.

"Look!" said Barbara, pointing across the field. "What's that?"

On the far headland I saw a red brush flourished and moving swiftly through the fronds of the swedes. It was enough. I stood up in my irons and gave voice to my asthmatic view holloa. Barbara squeaked a diminuendo accompaniment. We heard a "Hark holloa-gert-away-on!" and the hounds came pouring out of the woodland and took up the line full cry.

"We're well in this," I said to Barbara as we galloped down the field.

Following the huntsman, we crashed through a small fence and found ourselves rather unexpectedly in Farmer Bugden's kitchen-garden. There in an apple-tree was a very fine specimen of a ginger cat. The hounds, leaping deliriously amongst a bed of savoy cabbages, were baying him, and he was giving them a bit of back-chat which probably would have to be expurgated in any other language.

Farmer Bugden came into the garden.



Holiday-maker (who has been taken into custody). "'AVE YER GOT ANY PICTURE POSTCARDS O' THIS PLACE, SO AS I CAN LET 'EM KNOW WHERE I'M STAYING?"

"What be 'ee at with old ginger Sam?" he said to the huntsman. "There be a fine litter o' cubs in the shaw—an' you be'ant doin' they savoys any good neether."

The huntsman, purple with emotion, made no reply, but succeeded in whipping off the hounds and collecting them up to a handy exit, whilst the M.F.H., with countenance even a deeper purple, apologised from the other side of the fence; the newly entered hounds giving him a ready, if somewhat scanty, excuse for the affair. Barbara and I, making ourselves as invisible as we could, followed the hounds out of the garden by way of the handy exit.

My instinct suggested immediate flight, but reason convinced me that flight would be regarded as a sure confession of guilt, so we rejoined the Hunt by the most circuitous route, hoping that in the meantime fresh plans for future conquest would have dimmed the memory of past disaster. But Fate does not allow such things to pass unnoticed—at least not in our Hunt. In the lane beside the next covert the M.F.H. threaded his way through the waiting throng. He found me at the tail.

"Did you," he said without preface, "holloa hounds out of Bugden's shaw?"

"Yes," I replied. "A very strong cub" (I had an almost irrepressible desire to say "cat") "broke at the far headland. I think the hounds must have over-run the line."

"Umph!" he said.

It was a very doubtful "Umph," but as long as I refused to be led into verbosity on the subject I felt that I was safe. The M.F.H. cantered away on his lawful occasions and I took extreme care to avoid him for the remainder of the morning.

On the jog home Barbara spoke to me.

"I suppose," she said, "it was a fox I saw in those swedes?"

"Of course," I said; "a magnificent cub."

I wonder if this is the last lie that the goddess of the chase is going to impose upon me.

N.U.T. Please Note.

"—— SCHOOL NOW ENROLLING PUPILS.

This famous Home School caters for children from infancy to fourteen years. Careful individual tuition by sympathetic teachers, and all kinds of sports. Animals to teach the little folks kindliness."
Glasgow Paper.

We wonder if the animals object to the cuts in their salaries.

"PEACEHAVEN'S VICARAGE.

We are naturally pleased that the long-looked-for Vicarage to the parish church is at last under weigh."—*Local Paper.*

Dare we hope that it will nevertheless prove a trifle lighter in style than its bungalised-salmon neighbours?

Fashions for Hikers.

"Shorts became increasingly nervous and covering operations brought about quick upturns in other sections of the market . . ."
Financial Article in Daily Paper.



Hiker (to fisherman, who has been throwing back small ones all day). "NOW, TELL ME, FRIEND, IS THIS THE LOVELY LUTTERWORTH LILY POND, WHERE ANGLERS CATCH SO MANY LITTLE FISHES?"

LETTER TO A WELL-KNOWN AUTHOR.

DEAR SIR,—As a humble admirer of your books, in which (if I may say so) the action is so swift and the conversation so brief and snappy, I am writing to ask if you will be so kind as to give me a job in your next. I am considered to be a good character and have been in the service of Mr. J. B. PRIESTLEY for two years. I should now like to lead a more active life for a spell.

Mr. PRIESTLEY has been a kind master, taking a real interest not only in myself personally but also in my family and my friends. He has taught me to take a pride in myself because, honestly, Sir, before he took me in hand I had no idea I could be so interesting to anyone.

If I now wish for a more bracing situation, you will understand why when I explain that this afternoon, having to cross Piccadilly Circus, I suddenly realised on reaching the island that it had taken me two hours to get there, so much had I been thinking about my wife and family and Eros and one thing and another.

It was then it occurred to me how nice it would be to get a situation in one of your books, in which, as I have often noticed with admiration, the characters no sooner think of going to a place than they go there, even if it is Chicago; whereas I am reduced to such a state that I cannot buy a ticket on the Underground without cogitating for several pages about the probable private life of the man who sells it to me and why I am buying it.

I quite realise, Sir, that you may well think me an unsuitable candidate for employment in your service; but I am hoping you may find it possible to make some use of me as (for example) a butler in the first instance. I feel confident that I should soon be braced up in the tonic air of your exhilarating pages; and, after experience for a month or two in a few of your novels, I have no doubt I should be able to fire a revolver through my hip-pocket as quickly as any of them, though I cannot deny that I should be unable to do so at the moment without wondering at some length what my feelings would be if I did.

I may add, Sir, that I am not without offers. Mr. PRIESTLEY would be willing, I believe, to retain my services for another volume; at any rate, he was saying only the other day that he had by no means exhausted my possibilities. Miss CLEMENCE DANE has also kindly suggested that she could find me employment; and I have even had inquiries from an American gentleman, by name Mr. THEODORE DREISER. But I gather that these would also be easy-going situations, and I am very anxious to get out of a rut and would accept quite a minor post if it promised (as I believe the expression is) a little more pep.

Apologising for what I am afraid you may think is a very lengthy letter and hoping to hear from you favourably in due course,

I am, Sir,
Your obedient Servant,
JOHN SMITH.

P.S. The above being of course my real name, I enclose particulars of my professional career herewith.

An Impending Apology.

"ALLEGED HOUSEBREAKER.
SMART WORK BY PEEL BANK MANAGER'S WIFE."
I.O.M. Paper.

"Husband, with Wife, father, daughter, brother, sister, Wanted; highest references; typing, shorthand, housework, gardening; Hampstead, seaside."—*Advt. in Daily Paper.*
But what can Fido do?

OHTA, MIKI AND SATOH (J.).

THE time is not inopportune perhaps
to chronicle the deeds of certain Japs,
of OHTA, MIKI, SATOH (J.)
(inimitable trio they),
and how they did a-hunting go
from Scarborough to Felixstowe,
and nobbled every tournament
from Devon to the coast of Kent.
Muses, assist me now to pen
the mighty feats of little men!

* * * * *

YOSHIMA OHTA was the first
and quite conceivably the worst.
The only way to deal with OHTA
was by establishing a quota.
It really hardly seemed quite fair
that Britons should not have a share
in local markets, when in France,
Japan or States they had no chance.
(This was before young AUSTIN's fame,
when G. P. HUGHES was but a name
and PERRY had not yet come up,
who nearly won the Davis Cup).
It was suggested to the L.T.A.
that, irrespective of the actual play,
deserving Britons should be given a pot
or two before young OHTA swiped the lot.
In fact no quota was required,
for OHTA gracefully retired.

* * * * * *

Then English stalwarts, wreathed in smiles,
from Folkestone to the outer isles,
took forth their rackets from their presses,
remembering their past successes,
telling each other how in 1904
the championship was won by A. C. GORE;
they hardly noticed that a chap
uncommonly like a Jap
was winning tourneys here and there
with an unostentatious air.
Though MIKI was less grim than OHTA
(he looked delightful in a boater),
his game was shrewd, his charming smile
concealed considerable guile;
he ably carried on the Jap tradition
by winning nearly every competition.

* * * * * *

It is not here my task to tell
of how the wondrous thing befell,
how Britain to the fact awoke
that British tennis was a joke;
what mighty foes our men laid low—
the princely pride of Monaco,
Belgium, South Africa and e'en Japan
(sweet comfort this to every British fan),
the fiery Czechs, the formidable Yanks,
would I could tell these triumphs? [ED.—*No thanks.*]
Suffice it then for me to mention
a matter worthy of attention:
that, when the din had died away,
it was observed that SATOH (J.)
was sedulously mopping up
each Saturday a whopping cup.
Then on the faces of the Old Brigade
a smile of resignation softly played.
"We'll give it up," they sadly said,
"and take to spillikins instead.
From OHTA we have scarce escaped,
and MIKI still has got us taped,
now in addition we must cope with SATOH—
it really seems to us to take the *gâteau*."

* * * * * *

OHTA, MIKI, SATOH (J.),
incomparable trio they!
They win our pots and, truth to tell,
they capture all our hearts as well.

DEPRESSION (MENTAL) NATIONAL: HOW BEST TO COPE WITH.

IT is a matter of common knowledge that the world has reached a stage when none of its problems can be solved, because all revolve in what is technically known as a vicious circle. Take this matter of Depression; it is caused by Being Miserable, which is in turn caused by Being Fed-up. Could we but unfeed ourselves, undepression would naturally follow. As it is, we can only do our best to mitigate the sufferings of ourselves and others by such methods as are helpfully outlined below.

Depression is of several kinds, all equally vicious and whirling. Not all of those which follow are directly attributable to national causes; but general depression tends to accentuate special depression, which in turn invites increased general depression, and so we have another vi—— However, the point is that it is most important to diagnose a case correctly before attempting treatment.

(*a*) *Monday Morning or Black Hump.* Easily recognisable by its ferocity and the regular periods at which it recurs. A movement on foot in Geneva at the present time to remove Mondays from the calendar altogether will go far to stamping out the disease. There is no known cure.

(*b*) *Wistful or Mauve Hump.* Caused by visits to picture palaces. Chiefly prevalent amongst women. Symptoms include distaste for food, discontent with male escort, oblivion to ordinary details of life and tendency to fix the eyes upon Far Distant Horizons, Wide Open Spaces and the Great Outdoors. Treatment varies with each case; usually the most effective is verbal assumption by male escort that the patient is of an intensely soulful nature.

(*c*) *Nervous or Striped Hump.* Prevalent amongst hostesses before dinner-parties, guests of honour before speech-making, etc. Symptoms: The patient is irritable and shows tendency to make unreasonable assertions, such as "Everything is against me," etc. Treatment: Nothing much can be done for hostesses except to express cautious admiration of their general appearance. But orators can be greatly restored by liberal doses of a preparation called Dutch Courage, which can be obtained from any stores neatly corked and in plain bottles.

(*d*) *Reactionary or Grey Hump.* Likely to attack any individual after undue excitement, success, etc. Patients show a tendency to wander aimlessly about, getting in everyone's way and growling when spoken to. Treatment: If young enough, they should be laid lengthwise across the knee and spanked. Otherwise despatch them upon what for this reason is called a good spanking walk.

(*e*) *Temperamental or Blue Hump.* Prevalent amongst those of artistic leanings. Symptoms too painful to be described. Treatment: Patients should be forcibly leant in the other direction.

(*f*) *Income-Tax or General Hump.* Cause: Vicious Circles. Symptoms: So universal that they are often taken for normal manifestations. Treatment: Some such violent activity as cutting down the gas bill, giving up smoking, doing without a holiday, or economising generally. One or other will certainly afford some relief, even in anticipation. Cure: Abolition of Vicious Circles.



American Visitor in Hyde Park. "SAY, POP, HERE'S A DIRT-TRACK FOR HORSES."

"PONGO OF THE CONGO."

[After reading a series of articles in *The Times*, by MARCUSWELL MAXWELL, on the gorilla in his native haunts.]

O Pongo of the Congo,
My years were barely nine
When first I met you in a tale
By R. M. BALLANTYNE;
And now (how jolly!) we contrive,
"Old Man," to meet again
Over some pages from a live
Gorilla-hunter's pen.

O Pongo of the Congo,
You force me to conclude
That you're a touchy brute at times,
Unsociable and rude.
"Impatient" too is his report;
Though he proceeds to own
You're really not a bad old sort
When you are left alone.

O Pongo of the Congo,
Granting your itch to roam,
To bruit abroad the frequent row,
You're tractable at home.
Your family, I understand,
Think quite a lot of you;
You make a useful husband and
A kindly father too.

O Pongo of the Congo,
Though ugly still as sin,
You still preserve the common touch
That marks our kind akin.
Below me you may be a cut;
Often beneath my ban;
You may be a gorilla, but
You're mighty like a man. A. K.

"Lt.-Gen. Sir Henry ——, K.C.B., is anxious to find a Place where a footman is kept for his Butler. . . ."
Advt. in Daily Paper.

Owing to the crisis we are afraid his butler may have to share the footman with his employer.

SHORT HOMILY ON WORK.

HISTORIANS who record the odd proceedings of the present time will note with ill-concealed surprise the attitude of the people towards the thing called work.

All the talk was about work, they will say. The most obvious and embarrassing symptom of our troubles is the insufficiency of the available supply of work to occupy the teeming inhabitants of these islands. "Give us work!" the people cry. It is true that some of them add "or maintenance"—but the word "work" comes first. Nobody—yet—cries, "Give us maintenance" and adds "or work" under his breath; though that may come. Government after Government has fallen out of the people's favour, not because it has failed to arrange a smooth supply of food, drink, clothes, gas, water or electricity, but because it has failed to provide all our citizens with work.

It follows therefore that work is a good and desirable thing; and it should follow that those who are plentifully supplied with work should be regarded, by themselves and by the world, as blessed. But are they?

Well, they may be, here and there; but one hears amazingly little about it. Mrs. X, the civil servant's wife, says plaintively, "Poor X has a terrible amount of work to do." And we say, "Poor fellow!" Surely we should say, "Lucky chap!" And surely X should canter to his labours, thanking the kind gods that he is over-worked. Does he?

Well, I never heard him.

And when we pass to those sections of the nation's employed persons who are privileged to labour with their hands in the open air instead of having to rack their weary brains in a house or office, the absence of vocal enthusiasm for work is even more remarkable. Mind you, I add hastily, I do not say that it is not there. It is obvious to all that millions of the population still have some pride and interest in their work and are glad to do it, apart from the filthy lucre which it brings into the home. But these millions are singularly ill represented. Trumpets of the voice of the people abound, but that note, so far as I know, is never sounded. The General Council of the T.U.C. is, of course, the only repository of wisdom and the only real trumpet of the voice of the people; but does that trumpet sound that note?

One would expect to hear the worthy President of the T.U.C. begin his annual address as follows:—"It is a sad and wretched thing that x millions of our countrymen should have no work; but let us be thankful that ten or more times that number have regular work at decent wages and are enjoying it." Correct me if I err, but I have an idea that the Presidential note is, as a rule, quite different. Pity is rightly bestowed upon the unfortunate people who have not got work; but almost as much pity is devoted to the unfortunate people who have—the "workers," "wage-slaves," "toiling masses" and so forth. And really one might conclude that the worthy President is just as keen on releasing the toilers from their odious occupations as he is on providing the idle with employment. He is like those other orators who with one breath complain that everybody is not rich and with the next cry out that money is dross and the possession of it a painful experience.

Well, you may say, what the worthy President says is no great matter. Unfortunately in the weaker vessels among us a great deal of this extraordinary nonsense gradually accumulates and forms a sickening mess of self-commiseration. There is plenty of room for pity at the present time, but some of the self-pity going about is not longing for work of a higher quality, for leisure in which to study or write poetry. Nor did he complain about his wages. He looked forward simply to a lifetime of work, and he disliked it. He regarded work as a thing to be complained about. And this is odd.

I ought of course to have said, "You discontented skunk, you ought to be uttering prayers of thankfulness." But I did not. I knew that I had not the necessary moral status. He did not regard me as a worker.

That is another queer thing. Most of us regard each other's work as a sort of recreation. To me there seems to be much that is attractive in the life of a canal-boatman. But the other day the life of the canal-boatman was being filmed. It was about five o'clock in the afternoon (Saturday); a small army of film-producers, actors, photographers, really, as the Licensing Justices would say, rather "redundant." I was travelling home in a motor-coach the other evening after what I regarded as a long, tiring and difficult day of toil. There was no other passenger, and the conductor and I had a quiet little chat. He was a young and pleasant fellow, good sturdy British stock, unmarried, I discovered, and earning, by comparison with skilled workers in more important trades, quite a good wage. There was at last a pause in our talk, and then, *à propos* of nothing, he sighed and said heavily, "Yes, it's not much of a life for a working-man these days—nothing but work to look forward to."

Really rather an odd remark. This was the conductor, not the driver; his duties were to sit in the nice warm coach, punch the tickets, take the fares, open the doors at the stopping-places, and, I suppose, render some account of the money passing through his hands. Monotonous? No more monotonous than editing *The Times* or preaching in St. Paul's. New faces every day and a constant change of scenery. Almost any half-educated human being could have done the job as well as that lad; and there was no evidence that he was specially fitted to do any other. Mind, it was not a case of a genius or ambition stifled by circumstance; he was



Constable. "THAT'S—DANGEROUS DRIVING—DISREGARDING SIGNAL—SMELL OF DRINK—LIGHTS NOT ON—NUMBER-PLATE OBSCURED—NO DRIVING LICENCE. GUESS YOU'VE ABOUT RUN THROUGH THE LOT."

Occupant of Car. "WELL, WHILE WE ARE ABOUT IT, THERE *is* ONE OTHER THING. I PINCHED THIS CAR."

etc., had been working hard since 9 A.M., struggling with every kind of difficulty, tempers and patiences worn, minds tired, bodies cold. And as one of the canal boat-ladies passed by she shouted contemptuously, "Pleasure! That's all *they* think about!"

All this, you will say, is natural enough; for it is natural enough for every man to grumble about his own conditions and envy those of others, to look down on his neighbour and think a lot of himself. But it has gone beyond what is natural. I do not blame the conductor or the boat-lady, or Mrs. X or myself; but I do blame those drivellers who after a generation and more of drivelling talk about "the workers" and "the toiling masses" have poisoned the minds of the people with drivel. The mind of my conductor is a festering mass of drivel; not naturally lazy, not even lazy in practice perhaps, he has been made lazy-minded by the drivel aforesaid. He believes that sitting in his motor-coach is work, but sitting at my desk or the banker's desk is not; he thinks he has a right to his cushy job and a right to complain about it when he has got it; he thinks that the "worker" is as much to be pitied as the workless; he thinks that work is a terrible thing to look forward to—but hear him howl if he loses his work!

The historians who record the proceedings of the present time will note that the persons who planted these extraordinary notions in my innocent conductor's mind had a lot to answer for. It is not too late for them to repair their errors. I hope very soon to see Mr. HENDERSON or some other "workers'" representative stand up in public and say, "Workers of all kinds, work is a good thing, and you are darned lucky to have any."

That, I think, would do more to restore the foreigner's confidence in us than anything else. A. P. H.

BETTER TIMES COMING.

I'M having to save, I'm having to slave,
I've finished with all my fun,
I haven't the cash to cut a dash
In 1931;
Each day of the year is drab and drear,
With luxury quite taboo,
But I'll spend as I never spent before,
In 1932.

I never go to a West End show
Or even the local flicks,
My dinner's cut down to half-a-crown,
My lunch to one-and-six;
With money so short I've abandoned sport,
A terrible thing to do,
But I'll spend as I never spent before,
In 1932.

A bet on a gee is not for me
And Auction I've ceased to play,
I'm halving tips, and week-end trips
Are joys of a bygone day;
I've finished with cars, forsworn cigars
And water's my only brew,
But I'll spend as I never spent before,
In 1932.

For the end of the fight is well in sight,
Extravagant days are near,
I simply must go a terrible bust
With the dawn of the coming year;
And when it comes, prodigious sums
I'm lavishly going to blue
"Within twenty-one days of the date of demand,"
In 1932.

The Flight from the Pound.

"BACK TO THE 'BOB.'
The Latest Move in Paris."
Evening Paper.

". . . . he circulated all these rumours to throw dust in the eyes of the public in the hope of enabling him to fish in the troubled waters."—*Chinese Paper.*

But we feel he was only making a mountain out of a cup of tea.



Bohemian Niece. "WELL, UNCLE, WHAT DO YOU THINK OF OUR SET?"
Uncle. "THEY STRIKE ME AS BEING NOT SO MUCH A SET, MY DEAR, AS A COLLECTION OF ODD PIECES."

THE BIRDIKIN FAMILY.

IV.—A VISIT TO THE SEA.

Byron Grove, Mr. Birdikin's country seat, was situate six miles from the seaside town of X, to which, when temperature and weather conditions were favourable, the Birdikin children were sometimes taken for immersion in the ocean, their parents considering that, if due precautions were taken against the *dangers* of sea-bathing, its *benefits* could not but add to their health as well as to their enjoyment.

One summer morning, when Mr. Birdikin had satisfied himself by examination of the weather-glass that no immediate change was to be anticipated in the quiescent state of the elements, the four children were sent, under the charge of their instructress, Miss Smith, to spend the day at X. The programme arranged for them, with the thoughtful foresight which Mr. and Mrs. Birdikin exercised in all the details of family life, of which they were such exemplary exponents, was that they were to be driven to the sea-shore, and while Bodger, the coachman, was putting up his horses the children were to perambulate the sands and the rocks and, under the supervision of Miss Smith, were to investigate such denizens of the deep as star-fishes, winkles, jelly-fish, limpets and the like as came within the range of observation, but on no account, at *this* stage of the proceedings, were they to get their feet wet or venture beyond the control of their governess.

Upon the return of Bodger, a respectable family man who could be trusted to act responsibly in a case of emergency, Miss Smith was instructed to engage one of the larger bathing-machines, in which the whole party would disrobe themselves, with the exception of Bodger, who would keep watch upon the beach. This accomplished, the two boys and Miss Smith would plunge into the briny element, and, upon the expiry of a quarter-of-an-hour, to be signalled by Bodger, who would stand on the marge of the ocean with his timepiece in his hand, the two girls would take the place of their brothers, Miss Smith being instructed on no account to let go of the hands of her young pupils nor to venture beyond her own middle.

All went according to plan until Bodger signalled, by the springing of a watchman's rattle, that the time allowed for Charles and Henry was at an end. Miss Smith was gratified at the complaisant spirit shown by the boys in returning to the machine, but no sooner had she led out Clara and Fanny than Charles, instead of rubbing himself briskly with a rough towel, as he had been instructed, leapt again into the water and with gleeful shouts began to splash his sisters and the governess. In vain did Miss Smith exhort him to obedience, in vain did Bodger threaten to wade into the water himself and chastise him. The insubordinate lad continued his rough play, and Fanny, always inclined to be refractory when encouraged by Charles, who had so often been adjured to show a *good* example to his younger brother and sisters, entered incontinently into the boisterous and unmannerly sport, and wrenched her hand away from Miss Smith's in order that she might the better strike the water into her brother's face.



"HE SUPPORTED MISS SMITH UP THE BEACH."

At that moment a wave advancing towards the shore dislodged her foothold, and upon its return carried her some yards away from Miss Smith. The governess, anxious to seize hold of Charles, did not notice this catastrophe for the moment, and but for the presence of mind of the bathing-woman in attendance on the machines, who caught hold of Fanny and jerked her to her feet again, one of those tragedies might have been enacted against which Mr. Birdikin had enjoined all the precautions that were humanly possible. Fanny herself made light of the incident and refused to return to the machine until her appointed time in the water was over. Miss Smith put her and Clara into the charge of the bathing-woman and carried the struggling Charles back to the machine, where she carefully dried him, and did the same for Clara and Fanny before she attended to her *own* toilet, after which the machine was drawn out of the water and the bathing-party regained the safety of the shore, Miss Smith in a spirit of thankfulness that the peril brought about by Charles's thoughtless prank had mercifully been averted.

Miss Smith, however, had a frame far from robust, and the anxiety to which she had been subjected, together with the chilling effect of standing in her wet but decent serge bathing-dress while she saw to the welfare of her young charges, brought on a fit of shivering and a numbness of the extremities which caused Bodger, who had been trained by his wife to take observation of female ailments, some alarm. Followed by the frightened children he supported Miss Smith up the beach and led her to the first shelter available, which happened to be an establishment devoted to the exhibition and sale of ironmongery, where he demanded succour, suggesting that it should include the administration of a measure of French brandy.

It has already been said that Miss Smith's *birth* was not equal to her scholastic attainments. Of this Mr. Birdikin had been aware when he had engaged her for the responsible task of administering, under his *own* direction, the education of his children. What she had omitted, however, to disclose to him was that in this very town of X she had relatives who were by no means of a quality suitable for notice by a man of Mr. Birdikin's superior standing. It was to these relatives that the inscrutable leadings of chance had directed Bodger's unwitting footsteps. Miss Smith's *own* mother's sister, Mrs. Clott, received her and gave her the willing service and relief dictated by

the promptings not only of charity but of consanguinity. A *kind heart* is not, as some would aver, the peculiar property of those of *high* or even of *medium* birth. This good woman's *first* preoccupation was to administer hot toddy to her relative and put her to bed in a small but decently furnished chamber. Her *next* was to provide entertainment for the young children who were for the time being in her charge, the coachman, Bodger, announcing that the shock he had undergone necessitated his repairing to a neighbouring hostelry where he could obtain the refreshment required by his condition. So well did Mrs. Clott accomplish her task that when, some hours later, Miss Smith was sufficiently recovered and Bodger was summoned from the "Mariners' Rest" to drive her and her charges home again, all four children declared that they had never enjoyed themselves better, and took leave of their kind hostess with expressions of goodwill which, coming from the offspring of a man of Mr. Birdikin's superior station, must have caused her considerable gratification.

The adventures and alarms of the day were not yet quite over, for Bodger had not entirely recovered from the agitation that Miss Smith's indisposition had caused him, and showed less than his usual skill on the driving-seat, the carriage deviating from side to side of the road and narrowly escaping reversal in a ditch. Home was reached, however, without actual mishap, and Mr. and Mrs. Birdikin were put in possession of the details of the day's happenings.

It may be imagined that Miss Smith was far from being at her ease over the accident that had led to the children being received in the dwelling of her aunt, for Mr. Birdikin, taking into account the inferiority of her origin, had impressed upon her that it was her *special* duty to preserve her little charges from contact with anything *low*. He was inclined, however, to judge her part in the affair leniently, only remarking that had he been aware that she had relatives engaged in retail trade at so short a distance from Byron Grove as the town of X, he might have thought the risk of engaging her too great, and that she would do well to consider the indisposition she had *herself* experienced as a punishment for her lack of frankness. He could not, of course, countenance any further *personal* communication with Mrs. Clott, but, in consideration of the seemly way in which she had dealt with the situation, he intimated his intention of transferring his custom from the ironmonger whom he had hitherto honoured with his patronage to Mr. Clott. Thus the dictates of propriety and urbanity were alike honoured, and Miss Smith retired from the interview with a deep sense of the tolerance and benevolence of her employer.

Mr. Birdikin's displeasure with Charles and Fanny for their unprincipled conduct was expressed by a few sharp strokes of the rod for the *boy* and of the bare hand for the *girl*. But Fanny's punishment, alas, did not incline her to that compliance of the *heart* which she had promised with the *lips*. Her experience of the more obscure ranks of society, by which her excellent parent was above all anxious that his children should *not* be contaminated, had made no deeper impression upon the heedless child than to cause her to confide to her sister that when she attained maturity she should ally herself in wedlock to an ironmonger and live at the seaside. A. M.



Irritable Gentleman. "I CAN'T HEAR WHAT YOU'RE SAYING."
Calm Voice. "I CAN HEAR YOU QUITE PLAINLY."
Irritable Gentleman. "THEN LISTEN AND DON'T KEEP ON ANSWERING."

Smith Minor—Pessimist.

"*Quid sit futurum cras fuge quærere:* The pound may be going to crash: seek flight."
Schoolboy's Translation.

How to Make Scrumming Cooler.

"Bristol have started the season badly by losing to two Welsh teams in succession, and what they need is a sprinkling youth in their forwards."—*Sunday Paper.*

"Lack of gas also prevented the newspapers from being published."—*Report in Liverpool Paper of Spanish Riots.*

Cut off from their correspondents, this must mean.



IN ITALY: MARKETING MODES.

LINES TO A TROUBLESOME FRIEND.

You may say that last summer was sunny,
You may say that the sea was not cold,
But don't talk to me about money,
Be silent on silver and gold.
You may talk about skating or curling
Or panthers or pundits or π,
But you don't know a thing about sterling,
Confound you! And neither do I.

You said that if the pound were taken ill
The Thames would flow up Constitution Hill;
You said that if the pound should fall from par
The sun would rise not, nor the evening star;
But bears and bulls would swim the briny seas
Owls sing, and mackerel roost among the trees.
"We shall be done," says you, "if Sterling gives!
Who dies," you says, "to-day if Sterling lives?"
The pound fell sick. I trembled. Nothing stirred.
The doom of Albion had been deferred.

The Thames remained in place, so did the Zoo;
The morning sun came round, the milkman too;
The postman brought the mail with punctual foot;
The Monument, the Mansion House stayed put.
I went to ask you, "What about it now?"
I found you smoking with unruffled brow;
And soon I learnt, you miserable hound,
That all was well. We did not need the pound.

My nerves were jarred for nothing. I was told
That half our troubles had been due to gold.
"Foul dross of Midas," you denounced the thing,
"That proved the ruin of the Phrygian King!
For all he touched to glittering metal turned—
His dog, his wife, his chair. Still worse, he learned,
His wine was molten gold, and, gosh, that burned!
Leave to the Frenchman," you observed, "poor prune,
To pile up gold and clamour for the moon;
Leave to the U.S.A. to flounder, stuck
In quagmires of this lamentable muck.
'Tis not by gold the eternal heavens are strong;
Freed from this bauble trade can get along!"

I think you may be right. But, right or wrong,
Discussions on the pound are hereby closed.
A Moratorium has been imposed.
We will have done with that old quaint romance
That you know something about high finance.

You may talk about cables and anchors,
You may talk about horses and cars,
But you don't know a thing about bankers,
Nor coinage, nor bullion, nor bars.
And I'm not sure what happened precisely,
But one thing I'm certain is true—
That the pound will get on very nicely
Without being talked of by you!

EVOE.



EVERYBODY'S FLAG-DAY.

OR, THE YOUNG LADY OF THREADNEEDLE STREET.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, September 21st.—If the present Government deserves a nickname it should certainly be called the Ministry of All the Sensations. It materialised under circumstances that exhausted the language of exclamatory astonishment. The dictionaries were ransacked for new symbols of amazement and splenetic disgust when Mr. SNOWDEN produced his Budget. The Economy Bill found us speechless, and we were just beginning to wonder what adjectives we could trot out a second time when we found ourselves face to face with a Government that had decided overnight to abandon the Gold Standard, and to do it within twenty-four hours.

It was a House of Commons somewhat overawed in spirit but still vocal that assembled this afternoon to hear the worst. There was no anxiety to linger over Question-time, though the PRIME MINISTER'S announcement that the cuts in the pay of teachers, police and the three Services would be limited to ten per cent, and Mr. SNOWDEN'S declaration that in no circumstances would there be any compulsory conversion of Five-per-cent War Loan were both welcome and important.

It fell naturally to Mr. SNOWDEN to announce that the calf of gold would be invited, so far as this country was concerned, to come off the perch, and to explain the circumstances that had necessitated the step. Never has the CHANCELLOR been more concise, lucid or audible, and never has he had a more attentive audience. The silence of the Opposition, which may be described as vaguely anti-Gold Standard, being convinced that a Gold Standard and Capitalism are the front- and hind-legs of the same animal, was in part at least a tribute to the emotions that might be supposed to be wringing the CHANCELLOR'S rugged bosom. He, as Colonel WEDGWOOD presently pointed out, had guarded the honour and integrity of the pound sterling as a woman guards her honour or a small boy his first cricket-bat. Whether he had, as the gallant "JOSH" also intimated, proved too expensive for the country was a matter of opinion; but there he was, too austere to pronounce a panegyric over his departed idol, but nevertheless called upon to perform the last sad rites.

Mr. SNOWDEN made no attempt to conceal how serious in his view was the step, but he also made it clear that it was what H. G. WELLS would doubtless call a "fuss in the financial mud" and not any weakness in the country's financial position that had brought about the change.

Mr. HENDERSON, in reply, was a model of studied irrelevance. He said nothing about the Gold Standard, and was not called to order by the SPEAKER only because he was in fact engaged in the difficult task of intimating without saying too much the terms upon which he might be prepared to throw in his lot with the National Government. Or so we were driven to suppose, for if it was not that, then the LEADER OF THE OPPOSITION was, in a very loud voice and with much nervous gesticulation, wasting the House's time. When he sat down it was quite impossible to guess whether he, in fact, knew the difference between a Gold Standard and a gold brick.



THE FALLEN IDOL.

MOURNED BY MR. SNOWDEN AND SCORNED BY COLONEL WEDGWOOD.

Aware that this was probably the state of mind of a good many of those sitting behind him, Colonel WEDGWOOD kindly obliged with a brief summary of economic history from earliest times. The Opposition listened attentively and even approvingly when "JOSH" of the Five Towns explained that the mediæval method of rectifying the results of monarchical squandermania was to institute a pogrom of the Jews who had advanced the money. They did not look so cheerful when, in the course of his appeal to the Government to let "the supernatural forces of Nature" fix the value of sterling, he pointed out that the result, while benefiting the exporter, would be "ruinous to people with fixed incomes, pensions and . . ." It was left at that. Even an Independent Labour Member must pause before he tells his colleagues that a measure they evidently approve of will make things harder for their dole-drawing constituents.

Sir OSWALD MOSLEY asked the Government if they intended to let the pound slide or to peg it artificially at some point below its present level, and declared himself to be greatly heartened by the CHANCELLOR'S declarations that remedies must be tried in these troublous times that at other times would be deemed repugnant—a phrase that he (Sir OSWALD) construed as meaning that the CHANCELLOR was now prepared to swallow Protection.

Major ELLIOT soothingly reminded the House that no internal inflation of the pound was contemplated, and that on the other hand the Government had powers to deal, and *would* deal, with those who tried to make capital out of the new situation by unjustifiably putting up prices or otherwise.

That section of the Opposition that will follow any leader against the Government under any circumstances followed the loudly bleating Mr. STEPHEN into the Lobby against the Second Reading of the Bill to the tune of a hundred odd, a muster that, as the Bill progressed from stage to stage, dwindled to a bare dozen.

Meanwhile the Lords had assembled and were saving time by discussing the substance of the Bill pending its arrival from the other place. Only an outburst by Lord MARLEY, who described the Bill as a bankers' policy carried out by a bankers' Government to meet a bankers' crisis caused by bankers' mismanagement, marred the austerity of the occasion on which the voice of the turtle—the golden calf's authentic moo—was unheard in the political land, one of the six speakers (Lord MARLEY) being a sailor, one (Lord MELCHETT) a trader and the other four (Lords READING, PARMOOR, BUCKMASTER and HAILSHAM) lawyers.

Tuesday, September 22nd. — Quiet after the storm. The PRIME MINISTER, suffering from the strain of recent events and wisely ordered by the doctors to have a few days' complete rest, had been whisked away, and Mr. BALDWIN, as Leader of the House, recalled

its attention to seemingly remote but still important topics, the Finance Bill and the Economy Bill, as to which he observed ominously, they were working against time and which they must polish off under time-table.

Always averse from having its natural loquacity restrained and with no other urgent legislation, or indeed any other legislation, emerging into view, the House inclined to demur to this proposal until Dr. ADDISON unkindly reminded it that the time they were to work against was not the House's but the Treasury's. They must get on with it if the tax-collector's inexorable gripe was to fasten on the public's pocket-nerve in the manner indicated and at the time appointed. Unfortunate but inevitable!

Wednesday, September 23rd.—"Cut and come again" is the order of the day at Westminster. The Government has supplied the cut and the coming again has been done by the Opposition who, having first opposed cuts *en masse* and on general principles, are now busy protesting against them seriatim and as the spokesmen of this, that or tother hardly-used section of the community. Even Question-time is given over to the promulgation of what may be called "hard-luck stories."

Meanwhile the House learned with relief that the Agricultural Credit Convention—an attractive scheme for supplying British credits to enable Central European farmers to put British agriculturists out of business—was not to be proceeded with, and with regret that the Elephant and Castle improvement scheme is likely to be deferred until our cloud-capped castles and gorgeous elephants look like the fabric of a more substantial vision.

Mr. PETHICK-LAWRENCE led the attack on the Second Reading of the Finance Bill. The right hon. Member for West Leicester is a shade less dreary in Opposition than on the Treasury Bench, but a politician is naturally handicapped when his motion calls for an attack upon economies that he himself has or certainly would have assented to if he had been left in office. The House listened more attentively when Sir JOHN SIMON rose to make what turned out to be his first full-dress speech as a full-blown Protectionist. Coming from a life-long Free-Trader, whose conversion is obviously due to the fact that his lawyer's mind compels him to put reason first and political doctrine second, Sir JOHN'S change of opinion would have been impressive even if his cold logic had not been so inexorable. He emphasised in particular the fact that suspension of the Gold Standard, though it acted in the same way, was no substitute for tariffs since its incidence was vague and unscientific and, for example, drew no distinction between the Empire and the rest of the world.



TAKING THE PLUNGE.

FOR ONCE IN A WAY LORD HUGH CECIL IS ALMOST WILLING TO BE IN THE SWIM.

Lord HUGH CECIL, declaring himself a convert to emergency Tariff Reform, urged the Opposition, who take his shafts with better grace than they do those of most Conservatives, to make



CUTTING THE CUTS.

Sir AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN (to Jack). "AFTER THINKING IT OVER, MY LAD, I'VE DECIDED TO REDUCE IT FROM FIFTEEN TO TEN."

the best of Capitalism since, though it might not be a system they approved of, it was the only one they had or were likely to have.

Mr. SHAKESPEARE urged the nation to have a "crisis mind"—a phrase that would surely make the Member for Norwich's Warwickshire namesake turn in his grave—and Major ELLIOT, replying for the Government, pointed out that the House had really no alternative but to pity the poor rich.

Thursday, September 24th.—"I am afraid I do not always read the speeches of politicians," replied Mr. SNOWDEN rather tartly when Mr. MORLEY asked if he had read a certain speech by Sir ROBERT HORNE. It only remains for Sir ROBERT to turn the other cheek and call Mr. SNOWDEN an elder statesman.

Further debate on the National Economy Bill in Committee found Mr. M'KINLAY, the Labour Member for Partick-on-Clyde, leading the unequal struggle for the right of the dole-drawer to keep on drawing it without searing his sensitive soul by contact with the local Assistance Committee. Sir HENRY BETTERTON countered by putting in a word for the five million sturdy workers who had always paid up their unemployment insurance money regularly but had never got a penny out of it. Surely they were entitled to see that transition benefit was only paid to those who needed it. One gathered from the Opposition that it was no business of theirs. Indeed, there are moments when it almost seems as if a man who has a job and sticks to it ranks in the Labour Party's eyes as only a shade less reprehensible than a non-unionist or an employer.

Then the cuts in teachers' pay came under discussion with Sir D. MACLEAN standing by to snatch the torch of enlightenment from his colleague of the Ministry of Labour. The prime exchange of discourtesies did not, however, involve the MINISTER, being waged by those two former ornaments of the Board of Education, Sir C. TREVELYAN and Lord EUSTACE PERCY. Sir CHARLES with Coriolanus-like gestures conspued the late Labour Government and its predecessor with impartial scorn. Nothing would ever have induced *him*, he declared, to cut down teachers' salaries. He modified this by admitting that he would have agreed to cuts fixed by the Burnham Committee, and ended up by being told by Lord EUSTACE that his speech was a "cataract of humbug," that he had painted the attitude of the teachers as unpatriotic when it was nothing of the kind, and talked pure nonsense about the "holding up" of education.

After this exchange of momentous acerbities, the duty which fell to Sir ARCHIBALD SINCLAIR of defending economies in Scottish education was a comparatively easy one.



RETALIATION.

PERHAPS SOME DAY EVEN A QUEUE MAY TURN.

FREE VERSE.

"WHAT's free verse, Father?" asked Dick, aged twelve.

I showed him one or two specimens, not quite at random, in consideration of his tender years.

"Free verse, or *vers libre*," I informed him, "is a sort of poetry, real or imitation, which is required neither to rhyme nor to scan and in which the only aim is to achieve a more or less melodious sequence of cadences." Not being an authority on the subject I made this up on the spur of the moment and sat back in my chair, hoping my son would be duly impressed. He was.

"Oh, I see," said he and disappeared, fortunately for me, without expecting me to enlarge further on the matter. I fear I am not a model parent.

Two days later I found on my breakfast-plate the following effort:—

"My dear father,
I have desided
to seriosly try my hand at Free Verse.
One gets so fed up with rules.
What a bore they are
Always getting broken
and getting people into troubble.
Do you think, dear father,
do you posibly think
You
Could
Let me have a few shillings, say four
(or five)
For Fireworks? Do you know
Theyve got the most topping asortmint at
Rumby's.
Blue devils and squibs!
Rockets!!
Cracquers de Chine!!!
(That's a good line, eh, father?)
And any amount more.
I invite you all most cordialy
To a Grand Display in the Garden
Sharp at 6.30
Including Refreshmints (light).
I thought some jam puffs would be the thing
or else rusian pastreys.
But perhaps not R.P.'s
because of dear mother's indegestion
and you never know what there made of.
Perhaps buns would be best after all
And you get a nice lot for 1s.
Let's hope for fine weather.
Your loving son,
Dick.
P.S. Please dont tell mother yet. Its a
supprise."

When I saw Dick, his face was alight with pleasurable anticipation. I could see he wanted his effort to be judged in the light of an appeal to charity rather than on its literary merits. I regarded it judicially, while Dick fidgeted at my elbow.

"Of course, Dick," I told him, "when I said there were no rules I didn't mean you to infer that the freedom of the verse also allowed the breaking of the good old rules of grammar and spelling. I believe that even the worst of free-verse writers refrain from such errors as often as, even oftener than, they refrain from using capital letters."

"Oh," said Dick profoundly, wide-eyed, "I expect mine's pretty feeble, even for a first go. I say, though, Father, would it be any use if I did a few corrections and improvements?"

"No, Dicky," I said kindly but firmly; "I wouldn't spend any more time on it if I were you. But seriously, old man, my chief objection to it is that it *isn't* free verse at all."

"*Isn't* it?" asked Dick, amazed. "But I don't see how it could be freer."

"On the contrary," I argued as I handed him the money, "it's costing me five shillings. And for goodness' sake don't set the house on fire. That's *very* expensive."

The English—Are they Shy?

"Public School Man would like to meet young, well-educated Frenchman, with view to improving his French."
Advt. in Daily Paper.

"VIENNA, Monday.—The banks here to-day refused to exchange British money for tourists."—*Daily Paper.*

Globe-trotters are apt to be a nuisance in the strong-room.

The Cat Returns.

"MAIL ROBBER SENTENCED.
'TOUGH MAN OF MINNESOTA.'
5 YEARS HIDING IN LONDON."
Daily Paper.

That ought to make him tender.

AT THE PICTURES.

NEW YORK AND THE SOUTH SEAS.

SOME of the best film-acting I have yet seen is in *Bad Girl* at the Tivoli, where the whole weight of the story is borne by two persons only, Miss SALLY



Dorothy Haley (*Miss* SALLY EILERS). "I LIKE YOU BECAUSE YOU'RE DIFFERENT."
Eddie Collins (*Mr.* JAMES DUNN). "AND THE WAY YOU'RE VAMPING ME, *you* ARE DIFFERENT—FROM GIRLS THAT ARE DIFFERENT."

EILERS and Mr. JAMES DUNN. To do so much with so small a cast is something of a novelty; another novelty is the rigour with which essentials are adhered to and the materials of New York daily life have been employed. The fact that one misses none of the usual spectacular accessories is a proof that the acting is good. New York's daily speech is employed too, with the strange effect of emphasising not the variety of the American vernacular but its very narrow limits. Three terms dominate the dialogue: "guy," "swell" and "O.K.", but as they are exactly the terms that these two young people, a radio-mechanic and a mannequin, would use, the effect of reality is increased. In fact *Bad Girl* is what dramatic critics used to call "a slice of life," and I'll say no more of its quality for fear of being accused of sawing sawdust—the radio-mechanic's phrase for those (far from few) who pursue a subject after it is exhausted.

The plot is concerned with the course of true love, which begins at Coney Island, finishes in a taxi and *en route* leads to a maternity hospital. If it does not run always smooth you must blame the little stranger—or, in this case, for a while, estranger. But why *Bad Girl* was chosen as a title I cannot understand. Miss SALLY EILERS, the mannequin, is never bad; she is merely perplexed, the victim of a misunderstanding, and too ready, in her nervous state of health, to be suspicious. But bad, no. When smiling, laughing, adoring, she is irresistible, and we are therefore all as glad as *Eddie*, her husband, is when the cloud lifts. As for Mr. JAMES DUNN, who plays *Eddie*, he is a new star (O.K.), and it is safe to say that, in his own phrase as he and his wife look from their roof-garden at the night sky, he is not a "phony" one—phony being American for counterfeit. In fact he is swell. His place in the firmament is fixed by reason of a prepossessing appearance, an easy manner, an attractive voice and much dramatic skill acquired in the best way: that is, in stock companies on the stage proper.

I am indebted to Mr. DUNN not merely for a fine performance, but for sending me back to BRET HARTE. Twice during the play he is delighted because babies, one of them his own, hold his finger and won't let go. He does not say, "He rastled with it, the d——d little cuss," but something so like it that I had to turn again to *The Luck of Roaring Camp* for old sake's sake.

On the evening that I saw *Bad Girl*, the new WALT DISNEY extravaganza, now a recognised addition to the best



A SPLENDID SLEEPING PERFORMANCE.

The Boy . . . . . MATAHI.

programmes, dealt with bird-life. Beginning with the usual dances, done with the ingenuity and spirit to which we are accustomed, it became memorable when the capture of a young chicken by a hawk caused the sparrows to mobilise and attack. Here the artist is truly inspired. The war in the air, sharp and fierce and intensely thrilling, ends in the disintegration of the bird of prey and the restoration of the chick to the bosom of its family; a moment not less moving than any in *Bad Girl*.

The comprehensiveness of the camera's activities is illustrated by the



THE BILL FOR THE CHAMPAGNE PARTY;

OR, THE WICKED WHITE AND YELLOW MEN.

South Sea idyll of frustration, *Tabu*, which Paramount has just released. No Manhattan sophistication here, but Polynesia, for a while carefree and garlanded and then plunged in woe. Not a talkie, it is what is called a "sound film," with native music to haunt the ear, although without any dominating melody like the "Pagan Love Song" which RAMON NAVARRO and his dusky darling used to sing in a film that belongs to the same family. Would that *Tabu* was as joyous! It will be remembered that RAMON, swimming after the captor of his heart's delight, caught up his boat, pushed him into a shark-infested sea and was for ever blest. There is a captor in a boat in *Tabu* too, and there is a shark-infested sea, and the lover swims after—— But I will leave the plot there, with the remark that happy endings do no one any harm.

I thought *Tabu* very beautiful but, at the close of a ruined summer with a doubly dark winter ahead of us, so tantalising that I came away murmuring—

"O Polynesia, frank and mild,
Meet nurse for a chaotic child!"

and wondering how soon, if ever, I could get there. E. V. L.

THE HIGHLAND SPIRIT.

(The Hon. Petunia Potts leaves her modern flat, a converted stable in Soho, for Castle Fush, in the Scottish Highlands.)

Is there anything more delightfully stimulating than life in a Scottish castle? Apart from the soul-stirring atmosphere of tradition, there is that moving impulse to try to keep warm, dodging the cold blast indoors and out, which utterly destroys one's lounging propensities.

On arrival I was received by the MacFush of MacFusherie in the great hall—a most successful and *intime* blend of St. Paul's Cathedral and the Natural History Museum, enlivened by stuffed animals and a mere *soupçon* of knick-knacks by a monumental mason.

At the far end of the hall a group of people, suggestive of the Nicer Nineties, were huddled round a Yule-log. No doubt this was an out-of-season tribute to an overdue summer. Everyone was wearing the most *recherché* tweed clothes, so reminiscent of coconut-matting in its wilder state. Colonel Chaparty wore the kilt and looked especially picturesque standing between a marble bust of DISRAELI and a case of haggis, once the property of RODERICK DHU. Dear Moravia Shropshire looked rather *outré* in a tea-gown of reinforced Turkey carpet, but who shall blame her? Everyone was drinking tea and masticating the varied and grittier forms of solidified oatmeal.

My bedroom was situated in the Donjon Keep between the buttress where Black Bertram was butchered and the tower where Mad Maggie meandered on the eve of execution. The nearest bathroom within hiking distance was in the North Wing. Through these galleries the rebel chieftains once rushed to their doom. I could not help feeling it was quite marvellous that they escaped pneumonia following chronic melancholia.

At screech of dawn I awoke, conscious of the cries of ghostly victims of a relentless past, but found it was Bonnie Donald playing a bagpipe solo on the minor buttress. I recognised the heart-rending strains of "The Mangled Mid-iron," but thought the theme was somewhat outworn.

It seemed high time to rise and join the guns, wrest the braw brassie from its lair, pursue the bird on the wing or the ball in the bush. One's energy is quite devastating. So I rose, drained my porringer and joined the Macfush and his guests in a morning symphony of mist, mud and mackintoshes. So utterly wild and chillsome. Don't you agree?



Club Nuisance. "ANYONE BEEN INQUIRING FOR ME?"
Porter. "YESSIR. SEVERAL MEMBERS HAVE RUNG UP TO ASK IF YOU WAS STILL 'ERE."

THE TRAFFIC BLOCK.

ONE summer eve it happened thus
While on a stationary bus,
I saw a board that said, "To let—
This choice unfurnished maisonette."

I know I did not stir from where
I sat in London's thoroughfare,
And how it happened I forget—
I had no key, no lease, and yet

The dining-room had pewter mugs,
A parquet floor, blue peacock rugs,
While in another room were set
White roses on a brown spinet.

And there were golf-clubs in the hall,
And narrow etchings on a wall,
And there of course was sweet Nanette
(A lady I have never met).

With sounds of London down below
And London's evening sky aglow
And London's spires in silhouette,
We dined and then we played piquet.

"A tierce, Madame!" "A quint!" said she;
At this the bus moved on with me,
And, looking back, I saw "To let—
This choice unfurnished maisonette."

AT THE PLAY.

"TAKE TWO FROM ONE" (HAYMARKET).

FAINT rumours had reached me that this play, translated, and admirably translated, out of the Spanish of the brothers SIERRA, was not as good as it ought to be, coming from such sources. How such an opinion can have been formed I cannot conceive. Here is farce—swift, bright, imaginative, original. True, the First Act opens in a mood of semi-seriousness. But why on earth shouldn't it?

I suppose a prejudice in favour of the authors makes me here a little less candid than is fitting. Perhaps the First Act *is* a little out of tune with its successors. But to insist on that is to be too academic. It was a good First Act ending in the excitement of a ship on fire and skilfully used to define and contrast the characters. Indeed I think there was unexpected pleasure in the gradual realisation during the second phase of the affair that we were in for some lively well-contrived nonsense.



THE HAPPY BIGAMIST—DOUBLE MATE.
Faustino . . . . . MR. NICHOLAS HANNEN.
Marcela . . . . . MISS PEGGY ASHCROFT.

Don Faustino (Mr. NICHOLAS HANNEN), a handsome but not highly-intellectual lawyer practising in Madrid, is nearing the end of his honeymoon-trip with his beautiful, impulsive (to say the least) and incalculable bride, *Diana* (Miss GERTRUDE LAWRENCE). The ship has entered the Red Sea and—there is fire aboard. All behave reasonably well except a rather too handsome and much too esurient and complacent tangoish sort of stranger, who goes yellow when the crisis comes. M. KOMISARJEVSKY here managed his movements, groupings, panics, noises (OFF), grey clouds racing (distractingly) across a blue-black sky with his accustomed skill.

We next proceed to the salon of *Don Faustino's* apartment in Madrid. Above live the parents, after that horribly un-English and therefore of course impossible patriarchal fashion. A new and beautiful wife, *Dona Marcela* (Miss PEGGY ASHCROFT), is installed. *Don Faustino* is an uxorious person, quite evidently. Poor *Diana* had perished in the burning wreck a year-and-a-half ago. The new mistress is all of the most proper—adoring and adorable, quiet and soft and sweetly reasonable; where *Diana* had been, though loving, fiery and prickly and wayward. It looks like the difference between sharing a cage with a gazelle and with a tigress—a very nice tigress, of course. The portrait of the tigress hangs above the fireplace. *Dona Marcela* professes the desire to imitate her in all things, to keep her memory green, not to try to oust the lost mistress from *Don Faustino's* heart.

And lo! *Diana*, sketchily habited in the brilliant Manchester cottons affected by the Mpunkakeles, a definitely primitive African tribe, bursts into the salon (she has been rescued by a wandering airman) with the skin of a small crocodile filled with emeralds as sole luggage. If before *Diana* was unexpected, now she is, as we say (and shouldn't), "simply phenomenal." The Mpunkakeles have evidently a forthright technique in love. The astonied *Don Faustino* is overwhelmed by shock, embarrassment, apprehension and stifled delight, and by the most hungry, direct and public caresses. When the briefly-mourned lady catches sight of the gazelle it is not at all certain that she will not eat her or maul her pretty mask. She has acquired a queer habit of growling from her late hosts. And the gazelle on her part grows unexpected claws and horns. She has her own way of defending herself. *Don Faustino* is in a hole. The family swarm down from above and up from below to babble about the dilemma. What to do? Are both the women to remain in the house? And where are they to sleep? And where he? (It will be conjectured by the perceptive that the authors manage this situation with less crudely emphasised innuendoes than are in the current vogue, and will not be surprised to find that nothing of the essential fun is lost thereby. In fact the more reticent technique is a welcome change.) The authors finally dismiss their characters in an amusing if not entirely convincing way and the players, who have acquitted themselves admirably, bow to our obviously genuine plaudits—Miss GERTRUDE LAWRENCE (never in better form), Miss PEGGY ASHCROFT (showing she is not a one-kind-of-part girl), Mr. NICHOLAS HANNEN (with his easy imperturbable manner, excellent elocution and his plausible man-of-the-world air) and their capable colleagues. A very pleasant, ingenious and stimulating affair. T.



THE RETURN OF THE "GONE" NATIVE.
Diana . . . . MISS GERTRUDE LAWRENCE.
Faustino . . . MR. NICHOLAS HANNEN.

"KING JOHN" (SADLER'S WELLS).

For the Sadler's Wells Autumn Season the choice is a play by Mr. WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE—*King John*. It is a chronicle play somewhat of the model that Mr. JOHN DRINKWATER has made familiar to us. It has not the easy flow and precision of that ingenious chronicler, and we doubt if Mr. SHAKESPEARE allows himself to be (shall we say?) intimidated by the mere facts. If he, or the producer in his behalf, would freely use a blue pencil we should be spared some rather dreadful *longueurs*—we found the shrewish *Constance* frankly a bore—and should be able to savour the vigour, beauty and, we would dare to say, the splendour of his purple patches. For Mr. SHAKESPEARE is definitely a romantic and a poet. We shall hear more of him (we have!), and mean-

while we commend this brilliant if unconventional essay in selected history and this occasion for admirable spectacle to all and sundry. We often tend to forget that a play which may be academically written down a bad play may have qualities which lift it high above the finished efforts of more experienced and less ingenuous playwrights.

The character of *King John*, with his wayward Plantagenet temper and the craft which his soldier-brother lacked and perhaps a hint of incipient madness, is subtly drawn and admirably spoken by Mr. ROBERT SPEAIGHT, who has filled out the part with an emphasis and subtlety uncommon in so young an actor—uncommon perhaps in an actor of much longer experience; while the quite magnificent part of *The Bastard*—and we use the qualifying adjective with a full sense of its implications—is finely presented by Mr. RALPH RICHARDSON. The gay touches of honest bawdry, the jolly insolence, the reckless courage, the air of assured authority (and this was admirably blended by the actor with the other more forthright qualities and did not stand out as a "patch")—all these were cleverly indicated. We may add that this actor knows how to speak his lines at a fine headlong pace without swallowing his words.

Is it fanciful to find in the stirring if slightly incoherent passage which ends this noble medley—

> "This England never did nor never shall
> Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror.
> But when it first did help to wound itself.
> Now these her princes are come home again,*
> Come the three corners of the world in arms,
> And we shall shock them. Nought shall make us rue
> If England to itself do rest but true"—

a message for us in our present crises, flights from pound and the like?

Mr. O. P. SMYTH has decorated the play with imagination. There is a sober splendour in his colour, contrived without expensive materials (a valuable gift). His scenery and lighting are for the most part excellent. But he allows himself rather childish touches, such as those arches, like sections of ancient carriage-umbrellas which spring from, or rather are stuck into, his soaring pillars in a frequently-repeated scene; and while the huddled grouping of the *King's* interview with the gaunt *Salisbury*, the fiery *Pembroke* and the "other lords" was effective, the lighting hid completely the eyes of the actors—a quite unpardonable fault. Nor did the stylised battle between the French and English, which might have been effective, carry its meaning (W. K. H. thought it was a smart piece of company drill!) or rise to any height of significant beauty. T.

* Mr. MACDONALD, Mr. SNOWDEN, Mr. BALDWIN, Sir HERBERT SAMUEL?

"OFF THE MAP" (LITTLE).

Mr. HERBERT JONES tells his excellent little magazine-story, *Off the Map*, with considerable skill, sense of theatre and economy of words, and, with the help of smooth skilful production by Mr. CEDRIC HARDWICKE and a competent well-balanced cast, gives us an enjoyable evening's entertainment, without any undue brain-fag.



SHAKESPEARE MODERNISED.

King John. "Mark yon young boy; I pry-thee bump him off;
He is a serpent, take him for a ride.
In other words, put Arthur on the spot."

Hubert de Burgh . . MR. GEORGE ZUCCO.
King John . . . . . MR. ROBERT SPEAIGHT.

The scene (by Mr. AUBREY HAMMOND) is the living-room of a house on a small bird-haunted island of the Outer Hebrides. We are shown this room from three different angles (one angle per Act), and whether this was worth the expense—it did certainly give us variety—it is for the Management to decide.

Frank Barlow (Mr. EDMUND WILLARD), with his faithful *Pooley* (Mr. RICHARD GOOLDEN), are the sole occupants of this sole residence on the island. *Barlow* is an ornithologist—with a past. He had been a doctor and committed a felony solely from the natural human desire to help out of a bad hole an embarrassed young woman of his acquaintance.

Out of the storm and a wrecked ketch comes to him an unpleasant reminder of that past—a rather nasty piece of work—one *Lane*, blackmailer and bank-robber. With him are his accomplice in the bank adventure, *Jim Fielding* (Mr. PHILIP MORANT), who has burnt a hole in his hand with an oxy-acetylene flame—a failure of technique which betrays the amateur—and is at death's door because the wound has become septic. There is also his sister, *Mary, Lane's* mistress, or rather ex-mistress and now resolute enemy—obviously a naturally virtuous young woman who, trying to rescue her brother, has been blackmailed by *Lane* into giving her "love" as the price of silence. (Here the magazine technique becomes a little too apparent.) Naturally *Barlow* promptly falls in love with *Mary* and is for rescue by hook from crook.

Incidentally the bank messenger has dropped down dead; but no jury will be so simple as to believe that. So that the shipwrecked three are in the devil of a hole. *Barlow* can be squeezed for a little more money, thinks *Lane*, and can be forced to give asylum for a day or two, till *Jim* either pegs out, which he, *Lane*, would, frankly, much prefer, or recovers sufficiently to be heaved into the ketch and out of the Hebrides to safety. The astute Chief of Police of Belfast (Mr. SAM LIVESEY)—the bank was in Belfast—appears on the trail; but the ketch and the dead bodies of *Jim* and *Lane* have been disposed of by *Barlow*. (Mr. EDMUND WILLARD'S kindly-sinister twisted smile indicated to us that he would be capable of helping a friend and dealing faithfully with an enemy.) It was the exasperated *Mary* who had very properly removed the unspeakable *Lane*. The Chief's superhuman astuteness is at fault for once. A keen glance at the auger with tiny specks of wood-fibre attached unaccountably fails to reveal the whole story, and we are made to understand that *Mr.* and *Mrs. Barlow* and the incomparable *Pooley* live happily ever after.

As I say, a very sound piece of story-telling, admirably presented and very good of its kind, which is the soundest testimonial a play can have. T.

Greasy Introspection.

"SOVIET BUTTER REVELATIONS.
MADE IN FILTHY DIARIES."
Penang Paper.

"KEEN MEN and WOMEN, West Essex, over 25, well educated, to sell new unique musical inventions. Cells at sight."
Advt. in Daily Paper.

If only the first loud-speaker agents had been treated as summarily!

HELP FOR THE ORDINARY CONCERT-GOER.

As they are at present, Programme Notes benefit nobody. Indeed it is hard to imagine whom they are intended to benefit; they hold no message for you and me, intelligent as we are in many small ways. What, for instance, are we to make of an observation like this:—

"The third movement resembles a scherzo with three trios."

Or this:—

"Then there is a short wood-wind theme four bars long, of which the third and fourth are inversions of the first and second."

And then they gibber at us in Italian until we are too confused and ashamed to derive any enjoyment from the music that is being played.

Neither can these notes be of any use to the other section of the audience—the musical *intelligentsia*. They can tell exactly what ought to happen next. They say to themselves, "Now for the third movement resembling a scherzo with two trios." Or, "Aha! The third and fourth bars of this theme are going to be inversions of the second and first." These people are educated to so fine a degree of musical perception that they actually know beforehand that a thing labelled—

Prelude in F Sharp. Op. 16, No. 23 . . *Stalin.*

may really turn out to be the thing that goes "Zinkety-ponk-ponk, Zinkety-ponk," and which we like so much because in places it sounds like *The King's Horses*. We in our ignorance should probably have gone out and missed it altogether.

Nor am I willing to believe that these notes are written for the pleasure of the writers themselves. This world may be corrupt and vicious, but I cannot bring myself to think that it contains anyone with soul so dead as to reel off this sort of prattle for his own delectation.

Therefore, if these notes are redundant to the *cognoscenti* and do not, as we trust, amuse their writers, we are forced to the conclusion that they are meant for you and me, and that we are not intelligent enough to appreciate them. I think that we should be appealed to in a more human manner if we are really to become scherzo-minded and coda-conscious. The following examples will give some indication of the sort of thing that would stimulate a real interest in music among those who at present quail before the technicalities of the ordinary Programme Note:—

"Overture . . Tannhäuser . . . *Wagner.*

You will like this, because you probably know the first bit already. It represents pilgrims going off to Rome, as they do in the Opera. In fact, the whole thing is bits out of the Opera really. After this there is a lot of exciting fizzling by the violins representing nymphs and things trying to get at *Tannhäuser's* soul. Then there is a very snappy march tune, and the rest of it is a long scrap between the violins and the people at the back with those drain-pipes and whatnot, both lots playing different tunes. The last three minutes are worth watching, especially the violins—that is why we have put them in front. Don't clap until you are sure that everything is quite over as there are a lot of chords at the end and you may get caught out.

Praeludium } . . . . . *Järnefelt.*
Berceuse }

These are rather short bits, so that the blowing people can get their second wind. The first one is quite amusing because some of the violins are handicapped by not being allowed to use their bows, so they make a queer 'Plunk-plunk-plunking' noise by getting at the strings with the naked hand. 'Berceuse' means 'Cradle Song.' You may find it a bit slow after the other one, but it has quite a good tune in it.

SAPELLNEWSKI.

Prelude in C Sharp. Op. 7, No. 16 (Left-hand alone). }
Étude in G. Op. 16, No. 9 . . . . } *Tuttle.*
Polonaise in A. Op. 2, No. 31. }
Bruit for two notes only. Op. 1, No. 1 . . . . . *Jing'l.*

This is really what all these fierce-looking people have come to hear, but you will find it rather a bad do. You had better get on with the Crossword provided on the back cover of the programme. Or, if you like, you can get a drink at the bar on the left past the cloak-room where you came in. This Sapellnewski bird is supposed to be the best man in the world for interpreting Tuttle. You will be able to say that you have heard him, which is all that matters.

Ballet Music . . Rosamunde . . *Schubert.*

You can easily recognise this from *Lilac Time*. SCHUBERT cribbed quite a lot of his best things from this play. That *Marche Militaire* that the next-door brat is always practising is out of it too.

Hungarian Rhapsody, No. 2 . . . . *Liszt.*

There is no need to be frightened at this just because it has a number instead of a proper name. It is really jolly good, and you have probably heard either this or one from the same stable. I can't actually describe it because it keeps breaking out in a fresh place with piano bits in between.

Symphony No. 2 in D (The 'Hysteric'). *Noisiewitch.*

Lentil (Thick); Festina lente (Hurriedly slow, or slowly hurried); Con glomerazione (Everyone for himself); Tomato (Brightly coloured and well-rounded).

Get out before this one starts. If you really want to hear it you had better break yourself in to it gradually by means of small slices at a time on gramophone-records, and then come back another night when we are doing it again. Good-bye, and thanks awfully for coming along."

FASHIONS FOR THE FALL.

THE Maison St. Stephen has spoken
Proclaiming the vogue for the year—
A silhouette starkly unbroken,
An aspect restrained and severe;
All habits should follow a chaste line,
With no inclination to frill;
All belts must be tight and the waste line
Contracted to *nil*.

The colour scheme set for the season
Is scarce over-garish in hue—
One might, with some vestige of reason,
Envisage the outlook as blue;
Delights, we must laugh them to scorn with
Each nose at a heavenward tip;
While chins *à la* SNOWDEN are worn with
A stiff upper lip.

No mannequins floppy and pliant
Across the new fashion-plates sprawl,
The pose is erect, self-reliant,
With resolute back to the wall.
Though taxes should soar like the steeple
And wallets go flat as the road,
'Tis certain that all the best people
Will follow the mode.

Things Which Might Have Been Expressed Less Polygamously.

"J. E. ——, the popular —— County Cricketer, who is ever the hero when he plays for the County team, is here seen with his this week's bride coming out of —— Church."—*Midland Paper.*

"WIFE CLAIMS £20,000
BEAUTIFUL DANCER SAID TO HAVE STOLEN HUSBAND'S AFFECTION
FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT."
Daily Paper.

Co-respondent, surely?

"London.—Baker Street Station. Thoroughly clean, comfortable rooms and breakfast, gas fires. Rest or holiday. Terms moderate."—*Advt. in Nurses' Paper.*

We have written to the stationmaster asking for information regarding pension terms for the third-class waiting-room.





HOLIDAY HAUNTS.

TAKE the sea's weed home by train,
Damp with salt tears 'twill remain!
Steal the sea's shells from the shore,
They will sigh for evermore!
For the sea gives but on loan;
Leave her, when you go, her own,
Lest you be from that time on
Haunted, when your visit's done,
With sad sighs of sea-shells mourning
And with seaweed's tears. Take warning,
For the sea holds spell for ever;
Sea-things lose their sea-love NEVER.

E. T.







Keen Employer. "THE MISTRESS SAYS SHE SAW YOU GOING HOME LAST EVENING WITH A WHOLE LOT OF VEGETABLES."
Gardener. "AH, I CAN SEE YOU'VE NEVER 'AD A GARDENER BEFORE. IF YOU'D 'AD ONE YOU'D KNOW AS YOU SHOULD NEVER INTERFERE WITH 'EM."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

THERE is little enough of MARGARET KENNEDY'S admirable romantic manner in her new novel—a slightly tawdry study of an extremely tawdry set assembled for a country-house week-end. Saturday-to-Monday at Syranwood is always (you gather) an episodic interval; for your aged hostess, *Lady Geraldine Rivaz* (offspring of an Irish peer and relict of a cosmopolitan financier), is not above a sympathetic staging of the attachments (legitimate and illegitimate) of her descendants in both categories. A granddaughter, *Marianne*, is already in residence; and you travel down from Waterloo with *Geraldine's* daughter, *Laura*, her cousin, *Philomena*, an assortment of husbands and boy-friends, a millionaire and a slightly damaged Society beauty. Designed for the delectation of the last-named is *Hugo Pott*, an *arriviste* young playwright entirely at the mercy of his publicity agent, who has not only been allowed but actually compelled (he is extremely overwrought and sleepy) to put in an appearance at Syranwood. The breaking of *Hugo's* bonds is the central theme of the book; with *Laura's* infatuation for a toxicologist and *Philomena's* fruitless investment of *Hugo* as side-dishes. Handled for the most part with a satirical jauntiness that I personally find infuriating, *Return I Dare Not* (HEINEMANN, 7/6) has its subsidiary charms; notably its pathetic and beautiful portraits of old *Geraldine* and young *Marianne* and its moral that the smarter survivals of the War generation are worthless save as physical links between old and new integrity and purposefulness. On this basis, however, its ultimate end, the redemption of *Hugo*, is particularly hard to credit.

Some novel-readers may find it a relief to get back from our restless moderns to the archaic simplicity of *The Greek Slave* (WERNER LAURIE, 7/6). Mr. DOUGLAS SLADEN has decorated his cover with a reproduction of the Venus of Cnidus from the Vatican (without the tin garment imposed upon her by a modest-minded Pope some generations ago) and with a coin of ALEXANDER THE GREAT. His novel also is something of a museum-piece. It takes us back to the hoplites, the hypaspists and the parasangs of our lost youth. We meet again *Mithridates* and *Darius* with his consort *Statira*; we are present at the battle of Issus and the siege of Tyre, and when *Alexander* plunges into the snow-cooled waters of the Cydnus and is only saved from the resultant fever by the skill of that famous leech, *Philip* of Acarnania, and the devotion of *Archias*, his shield-bearer. It is this *Archias*, by the way, who is the nominal hero of the book; for it is he who weds the beautiful *Arethusa* of Syracuse, daughter of *Dion* and *Arete*. But the ceremony is barely completed before she is reft from him by pirates and sold to the wealthy *Charmides* of Miletus, whence she is taken to the court of *Darius*, and finally falls into *Alexander's* hands, while her unhappy husband in the meantime has been blinded and thrown into a dungeon by the priests of *Azimelco*, King of Tyre. The love-passages between her and the Great King display a public-school spirit on the part of ALEXANDER that is creditable if unexpected. Mr. SLADEN is a scholar and handles his material simply, without bombast. But I doubt whether there is still a remunerative market for this sort of work.

It was a happy idea of Lord D'ABERNON's to collect the vignettes of contemporaries scattered about his Berlin

Diary; and, augmenting these by others not less interesting, to publish a volume of *Portraits and Appreciations* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON, 7/6). His two-dozen portraits are not merely character-sketches. They take cognizance of the circumstances and actions of men who have either made our Europe what it is or have striven to avert that catastrophe. That the sketches are all but one benevolent does not hinder a dash of kindly malice; as when CURZON's "infinite consideration" for his circle is attributed to its being in some sort the extension of himself. Nor does a certain stateliness of manner preclude the nice conduct of such dramatic moments as the final exit of ABDUL HAMID from Yildiz, with his Angora cat, three Sultanas and four concubines. All the German portraits—STRESEMANN, VON SCHUBERT, WIRTH, VON SEECKT, VON MALTZAN, STINNES and RATHENAU—are peculiarly informative; and the picture of STINNES, the sole exception to Lord D'ABERNON's policy of kindliness, is an indictment of a type rather than a man—the type so deeply engrossed in finance that it is impossible to distinguish the patriotic interest from the personal. His final "Appreciations" of the German character and the French are equally shrewd and engaging—a notable contribution to that genuine understanding which is all the good European has to work for. His illustrations range from the Duchess of RUTLAND's "Earl BALFOUR" to AUGUSTUS JOHN's "STRESEMANN," with a score of characteristic photographs.

After a short period of domination by the unspeakable *Béla Kun*, the proud and ancient people of beautiful Hungary fairly drove their frothy Communists into exile, and there have kept them ever since. Professor ELEMÉR MÁLYUSZ has traced the subsequent activities of this ejected group in a study—*The Fugitive Bolsheviks* (GRANT RICHARDS, 12/6)—which is important only as disclosing the workings of a completely unscrupulous campaign to discredit Hungary in the eyes of Western Europe, but which acquires some little further claim to notice as a psychologist's analysis of certain aspects of Bolshevism. That in spite of this twofold qualification the resulting volume is in no sense readable, a very summary inspection will persuade any sane reader, for a more dreary waste of pages no conscientious student of contemporary history was ever required to peruse. Much of its yeasty content consists of lengthy extracts from obscure journals and grandiose manifestoes, while the connecting links supplied by the author, though honest and to some extent coherent, are dreadfully lacking in charm. As for that new culture to which he tries to render impartial justice, it is difficult to work up enthusiasm over lyrical conceptions such as those invoked, for instance, by collections of words like "Lamps bud shoe-lasts and grace" or "My heart is as the hair of an electric-light bulb," to re-quote two of the most possible among the unspeakably nasty lines of so-called verse presented here; difficult indeed to associate the Bolshevist school of literature with anything humanly intellectual at all.

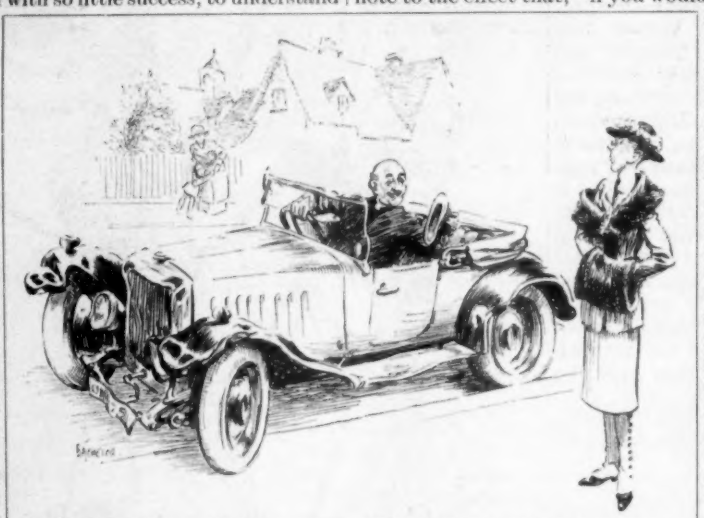


Mr. Macphee (sternly resisting blandishments of persuasive Oriental). "NA, NA. MA WIFE DOESNA' WEAR EXPENSIVE JEWELLERY."

There is often, as TASSO (or was it ARIOSTO?) remarked, a conflict in the youthful breast between the desire of fame and the impulse to love. Thus it was with *Sir Richard Garriock*, the Conservative Under-Secretary for India, brilliant, ambitious and still youthful (he was but in his middle thirties), who was only awaiting the disappearance of a few elderly mediocrities to rise to highest office. But in private life he was an unscrupulous amorist, simultane-

ously entangled with his own housekeeper and with the wife of a fellow-Member. In what purported to be a friendly fencing-bout he killed the husband he had wronged—not that he might marry his mistress, but to avoid having to do so. The coroner's jury gave a verdict of "Death by misadventure," but the dead man's mother, the old *Countess of Staines*, emerged from her herbaceous borders to denounce *Sir Richard* as a murderer. He brought a slander action and lost it—and the next step inevitably lay with the Crown. So *Who Goes Home?* (BENN, 7/6) is a variation on the well-worn theme of a promising public career wrecked on the shoals of passion. Its author, Mr. A. P. NICHOLSON, has an intimate knowledge of the places where the laws are made and where justice is administered. His opening chapter suggests a political novel in the large Disraelian manner, and I fancy that he could write one. But, though he has told a good story with skill, he has this time been content to cultivate a narrower field.

I have tried hard, and with so little success, to understand Mr. STEPHEN GRAHAM'S *A Modern Vanity Fair* (BENN, 7/6) that it seems fairest both to author and reader to quote from the publishers' explanation on the jacket of the book. It is, they say, "a humorous story of London to-day, ranging between the slums and Mayfair, being the adventures of an enigmatic personage, concerning whom all that was at first known was that he had been thrown out of the Opera House in Paris." I could appreciate the satire better if Mr. GRAHAM'S book were about Moscow, for most of the companions of *Ex Riddell*, the hero, talk like characters from the more abstruse Russian plays. The activities of the women are particularly varied: they scream, remove sometimes a few of their clothes and sometimes all, rush to the East-End to drink and to the country to bathe. Every now and then something like this happens: "'Come,' said Nina to Riddell, 'let's lie on the floor and make the loudest noise we possibly can.' In a gesture she caught at his knees as she sat down in the middle of the room. She waved the other hand about her and opening her mouth wide made a harsh parrot screech at the back of her throat." Or like this (a description of *Riddell's* treatment of a dancing-partner): "Ex gave a snort like an angry horse, placed one hand on her right hip and sharply and unexpectedly threw her flat on the floor." Mr. GRAHAM has produced a surprising book, but it is difficult to follow, for most of his characters behave more like the figures in some maiden aunt's nightmare of Bohemia than like any other creatures I can imagine.



Sporting Vicar. "GOOD MORNING, MISS STUKINS. I MISSED YOU ON SUNDAY LAST."
Miss Stukins. "YES, BUT ONLY JUST."

The remarkable faculty which Mr. FRANK POLLARD displayed in his earlier novel, *Virtue Undone*, of projecting himself, as it were, into the atmosphere of the eighteenth century and delineating its manners and morals rather from the point of view of a contemporary than that of a later generation, is again exemplified in his new book, *Slaves* (GRANT RICHARDS, 7/6 net). The story deals, as its title indicates, with that traffic upon which, sordid and frequently horrible as it was, the prosperity of at least two of our great seaports was largely founded. The subject cannot in the nature of things be a pleasant one, and Mr. POLLARD does not attempt to idealise it. On the other hand he has not given way to the temptation to make his story a mere recital of horrors, and there is more than a touch of humour of the Hogarthian kind in the portraits of the Guinea captains. A love element too is not lacking, though this, like the rest of the book, is more in the SMOLLETT tradition of coarse humour than in that of the conventional "powder and patches" dear to modern fiction. Altogether, the book is one well worth reading for the picture it gives of a comparatively neglected side of bygone seafaring life.

Preceding *Fifteen Rabbits* (HEINEMANN, 6/-) is a little note to the effect that, "if you would keep men from becoming as animals, strive ever to see animals as men." And assuredly those of us who read FELIX SALTEN'S charming tale of *Hops, Plana* and the various inhabitants of the forest will find that all the animals have such distinct individualities that it is exceedingly difficult not to think of them as human beings. Admittedly stories about animals are not to everyone's taste, but FELIX SALTEN, whose position as a man of letters is most firmly established in Vienna, writes so gracefully and sympathetically that animal-lovers will give his tale the warmest of welcomes. The book is carefully translated by Mr. WHITTAKER CHAMBERS.

Mr. Punch welcomes with paternal warmth a new and revised edition of F. ANSTEY'S *Young Reciter and Model Music-Hall* (METHUEN, 5/-), with an introduction by C. L. GRAVES; also *Mine Eyes to the Hills* (BLACK, 21/-), an anthology of deer-stalking in the Highlands, arranged by P. R. CHALMERS and illustrated by V. R. BALFOUR-BROWNE; and *A Fisherman's Angles* (COUNTRY LIFE, 15/-), a collection of P. R. CHALMERS' verses and short articles about fishing, illustrated with dry-points by NORMAN WILKINSON. Some of the verses have appeared in these pages.

Mr. Punch has much pleasure in welcoming the volume of verse entitled *A Garden Revisited and other Poems*, by JOHN LEHMANN (THE HOGARTH PRESS, 3/6), and he does so not only for "old sake's sake," or as a tribute to the writer's father, "RUDIE" LEHMANN, for so many years a distinguished and well-beloved member of his inner staff, but because these verses by their charm and serenity, all too seldom found nowadays, are a happy illustration of WORDSWORTH'S definition of poetry as "emotion remembered in tranquillity."

CHARIVARIA.

THE recent total eclipse of the Harvest Full Moon was regarded in agricultural circles as the last straw.

***

A writer on etiquette says that it is bad form to talk about the weather. The proper words to describe the weather in this country would certainly be rather strong for the drawing-room.

***

There is a general feeling that next summer should take place on one complete week-end and not be scattered over odd moments of the whole season.

***

We have no confirmation of the rumour that sheaves of Russian wheat are being sent to this country to enable importers to celebrate their Harvest Festival.

***

A woman-writer describes the common earthworm as the farmer's best friend. It is feared that Lord BEAVERBROOK will not take this lying down.

***

We read of a retired actor who is looking for a business opening where the work is not too strenuous. Perhaps he would like to buy a half-share in the MOSLEY Party.

***

"Russia Buys Lead," says a daily paper. But up to the present Soviet workers have had practically no experience in swinging it.

***

We are reminded that the word "pecuniary" indicates that in ancient times cattle were currency. Some students of historical economics incline to the belief that this system was terminated by a flight from the cow.

***

In asserting before the Zoology Section of the British Association that no new reptile has appeared in the world for thirty million years, Dr. ROBERT BROOM, of South Africa, would seem to have overlooked the lounge-lizard.

***

Cultivation of cabbages in back-gardens this winter is advocated. They don't look so well in front-gardens.

***

The famous Café de Paris in the Avenue de l'Opéra is to be demolished as the site is required for business premises. It is significant of the world-wide depression that no American has offered to take it home as a souvenir.

***

Beauty specialists have been studying how blushes can be artificially produced. It seems a hopeless problem. Even our dramatists can't do it nowadays.

***

The newest style of women's hat, we gather, has the effect of making many of them look ten years older than they really aren't.



"NO, I DON'T THINK WE OUGHT TO GO OUT ANYWHERE WITH THIS CRISIS GOING ON—AND WITH THIS CRISIS GOING ON WE PROBABLY SHAN'T GET IN ANYWHERE."

Colonel R. E. CROMPTON has related to a gathering of scientists how he once had his face slapped by QUEEN VICTORIA. This never happened to Mr. HANNEN SWAFFER.

***

The Shoreham Harbour diver who came to the surface smiling after being submerged for four-and-a-half hours is yet another indication that you can't keep a good man down.

***

The modern light aeroplane costs no more than the average motor-car, we read. Perhaps not, but with the aeroplane there is the question of its upkeep.

***

A book of Safety First hints has been issued by one railway company for the use of its platelayers. They would be well advised, however, not to read between the lines.

***

A military recruit recently enlisted as being five years older than he actually was. According to Army reports he will certainly live to an advanced age.

***

A well-known author is said to receive ten shillings a line for his work in America. It is untrue, however, that he generally introduces a character with a bad stutter.

***

Table games are said to be becoming very popular among undergraduates. A Tiddley-winks Blue will always refer with pride to his Halma Mater.

***

A scientist says that mankind is of vegetable origin. Obviously. Men descend from monkeys, monkeys from trees.

***

Reference is made to the tradition that tenors cannot act. A more frequent objection to tenors is that they cannot sing.

***

People with large ears have kind hearts, we are told. Large ears are more than coronets.

***

Mrs. HELEN WILLS-MOODY has taken up etching. She is not the first lawn-tennis star to have scratched.

***

In this country a popular song does not live very long, says a music critic. This is not surprising considering the number of people who murder them.

***

An advertisement offers barometers at reduced prices. Personally we'd sooner see them go up.

BARKING INCORPORATED.

5TH OCTOBER.

Now let the note be strident
Till wan mermaidens peer,
And Neptune with his trident
Swim down old Thames to hear.
Avaunt to Care the carking!
Let sea-dogs all carouse!
To-day we place young Barking
Among the big Bow-wows.

"MAMMOTH REMAINS AT SNODLAND."
Kent Paper.

We hope it will continue to stay there.

A COUNTRY CLIENT.

I LIVE at West Bilbery, in Sussex, and while I am known to my neighbours as a poultry-farmer, my stockbroker more grandiloquently describes me as a country client; at least he did on one occasion when I took him to a bar in Throgmorton Street and offered him a double port and he introduced me to a friend of his who also had a double port at my expense.

About a week ago I had a serious talk on the depreciation of sterling with Arthur Jones when I met him at the West Bilbery Golf Club. Jones is himself a retired stockbroker, and so I have always looked on him as a financial expert. And Jones told me that I ought to buy American securities.

At first I demurred with a number of objections. I said that a step such as he advised would be unpatriotic, speculative and altogether unreasonable for anyone like myself, who was more occupied with following the variations of egg-laying records than the fluctuations of currency. Jones pooh-poohed all my objections. And he quickly produced a number of technical arguments to prove that the immediate buying of American stocks on the London market would be neither unpatriotic, speculative nor unreasonable. But if I didn't care about American stocks, why not buy a few South African mining shares? They would certainly rise on the exchange rate. So at three o'clock that afternoon I rang up my London broker from the golf club and told him of Jones's advice.

My broker did not definitely disagree, but he thought that the American position was not quite clear; what about a few Loonilevers instead? Or else the Dutch Loonie Company's shares? Loonies might benefit from the retention by the Dutch of the Gold Standard. And so far as Kaffirs were concerned they might equally fail to benefit materially unless the Dutch came off the Gold Standard. "You see, it's like this," he explained, "the Johannesburg people lose on funds remitted from their London offices, and what you make on the swings you lose on the roundabouts."

"Thr-r-ree minutes," trilled the soprano voice of the exchange operator, while my broker continued with his explanations. And when he paused to take breath and I intervened with a feeble joke about my feeling like a person in a taxi in a traffic-block watching the meter ticking up, he started off again about Loonies.

"And of course, although the importing Scandinavian countries have come off the Gold Standard and Holland hasn't," he went on, "you get the advantage of dividends paid on the standard of the Dutch currency."

"But what about Esthonia?" I queried; and that seemed to flummox him. So I pressed home my advantage by asking about Dantzig, which of course, being a free city, could please itself about gold standards or any other blessed thing.

However, my broker said he wasn't sure that Dantzig was a free city, and anyway that hadn't got anything to do with the question.

"But the Polish corridor——" I began, when the broker interrupted again about Holland. And then the soprano voice at the exchange remarked, "Six minutes."

I told the broker in no undecided tones that time was valuable even if sterling wasn't. Also that I knew nothing personally either for or against Loonilevers. But I had been advised to buy American stocks and would he please tell me at what price that day Steels had opened in New York? I particularly wanted to know the New York opening price (because Jones had emphasised the importance of this).

"New York's come off Summer Time," replied the voice of my broker, "and so we shan't know the opening prices for another hour, but I can tell you the price here if you wait a minute."

A knock sounded on the door of my telephone-box, followed by the door opening. The club secretary put his head in. "I say, old man, d' you mind coming off that line as soon as you can? All the other lines are occupied and I must put through a trunk call. By the way, I've just heard that the Dutch are coming off the Gold Standard."

"And New York's come off Summer Time," I shouted, and bolted from the box.

That night my wife asked me to explain the Gold Standard to her, and in my endeavour to be calm a large fish-bone stuck in my gullet. The doctor had to be called in to disengage the bone. I have now decided temporarily to go off the fish standard.

"The Government had put an end to the reign of the armed robber and bunman in this country."—*Irish Paper.*

We only hope that our picturesque friend the muffin-man will continue to keep going.

"Stout's winning shot in his match against Roy McConnell came at the fifteenth, a hole of 443 yards, played in the teeth of the wind against the advice of the caddie."
Daily Paper.

The new method of playing from green to tee has not yet got beyond the caddie stage.

SONG OF THE TIDDLER.

[Examinations made by London police surgeons for a Home Office inquiry reveal the fact that weight and height are no criterion of strength and efficiency, and that some of the greatest feats of endurance stand to the credit of men below average in size.]

THE surgeons who picked 'em
Have published this dictum:
"*The smallest policemen are often the best;*"
And I wish to point out
That beyond any doubt
What's true of policemen is true of the rest.

Too long have we small ones
Looked up to the tall ones
As models of all that a human should be;
But since Science denies
The importance of size,
Sing "Down with the mammoth and up with the flea!"

No more shall the bantam
Be scared by this phantom—
That men of few inches are feeble and frail;
For since tonnage and length
Are no token of strength,
Sing "Up with the minnow and down with the whale!"

In a world that's encumbered
With millions unnumbered
(Which causes the experts to grumble and grouse)
He who takes up less space
Is a boon to the race;
So down with the mountain and up with the mouse.

Then we who are little
Are cheaper to victual—
Where you need a loaf we can thrive on a crumb:
A knack in these days
Which is worthy of praise;
So down with the giant and up with Tom Thumb.

In fact my reliance
On medical science
In future I'll place with unqualified zest;
For it's proved itself sound
By this verdict profound—
"*The smallest policemen are often the best.*" JAN.

Jezebels Among the Izaaks.

"ANGLERS WHO USE THE WRONG MAKE-UP.
BY OUR OWN ANGLER."
Daily Paper.

"If weather permits, the Mahatma intends to wear his usual dhoti (loin cloth) and sandals and go bear-headed in London."
Vancouver Paper.

Like the Guards.



THE HOPEFUL DAWN.

JOHN BULL. "A NICE SMOKY SKY AT LAST."

[As was expected, the fall in the pound has, at least temporarily, stimulated production in some exporting industries.]



A SERIOUS SIDE OF PARISIAN LIFE.

Le Marché des Oiseaux on Sunday afternoon.

SAFETY FIRST FOR SWALLOWS.

At the mass meeting of birds held in the sanctuary in Hyde Park on Wednesday last, the Chair was taken by the oldest raven from the Tower whose enormous age has won him the right to be called the champion Nestor.

Letters expressing inability to attend from Lord Hawke, Sir Bernard Partridge, Mr. Justice Swift, Mr. Ralph Peacock, Mr. Christopher Robin and Captain P. C. Wren having been read, the proceedings opened.

The distinguished gathering, said the Chairman, had been convened in order that the gratitude of the English section of the feathered race might be expressed to the Viennese Society for the Protection of Birds for their recent care of the swallows which, flying South, had been overcome by the cold. As everyone reading the papers now knew, the sufferers had been housed, fed and warmed, and sent to the balmier clime of Venice by aeroplane and train. (Cheers.) These vehicles were stocked with thousands of grubs. (Renewed cheers.) Not only were the swallows thus despatched, but at Venice they were met in state by the Austrian Consul and other officials. (Loud applause.) Although the ravens at the Tower were aware that consideration for birds was no new thing, for he and his colleagues had been fed with raw meat and treated as sacred for centuries, nothing comparable to the Vienna-to-Venice experiment had ever been made before. It was certain that in the history of the relations of man and birds, not always too friendly, there was no more charming incident. All that was now needed was to frame a suitable message of thanks to the Viennese Society, which one of their friends, a carrier pigeon, had expressed himself as delighted to convey.

The pelican from St. James's Park said that he agreed with the Chairman and should give his vote.

The swan remarked that he shared the views and acquiescence of the pelican. He had always found man a very decent fellow.

Other birds spoke in a similar strain; but when the Chairman called for a show of wings some unexpected opposition set in.

The rook said he had serious cause to dissent. Did he not see his infants murdered every Whit-Monday? (Hear, hear.)

The turkey said that his own quarrel with this much-vaunted man was even more serious. He did not know what the custom of Vienna was, but in England the season dedicated to peace on earth was not complete without the sacrifice of his kith and kin. Not till "Goodwill to Turkeys" was a plank in the Christmas platform could he support the Chairman. (Sensation.)

The pheasant said that he endorsed every word spoken by the turkey. He could not, particularly at this time of the year, conceive of an Austrian assisting a pheasant into Italy. (Laughter.) He did not, he continued, propose to fly to southern climes, for he knew perfectly well what his reception would be. Exactly the same as in England. It was all very well for the raven and the pelican and the other inedible orators on the platform to throw bouquets to the swallows' friends, but he would like to see such charity begin at home. So long as, in the beautiful English autumn, he could not dare to show him-

self in public, so long should he be suspicious of mankind. (Cheers.)

The sparrow said that a great deal of fuss seemed to be made of a bird of which he personally had not a very high opinion. The swallow, if a friend at all, was a fair-weather friend. It used England merely for fun and to escape worse weather elsewhere, were that possible. (Laughter.) One swallow, it was said, did not make a summer; but this year not ten million swallows could perform that miracle. Summers were not made; nor, recently, were they born. He had had great pleasure in destroying swallows' nests in order to build his own, and he should continue to do so. He (the sparrow) was an honest British workman and the swallow was merely a foreign dumper. (Sensation.) To hear the Chairman's sentiment about the kindness of man to these pampered voluptuaries gave him the pip. He would believe in the kindness of man when he himself met with it. Austria might have become suddenly humane, but in England there were still too many Sparrow Clubs in existence. (Hear, hear.) And everyone knew what Italy's attitude to small birds was. Supposing he and his family were to arrive in Venice, would they be met at the station by consuls and officials? Not they. They would be met by men with guns. ("Shame!")

The thrush said that he agreed with every word the sparrow had spoken and envied him his command of language, which came, he assumed, from his intimacy with both town and country. He himself could speak only as a rustic, but he should like to express his own surprise that the swallow should be thought worthy of so much attention. Not only did it make England merely a place of convenience, but it could not even sing. The nightingale also used this great country entirely to serve its own ends and was careful never to spend the winter with us, but the nightingale did have the grace to make some musical return for the hospitality we gave it. "No song no supper" was a good rule, and he did not mind how soon it was applied to the swallows.

The Chairman said that speakers were tending to stray from the point. The character of the swallow, good or bad, was not material; why they were all met together was to record their appreciation of the new spirit of comradeship between men and birds as exemplified by the recent events in Vienna. He would call upon their friend the London pigeon to wind up the debate, which he was sorry to see was not marked by the unanimity that he had hoped and expected. The pigeon, from his habit of roosting over the British Museum portico, had acquired much wisdom, and they could safely follow his lead.

The pigeon said he was sorry not to be able to support the proposal. Once upon a time he might have done so, but now that the authorities were employing a rat-catcher—a rat-catcher, if you please!—to reduce the ranks of his species by every kind of subterfuge and cunning, he must refuse. No testimonial to any human being, Viennese or English, would ever get his signature. (Sensation.)

At this expression of independence and disapproval the confusion became intense and the meeting broke up, but not before a large number of cats disguised as reporters secured some very tasty tit-bits.

E. V. L.



Boy (revisiting resort). "Look, Daddy, that man's moved!"

THE WRONG TURNING.

Say theorists, on liberty intent,
"The child will flourish, following its bent"—
A charming thought, encountered in a book,
But what if he is bent on being a crook?

W. K. H.

More Undiecision.

"Drastic reduction in all sizes of underwear."—*Advt. in Edinburgh Shop.*

MISLEADING CASES.

Dahlia, Ltd. v. *Yvonne.*

An interesting point was argued yesterday in the House of Lords. The House, by a majority (Lords Sheep and Bottle dissenting), allowed the appeal of Dahlia, Ltd., against a decision of the Court of Appeal, reversing a judgment of Mr. Justice Tooth. The Lord Chancellor had read a learned judgment to this effect, awarding damages of five thousand pounds with costs against the respondent, Madame Yvonne; and the House was in the act of rising when Mr. David, for the respondent, a young barrister making his first appearance before the House, asked that costs in the appeal should be borne by the Crown on the ground that the judgment was in the nature of an Act of God.

The Lord Chancellor (*resuming a sitting position on the Woolsack*). I beg your pardon?

Mr. David. An Act of God, milord.

Lord Flake. *What* is an Act of God?

Mr. David. The decision of this House, milord. Milord, in the case of *Ramble* v. *Spatt*, 2 *H.L.* (1893), at page 147——

The Lord Chancellor. Mr. David, the authority of this House is without doubt very great, and I do not like to discourage junior counsel from making proper expressions of their respect, but it is never wise to exaggerate. Would you kindly explain yourself?

Mr. David. May it please your lordships, it is well settled that, in the absence of any express provision to the contrary, a defendant cannot be held liable to make good any damage caused not by his own default but by the Act of God. An earthquake, milord, which destroys a theatre will relieve the manager from his promise to produce an author's play in that theatre before a given date; an insurance company will not be held liable to replace furniture destroyed by a sudden and unpredecented flood in London unless the risks specified in the policy include damage arising out of the Act of God; a conflagration, milord, which swept——

Lord Mew. Earthquakes, floods, conflagrations! What has all this to do with us?

Mr. David. Milords, in *Rump* v. *The Stepney Guardians*——

Lord Flake. There is no question of a conflagration here. The jury found that the bun was in fact composed of salicylic acid, and we have found for the appellants on the point of law.

Mr. David. Milord, with great respect, in *Rump* v. *The Stepney Guardians*—milord, in all these cases the principle is that a man can only be held responsible for damage which he might reasonably be expected to anticipate and so to avert or control. Milord, in the case of a volcanic eruption——

Lord Mew (*sharply*). Yes, but there is no volcanic eruption here.

Mr. David. Milord, with great respect, milord, the point is a little delicate——

Lord Flake. So delicate, Mr. David, as to be, at present, invisible.

Mr. David. If your lordships will bear with me for a very few moments I hope to show—— Milord, the definition of an Act of God laid down by Lord Mildew in *Turbot* v. *The Mayor of Swindon*——

Lord Bottle. Was that the guano case?

Mr. David. No, milord, the bicycle case. Milord, in that case an Act of God was defined as "something which no reasonable man could have expected."

Lord Sheep. But the respondent in this case had a *duty* not to supply buns which were composed, or mainly composed, of salicylic acid.

Mr. David. Milord, I was not referring to the bun.

The Lord Chancellor. Then what in the world are you talking about?

Mr. David (*who appeared to be suffering some embarrassment*). Milord, in my submission—milord, if your lordships will forgive me—milord, with great respect, milord, the contention is that a decision of your lordships' House is something which no reasonable man could have expected——

Lord Flake. What did you say?

Mr. David. Something which no reasonable man could have expected, milord—a decision of your lordships' House, milord—an Act of God, milord. And therefore, milord, no man can be made responsible in costs or damages as a result of it.

(For a few moments, our correspondent informs us, there was complete silence in the House of Lords.)

The Lord Chancellor. Are you quite well, Mr. David?

Mr. David. Yes, milord.

The Lord Chancellor. I should be reluctant to send your name to the Bar Council, Mr. David. Perhaps we did not hear you correctly.

Mr. David. Milord, it must be evident *a priori* that no reasonable man can foresee a decision of the House of Lords, for otherwise no reasonable man would appeal to the House of Lords only to lose his case. In the present appeal, milords, three of your lordships have found for the appellants and two for the respondent; and by the definition already cited, milords, the working of your lordships' minds——



Customer. "H'm—no tips, I see!"
Waiter. "Yes, Sir. Gives a gentleman a chance to show 'is independence, Sir."



Susceptible and bothered Country Auctioneer (to pretty girl, who will smile at him). "Excuse me, Miss, was that a *bid* you were giving me, or just the glad-eye?"

Lord Bottle. We accept the definition, Mr. David, but must not the event, to fall within the rule, be some large and cataclysmic operation of nature—an earthquake, flood, hurricane or conflagration?

Mr. David. In my submission, not necessarily, milord. I can conceive that a widespread epidemic of plague or infectious fever might be held to be an Act of God, though caused by a single minute and invisible bacillus——

The Lord Chancellor. Are you now comparing their lordships' minds with an infectious fever?

Mr. David. Not exactly, milord. Milord, to take another example, it might be held that the going off the Gold Standard——

Lord Mew. That was due to the King's enemies, not the Act of God.

Mr. David. I am obliged to your lordship for the interruption, which much assists my argument. The principle is the same in both cases, milords, that is, the incalculable nature of the event. No man can foresee an Act of God or the conduct of the King's enemies, and therefore no man is mulcted in money by the Courts for anything that follows from these proceedings, since it would be inequitable to hold a man responsible in law for that for which he cannot *ex hypothesi* be responsible in fact. A decision of your lordships' House on a difficult point of law, with great respect, milord, is as incalculable as the onset of a flood, fever or fire, and by the same reasoning it would be inequitable for either side to be compelled to pay for it.

Lord Bottle. But would not your reasoning apply with equal force to the costs of the hearing in the High Court or the Court of Appeal?

Mr. David. In the Court of Appeal, yes, milord, but not in the High Court, for there the proceedings consisted mainly in a finding of fact by the jury, and a reasonable man may be expected to foresee that a British jury will discover the true facts. But the Appellate Courts are concerned with discovering the state of the law, and here the element of uncertainty is so great as to make the event incalculable. Moreover, in this tribunal there are five judges, not one judge, so that the chances to be calculated are much more various and numerous. Where there is one judge he is either dyspeptic or he is not; but where there are five, three may be dyspeptic and two not, one may be irritable, one deaf, and three dyspeptic; or there may be one dyspeptic, two——

The Lord Chancellor. I do not think you need work out all the permutations, Mr. David. We see what you mean.

Mr. David. I am much obliged to your lordship. It follows, therefore, that he whose fortunes depend upon a decision of your lordships' House is involved, as it were, in a speculation or gamble; and where, as in the case of my client, he is dragged into the speculation by the act of another, it is against equity and the rule of law that he should be called upon to pay for the result. In the case of *Rump* v. *The Stepney Guardians*, milords——

The Lord Chancellor. Mr. David, you will have an opportunity to conclude, or withdraw, your argument to-morrow. And we advise you in the meantime to consult a doctor.

The House then rose. In legal circles the decision of the House is awaited with much interest. It was observed by legal spectators that Lords Bottle and Sheep appeared to be considerably impressed by counsel's argument.

A. P. H.

"The relative economy of the fowl and the pig as food producers is discussed, and evidence is given to show that from the flesh standpoint the fowl is just as efficient as the pig, whereas, as an egg producer, the hen is much less efficient."

Journal of British Association.

It is of course much more economical to get your eggs and your bacon from the same source.

THE NEAREST TIGER.

(Malaya.)

I WISH I were a god who knew
Exactly where each orchid grew,
Who could with his all-seeing eye
Each creature unbeknown espy
And tell by that rare gift of his,
How near the nearest tiger is.

As up and down the land we ride
Invisible partitions hide
Another life that, fierce and wild,
With man's is quite unreconciled.
And so on miles of man-made road
You may pass by the dark abode
Of deadly hamadryads who
Lie secretly and know of you.
And maybe in the lalang grass
A panther cowers to watch you pass,
And lays his whiskers back to hiss,
While you go unaware of this.

But that's what I should love to know
As up and down the land I go,
And where upon each limestone hill
A cobra coils and waits to kill—
How far inside the jungle wall
Great elephantine footsteps fall,
And if a tree is far to seek
Where some old hornbill strops his beak.

And when at night, through jungle deep,
When passengers are all asleep,
The train goes curving on alone,
I often ponder on my own
The tantalizing problem, viz.,
How near the nearest tiger is!

"DUNGEON GILL FALLS."

(Film scenario suggested by map of Lakeland District at L.M.S. Station).

DUNGEON Gill Falls is a primitive little settlement in the wilds, where men are men and shoot and ride straight. Near Dungeon Gill Falls, at Glaramara on the river Bleng, live Harter and Ulpha Fell. Their only daughter, Cartmel, is known to the countryside as Little Mell Fell.

In childhood Little Mell played with Little Hart Crag, the youngest of the Cringle Crags, a lawless, fearless family.

Iron Crag, head of the family.
Raven Crag, Dow Crag, Black Crag } his sons.
Red Crag, his brother.
Eagle Crag, Red Crag's son and heir.

Blood enemies of the Crags are the Pikes.

Pike of Stickle (Cold Pike) has sworn revenge for his sister's shame, and brought up her illegitimate son (Red Pike) to hate his father (Red Crag). Together with Cold Pike's cousin, Whiteless Pike (Pike of Bliscoe), and his son, Causey Pike, they wage war on the Crags.

Red Pike and Eagle Crag both love Little Mell, as also does Yealand Redmayne, the sheriff.

Black Coombe and Ill Bell (a consumptive virago) run a shady club at Dungeon Gill Falls, where the river Bleng and the river Irt meet. There Hard Knott, Starling and Stybarrow Dodd, Scarth Gap, Crike, Wrynose Pass and other toughs congregate:—

Bootle, half-wit servant of Black Coombe and Ill Bell, is an old friend of Little Mell, as also is Oale Head, an old-timer living alone on the heights of Mungrisdale, near the source of the Bleng.

Harrison Stickle, a bankrupt good-for-naught, with a grudge against Yealand Redmayne.

Wath and The Nap, his card-sharping companions.

Lamplugh and Drigg, staunch friends of Redmayne and early companions of Little Mell.

At Rowrah on the river Irt, a nearby settlement, live Ulpha Fell's family:—

Great Rigg, her father (Mell's grandfather).
Lat Rigg, Gray Rigg } Mell's uncles

Ullock, a suspicious character, resident in Rowrah, is friend to Black Coombe and Harrison Stickle.

Other characters: Hindscarth, a travelling pedlar, and Boot, his donkey.

Crook, Little Mell's dog, the gift of Oale Head.

The plot should develop somewhat as follows:—

Little Hart Crag, who is only fourteen, dies for Mell, probably to save her from the Crags. Bootle helps to rescue her, and ultimately she marries Yealand Redmayne, after a holocaust of Pikes and Crags. Ill Bell, who has a heart of gold as well as her hacking cough, is flung into Dungeon Gill Falls by Black Coombe because she has betrayed him to help Little Mell. Gnawed by pangs of remorse, he later shoots Harrison Stickle, Wath, The Nap and any other bold bad men still extant, and then blows out his own brains, muttering: "I never meant it, Bell. Where are yer? Wait fer me; I'm a-cooming to yer, Bell."

"Most salmon anglers, I fancy, do what I myself have done up to the present season. Supposing I am fly-fishing, I begin at the top of the water and travel from lie to lie."
Scottish Paper.

They do, they do.

CATCHING THE COLOUR.

"BECAUSE I have a name like Aubrey," said Aubrey, "many people expect my verse to be about thirty years out of date. It is the frequency of this irritating delusion which makes me very careful over my epithets. There is no living poet, I assure you, who dates his work into modernity more punctiliously than myself. This, I may inform you, is no light task; for modernity, as you may have observed, ceases to be modern about five minutes later, when it is supplanted by something else with the same name. Thus I have constantly to change my vocabulary. Nevertheless I do not shrink from the task, and I claim that mine is the only verse which catches the local colour of the hour in the subtlety of its true pigments.

"Let me explain. The day is long past when one would speak of 'red,' 'blue' and other such faded tints. A few eras back a sunset was Crushed Strawberry and a Nut-Brown maid was better described as Sun-Tan. I have in memory a quatrain of my own which was much appreciated at the time:—

My Mud-skinned love in wantonness
Hath loosed a Nigger, Nigger tress,
That o'er her Putty forehead flies
To woo the Bottle of her eyes.

"But of course all that soon went out of fashion. Terms lost their directness and took a more fanciful turn. I altered my style accordingly. Perhaps you remember this passage from a little thing of mine that was published not so long ago:—

Swiftly athwart the Tea-tone sky were drawn
Streaks of Ponjola, Bracken and New Fawn
Ere Dago night her Creole shadows threw
O'er Afghan earth, and all was Kangaroo.

Or I may quote another example:—

Not till the light of Zenith sun
Hath the sweet Florence day renewed
Shall flowers awaken, one by one,
In Linnet, Loutre and French Nude.

And while this mood is upon me, let me recite you a stanza I recollect from my ballad, 'The Illusion Feather':—

Castor his brow and Gipsy his eye
As young Lord Lovel came riding by.
'Step from thy Caramel steed,' he cried,
'For the sake of a maiden, Bulrush-eyed;
Or ever thou kneel at the feet of her
Thy Sunrise helm shall be Lucifer.'
And there as the Woodbark shadows fell
They fought till the forest was Tourterelle."

Tact at the British Association.

"Sir Charles Robertson declared that . . . it is becoming clearer every day that for certain activities the average woman, if trained, is better than the average trained man, and vice-versa."—*Daily Paper.*



Lady (to shepherd, whose collie is fleeing from her peke). "YOUR DOG CAN'T BE VERY BRAVE TO BE FRIGHTENED OF TOGO, CAN HE?"

Shepherd. "AH, WEEL, MA'AM YE SEE ROB DOESNA KEN IF THON IS A DAWG AT ALL."

FALLEN LEAVES.

WHEN brown leaves burn with spiral smoke
And day by day the boughs are barer
On the gaunt elm and gnarléd oak,
It's sad thoughts come to agéd folk
And heavy seems the load and yoke
Of life that once was fairer.

The years have dropped as leaves that fall
And lie at last heaped up for firing,
Pale smoke their poor memorial;
The old wives shrink into the shawl,
The old men shiver and recall
Old days of lost desiring.

Their garnered years are fume in air,
Their proudest days are turned to embers
Even as are the dead leaves there.
The smoke goes up of days more fair;
The smoke goes upward like a pray'r
Of love that each remembers.

"PRESIDENT HOOVER ON THE WORLD'S LEAD."—*Jersey Paper.*

What about the world's gold?

Mr. Punch's Crown of Buttered Buns will be awarded from time to time to Deserving Gossip-Writers. This week it goes to the proud author of the following:—

"GAY AND THE TWINS.

Young Mr. and Mrs. Philip Kindersley—the former was lovely Oonagh Guinness—are back at their big Kensington house after a summer in the country. Their household now includes Gay, their golden-haired, blue-eyed son, and Napoleon and Jerome, twin French bulldogs that no one can tell apart.

Gay has a butter-yellow nursery with a quaint mid-Victorian frieze."

Social Commentator in Daily Paper.

ANOTHER FRIEND OF MAN.

(So many wasps have buzzed threateningly into his office to tell Mr. Punch how much they resented the tone of "A. A.'s" article last week that he has decided this week to show the other side of the picture.)

I EXPECT you have all noticed that wasps this year are scarcer than usual and not so strong upon the wing. If you have the picnic habit, no doubt the shortage of wasps does not keep you awake o' nights.

There has been, however, no shortage of gnats, midges and mosquitoes, who have had quite a good season in spite of the inclement weather. This has not been due, as the man in the street might think, to the large portions of bare leg offered to these insects by tennis-girls, bathers and hikers; but, as our nature-lovers point out, to the scarcity of our natural protectors from these pests—the wasps.

For years, in our thoughtless way, we have been doing the wasp a grave injustice. He is the Friend of Man just as much as the dog who scares off gentlemen who call with a little remnant of lino, only his job is to decapitate mosquitoes, midges and gnats. A busy life. I wonder the little fellow has time to pop in to have tea with us as often as he does.

And how has he been rewarded? When he has hastened up to warn us that the site we had chosen for our picnic was infested with mosquitoes, what did we do? We flapped our napkins at him and behaved most ungratefully to the little fellow. Give a wasp a bad name and swat him.

Nobody patted his head or rewarded him with a lump of sugar and said, "Good wasp;" so it is only natural he should have given us up and left us to our fate. Of course, now we know the facts, we shall never pursue the wasp with malevolence again.

We shall at once make use of the wasp's protective instinct. Every nice girl who goes hiking will take a wasp with her to keep mosquitoes at bay. It would also be a protection against footpads. Tramps would never know when they were going to get it in the neck.

A house-wasp will be a feature of every suburban home, and the notice, "Beware of the Wasp," will adorn every gate. Burglars would respect a wasp. It would be difficult to hit one with a jemmy, and it would be almost impossible to make friends with it. Car-thieves will be baulked when we leave our faithful insect on the starting-switch.



Lady. "BUT YOU'RE NOT THE MAN I ASKED TO TRIM THE HEDGE. THAT MAN HAD A BEARD."
Tramp. "YES, I AM. BUT WHILE I 'AD THE SHEARS IN ME 'ANDS I THOUGHT I'D GIVE ME CHIN THE ONCE-OVER."

Of course in a short time wasps will capture all our hearts. Old ladies will fuss over their little pets and pamper them until they are too full of jam to sting. Young bloods will train sporting wasps, take them out for mosquito hunts, and brag of the bags they've had. Ladies of fashion will have wasps to match their costumes, or costumes designed to blend with the colour-scheme of their wasps.

In the search for new and distinctive breeds we shall comb the world. In the tropics, I believe, wasps are as big as sparrows. Film stars and other affluent ladies will trot about Hyde Park with these. Old-fashioned gentlemen will write to *The Times* complaining of the new and savage breeds which have been introduced to these islands to the neglect of the British wasp, the true friend of man. All the hard things which were said about Alsatians will be said about our tropical wasps.

Criticism will not stop the movement. Patent wasp condition powder will be put on the market. Periodicals printed on shiny paper will be devoted exclusively to the sporting and domestic wasp. Wasp shows will be a feature rivalling CRUFT'S in popularity; while taxpayers who have been stung will advocate a licence for each wasp-owner.

The advantages of the wasp as a pet are obvious, I think. No special and expensive diet will be required. He will come down to meals just as one of the family, and we can leave him to help himself. The expense would be negligible, especially if one's neighbour grew fruit in any quantity.

You know, quite frankly, the average pet is a tie. Not so the wasp, who is well able to look after himself. There would, for instance, be no difficulty about holidays.

And we shouldn't have to take him for a run at nights. Possibly from force of habit, the footmen of Mayfair will parade the quieter squares in that exclusive quarter amid a cloud of insect pets, but that, I consider, is unnecessary.

I am all for progress, but I trust that our nature-lovers will not discover any more misjudged insects who are really the Friends of Man. If they announce that gnats and mosquitoes are the Friends of Man, I shall respectfully decline to treat them as such. The addition of wasps has enlarged my circle of friends considerably. In fact I should be more pleased if they were a bit stand-offish. They are too dashed friendly at the moment. They pop in as if they owned the place and take a seat without waiting to be asked. Help! One of them has just sat down on my neck. You wait, my pet, until I can give you a friendly pat on the back. Take that! W. E. R.

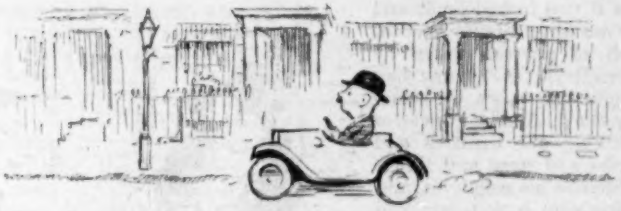


"MARBLE ARCH, SIR? QUITE NEAR; STRAIGHT AHEAD FOR FIVE MINUTES."



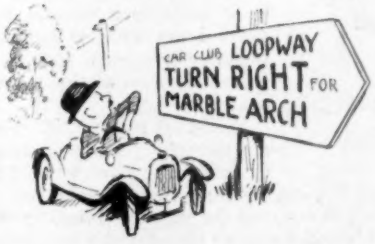


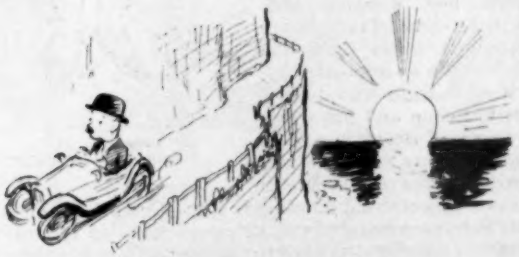




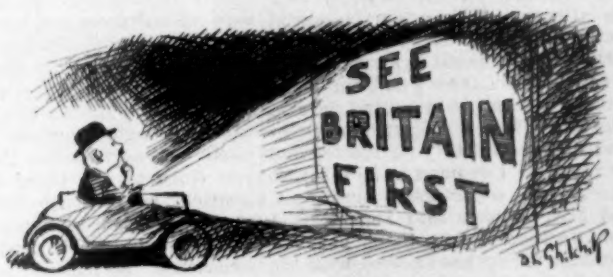












THE LOOPWAY.

SIMPLE STORIES.

The Photographer.

Once there was a photographer called Joshua Reynolds Romney, at least his real name was Bert Flick but he thought the other sounded better, and when an aunt of his who had set up an oyster bar and done well out of it died and left him some money he opened a studio in Little Brighton and got a lot of custom, because he filled his window with photographs of all the most beautiful ladies he had taken and put up a notice to say that most people had something nice in their faces if you looked for it and why not have a pretty photograph of yourself taken by Joshua Reynolds Romney than an ugly one taken by somebody else? And he was clever at taking out wrinkles and pimples and wens and things like that in his negatives, and making eyes look larger and mouths look smaller and sharpening up pug noses and doing away with double chins altogether, so he made the really ugly ones look not half bad, and if a sitter had any points about her that you could look at without blenching he made the best of them. And several husbands called in to thank him when they saw their wives stuck up in the window and said that they could lift up their heads again now.

Well one morning Mrs. Dethbead came in to have her photograph taken and she hadn't made an appointment, so Miss Pastime who looked after the shop and put down the names of sitters in a book besides looking very nice and a credit to the establishment said to her I am afraid Mr. Joshua Reynolds Romney is engaged with sitters all the morning Madam but if you would like to make an appointment for two o'clock this afternoon I dare say he would stretch a point and take you. And Mrs. Dethbead grew as red as a turkey-cock and said do you know who I am young woman? and she said no. And she said I am the wife of Mr. Councillor Dethbead, go at once to your master and tell him that I demand to be taken at once and his other sitters must wait. And Miss Pastime said I'm afraid I can't do that Madam but if you will wait here till he has finished with the sitter he is doing now he might be able to squeeze you in some time this morning, as you are so important.

And Mrs. Dethbead grew as red as two turkey-cocks and she said I have never heard of anything so impertinent as talking about squeezing me in somewhere, anyone would think your master was a pair of stays, and if I have any more of it I shall tell my husband to bring it before the Town Council and you will find yourself on the other side of the door.

Well Miss Pastime hardly knew what to say to this, but just then Mrs. Crumble came in to be photographed, and she was the wife of a contractor who wanted to get a job out of the Town Council, so she said she would gladly give up her turn to Mrs. Dethbead. And that calmed her down, and just then J. R. Romney came into the shop with his last sitter who was the wife of the chief clergyman at Little Brighton. and she asked Mrs. Dethbead how the boil on her husband's neck was getting on, and asked Mrs. Crumble if her husband had been doing any contracting lately, and said to Miss Pastime mind you come to the Girls' Friendly tomorrow, because she believed in a clergyman's wife being polite to everybody though she felt it rather a strain sometimes. So Mrs. Dethbead was in a fairly good humour when she went into the studio to be photographed, and she said to J. R. Romney now make me look as nice as you can, and if it comes out well I will see what I can do about getting the Mayor and all the Corporation to come here to be photographed.



"And Mrs. Dethbead said that is much too expensive."

And J. R. Romney said well I don't much care about photographing corporations, most people who have them want them taken out in the negatives, but thank you all the same. And of course he only meant it for a joke, but Mrs. Dethbead thought he was just being vulgar and she was offended with him and said get on with your work and don't bandy words with me, I shall be Mayoress of this town the year after next and if you think I am the sort of woman to be insulted by photographers you are mistaken.

And J. R. Romney thought of saying well you are a very plain sort of woman anyhow and I hope you won't crack the plate when I take your photograph, but he never did say things like that because it wouldn't be good for trade, though he often thought them, and he said pardon me Madam what I said was in the nature of a pleasantry. And she said that reminds me of another thing, I don't like that young woman you have got downstairs, I shouldn't call her at all good-looking myself but I suppose you think she is or you wouldn't employ her, and I don't approve of young men employing young women in their businesses because you never know what is going on behind the scenes, and when I am Mayoress of this town I shall forbid it.

Well that made J. R. Romney simply furious, because he was in love with Miss Pastime but he hadn't told her so yet because she was the daughter of a dentist and he thought she was rather high for him but he would get more even with her when he had made some more money. And he was so careful of her reputation that when they went over the accounts together in the evenings he always had the charwoman who cleaned out the shop and the studio to sit in the room with them. So it was really too much to have Mrs. Dethbead talking like that about her, but he hid up what he thought about it and said politely I will give the matter my consideration Madam, would you like full-length or bust only? The former will be three guineas a dozen and the latter two guineas.

And Mrs. Dethbead said that is much too expensive but it won't matter to me because of course you won't charge me anything as I shall be bringing you a lot of custom if you do me properly. And he said very well Madam that will be quite satisfactory, and he took her photograph several times and showed her out politely.

Well why he said he would take her for nothing was because an idea had struck him, and directly Mrs. Dethbead had gone he told Miss Pastime all about it, and she told him what Mrs. Dethbead had said to her about finding herself on the other side of the door. And Miss Pastime was so pleased with his idea of paying Mrs. Dethbead out for it that he couldn't choke back his adoration of her any longer, and they arranged that she should keep on his side of the door for the rest of her life, which made them both very happy.

Well what J. R. Romney did was to take the worst of the negatives he had done of Mrs. Dethbead and paint it up to make it look worse still, but it was still quite enough like her for people to recognise, and he put the photograph up in the middle of the shop window surrounded by photographs of all the prettiest ladies he had taken in Little Brighton, with a notice that said would you rather be like this or like these?

Well everybody simply roared with laughter when they saw it and there were crowds in front of the shop window all day. And presently Mr. Councillor Dethbead came round in a furious rage, but J. R. Romney didn't mind that at all as he was on the other side in politics, and he said to him I don't know what you are making so much fuss about Sir, your good lady came and asked to be photographed for nothing and as I was sorry for her being so poor I took her, but of course the photograph is my copyright and I can do what I like with it.

And Mr. Councillor Dethbead choked down his rage and said what will you take to burn the dam thing? And J. R. Romney said well to oblige a Town Councillor I will take fifty pounds; I shall be glad of the money because I am going to be married to Miss Pastime and it will come in useful for furnishing.

So Mrs. Dethbead was paid out for her rudeness, but she was so much laughed at that she saw there was no chance of her ever being Mayoress of Little Brighton and she persuaded her husband to go to Little Hastings and start all over again. And J. R. Romney was so popular for what he had done that the Mayor and Corporation all came to his wedding with Miss Pastime and had their photographs taken in a group after it. A. M.

Thin Ice in Our Sermons?

"FINCHLEY SPIRITUAL MISSION.
Sunday, September 27th, at 7—
REV. GEORGE ——,
All Skates Free."
North London Paper.

"On this stage of the flight she had her first sight of the dessert . . ."—*Article on Miss AMY JOHNSON's flight, in Local Paper.*

One of the apples probably rolled out of the locker.

"Last of 4 Physicians who traced Yellow Fever to Mosquito Educated in City."
New York Paper.

A country mosquito would never have thought of anything like that.



Culprit (as tiara is being handed round). "HOI! TIKE CARE O' THAT—'TAIN'T MINE."



Mistress (on the subject of economy). "YOU KNOW, A POUND NOTE IS NOW ONLY WORTH SEVENTEEN SHILLINGS."
Cook. "'EAVENS! I SUPPOSE THE TEN-BOB ONES ARE ALL RIGHT?"

THE THWARTING OF GRANNY APRICOT.

LAST Saturday saw the end of a thrilling contest between HANDEL's "Largo" and "The Londonderry Air," backed by Freda and myself respectively. The contest had lasted a month; the stake was five shillings; and the conditions were simply that every time "The Londonderry Air" (exclusive of jazz versions masquerading as "Danny Boy") percolated through our loud-speaker I scored a point, and every time the "Largo" occurred Freda scored. The only stipulations were that we both had to be listening together and that foreign stations were barred, as is generally the case with our set. That meant that all evenings were open for play from five-thirty onwards, playing hours being extended on Saturdays to begin at one-thirty, while Sundays were included to give HANDEL an extra chance.

On Friday night Freda was two down, though she was due to score a "Largo" with her lunch on Saturday, according to *The Radio Times*. By Saturday afternoon, then, she was still one down with very little playing time remaining, and yet she was so indecently confident of being able to force a draw that I became quite excited to see by what low means she would bring it about.

We left the set on during the Children's Hour, and Freda seemed more than ordinarily interested in the avuncular gambols. The Uncles and Aunts were as a matter of fact most mysteriously intriguing; they kept reminding each other that they mustn't forget something specially important at the end of their programme, until I was quite keyed up with expectation. Then, when the ordinary Birthdays were over, this devilish thing was broadcast to the ends of the earth:—

"And lastly, many happy returns to Mrs. Freda Apricot, of Ashmere, who is a hundred-and-two to-day. To conclude our programme this afternoon Aunt Ethelfroth is going to play Granny Apricot's favourite tune. She wrote to ask for it herself, without having to use spectacles, and it is called HANDEL's 'Largo.'"

And Aunt Ethelfroth did. And Freda exulted unashamed on the saving of five shillings, although she admitted that she had had to spend a shilling on joining a radio circle or something. She then proceeded to point out that I could not hope to win now as there was a symphony concert from National and something equally unpromising from the Regional stations. I sadly left the house to buy the week-end cigarettes.

When I returned, however, it was with fresh hope, and when Freda callously referred to her meritorious draw I reminded her that the Ides were not yet gone.

It was at 11.40 P.M. that I won the five shillings (of which one-and-six had gone on a very polite telegram), following an announcement by the ever-willing Jack Frost, who informed us that we had just endured "Couldn't I Chew the Cud Cuddling Yew?" and "The Wedding of the Garden-Roller," and that, in response to a "tally-graphed reequest," he and his boys were about to play that old favourite, "The Londondarry Air" as a "straight number."

"You swine!" said Freda.

"Really, Granny, your language!" I remonstrated.

News from the Austenality.

"Sir Admiral Chamberlain, First Lord of the Admiralty, stated in the House of Commons this afternoon . . . ."—*Local Paper.*

"AUTUMN CROCKS.—*Lyric.*"
Theatre List in Weekly Paper.

Community-sneezing has now set in again amongst London's audiences.

"Colonel the Master of Sempill, discussing motorless flyink to the Engineering Section, said . . ."—*Evening Paper.*

That must be what they use for sky-writing.



THE MASTER CHEMIST.

PROFESSOR MACDONALD. "NOW IF ONLY THESE RATHER ANTAGONISTIC ELEMENTS WILL BLEND AS I HOPE, WE'LL HAVE A REAL NATIONAL ELIXIR."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, September 28th.—Burma, as everybody knows, is to have a Round Table Conference all to itself, and the House was delighted to learn that a number of distinguished Burmese citizens had been invited to attend. The list, Sir SAMUEL HOARE smoothly informed Mr. FREEMAN, would be circulated. Would the MINISTER read out the names? He would not. Wild horses, one gathered, would not bend his reluctant lips to the names and titles of the Land of the Peacock's polysyllabic worthies.

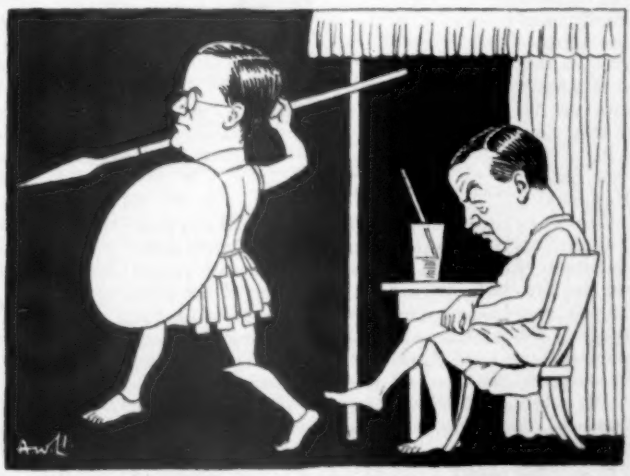
Answering a question by Mrs. MANNING, the MINISTER OF AGRICULTURE expressed the hope that British housewives would take full advantage of the opportunity for getting good quality home produce which the National Mark afforded. Modesty no doubt restrained him from adding a word as to the opportunity likely to be offered of getting a good quality National Mark Government.

The House filled up rapidly at the end of Question-time to hear the PRIME MINISTER'S answer to Mr. HENDERSON'S question as to when it was proposed to bring the Session to an end. Mr. MACDONALD, however, invited the LEADER OF THE OPPOSITION to put his question again on Wednesday. Whether a General Election was to be or not to be was still, it appeared, the question, and the quidnuncs who on Saturday had regarded Dissolution as a foregone conclusion retired to the tea-rooms to declare that they had all along felt sure that the anti-Election faction in the Cabinet would win the day. Meanwhile the PRIME MINISTER, in answer to other Questions, had made it clear that the Government would be on the look out for profiteers, gamblers in exchange and suchlike enemies of the public weal, who had not, however, so far appeared in numbers sufficiently large to call for immediate action.

With the possibilities of a General Election in the minds of all and the desirability of getting down to their constituencies in the minds of a good many, further debate on the Economy Bill promised to be a dull affair. Mr. SHINWELL, opening a debate which was to be confined largely to the question of cuts in unemployment pay, said that the villain of the piece was the PRIME MINISTER. "Who gave you a job?" demanded an irrelevant Conservative voice, and the one-time Minister of Mines very nearly blushed. Mr. HARRIS, always benevolent but obviously more concerned for Free Trade than for the unemployed, declined to accept a ten-per-cent cut in unemployment pay *and* the higher cost of living a Tariff would produce. Then Sir HENRY BETTERTON replied for the Government along the usual lines, and the Opposition got restive and noisy, also along the usual lines, and Mr. SCRYMGEOUR got more excited than anybody else and had to be told not to interrupt. Fortunately the House passed at this point to the relatively unemotional topic of the possible effects of Economy on the road services.



IN SEARCH OF THE ULTIMATE.
SIR ARTHUR STEEL-MAITLAND LOOKS TEN YEARS AHEAD.



WHILE UNCLE ARTHUR ACHILLES REPOSES IN HIS TENT SIR STAFFORD AJAX SALLIES FORTH TO BATTLE IN HIS STEAD.

Tuesday, September 29th.—Lord MELCHETT'S Imports Regulation Bill, which got a First Reading to-day, must have given the noble Lord a lot of satisfaction to produce, but he would have had some difficulty in explaining what useful purpose it was likely to serve. That, however, he was not called upon to do. It is enough to say that the measure, admirable enough in itself, gave no indication of what Party, if any, might be expected to take advantage of it.

The House looked slightly surprised when a couple of Questions by Mr. KIRKWOOD were put—one dealing with War Debt and one with the "stand-still" agreement between the Bank of England and German banks on the 14th of September. Can DAVIE be grooming himself for the Chancellorship of the Exchequer of Socialism in our time, and, if so, what is to become of Mr. WISE?

A Question by Colonel RUGGLES-BRISE about imported liquid milk led to an appeal by Lady ASTOR to the PRESIDENT OF THE BOARD OF TRADE to "have a campaign in England to drink more milk." "I'm sure that if the hon. Lady would lend her assistance to a campaign in favour of drinking anything it would succeed," replied the MINISTER politely.

A lively and not untimely controversy, limited of course to the exigencies of question and answer, ranged round the inquiries of Mr. PERRY and others as to whether the wicked grocer is grocing as before or is grossly profiteering. Sir PHILIP stoutly defended the Mr. Gritses of this world and offered to consider any specific complaint the hon. gentleman had to make.

Although he referred to them as a "new and dainty luxury," it was clear that Colonel HOWARD-BURY'S intentions towards our splendid policewomen are unwelcome, if not actually felonious. Mr. OLIVER STANLEY'S reference to the increase of Metropolitan policewomen from fifty to one hundred as "a beginning" can hardly have reassured the hon., but on this occasion ungallant, Member for Chelmsford.

The Third Reading of the National Economy Bill did not produce any new argument, but it produced a new Labour Goliath in the person of Sir STAFFORD CRIPPS, K.C. More than

anyone else in the late Government we had come to regard him as *suaviter in modo*, and here he was *fortiter in re*, and, as the Americans say, then some. It was not exactly what he said—to be blunt, what he said was the veriest claptrap of a kind that one associates with Hyde Park of a Sunday afternoon—but the unexpectedly nasty way he said it. Here at last was a Labour leader delivering himself, no matter of what, with a lively pugnacity, a vigorous and well-phrased ardour. Here, in short, was a speech with so much punch in it that there were moments when it sounded almost reasonable and other moments when the eminent EX-SOLICITOR-GENERAL almost sounded as if he believed it himself. What a change from the rather dismal irrelevancies of Mr. HENDERSON, the subdued academics of Mr. GRAHAM and the bulldog but slightly bewildered breathings of Mr. ALEXANDER! What a change too from the harsh and dreary deliveries of CRIPPS *père*!

Sir STAFFORD boldly proclaimed that the whole horrid affair—economic crisis, gold crisis, Emergency Government, Budget balancing and economy measures—was a deep and dark plot by the capitalists to depress the standard of living of the workers. Those who had not thought of doing it beforehand promptly went after the same objective when they saw the going was good. Truly, said Sir STAFFORD, whatever else had happened, the Tories had not fallen off the Gold Standard. "You will fall off the soap-box soon," interjected Sir WILLIAM DAVISON unkindly, and Mr. BOOTHBY said the same thing—not, however, out of his turn, pointing out that the EX-SOLICITOR-GENERAL'S contention that the capitalists had deliberately sought deflation was nonsense, and the House knew it.

Whether it did or not, the Labour Party liked the speech and applauded Sir STAFFORD vociferously. Here was a leader after their own heart. Compared with his immediate and satisfactory thunderings, the eloquence of the MINISTER (Sir A. STEEL-MAITLAND), concerned with such remote topics as the *régime* of international agreements they might confidently look for in ten years' time, seemed tame indeed. The subsequent debate covered a wide field, as Third Reading debates always do, and gave occasion for many *cris de cœur* and other noises of a more miscellaneous origin, mostly provoked by Mr. HOLFORD KNIGHT; but there was no recapturing, even by Lieut.-Commander KENWORTHY, who quoted CHEKHOV, the first fine careless rapture of Sir STAFFORD CRIPPS.

Wednesday, September 30th.—One is apt to forget amid the turmoil of the House of Commons that the Lords have also what TENNYSON'S "Talking Oak" would no doubt call their "vapid vegetable hates"—nothing personal, of course, but that curious emotion that enables politicians to rend each other in public and play golf together on Saturday.

Lord READING, moving the Second Reading of the National Economy Bill, displayed the admirable detachment of the Minister. Lord PARMOOR'S reply showed considerable heat, though it perhaps hardly merited the word "diatribe" that Lord BUCKMASTER launched against it. Lord SANDERSON, assuming the habiliments of a stranger from Mars,



Mr. MORRISON. "ALAS! MY POOR DICKY. HATCHED IN APRIL, ONLY TO BE DISPATCHED IN OCTOBER!"

discovered the Bill to be a Bill to punish the poor, and discoursed with some warmth on the callousness of people who begrudged the young of the poor pennies for sweets and seats at the cinema. Lord SNELL, Lord OLIVIER, Lord PONSONBY and Lord DE LA WARR restated all the objections to the Bill and delved into most of the arguments, explanations and rebuttals already worn threadbare in another place. Lord BUCKMASTER and the Bishop of SOUTHWARK supported the MINISTER, and Lord MELCHETT began to do so, but wandered off, until called back by Lord BANBURY, into the alien topic of regulating imports.

In the Commons Mr. PYBUS recounted at some length, in reply to Major NATHAN, the success which had attended the installation of traffic-control signals in Oxford Street. It is pretty clear that if the "Stop," "Attention" and "Go" signals at the Liberal corner were being manipulated more efficiently (or less dexterously) there would be more progress on the national political highway.

Mr. EDE, in a subsequent Question, showed some concern for Runnymede, threatened, as he sees it, by a by-pass road. Would the Government, which had robbed us of our liberties, he pleaded, enable us to preserve the spot where some of them were born?

Once more Mr. HENDERSON asked the PRIME MINISTER when the Session would end. Mr. MACDONALD replied that the House would adjourn on Wednesday next, he hoped, to a date then to be stated. Again no mention of Dissolution.

Thursday, October 1st.—Sir HERBERT SAMUEL having explained to Mr. BENSON that the "free pardon" given to a wrongly-convicted man is from the consequences of the conviction and not from the non-existent offence—a somewhat subtle distinction—and Major ELLIOT having explained to Viscount CRANBORNE that the ATTORNEY-GENERAL'S salary was to be cut from £7,000 to £2,000, leaving him to struggle along on a beggarly £15,000 a year or so in fees, and Sir J. GILMOUR having informed the same questioner that the old penny admission fee to Kew Gardens would be reimposed, the House got further to work on the Finance Bill, the debate turning largely on the desirability (hotly advocated by the Opposition and as strenuously contested by Conservatives) of forcibly reducing the interest on War Loan and other Government securities. Mr. MORRISON, by way of variety, wept a few salt tears over the Road Fund and the ten million pounds loan for roads that had been approved in April but now in October was murdered without so much as a protest from the authors of *The Yellow Book*.

THE SAME RESULT.

[A criminologist states that women make the best pickpockets.]

EVE is an expert, so detectives say,
At picking pockets in a skilful way.
Ah, let her keep to methods we prefer,
And make us empty them ourselves for her.

Bootlegging in Downing Street.

"PREMIER KEEPS HIS SECRET STILL."
Daily Paper.

"BRITISH BOXER'S OPPORTUNITY.
NEW TALENT FOR ARMY RUGBY."
Daily Paper.

And also new light on Army Rugby.



ECONOMY IN EARLY TIMES.

The Baron. "THIS SOUP TASTES FUNNY."
His Lady. "WELL, IT'S NOT SURPRISING WHEN YOUR ONLY IDEA OF SAVING MONEY IS TO SACK THE COOK AND PUT THE JESTER TO WORK IN THE KITCHEN."

A SHAKESPEAREAN PROBLEM.

NOT mine to urge the rival claims of BACON—
On such a well-worn theme my lips I muzzle—
But rather would your interest awaken
To solve another literary puzzle—
A point perhaps that's not occurred to others:
How is it SHAKESPEARE'S girls have got no mothers?

One lived, it's true, to see her baby, *Juliet*,
Grow to a sweet though disobedient flapper
(They say exceptions go to prove the rule), yet
Fate, waiting round the corner to entrap her,
Even on her untimely did the dirty
And killed her of old age—just rising thirty.*

Suppose these ladies hadn't knuckled under
To a mortality that's quite alarming
And stuck it longer, I'm inclined to wonder
Whether their daughters could have been more charming;
But, had they known the guidance of a mother wise,
Would their affairs have turned out worse or otherwise?

On this hypothesis (and not as *he* penned
The home conditions) would the fair *Ophelia*
For love have gone so madly off the deep end?
Would *Rosalind* and her devoted *Celia*,
With *Touchstone's* quips their fortitude to harden,
Have had to hike it through the woods of Arden?

Would *Katharine* the curst have been so shrewish?
Would *Jessica* have hopped it with *Lorenzo*
Or found a mate more prosperous—and Jewish?
Would poor *Brabantio's* lass have met her end so
Or wed some white man—one who'd ne'er have thrown a
Pillow across the face of *Desdemona*?

One blessing might a cynic wit discover
In WILL'S design (failing to find a better),
For which in later life the married lover
Might find himself perhaps his author's debtor;
His sky might have an extra touch of blue in it
With no wife's mother, like a cloud, to ruin it.

So should *Orlando*, *Ferdinand*, *Orsino*,
Or *Benedick* live happy ever after,
Affording, in the wedded years to be, no
Cause to a mocking world for ribald laughter.
Mothers-in-law, the stock jest of the "comics,"
Could find no place in SHAKESPEARE'S economics.

* Act I. Scene 3, and Act. V. Scene 3.

In a Good Cause.

Mr. Punch begs leave to remind his readers of the constant needs of that most practical of charities, the Soldiers' and Sailors' Help Society. It has dealt successfully with cases of distress among a million ex-Service men, and in the Lord Roberts Memorial Workshops, which it incorporates, over three thousand disabled men have been fitted again to earn a living. Donations should be sent to Hon. Treasurer, Soldiers' and Sailors' Help Society and Lord Roberts Memorial Workshops, 122, Brompton Road, London, S.W.3.



Young Man (at seaside hotel). "I HAD THE PLEASURE OF RESCUING YOUR DAUGHTER YESTERDAY."
Her Mother. "OH, YES; THANKS. WILL YOU JUST JOIN THE OTHER YOUNG MEN?"

DIARY OF A MAN-ABOUT-THE-UNIVERSE.

[By kind permission of the *Interstellar Gazette*, Edition of $\sqrt[3]{-1}$, Heavenly Cycle, Æon Dot. News Service copyright in the Next Dimension by Amalgamated Atoms, Jeans, Einstein and Einstein, Ltd.]

I HAPPENED to be talking the other era to my old friend Mr. Space-Time. The Space-Times, whose ancestral seat is Relativity Hall, Pandemonium, are, of course, a highly complicated family who cannot even be understood by themselves. One of their number, Miss Boundless Space ("Boundie"), married a Mr. Unlimited Time, their son and daughter being named Bradshaw and Civil Service. (There is a fine ring of leisure about the whole family.)

Mr. Space-Time invited me to visit Earth Ball, where he still maintains a hunting-box and does a little gardening occasionally. As I had never seen this remote part before I gladly accepted his invitation. Owing to the Customs regulations of the Solar System it is impossible to appear on the Earth as a naked abstraction, and I was therefore obliged to wear an old body—secondhand, but still serviceable. Incidentally I would recommend prospective visitors to secure a body with two eyes, two arms with hands to match, a mouth and two legs. A nose is also usual, but a stomach is only a luxury.

We travelled by shooting star, an old-fashioned mode of transport which I for one find highly agreeable. Mr. Space-Time's Earth residence is admirably laid out, his actual dwelling being called Siberia, with a nursery next-door (and very charming some of the toys are), beyond which is an exceedingly well-kept scientific laboratory. In the other direction, across a little swimming-pool, is a fine recreation ground called America, where the children are sometimes a trifle boisterous. Mr. Space-Time assured me that they were not really naughty, though one or two boys had lost their heads over money-boxes and water-pistols.

In the East Mr. Space-Time has established a wonderful conservatory from which he hopes much. I was greatly charmed with the inimitable grill-room in Africa.

The hunting country, England, is full of anthills, such as London, Manchester, Liverpool, in which the British, the object of our sport, congregate so thickly that it is impossible to miss them. Beaters are quite unnecessary, as these animals refuse to hide themselves. We had great fun with the Snowden humane-killer, using half-yearly cartridges, though I personally was a bit disappointed at the creature's enormous resiliency, which rendered it impossible to secure any specimens for display. Poachers make use of unfair means, such as Iceland depressions, which exasperate the British to breaking point and render them unfit for consumption. After witnessing the dastardly havoc caused by weather-clerks, I am persuaded it would be only fair to abolish the use of all climates whatsoever.

Mr. Space-Time was obliged to hurry back to the Inter-Universe Conference on the Light Standard. As everybody knows, three-quarters of the Light, existing or potential, is in the hands of Sirius and the Centauri Confederacy. Unless all the other stars are to go off the Light Standard and transact all their business in the dark, Mr. Space-Time assures me that some eternal arrangement must be made.

In the world of entertainment I note that Comet-racing will be popular this season. The Music of the Spheres has had to be abandoned because it did not pay, but residents in the Milky Way will have the opportunity of learning the tango, by courtesy of the Beatified Broadcasting Company. The B.B.C. are giving a series of entertain-

ing talks. The first, on the Origin of Origins, will be introduced by Dr. DUNS SCOTUS and will be followed up by a series on the Origin of the Origin of Origins. Listeners should on no account miss the discussion on "Did the Origin of the Egg originally Precede the Origin of the Hen?" For those who prefer lighter fare there will be instruction courses on "What is Why? and Why does it continue as What?"

I have been asked to insert the following advertisement:—

WANTED.—Young, well-educated SATELLITE. Most respectable solar system, regular rate of revolution (no class-war), luminous quarters, first magnitude, two in family. Must be able to manage small universe during holidays and skilled in creation out of nothing. No erratic courses or Followers allowed. Christian Scientist. Some experience preferred, but Film-star with superlative testimonials might suit. Wages to be repaid from Premium.

MR. PICKWICK, PUNCH AND THE POUND.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—Your loyalty to the Pound has been a great comfort to your readers in these days of stress and scares. But, omniscient as you notoriously are, it is possible that you may not be aware that this adhesion antedates the issue of your first number by several years, as can be proved by incontestable documentary evidence.

It will be remembered that *Mr. Pickwick*, of sainted memory, on the memorable occasion on which he accompanied a shooting-party in a wheelbarrow, was left, after an *al fresco* luncheon, in that vehicle in the enjoyment of a siesta while his companions continued their sport. Discovered in this condition by *Captain Boldwig*, the owner of the land on which the sportsmen had intruded, and asked for his name, *Mr. Pickwick* murmured "Punch," and was promptly, on *Captain Boldwig's* orders, introduced to the Pound.

Now mark the sequel. *Mr. Pickwick, alias* "Punch," *never attempted a flight from the Pound.* He was incapable of such an act, and was only detached from it by the forcible intervention of his friends and his servant, *Samuel Weller*, who did not hesitate to assault and batter the custodian of the Pound.

More than a hundred years have elapsed since the occurrence of this historic incident, and it is indeed gratifying to find that you, Mr. Punch, still maintain the same chivalrous devotion to the symbol of our national credit that was displayed by the eminent benefactor who for a while assumed your name.

I am, Sir,
Yours with profound respect,
BONIFACE BULLION.

The Mintage, Quidenham.



THE INCREDIBLE.

Motorist. "DOES THIS ROAD GO TO BECKENHURST?"
Pedestrian. "YES, BUT YOU'LL GET THERE MORE QUICKLY IF YOU TURN LEFT THROUGH TUMBLES."
Motorist. "*BUT I DON'T WANT TO GET THERE QUICKLY.*"

The Acme of Yeggness.

"Will Rogers, the gun-chewing ex-cow-puncher film star, is the chief attraction of *A Yankee at King Arthur's Court*, one of next week's best releases."—*Film Paper.*

Yet gat-biting had few devotees in the time of MARK TWAIN.

The seasons are notorious for their disregard of the calendar, but it seems reasonable to hope that the worst of the summer is now over.

"At the last hearing Inspector —— said that —— struck him three times and was going to hit him again in the police station."
Manchester Paper.

Is that below the belt?

"Young Lady (26) wishes to meet Engineer or Mate, seafaring."—*Advt. in Belfast Paper.*

We know the kind who has a mate in every port.

AT THE PLAY.

"THE OLD BACHELOR" (LYRIC, HAMMERSMITH).

As I loitered the other day in the National Gallery among the LELY portraits, sustaining the sidelong glances of their bold bad eyes, I thought, "If only those lips could speak!" At the Lyric, Hammersmith, Sir NIGEL PLAYFAIR has gratified that aspiration. Before the curtain rises we see Miss EDITH EVANS—than whom no actress is more able to embody and articulate those pictured beauties of the past—who comes to speak the Prologue once spoken by Mrs. BRACEGIRDLE and to tune us in to the feast that follows.

This was Mr. CONGREVE'S first play, and when he wrote it he was very young. Now youth and beauty between them may cover a multitude of technical sins and breaches of decorum, particularly when youth has such a flair for words and beauty is so patently not in distress. Yet as these high comedy gallants pursue their glib amours we feel that, so far as posterity was concerned, young Mr. CONGREVE took a lot for granted. Perhaps he did not consider posterity at all.

Times have changed and with them the form, if not the content, of the comedy of manners. He had yet to master (did he ever quite succeed?) the art of keeping a plot on the move in a manner to make its course explicit on the stage and its progress a crescendo of delight. He banked, we feel, too heavily on the charms of the BRACEGIRDLE and her peers to carry this comedy across the ages.

Sir NIGEL PLAYFAIR takes less risk. Handling the text with a surgeon's skill and discretion, he has excised *longueurs*, purged it of some period blemishes and stitched up the wounds again so neatly that the scars are scarcely noticeable. The result is a series of decorative, occasionally delicious but still poorly related episodes in the lives and loves of these Caroline sparks and sparklers that may sometimes invite a yawn or a blush, but more often compels laughter.

Not all the ladies, though they are young and beautiful, have the art to distill delight as Miss EVANS so purely distills it. Not all the young men, though their leers are civil and their smiles attentive, command Mr. ERIC PORTMAN'S breezy impudence. Not all the old men are such past masters of the art of comedy as Mr. O. B. CLARENCE. Yet even in the play's most trivial passages CONGREVE'S budding yet brilliant style keeps bursting into flowers of speech studded with marvellous similes.



CALLING THE BLUFF.

Sharper . . . . . MR. ROLAND CULVER.
Captain Bluffe . . . . . MR. HARVEY BRABAN.
Sir Joseph Wittol . . . . . MR. MILES MALLESON.

What a genius he had for the epithet; what a gusto for rare comparisons; what a young man's fancy for the situations and sentiments of his elders but not betters! His epithets are royally minted; the internecine raillery that constitutes so much of the text has the true Olympian ring.

There are scenes between Miss EVANS, Mr. PORTMAN and Mr. CLARENCE—raffish ebullient trios, played with such art and assurance that none of their beauties escapes. To see Miss EVANS, torn between hope and fear, speed her old *Nykin* on his way and presently fail to cover the retreat of her gallant is to enjoy one of the tardier fruits of the Fall ripened by comic genius.

Mr. MILES MALLESON too is a perfect period piece. In aspect a transmogrified shrimp; in manner sublimely absurd; his speech pure gold; his timing and deportment lovely; the laughter that greets his looks is kept bubbling by his art. Miss MARDA VANNE is another excellent wanton; and, as abigail and valet, Miss DOROTHY DUNKELS and Mr. HAY PETRIE contribute grateful backstairs fun.

Then there is PURCELL'S score, which Mr. THOMAS DUNHILL has dusted and adapted to usher in the characters, to beguile them (and us) with song, to lead them in the dance or to cool our solecistic blushes. The pedant may search the text for scars, the unsuspecting playgoer wonder into what raffish company he has strayed, the artist deprecate unfairly the scenic makeshifts and economies. Perhaps the connoisseur of acting, enchanted by the performances of half-a-dozen of the players in half as many scenes, will come off best and vote this one of Sir NIGEL'S most welcome restorations. H.



THE NAUGHTY SIXTEEN-NINETIES.

Laetitia . . . . . MISS EDITH EVANS.
Fondlewife . . . . . MR. O. B. CLARENCE.

"THE PAINTED VEIL" (PLAYHOUSE).

Enjoyment of this downright drama, which Mr. BARTLETT CORMACK has contrived from a novel by Mr. SOMERSET MAUGHAM, depends largely on one's

readiness to share the author's detachment from his characters and to accept at its face value the story he tells. Ethically speaking it is not a nice story, nor is it perhaps a very convincing one. But he tells it well—that is to say with a minimum of frills and a maximum of stage effect, and it is admirably acted.

Kitty Fane, the embittered wife of a bacteriologist in Hong Kong, is discovered by the rise of the curtain and her husband *in flagrante delicto*. Her first and not unnatural reaction is dismay; her second, when hurriedly clothed and more or less in her right mind, is anxiety to make the best of a bad job. *Charles Townsend*, her lover, shares that anxiety, but he is no altruist. And when the terms of the truce dictated by *Kitty's* husband are made known to him he dwindles so palpably from lover to cad that *Kitty* sickens at the sight of him and dismisses him for ever.

The terms of that truce are sufficiently harsh, and they gain nothing of softness from the lips of Mr. Lewis Casson, who, as *Fane*, has never been more uncompromising. Either, says *Fane*, she shall accompany him to practically certain death (in other words, which mean the same thing, on his self-imposed mission to cholera-stricken Mei-Tan-Fu) or he will institute proceedings for divorce with *Townsend* as co-respondent.

Poor *Kitty*! Forced to capitulate to a husband whom she married for convenience, physically loathes and long has deceived, by a lover whose *forte* is letting his mistresses down, we next see her dreeing her weird with as much grace as Miss Gladys Cooper is allowed by her author to show. The plague-spot of Mei-Tan-Fu tempers none of its horror for her or for us. The contrast with Hong Kong is accentuated by the dearth of society, decent or otherwise. Indeed her only visitors are *Waddington*, a bibulous Customs officer, to whom any whisky-bottle is an immediate magnet, and the Mother Superior of a neighbouring convent of French nuns.

Waddington gains *Kitty's* regard despite the fact that he is a soaker, that his domestic arrangements are unconventional and that his speech is direct to the point of impudence. (The questions he fires at *Kitty* during his first call would put a Census-paper to the blush.) He gains our regard partly by his disarming habit of dotting the "i's" and crossing the "t's" of his own lax character, but more by the unaffected charm with which Mr. Martin Walker plays him.

Meanwhile the epidemic rages. The natives die like flies. The bacteriologist, grimmer than ever, works day and night in his laboratory or among the patients he has taken over from the doctor. And *Kitty*, roused from the stupor of despair by the Mother Superior, has become a regular visitor to the convent, where she ameliorates the dreeing of her weird by discussing the beauties of philosophy with *Waddington* and playing at Blind Man's Buff with the Chinese orphans. There she is suddenly stricken with symptoms of what she fears is cholera, but which prove to be merely those of impending motherhood, and crisis follows hot on crisis.



WOMEN IN WHITE.

Sister St. Joseph . . . Miss Violet Campbell.
Mother Superior . . . Miss Stella Arbenina.
Kitty Fane . . . . Miss Gladys Cooper.

Mutiny breaks out among the native troops. The town is set on fire. The bacteriologist falls a victim to the cholera and dies instanter, and *Kitty* is rushed back to Hong Kong chastened in spirit but still as resilient as the approaching *dénouement* requires her to be.

Here it would seem that dramatist and novelist part company, and *Kitty's* acceptance of *Waddington's* offer of practical companionate marriage brings down the curtain on a drama that has its points, until this concession to our waning fortitude blunts them.

Cleverly subduing her natural graces to the drama's demands, Miss Gladys Cooper plays *Kitty* with spirit and conviction, neither taking from nor giving her unfair advantages. Mr. Arthur Margetson is admirably the cad; Mr. Casson grimly substantiates the awful husband, and Miss Stella Arbenina maintains the cool piety of the *Mother Superior*. If the author had loved his characters more we might have shared their sorrows less dispassionately; but for all their dramatic vigour they do not move us as the actors deserve they should.

H.

ECONOMY DEBATE.

Since national economy is the watchword of the day, we at Ypres Barracks, Havvershot, don't mind what sacrifices we make. Of course it is iniquitous that our *pay* has been reduced. Sacrifices, yes, by all means; but our pay is quite a different matter. We want every penny of our pay, whereas everyone knows that a sacrifice is giving up something you don't really want. However, as Captain Bayonet points out, there is a bright side. If we receive less pay we have to pay less income-tax, haven't we? Or haven't we?

Meanwhile we are concentrating on effecting what economies we can in the Mess. We had an Extremely Extraordinary General Mess Meeting the other day, and the dust of warfare has hardly settled yet. The chief battle raged round the various papers, periodicals and reference-books which are regularly taken in by the Mess. We all felt that we could save considerably by reducing their number, but the question of which to discard caused a terrific amount of hot argument.

The first skirmish was over *Bradshaw*—hardly popular reading, but very useful to chuck at our Lieutenant James when he tries to sing at the piano on guest-nights. The Mess Secretary moved that we did without *Bradshaw* in future on the grounds that (*a*) no one could ever understand it; (*b*) if anyone did he must be so brainy as to be not quite right in the head and so ought to have gone into the Sappers; and (*c*) most people had cars anyway. Lieutenant James strongly supported the motion, adding somewhat irrelevantly that people who *knew* something about music *liked* his singing. It was opposed by Lieutenant Swordfrog, whose car is in dock for its annual overhaul, owing to an error of judgment in traffic, and who argued that a *Bradshaw* was a very necessary adjunct

to any Mess. The affair was being heatedly debated when Captain Bayonet suggested a compromise to suit all parties: Let the Mess not take in any more *Bradshaws*, but still keep the old one in the Mess—if necessary rebinding it with stiff cardboard after each guest-night. Swordfrog at once complained that with an out-of-date *Bradshaw* a fellow would never be able to rely on catching his train. The Mess Secretary countered by pointing out that this also applied to anyone, unless of exceptional intelligence, looking up trains in an up-to-date *Bradshaw*; and that therefore, whether one were relying on catching a wrongly looked-up train in a right *Bradshaw*, or a rightly looked-up train in a wrong *Bradshaw*, the net result would be the same. The Colonel, who was sitting in a distant corner, here suddenly told us to get on with it, adding personally he found *Bradshaw* most useful, whereupon the motion was immediately put to the vote. The result was: For discarding *Bradshaw*, 16; against discarding *Bradshaw*, 2. Of these one was the Colonel, and so *Bradshaw* was kept.

The question of which daily papers should be deleted opened up the controversy even more widely. Major Saddleflap, well fortified by sherry, said in an impassioned defence of *The Morning Boast* that he always had read *The Morning Boast*, that his father, grandfather, nay, great-grandfather, always had read *The Morning Boast*, and that, please heaven, he would continue to read *The Morning Boast* as long as he drew breath. (Pause for applause and sherry.) He certainly would never lend himself to the support of any motion which was outwardly framed to save a few paltry pennies for a Mess already rolling in undisclosed assets, but which inwardly was part of a base and underhand intrigue to hound from the ante-room tables one of the oldest and staidest dailies that ever army majors had read nothing else than. (Long and continued sherry—interrupted by cries of "Grammar! Grammar!") Sooner than that he would resign his commission; he would—— The motion was here hastily withdrawn, not so much because we minded whether Major Saddleflap resigned his commission or not, but because it was the only way to stop him talking.

After this we had of course to agree to retain the copy of *The Daily Yellow*—if only as a counter-irritant.

The question of *The Chimes* next came up for debate, and the Colonel at once asked, why was it necessary for the Mess to take in *two* copies? No one quite liked to tell him the answer to this. It is that he himself invariably reads *The Chimes* at his breakfast, which means that junior and so earlier members are unable to read it at theirs for fear of refolding it wrongly and thus dislocating the C.O.'s whole morning; while as regards subsequent reading, well, if you have ever seen a once good-looking *Chimes* after a Colonel has "glanced through it" at breakfast. . . . Lieutenant Holster, however, skilfully saved the situation by explaining that two *Chimes* were essential because the articles therein were so helpful to earnest hard-working officers studying for promotion exams.

The voting to exclude *The Daily Press* was 9 to 9, the opposition being those who read *The Daily Wail*. The subsequent voting to exclude *The Daily Wail* was the same. The Mess Secretary hereupon made the cynical suggestion that they should be taken on alternate days, leaving the previous day's issue to hold the fort against the newcomer, and that, as it was sensation rather than news that was expected from these two organs, he doubted whether anyone would notice. He was shouted down angrily by some sixteen members speaking at once, and party feeling began to run so high that the Colonel had to apply a guillotine. Both papers were thus retained.

The Daily Glass was kept because it was the best paper to prop against a coffee-pot; while the suggestion to exclude *The Daily Picture* was defeated by those who read its comic-strip—18 votes to *nil*.

Turning to periodicals, all, with one exception, were voted to be retained. The general feeling—though unvoiced in the Colonel's presence—was: What was a fellow to do when his day's work was done and there was still an hour to fill in before lunch? The one exception was *The Society Camera*. To this we were just about to deal the *coup de grâce* when Captain and Quartermaster Ledger, by clearing his throat in a complicated fashion, indicated that the Colonel over in his corner was at the moment immersed in *The Society Camera* with every sign of enjoyment of the Brioni bathing pictures. The insubordinate motion was thus hastily withdrawn and the meeting about to be declared closed when Holster discovered on the table a paper we had not discussed.

It was *The Havvershot Garrison Parish Magazine*, and with a sigh of relief it was unanimously agreed that, cost us what it might, in the hour of the nation's crisis we too would make our sacrifice. A note was there and then sent to the Padre saying that in the interests of economy the Mess had, after long discussion, regretfully come to the decision it could no longer afford to take in the Parish Magazine. We then rose with a sense of duty done, and Swordfrog, who always was a bit soft, was manœuvred into pressing the bell for a round of sherry.

* * * * *

We got a hot little note from the Padre yesterday. After a good deal about duty and setting an example he went on to say that he failed to see quite what economy we would effect by refusing to accept his helpful little magazine, which had always been in the past, and would continue to be in the future, presented to the Mess *free of charge*. A. A.

THE DEVELOPED VILLAGE.

WHEN but a child I learned to love,
All popular resorts above,
One village by the sea;
Its boats and houses, harbour, beach,
Its smells, its crooked ways were each
A strong delight to me.

I never knew its roads were bad
Or missed the drains it should have had
Or guessed the houses damp;
I did not want electric light,
There shone upon my bed at night
Diana's lovely lamp.

But others brisker, less content,
Indulged fine dreams of betterment
And stirred the place awake;
Its worthies saw with eager eyes
What, thanks to modern enterprise,
Their habitat would make.

The perfect drainage of the town
Has won a wide and just renown;
The lighting's up-to-date.
They've straightened every twisted street,
And paved it for the trippers' feet,
And built a prom. of late.

No smell upon its breezes blows
That can offend the daintiest nose;
They've got the Pictures there.
And I who've loved it all my days
Now proudly listen to its praise—
And holiday elsewhere! W. K. H.

Truth Will Out.

"Charming Non-Basement House. Two living rooms, three bad rooms, etc. Delightfully furnished."—*Advt. in Daily Paper.*

"SCHNEIDER PLANE SINKS.
MIRACULOUS ESCAPE OF BRITISH ACE.
. . . The seaplane capsized and sank, but so. Soon after Mr. Gandhi had left cockpit was able to extricate himself in time and emerged unhurt."—*Calcutta Paper.*

We are asked to say that there is no truth in the rumour that the record-making S6B will only run on goat's-milk.





GREEN STREET.

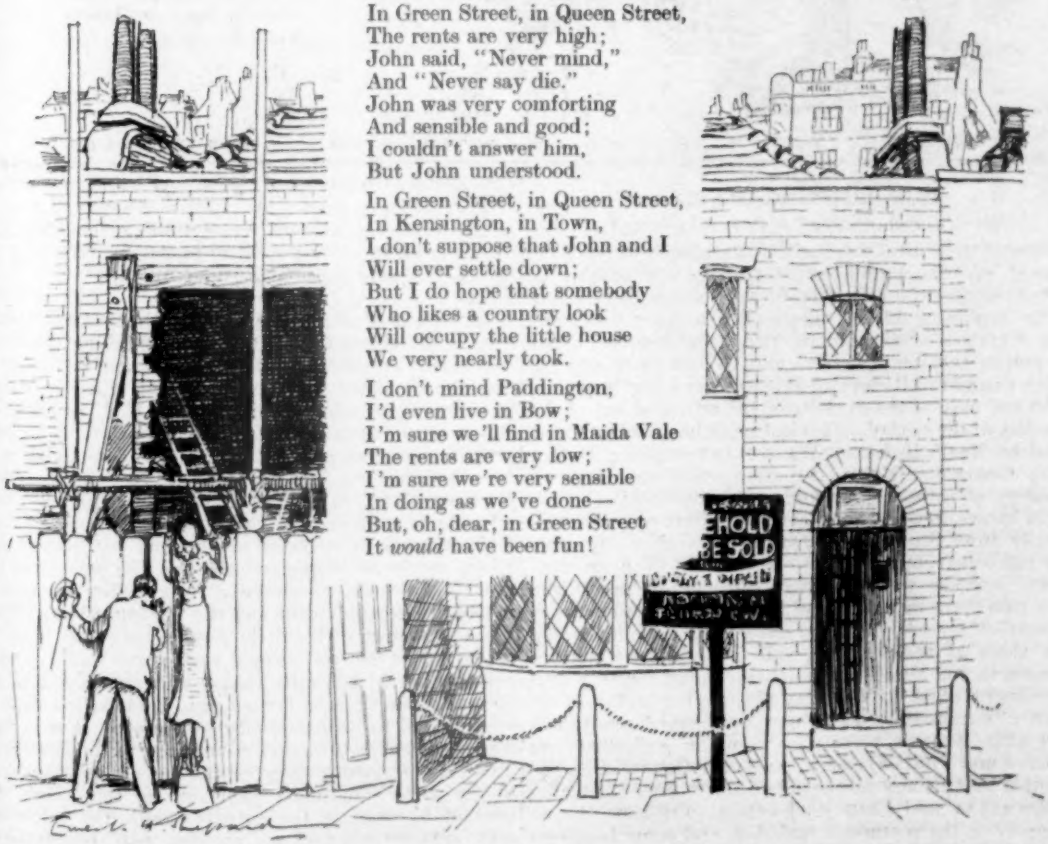
In Green Street, in Queen Street,
In Kensington, in Town,
Somebody with enterprise
Has pulled a stable down,
Somebody has made of it
A little crooked house,
As green as a country one,
As brown as a mouse.

In Green Street, in Queen Street,
The paint was very bright
When John and I went there
On Saturday night.
I said to John, "Oh,
Couldn't we? Oh, please?"
John said, "Coming?" and
We went for the keys.

In Green Street, in Queen Street,
The rents are very high;
John said, "Never mind,"
And "Never say die."
John was very comforting
And sensible and good;
I couldn't answer him,
But John understood.

In Green Street, in Queen Street,
In Kensington, in Town,
I don't suppose that John and I
Will ever settle down;
But I do hope that somebody
Who likes a country look
Will occupy the little house
We very nearly took.

I don't mind Paddington,
I'd even live in Bow;
I'm sure we'll find in Maida Vale
The rents are very low;
I'm sure we're very sensible
In doing as we've done—
But, oh, dear, in Green Street
It *would* have been fun!





Indignant Wife. "YOU CAN DO MORE OF NOTHIN' IN A DAY THAN NOBODY NEVER DONE AS EVER I SEE."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

THE modern critical touch, with its strong infusion of the personal into the professional estimate, was notably in evidence during the afterglow of the French Revolution. By the beginning of the nineteenth century the great game of mutual admiration and detraction was well under way among the intelligentsia; and to look back and see what A thought of B and C of D is to form a pretty precise notion not only of the exploits of the criticised but of the mentality of the critics. This last point has not been overlooked by Mr. E. H. LACON WATSON in compiling *Contemporary Comments* (EYRE AND SPOTTISWOODE, 16/-), an anthology of estimates by and upon nineteenth-century men of letters, in which the eighteen subjects range chronologically from SCOTT to MACAULAY. Considerably more than eighteen commentators "pass remarks" upon their fellows; and, as your creative genius is not necessarily either observant or tolerant of his peers, the comments of the smaller fry are often far more just and interesting than those of their betters. It is as instructive, for instance, to find Miss MITFORD championing HAZLITT with discernment while DE QUINCEY plasters him with COLERIDGE'S "impressive word" "non-sequacious," and to discover that KEATS'S verse was "maudlin sensibility" to CARLYLE and "full of beauty" to BARRY CORNWALL, as to ascertain that BYRON was sound on SCOTT, SYDNEY SMITH on MACAULAY and LAMB on LANDOR. Criticism has no monopoly of the comments included, and some hundreds of descriptions of the looks and ways of the eighteen notabilities give an added charm and value to a scholarly and entertaining book. Mr. LACON WATSON, I may add, proves himself to be equally entertaining, though in lighter mood, in his recently-published memoirs, *Notes and Memories of a Sports Reporter* (JOSEPH, 12/6).

As the best of all possible uncles in the best of all possible worlds Mr. HARTLEY WITHERS has unfailing resources of benevolent encouragement to draw upon in favour of a universe of nieces and nephews; and whether they are financiers, speculators, Socialists, Idle Rich, headline stars, Americans or even politicians he will pat their heads and promise them pennies if they will but come with smiling faces to do their best at their tasks. In *Everybody's Business* (CAPE, 10/6) he explains how completely it takes all sorts to make a world, particularly a world of money, and expounds in language not beyond our understanding all the mysteries of foreign exchange, the balance of trade, the Gold Standard—before it was half-mast high—the causes of unemployment and the unpleasantness of heavy taxation. Most of his little people, he would have them realise, have not yet learned that nasty tempers are the cause of horrid surprises, that it is really more difficult to spend money than to earn it, and that Satisfaction is to be preferred to Respectability by the wise. For myself, in reading a genuinely impartial summary of the Free Trade *v.* Tariff Reform controversy, or still more in enjoying a share of the writer's reasoned optimism for the future, I was content to swallow the geniality with the information, and almost prepared to appoint him coadjutor with Mr. WELLS in setting the world in order. Mr. WITHERS,

of course, does not realise how avuncular are his benedictions. No nice uncle ever does realise it.

For the hunting-man who most prefers
That little dogs know their job
Is *Hunt and Working Terriers*,
At a cost of eighteen bob,
By Captain LUCAS written,
From CHAPMAN 'tis AND HALL;
And a dog must be hard-bitten
Or he'd not be here at all.

And much is here that I'm content
Of interest to find—
The hints on kennel management
Are greatly to my mind,
As too are the occasions
In the terrier's orthodox
And everyday relations
With the buck-rat or the fox.

But to badger-digs I've scarce the call
And information lack
On the fate of the "raw material"
When, alive, it's in the sack;
And, since I'm making strictures
(Which I hate to be about),
Among the clever pictures
Are three I'd be without.

I like Mr. A. A. MILNE'S novel, *Two People* (METHUEN, 7/6), too much to describe it as *fragrant* and *refreshing* (those words have become horrible ones to use about any book not written with ink-and-water), and yet I did find mental refreshment in his story, which is as full of pleasantness as a well-mixed *pot-pourri*. The hero is a *Mr. Wellard*, who, because he had nothing much to do in the mornings except to "watch a sow-thistle which had got into his sidalceas change into a sidalcea which had got into his sow-thistles," chanced to write a book which became a best-seller. One result of it was that he and his lovely wife, *Sylvia*, came up to London while the dramatised version of the book was being rehearsed, and, owing to the claims of business and fame, saw more of other people and not so much of one another as they had done in the past. That and the ghost of a misunderstanding is the gist of the book. Not that the gist matters in this particular story, which has such a charming air of its own and is so full of the loveliness of love, and wit and wisdom and sparkle that, as we read, we feel we have strayed into some modern Eden whose two people, *Reginald* and *Sylvia Wellard*, allow us to share some of their joys and let us observe with them the queerness of all the other animals. Mr. MILNE has given us a treasure.

It takes, I think, an exceptionally vital imagination—the imagination of a CERVANTES or a DICKENS—to see a recognisable piece of humanity through a series of preposterous adventures, not only without detriment to personality but with cumulative distinction. So when I congratulate Mr. MARTIN ARMSTRONG on having produced a modest addition to the family of *Sancho* and *Pickwick*, I congratulate him on a rare feat as well as a highly acceptable one. *Mr. Darby* (GOLLANCZ, 8/6) is the adventurer in every one of us. He is also a little cock-robin of a provincial clerk who amazingly inherits a million on his fiftieth birthday. His admirable wife, *Sarah*, head housemaid in a ducal establishment before she undertook the ordering and supervision of *Mr. Darby*, is anything but pleased at the change. It undermines her authority but fails to destroy her self-respect. In deference to *Sarah*, *Mr. Darby* essays his first callow flight as a millionaire in London; and only when London and the impassioned acquisition of Old Masters have played him false, does he sail for savage climes, leaving *Sarah* to await him at Newchester. What with the liner *Utopia* and the cannibal peninsula of Mandratia, terrible extremes of sophistication and barbarism confront



The Captain (at half-time). "NOW, LOOK HERE, YOU FELLOWS. THIS TACKLING A MAN ROUND HIS NECK HAS GOT TO STOP. YOU NEVER SEE ME DOING THINGS LIKE THAT."

Mr. Darby's inexperience. But in every enterprise, however exotic, *Sarah* of the severely restricted ambitions is found to be the last hope, the ultimate resource. I admit that I found the lady's single-handed exploits less engaging than those of her husband. Their blending is the soul of a delightfully farcical comedy written with consistent grace and spirit.

All those who have struggled with that agonising task, the first novel, will envy the achievement of Miss MOYRA CHARLTON, who recently as a twelve-year-old delighted so many animal-lovers with her biography of the horse *Tally-Ho*, and who now as an experienced craftsman celebrates her entry into the teens with *Patch, The Story of a Mongrel* (METHUEN, 5/-). Her hero is an adventurer dog who stows away on a Transatlantic liner and is sent by the Captain as a present to a small nephew in Vermont, by whom he is lost while on holiday in Virginia. Devotedly he sets out on the long hike back to Vermont—but of the many excitements of his journey and of his final reunion with his master I shall leave Miss CHARLTON to tell you. Her command of English is quite disproportionate to her years, her commendably simple style lending itself very happily to the treatment of animals. Descriptions of an Atlantic crossing, of the Shenandoah Caves and of the American countryside show acute observation, and she appears to possess an instinctive understanding of the fundamentals of the doggy character. But it is only fair to admit that I was changed in a moment from a critic to an enthusiast by her sincere belief in that obvious necessity of the Beyond, an animal's paradise. To a book which is charmingly illustrated by G. D. ARMOUR, Lord HOWARD OF PENRITH contributes a graceful preface.



Mrs. Mudgett (concluding story of her life to social worker). "YES, MUM, IN THESE DAYS YOU'VE GOT TO WORK 'ARD FOR A 'USBAND—BOTH BEFORE AND AFTER."

Up to quite recent times the diver never really "walked alone in the depths of the sea" at all, as Victorian bass singers were so fond of asserting, for the simple reason that the pressure of the water rendered an ordinary rubber suit useless at a greater depth than a hundred-and-twenty feet. Now, however, a costume has been devised which overcomes this drawback, its appearance, as depicted on the paper-jacket of Mr. DAVID SCOTT's book, *Seventy Fathoms Deep* (FABER AND FABER, 12/6), being something between a sculpture by EPSTEIN and one of Mr. H. G. WELLS's men from Mars. Mr. SCOTT's story deals with the operations of the ill-fated Italian salvage-ship *Artiglio*, equipped with these and other modern appliances for retrieving the treasures of the deep. The scene was the coast of Brittany, a region, as the wreck chart at the end of the volume shows, littered with the bones of sunken ships; and the *Artiglio's* special objectives were the Belgian steamer *Elizabethville*, torpedoed near Belle-Ile in 1917 with a valuable cargo from the Congo, including a consignment of uncut diamonds, and the P. and O. liner *Egypt*, sunk in collision in 1922 with bullion amounting to over a million pounds. The humours and excitements of the quest, and the stark tragedy with which its first chapter ended, make a tale well worth telling; and Mr. SCOTT, who lived on board most of the time and learned to love and appreciate the gay and reckless daring of the men engaged in the work, proves himself a competent and sympathetic narrator.

The Man in No. 3 (COLLINS, 7/6) may be a little disappointing to those of us who regard Mr. J. S. FLETCHER with especial esteem as a writer of mystery tales, for only six of the eighteen stories in this collection deal with crime and detection. They are, however, an excellent half-dozen, though I have to admit that "The Ring" was a shade too fantastic for my taste. Twelve stories remain, and in their simple way they are pleasant enough to read. "Snowbound in Arcady" is my favourite, because its scene is laid in a country inn where good food abounds, and Mr. FLETCHER always describes a meal so alluringly that he makes me hungry to share it. I congratulate author and publishers alike on the fact that acknowledgments are paid to those who have permitted these stories to be reprinted from various magazines—a courtesy which in these days is often far to seek.

The Appletons of Herne (COLLINS, 7/6) is, we are told, "just a new way of bringing before the reader the lives of many people so as to give them an air of reality, and as such is an interesting new experiment in fiction." I can, however, declare unreservedly that as far as novelty is concerned Mr. ARCHIBALD MARSHALL's story did not impress me. What I did find attractive in his carefully considered history of the *Appletons* through several generations is the picture it gives of social England as one *Appleton* to another succeeds. Mr. MARSHALL is perhaps too much of the historian and too little of the novelist in this chronicle, but he writes so pleasingly and graciously that, although I could not feel enthusiastic about any individual *Appleton*, I was interested in following their fortunes as a family.

Training Hints for Cesarewitch Punters.

"Before going to bet get two basins of water, one hot and one cold, and to each add about ¼lb. of Epsom salts."
South African Paper.

Owing to the influence of American films on children it is suggested that Mr. ARTHUR MEE should change the title of *My Magazine* to *Sez Mee!*

CHARIVARIA.

IT would appear that *The Daily Mail's* efforts to prevent a General Election were foiled by *The Daily Mail*.

***

Vienna is holding an exhibition of seventy different kinds of parrot. We, on the other hand, are merely holding a General Election.

***

"Westmoreland and Cumberland are noted for rum butter," says a cookery expert. But surely some very rum butter has been imported from Soviet Russia.

***

A daily paper is unable to explain to its juvenile readers why the name of "Parliament-cake" was given to a kind of gingerbread. It dates, of course, from early attempts to ginger-up the House of Commons.

***

Mr. RAMSAY MACDONALD, in adopting the policy of the "Free Hand," is confidently expected to deliver the country from the policy of the freebooter.

***

The Sino-Japanese dispute has had a disturbing effect upon those Chinese who only wish to be allowed to go on peacefully with the Civil War.

***

The cuckoo which a *Times'* reader heard calling at Enfield last week is believed to have been actuated by reluctance to give up heralding the summer.

***

Various schemes are reported to be on foot for the advancement of St. Helena. Among contributory causes of the island's decline is the world-shortage of Napoleons.

***

It is alleged that the North Sea is being over-fished; but there is little support for the suggestion that this might be rectified by suppressing angling competitions.

***

A remarkable thing about the discovery of an EDWARD I. silver penny in Dumfriesshire is that it had lain undetected by generations of Scotsmen.

***

"I first heard of him [M. PADEREWSKI] in 1899," writes Mr. HANNEN SWAFFER in *The Daily Herald*. There is an extraordinary rumour, however, that M. PADEREWSKI never heard of Mr. HANNEN SWAFFER till 1931.

***

A novel by an Irish peeress who took a classical degree at Oxford is described as having "the Somerville touch." This racy influence is apparent in many Irish novels.

***

The claim of a Cornish poultry-farmer to have discovered a cure for "gapes" does not shake our conviction that life on a poultry-farm is conducive to yawning.

***

"It is not easy to be good-humoured when one has a cold," says a writer. Our comedians, however, still produce the same old wheezes.

***

A beauty treatment is to immerse the face in a heap of mud. We now realise how so many footballers manage to keep that schoolgirl complexion.

***

A visiting film-star says she rides a lot and is very attached to horses. That's really the only successful way to ride a lot.

***

"Fish-skins are now used for shoes, gaiters, leggings, etc.," says a trade report. We hear of a well-dressed young man who is frequently seen wearing a pair of fawn sprats.

***

In the opinion of Professor A. M. Low it will be years before we can communicate with Mars. This rather suggests that the planet must be on the telephone.

***

There is said to be a great demand for imitation seal-skin coats this year. The seals, on the other hand, still insist on wearing the real thing.

***

Lord DAWSON OF PENN is of the opinion that our young men do not take enough exercise. It should be stated, however, that many of them do roll their own cigarettes.

***

"The Whole World with One Simple Dial," says a wireless announcement. Personally we object to this description of our homely features.

***

A Berlin girl has died as a result of pricking her finger with a sewing-needle. "MATER" writes to say that such a thing is not likely to happen in this country.

***

A writer asserts that a man's character can be told by the books on his library shelf. Then most of our friends are kleptomaniacs.

***

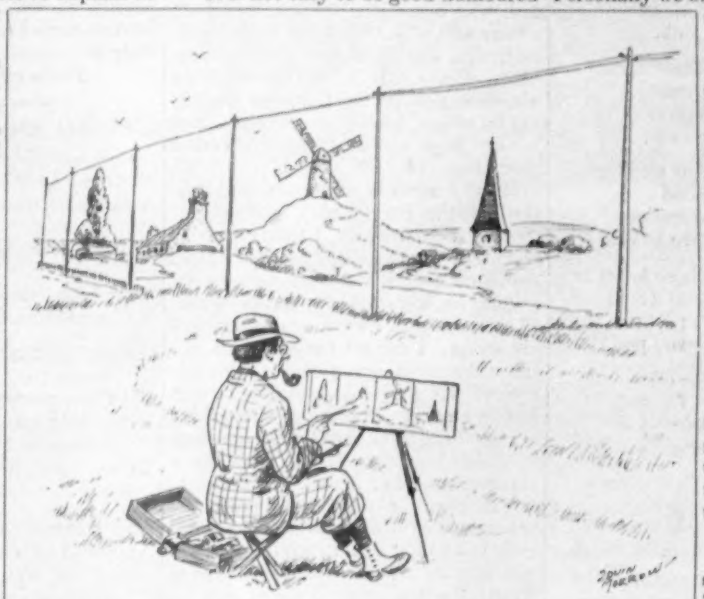
A trainer declares that the majority of racehorses answer to their names. But not to the ones we sometimes call them.

***

"It is grossly unfair," says a Labour man, "that one American should leave over a million by his will." It is only fair to point out that he didn't really want to leave it.

***

In reply to "ANXIOUS," we hasten to point out that the bird that fled from the Whipsnade Zoo the other day was not the Slate Club Secretary Bird.



THE STRIP ARTIST ON A SKETCHING HOLIDAY FINDS AN IDEAL SUBJECT.

SHORTAGE.

["The tendency is for the new frocks to be longer still," says an authority on the subject.]

THOUGH being up-to-date, my dear,
With you is quite a passion,
You must come down to facts, I fear,
And compromise with fashion.

For, while her influence is strong,
The purse's is far stronger,
And though new dresses may be long—
Please wear your old ones longer.

W. K. H.

CHURTICLEER.

"My country, hewn in slices
And robbed of all supports,
How dared you have a crisis
Whilst I was out of sorts?"—

'Twas thus that on the wireless
I heard, or seemed to hear,
The accents of the tireless
Recuperating seer.

The voice that breathed o'er Surrey,
The tones that came from Churt,
Seemed full of pique and worry—
The patriarch was hurt.

"This economic blizzard
Might easily, I think,
Have waited till the Wizard
Was truly in the pink.

They framed their Dissolution
When David was unfit;
O'erwhelming retribution
Is bound to come of it.

Who but the prince of pleaders
Avails at urgent need
To count the Liberal leaders
And tell them where to lead?

Who but the man whose heart is
At one with England's soul
Can bind the Liberal parties
And push them to the poll?"

'Twas thus that on the ether
I heard, or thought I heard,
The old enchantment-breather
Describing what occurred.

The sage who spoke from Surrey
Seemed singularly hurt
At England's fatuous hurry
Whilst he was chained to Churt.

Evoe.

ANOTHER SPORTING OFFER.

My dear Banker,—I confess to having been both pained and puzzled by your statement that the suspension of the Gold Standard and the consequent easing of the financial situation and all that does not automatically sweep away the obstacles which were blocking the way to an extension of my overdraft.

The Government, through the Press, distinctly assured me that "the banks will be open as usual for the *convenience* of their customers, and there is *no reason* why sterling transactions should be affected in any way." The italics are mine, because naturally the Government were in too much of a hurry to think of italics.

Your attitude in the face of this proclamation is almost incredible. Not only do you appear deliberately to have flouted the Cabinet's implied command to study my convenience, but you decline to assist me in carrying out what seems to me to be a quite simple sterling transaction. What is more, it is a perfectly legitimate transaction. So far from endeavouring to send your gold out of the country (which is the last thing I wish to do), I merely want some more of it shoved on to my account. If that is not keeping it in this country, then I don't know what is. Besides, curse it all! I am not even asking for gold; notes, postal-orders, credit, any old thing will do. Not to mince matters I must warn you that I am being forced to the sinister conclusion that the whole business *has* been a bankers' ramp after all.

However, for the sake of my little girl, who has one of your Home Safe affairs and is very fond of your head-cashier, I should like to give you another chance. If it be impossible to convince you by my financial reasoning (of which, by the way, my wife has a very high opinion), what about a spot of sport?

What I mean is, you have doubtless read of the curate who recently increased (permanently, I trust) his congregation by challenging the local tennis-club to a three-set match. Of course you, with your apparently somewhat stubborn views, may not approve his action. I cannot judge of that, because we have never really "got together" on spiritual topics, have we? But in any case, you must admit there is something to be said for the sporting method of conversion. I remember a reverend uncle of mine used to ensure an excellent church attendance by taking on the local bruisers for as many rounds as they could stand before deciding in favour of a spiritual change of heart. He was greatly beloved both by the bruised and the unbruised of his parish, but that is by the way. My point is that the Church need not have all the fun.

Let you and me decide this vexed question of my overdraft, not by irritating and complicated financial arguments which lead us—or, at any rate, lead me—nowhere, but by a healthy and straightforward sporting contest. I think you will admit that as the unmistakably aggrieved party I have the right to select the game. We do not want to be too violent, so what about ping-pong? Even a banker surely can play ping-pong.

Best of three sets on alternate dining-room tables. That is rather decent of me because, judging from your girth and financial standing, your dining-room is pretty sure to be of more lordly dimensions than mine. The south-west corner of our sideboard has a knack of catching strangers in the lower part of the back at times, and, badly though I need that increased overdraft, I am prepared to give you a fair chance of sustaining your absurd decision. You would have me at quite as much of a disadvantage in your dining-room, however spacious it may be. I have never played ping-pong in a banker's dining-room and I should be terribly nervous.

Come now, what about it? Think of the pleasant precedent you would establish. Consider the innumerable forms of industrial, social and political disputes which might come to be settled in a jovial sporting fashion as a result of our contest. If you really do not feel up to ping-pong (or you funk our sideboard), we will make it draughts. Or Snakes-and-Ladders. I don't mind. Only be a sport.

Yours expectantly, D. C.

AN ENVIABLE LOT.

[Cyril and Sidney, two of the Zoo's tortoises, have started their winter sleep.]

A bardlet whose takings are far from immense
Is less interested in pounds than in pence,
But nevertheless on the fall of the quid
He found himself envying Cyril and Sid.

Perceiving that trouble was due to begin,
Old Cyril proceeded to dig himself in,
Remarking (no doubt), "It would not be amiss
To slumber till Spring on a worry like this."

And Sidney decided the bad time ahead
Appeared to him also to indicate bed,
Esteeming the earth with the Gold Standard gone
A thing he would rather be under than on.

Both Cyril and Sidney instinctively knew
That when after Christmas the taxes are due
And we must obey a peremptory mem.
The fork-out will not be extended to them.

These fancies perhaps may be open to doubt,
But one thing at least I am certain about;
A bard to whom slumber's by worry forbid
Can hardly help envying Cyril and Sid.

"The party leaders turn to and fro in their perplexity, weaving and unweaving their combinations."—*Article by Mr. Winston Churchill in Daily Paper.*

We had no idea they were still worn, even by politicians.



THE "DOCTOR'S MANDATE."

MR. LLOYD GEORGE. "I THINK IT IS A GREAT BETRAYAL OF THE NATIONAL INTERESTS TO GO TO THE COUNTRY WITHOUT *ME*."



Sturdy Economist. "Two rolls-and-butter and two cups of tea."

MORE EXPLANATIONS.

Now that the daily Press have made it clear exactly why Mr. "Teddy" John of Chelsea has taken up boxing as a career, it seems only fair that a little light should be thrown upon the unusual careers adopted by other children of distinguished parentage. To this end we are publishing below a series of interviews which it has been our Special Representative's privilege to obtain.

Why I Have Become a Steeple-Jack.

(By Lewis Gunn, son of Canon Gunn, of Bigger Steeple-Bumpstead.)

Why did I become a steeplejack? That is a question that all my friends ask me; and, of course, I tell them. Some of you do not know me and therefore cannot ask me, but I will tell you just the same.

I was, as it happens, intended for the Church, and it was thought that one day I might follow in my father's footsteps, provided that the continuous agitation for shifting the position of the pulpit in the parish church did not materialise.

You will readily imagine then what a great disappointment it was to my father when I failed to be ordained, and it was mainly to please him, a zealous high churchman, that I fell back upon steeple-jacking as a career.

Am I getting on? Well, it all seemed very strange at first, but I soon began to make headway once I got a footing. I like it, you know, too; and in some ways it seems to widen one's outlook.

* * *

Why I have Become a Speciality Salesman.

(By the Hon. Ivor Flatfoot, son of the Duke of Debtford. Educated at Eton and Cowley.)

When my friends ask me why I have become a salesman, I invariably answer "Why not?" I admit that when I came down from the Varsity my intentions were vague, though honourable; but, chancing to see an advertisement for a salesman of the Public School type, preferably a duke's son with own bicycle, I applied for the job. Of course I was more in jest than in earnest, but, being offered the post, I took it.

What am I selling? Oh, pups.

Yes, on the whole it is a pleasant job. One has to have rather a hard neck at times; but there, I was awarded my Collar while at Eton.

Things are going pretty well, especially in the second-hand pup-selling line. I have sold as many as a dozen pups before breakfast.

How is the duke? Oh, he's recovering gradually, I think. Yes, I sold him a pup last week, and I believe he was pretty badly bitten.

* * *

Why I have Entered a Convent.

(By Lady Gaga Gate-Crasher, Lord Turnstile's daughter.)

As you know, shortly after my *début* on the talkies I was inundated with letters of congratulation from millions of my public. This sort of thing is always upsetting to a girl of temperament, so I have cancelled a number of contracts with Elstree and Hollywood and am going into seclusion for a while.

Of course there was other trouble too. Wallace Beery never really forgave me for playing opposite Ronnie Coleman in the *Three Little Bears*; and you know what men are.

Am I taking up religion as a career? Heaven alone knows.

Why I Have Become a Beauty-Specialist.

(By the Hon. Violet Ray, Lord O'Zone's eldest daughter.)

Well, the days are gone when a woman was content to sit quietly at home with her children. Have I any children? No; and quite frankly one hasn't time for that sort of thing when one is wrapped up in one's business. Have I any need to work? Of course not. Who has, these days? But that's no excuse for idling. Yes, I shall be at Mürren again for the winter sports this year.

* * *

Why I am Writing for the Press.

(By Margot Mashie-Smith, daughter of Mr. Smith and step-sister of Colonel Bogus-Bogey.)

My friends are always asking me why I write for the Press——

No doubt, but we will leave it there, thanks.

A ROMAN HOLIDAY.

[A young bull, filled with the *joie de vivre*, recently careered through part of Rome and was captured, after much excitement, by the men of a cavalry regiment into whose barracks he had broken. He was an amiable bull, and there were no casualties.]

The Roman skies were bright,
And bright the Roman shoppers;
It was a day that's quite
The thing, in Kent, for hoppers;
It thrilled a Roman bull,
A sportive beast and nippy,
Until he got so full
Of beans that he was dippy.
Into the city ways
He sped, and at his coming
Confusion turned to gaze
And fairly set things humming.
He paralysed the shops,
Upset the hawkers' barrows,
Defied the Roman cops
And scattered men like sparrows.
From street to street he passed
With bucking and cavorting,
While people stood aghast
Merely to hear him snorting.
Still on he held his course
Until he sought an entry
Into a barracks (horse)
Where stood a Roman sentry.
And there at first he found
His further progress barred out;
The hero stood his ground;
What's more, he turned the guard out.
Like men they faced the fray;
Stern was their mien and chilling;
But there behind them lay
The place they used for drilling.
It drew him like a spell;
He paused for half a minute,
Then with a joyous yell
Went for them, and was in it.
But there were troopers there,
Men of the Something-*ini*,
Who poured into the square,
Sporting, and very beany.
They hemmed him round by scores;
In squadrons they pursued him;
They dodged like matadors;
Like toreadors they shooed him.
They got him with a sheet
Chucked o'er his head to blind him,
And led him down the street
With cheering crowds behind him.
It was a pleasant lark,
An hour of airy capers
That somehow caused remark
And got into the papers;
Yet Rome's a classic spot,
And on reflection, O bull,
You might have, might you not,
Have gone for something no-ble?
Life was not all a spree
In those old days of glory;
Horatius, *e.g.*,
Is still renowned in story;
And, I maintain, a beast
Of true heroic fibre,
Given your chance, at least
Ought to have swum the Tiber.

Dum-Dum.



WHY NOT RIVAL THE MOTOR-SHOW WITH A PEDESTRIANS' EXHIBITION?

Things We Should Not Have Dared to Say.

"Lily Damita, who appears completely clothed practically the whole time, is disappointing."

Dramatic Criticism in Daily Paper.

"Unexpected Vacancy for Sportsman in renowned shoot, hour London. Expensive, but exceptionally heavy bag of high pheasants."—*Advt. in Daily Paper.*

For ourselves we prefer the birds we murder to be quite fresh.

THE NEW ARCHITECTURE.

(With grateful acknowledgments in many quarters.)

ONE of the most striking examples of the modern medium-sized country house is "Last Word," built to the designs of Mr. Robert Turvey, whose first essay in purely domestic architecture is represented by this remarkable work. The commission was entrusted to him by Mr. Eaton Jackett, the rising novelist, whose masterpiece, *The Urge of Childhood*, has already run into thousands of editions. Mr. Turvey has been assisted, we understand, in the preparation of plans by his youngest and favourite sister, who is familiarly known as Topsy. To her, therefore, must be attributed some of the credit or responsibility for the results achieved.

"Last Word" is a sincere effort at self-expression, courageous on the part both of those who designed it and even more of those who propose to occupy it. Anything like servile imitation of the characteristics of WREN or INIGO JONES, to name two conspicuous architects of the past, has been avoided in favour of traditions which are at once more ancient and more modern. The outcome is a house which combines the spirit of the present or future with that of the Stone Age. Every line of the building seems to remind us of progress and inventions, while through it all runs a thread of retrospect—a glance back, as it were, lingering and almost pathetic, to days when life was simpler than it is now. It is all very original and very wonderful.

The house is built in corkscrew shape, a single spiral ascending in graceful curves to a height of many feet. It is impossible to exhibit a ground plan of it as it really has not got one, nor would photographs do it justice. If the design can be said to follow one type of architecture more than another, perhaps, as the visitor climbs the newel staircase, which forms the main feature of the interior, the Perpendicular Style may suggest itself. Some architects have been known to forget the staircases, an omission the inconvenience of which needs no demonstration. Mr. Turvey has not fallen into this trap. His house is practically all staircase.

Not that living and sleeping accommodation have been forgotten. From each turn of the spiral there juts out an apartment cleverly supported upon stays of molybdenum steel. The internal appointments may not be very comfortable, as the present generation understands comfort, but any comment to this effect is met by Mr. Turvey with the laughing rejoinder that we are too luxurious in our habits and that there will be before long a reaction to more severe ways. Only the future can settle this point.

There is, for example, no adequate provision for the admission of furniture, the circular staircase being too narrow to allow the passage of any object more unwieldy than a tea-tray.



Husband (bitterly). "AND I KNOW PERFECTLY WELL I COULD DO THE JOB IN HALF-A-MINUTE IF I HAD A HAIRPIN."

The designer's suggestion that some chairs and tables should be deposited on the roof from an air-ship hardly meets the difficulty, and an alternative proposal that the necessary appointments should be built up in the rooms themselves and left there is more likely to be adopted. At present only rugs and cushions are used, a simple expedient which is useful for labour-saving but something of a novelty to those unaccustomed to sit on the floor at meals. The proportions of the dining-room are excellent. It goes by the name of The Cabbage-Room, for not only are the walls coloured in the tint of that familiar vegetable, but the apartment is shaped in the form of a cabbage, a suggestive piece of mimicry which only a genius would have attempted. The windows are in the floor and are made of strong glass, so that anyone who stands on them will not fall through. Each carries a neat label giving the weight which it is warranted to carry. The position of the windows does away with any fenestration, so often an unsatisfactory feature of the modern house, and also ensures complete privacy.

The fireplaces throughout are situated at the top of the room close under the ceiling, a position which reduces the inconvenience caused by a smoking fire. A visitor of ordinary height can by stretching up his hands enjoy the comfortable glow of the fire, though warming the feet on a cold day is less easy. Nothing is more interesting than the doors, which are of wrought-iron covered with a preparation of asbestos. They disappear entirely when you press a spring and reappear when you press another. The banging door, that fruitful source of neur-asthenia, thus becomes impossible. Some little care must be exercised in keeping clear of the door when it reappears, or you may be knocked down; but with practice the operation becomes perfectly safe.

Quite the pleasantest apartment in the house is the living-room on the roof, from which a noble view of the surrounding country may be obtained. Nothing could be more simple than the room itself, for it has no ceiling and no walls, though there is a balustrade of expanded metal to prevent a fall over the edge into the garden below. This room has been christened The Overdraught, for reasons which on a windy evening are obvious. The reference to be detected in this name to modern financial conditions is, we are assured, purely unintentional.

Space will not permit the enumeration of further attractive details. Sufficient has been said to show that "Last Word" is a house possessing an individuality of its own. A. C.

"Morality, Heavenly Link!"

"Registration for the extra-moral students of Queen's University is going on at present."
Canadian Paper.

"He had shot and fished and consumed innumerable kippers in night-clubs."
Magazine Serial.

We once had a shot at a night-club kipper, but it was too high.



Athletic Householder (on last day of Summer-Time, suddenly). "PUT THAT CLOCK BACK!"
Burglar (with great presence of mind). "THAT'S JEST WOT I POPPED IN TO DO FOR YOU, GUV'NOR."

THE TREES IN OUR ROAD:

AN ECHO OF MIDSUMMER.

Up at King's Standing, October or June
The pine-trees are singing their lullaby-tune;
Long days or short days, blow hard or blow soft,
The wood-wind plays on through the branches aloft,
Till the sun sets between them and up swims the moon.

Wine-red glow the stems at the set of the sun;
By moonlight they're pillars of silver and dun;
In the midsummer noon as they bask in the calm
The breath of their tresses is incense and balm;
There's music and colour and odour in one.

But under the hill, where my humble abode
Looks out on the tar of a ribbon-built road,
We've a nice little sample of pines of our own,
Just planted last year, yet they're very well grown,
For *Pinus excelsa* is quite in the mode.

At my little front-gate they have put in a pine—
Just one of five hundred, all straight in a line—
As plain as a pike-staff, and ugly at that,
As stiff as a poker, as black as your hat,
And built like a tree in a Cubist design.

Its boughs are a gridiron black from the fire,
Its tresses are trailed in a tangle of wire;
The song that it sings is a babel of bosh,
A concert of worry, a talkie of tosh,
With questions that bother and answers that tire.

Its babble will never be out of my ken,
For it's laid on right into my own little den,
With duds from the office, mistakes from the stores,
Demands there's no dodging from pestilent bores,
And "Sorry you're troubled" five times out of ten.

Sometimes I have dreams of a day to arise
When no one rings up but the witty and wise,
When the local exchange is commendably strong
In giving right numbers more often than wrong,
And fewer cross-questions get crooked replies.

But ere that day dawns the black pole at my gate
Shall branch to the heavens, renewing its state,
Shall stand a green glory, a murmurous pine
With a breath as of incense, a flush as of wine,
And the pines on King's Standing shall nod to their mate.

CONVERSATION GOLF.

"MARVELLOUS air one gets up here," said the man.

"Is it?" said I.

The air was absolutely foul.

"That's a sparrow-hawk hovering," said the man, pointing to some nasty spot in the sky.

"Very possibly," I replied with hauteur. I did not care if it was a boiled owl.

"How plainly one can see France!" said the man. "You can almost pick out the buildings on the other side."

"Mph," I said.

We are an island people, I believe. We are becoming, I hope, more British every day. At a moment of national emergency such as the present it ill becomes us to simulate curiosity about a country that not only tries to dump luxuries in our ports but actually remains on the Gold Standard. Clearly the man was a cad.

I knew of course the game he was playing, or trying to play—the usual game played by a stranger whom one picks up at a strange club. He was a middle-aged man, hard-bitten (at least I hope so) and wearing a yellow pull-over. With a lucky lead of one hole he meant to consolidate his advantage by boosting the atmosphere. At two up he tried to clinch his success by disgusting references to ornithology. Three to the good, he became a mere anti-patriot, hoping to snatch a cheap victory by posing as a cosmopolitan *flâneur*. But I bided my hour.

I holed a long putt on the fourth green for a half. That shook him visibly.

"How delightful the thyme smells!" was the best he could do.

I had noticed some kind of objectionable odour myself, but I refused to admit the fact. I had earned the right to put in a counter-blow and I had laid my plan of campaign.

"Queer sort of political situation," I said as we walked to the fifth tee, "hunting for formulas like this."

It was good enough. He sliced badly into the long grass, while I went down the centre of the fairway. I rested for a few moments, picking out houses in France or wherever it was, while he and his caddie hunted for their formula. They did not find it.

I determined to play a cool and wary game after this. There was much that I might have said as he came up moist and blasphemous to the sixth. I had seen a dead seagull, for instance, but I said nothing about it, and there was a German liner standing close into shore. It is not the best policy to hammer your opponent too heavily at the start and provoke unlimited reprisals. I preferred to stick to my original line. I merely asked him how he thought the North of England would vote as a whole on the policy of Protection, and the ruse availed. He made a noise like an ailing cow and topped into a bunker, though the wind, smelling strongly of thyme, was at his back.

But he was not without resources and, gaining a short hole by pointing out the autumnal tints in the woods, he was still two up at the turn. I won the long tenth by alluding to bi-metallism, but he pulled me back again at the eleventh, and had the insufferable audacity at the twelfth tee to ask me whether I had seen the Roman remains at Richborough. I had, but if he thought he could make me scoop my drive by alluding to a lot of miserable rubbish left here by the troops of CLAUDIUS he was mistaken, and I soon proved it to him. I laid my approach as dead as the Emperor HONORIUS and stood one down. I should have been level with him at the next if the mouldy air of the Downs, with its vile scent of thyme, had not blown my ball off the green; and he increased his advantage by driving almost sixty yards nearer France than I did, which filled him obviously with overweening pride.

It was a moment for dispensing with tradition. He had the honour and was opening his mouth, probably to make some coarse remark about botany which would have ruined my back-swing, when I took the game into my own hands.

"It's a difficult situation," I said to him, smiling pleasantly, "but the old country is not dead yet."

He stared open-mouthed. He could hardly believe his ears. I don't suppose any opponent had ever been three holes down to him in all his hard-bitten, yellow-pull-overed life on the fifteenth tee and had had the nerve to come up cool and smiling with a remark about politics just before the drive. The wind was out of his sails.

"What d' you mean?" he said.

"Just what I say," I answered. "It's an awkward situation, but I do really think that with a National Government we shall all of us pull through."

He did, anyway. Right into the little spinney on the left. Very likely it was full of sparrow-hawks. It took him five shots to get to the green. So ruffled was he that I took the next two holes with a mere reference to Mr. PHILIP SNOWDEN'S peerage and the curious position of Mr. LLOYD GEORGE, the first of which made him fluff a mashie pitch and the second socket an iron.

Clearly the drama at the eighteenth was bound to be intense. We walked with set faces to the tee, each of us searching in his mind for the death-blow. Very suddenly there was an awful noise overhead.

"That must be the air-mail," said the man.

I doubt if a more dastardly attack has ever been delivered. In a fey moment I might have looked up at the wretched thing. But I held my ground.

"I don't think it was," I said. "I think it was a wheatear."

Then I drove. It was a fairly decent one. He searched in his pocket for his peg tee.

"We must all press forward," I said, "against the ranks of Squandermania."

He drove. It went about sixty-five yards. I had a putt in hand and won. I thank the PRIME MINISTER for it.

EVOE.

FROM BOOKS TO BEEF.

JOIN to-day; no more visits to the butcher.

How the Meat Society works:—

Farmers throughout the country parade their fattest beasts before the Joint Selection Committee of the Meat Society. From these the Committee choose the Joint of the Week, and compile a supplementary list of joints which they can highly recommend.

Now suppose for a moment that you are already a member of the Meat Society. Every week you receive in good time for the family Sunday dinner a prime specimen of the Joint of the Week. Enclosed with this is a copy of *Meat Society Menus*, a tasteful publication, which is free and contains an appreciation of the Joint of the Week by a connoisseur of eating, together with descriptions by properly qualified *gourmets* of the joints in the recommended supplementary list.

Tastes differ, and you may of course receive a leg of mutton on the day when your whole being cries out for sirloin of beef. In that case you can return the joint within five days and ask in exchange for another from the supplementary list. All you are charged for is the joint you eventually keep. Every joint is forwarded in due course to some other member of the Society. There is absolutely no waste.

Mr. J. B. Feastley says: "When the Meat Society began I believed that it could do good service for the ordinary unintelligent eater. Now I am certain of it, and the continued success of the Society shows that more and more eaters are realising how perfectly it can feed them."

Why choose your own meat?
Let us do it for you.
Join to-day!



Cook. "Don't that music sound beautiful?"
Kitchen-maid. "Yes, that it do. I allus did like the 'Indian Love Limericks.'"

"PUNCH" TO LORD BYNG OF VIMY.

Great Soldier, who on many a stricken field
Undaunted steadfastness of soul revealed;
Wise Governor, unmoved by faction's hum
Throughout your *aureum quinquennium*,
Avoiding flights flamboyant or Icarian,
And though a Julian never a Cæsarian—
None of the laurels that you won and wore
For splendid services in Peace and War
Proved in the winning of them quite as hard
As those which crown you when you leave "The Yard"—
Your irksome duties resolutely done—
Once more the finest Force under the sun,
Regenerated by your selfless zeal,
And the best bulwark of the common weal. C. L. G.

THE CESAREWITCH.

I have often heard it called the Seizerwitch; and a man I know insists on labelling it the Scissorvitch. I once heard it called the Kaiserwitch, and it has, I believe, been referred to as the Caesurawitch. Some people allude to it as "Not the Cambridgeshire, the other one," or simply the "You know," when asking or giving advice; or if the horses have easy names they get out of it that way.

I am happy to have been the means of putting the mind of one of my friends at rest regarding the correct pronunciation.

Jones, as usual, has a good thing for the race. "Old boy," he said to me recently, "back Khorsheed for the Sizzwitch."

"The sez which?" I queried, employing the popular jargon.

"Oh, is *that* how it's pronounced?" he said with obvious relief; "I'd often wondered."

A NOSEBAG IN MAYFAIR.

EVER since George Bottlesham married our cousin Ina we have felt in the family that somewhere behind his pleasant façade there must be a grave lack of balance; and when I saw him the other day dressed in an ordinary flannel suit and hanging up a pair of spurs beside his hat in the hall of the club I was pretty certain of it. For he is the sort of man who ordinarily thinks nothing of getting out his super-charged motor-car to post a letter.

"My dear George," I cried, "whatever *have* you been doing with those?"

"Oh, just coming up from the office," he said. "As a matter of fact I've sold the Whizzley and I'm using a nag. Much simpler."

"Sold the Whizzley?" I echoed in astonishment.

"And bought a cab-horse for a tenner. Come in here and have a sherry while you recover."

"This is not just a rather poor joke, George?" I asked.

For answer he flicked some bits of straw from his trousers. "The truth is," he said, "that when the new petrol-tax came in it meant I couldn't have a car, because the Whizzley simply drank the stuff and I couldn't bear to have another make. So I sold her, on a day, as it happened, when there was the devil of a hoo-ha in the papers about increasing the demand for English-grown corn. I was walking away from the auction, feeling a bit maudlin about the old bus, when suddenly a wheel dropped clean off a hansom-cab nearly on my toe. It must have been about the penultimate hansom. And what with the plight of the driver and the British farmer, and the effects of a goodish lunch, I found myself a little later leading the horse proudly down Berkeley Street."

"Was he very—very second-hand?" I asked.

"Pretty. But I handed him over to an old coachman I knew for a thorough overhaul. You know, a rich mixture for a few days, cut and shampoo for the body-work, non-skid goloshes and one or two extras. And now he's such a joy I just couldn't be without him in London."

"You don't mean to say that you really ride the brute?"

"Everywhere," said George—"office, club, shops and last night to a regimental dinner. He's far less trouble to park than a car, and if a Robert gets restive about him he has the good sense to move on. And you see he knows every bit of London and all the short cuts probably better than his cabby master did, and I only have to murmur 'Trafalgar Square' or 'St. James Street' and he seems to know. There's no question of steering him. I take the wheel occasionally in merry-go-rounds and crossing Oxford Street, but I'm hoping he'll master the lights in a week or two. As a matter of fact I usually read the paper as we go along.

"You know yourself how hopeless the traffic's getting? I can't tell you how marvellous it feels to stroll clean through a whole block and then blow down the Robert's neck. Taxi-drivers hate me. And you know what a car's like to start these cold mornings? A horse gets up by himself, frightfully early, and is all hotted-up and gallopy long before you are.

"I could give you a thousand reasons why anyone who continues to keep a car in London these days in preference to a horse is batchy. For one thing, you can't run out of juice. One nose-bag and a couple of puddles'll last an animal all day. And for another, there are none of the footling little repairs which used to irritate me so—nuts off, rattles, punctures, greasing and all the rest of it. And a bad mechanical breakdown like a spavined big end or a corked hock is very rare."

"What do you call him?" I asked. "Elsinore or Tishy or something?"

"Apollo. Handsome is as hansom did. Ina thought of it," George explained. I might have guessed that.

"What do you do about a horn?"

"For the first few days he had rather a jolly cough which cleared the road wonderfully, but he's getting over that now with good food and so I've had a bicycle bell fixed on his bonnet."

"And what do you do when it rains?"

"I keep a big golf umbrella in a basketwork case that came off Aunt Mimi's tricycle and it keeps us both fairly dry."

"And lighting at night?"

"He's got a lamp on his nose and a red one behind the saddle and the battery goes in a black box slung underneath his tummy. In time I hope to train him to use a small light on his tail as a direction-signal before we turn a corner."

"Poor, *poor* George!" I said. "I must go now. I'll have a look at him outside."

"Do," said George, "and sell that smelly little car of yours on your way home. . . ."

What with George's boyish enthusiasm and the Amontillado I left the Club wondering sadly if perhaps the motor-car was not indeed doomed in London. But I was instantly reassured when I observed that Apollo, a bung-eyed hack parked amongst the cars along the kerb, had already kicked both of Colonel Huff-snort's headlights to pieces and was busily exploring the mixed contents of a suitcase on the back of the car in front of him. ERIC.



Manager (to applicant for post as traveller). "THE MAN I WANT MUST BE ABLE TO SHIFT AN APPARENTLY HOPELESS LINE. HAVE YOU EVER DONE ANYTHING LIKE THAT?"

Applicant. "WELL, I'VE MARRIED OFF SEVEN PLAIN DAUGHTERS."

Companionate Kennelage.

"Homely Dogs, lady or gentleman, or two sharing, reasonable, central."
Advt. in Local Paper.

Pearls of the Pellucid.

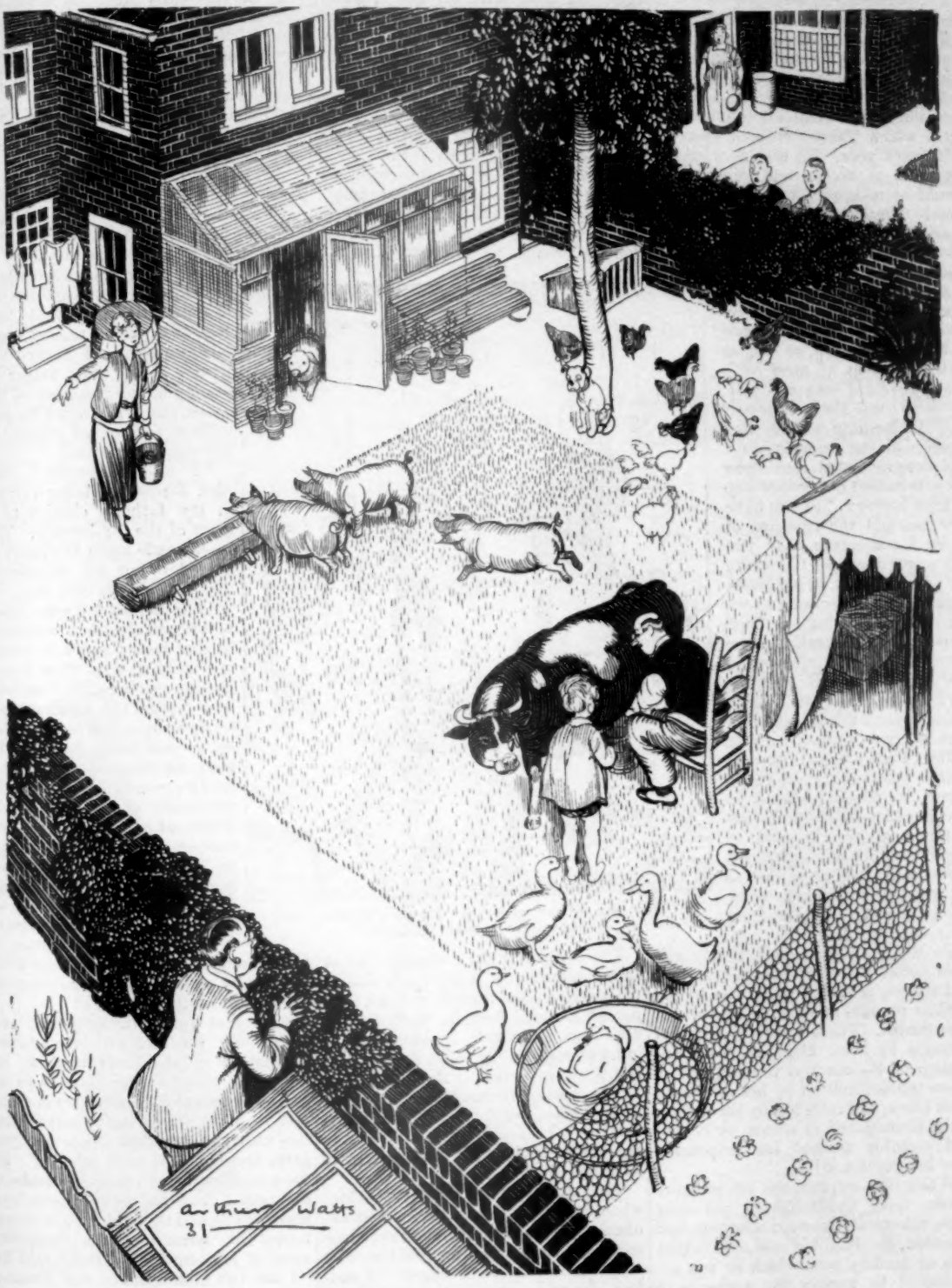
"It was at Sidmouth that Queen Victoria spent her first winter. She was not a year old."—*Gossiper in Evening Paper.*

The Government's Girl Friend.

"These five are Sir Herbert Samuel, Lord Reading, Sis Donald McLean (Minister of Education). . . ."—*Evening Paper.*

"A Dry-Cleaned Suit must be washed in Benzine, or it will show brown patches on the first dusty day. We do. ——'s Laundry."
Advt. in South African Paper.

We do too; but one can always sponge one's face.



"THE LAURELS" SEES IT THROUGH.

THE BIRDIKIN FAMILY.

V.—The Birthday Gift.

The birthdays of the young Birdikins were always made occasions of innocent enjoyment, and high were the anticipations of pleasure with which all four children awoke on the morning upon which Charles entered upon his thirteenth year. No lessons would be required of them, and Miss Smith would be released altogether from her usual attendance upon her young charges, being set free for the soothing occupation of darning their stockings and seeing to the buttons on their underwear, and at full liberty to use what leisure remained over for the pursuance of her *own* pleasure, so long as it was such as to meet with the approval of her employers.

"Well, my dear Charles," said Mr. Birdikin when he had received his son's morning duty and congratulated him upon the attainment of another step in life's journey, "as you have now reached the ripe age of *twelve* I conjecture that you will scarcely expect to receive the commemorative *gifts* with which such an occasion as we are now celebrating has been marked in your more immature years."

Charles's face fell, and Mrs. Birdikin made haste to say, "Your papa's remark, Charles, is made in a spirit of whimsicality. Pray accept from your *mother* this volume of virgin paper, bound, as you see, in blue morocco with your initials stamped upon it in gold, in which you are invited to set down such moral reflections as occur to you from time to time, or such as you may derive from your day's reading."

To this handsome and timely gift were added those of Charles's brother and sisters, prepared under the advice of their parents and the supervision of Miss Smith. These were a volume of sermons by their kinsman, the Lord Bishop of B—chester, from Henry, a warm muffler knitted by her own hand from Clara, and from Fanny the Golden Rule, illuminated in colour by herself and suitably framed for suspension over her brother's bed.

When the expressions of pleasure drawn from the delighted lad over these tokens of fraternal affection had subsided, Mr. Birdikin said, still in that vein of drollery with which he was accustomed to temper the *authority* of a parent at such times of relaxation, "For the *enjoyment* of your father's gift you must wait, my dear Charles, until the claims of appetite have been satisfied. Its immediate *contemplation*, however, need not be denied you. Come hither."

With this he led the expectant stripling to a window which commanded a view of the sweep of gravel in front of the mansion. Usually empty at this time of the morning, this was now occupied by the figure of Bodger, the coachman, who was leading a beautiful little Welsh pony, which at a signal from his master he now brought up to the window.



"For the *enjoyment* of your father's gift you must wait, my dear Charles."

The delight of the fortunate lad at this munificent gift, which marked alike the *generosity* and the *affluence* of a fond parent, knew no bounds. Each child in turn was permitted to administer a lump of sugar to the pony, and when at last it was led away by Bodger and the family seated themselves at table it formed the subject of gleeful anticipation, in which *all* joined, though the enjoyment of the gift was at present to be confined to *one*.

This was explained by Mr. Birdikin, when he judged that the natural exuberance of childhood had had sufficient scope and that it was time that the voice of authority should be heard. "I confess," he said, "that it was not without some hesitation that I decided to introduce Charles to the science of equitation at this early age. A moderate degree of skill in the use and management of the equine race is becoming to a gentleman, and I myself in my earlier years frequently took pleasure in bestriding a *horse*."

"Papa on a horse!" ejaculated Fanny with a laugh. "That would indeed be a sight to induce mirth."

Mr. Birdikin's brow darkened. "Pray subdue your tendency to untimely cachinnation, Fanny," he said. "With the increasing bulk that attends middle age in those whose duties call them to occupy their time in sedentary postures I relinquished the use of the saddle some years ago. But as a young man of some consequence I obeyed the wishes of my *own* father in joining in the pleasures of the chase, and was known far and wide as an intrepid pursuer of the vulpine species."

"I well remember," said Mrs. Birdikin, "being carried in my father's chariot to a meet of the fox-hounds. The mark made upon the heart of a modest but not unsusceptible maiden by the sight of your father seated erect upon his elegant steed led eventually to that happy union to which my children owe their being. Do you recollect, Mr. Birdikin, how one of the accidents attendant upon the manly sport led to your being deposited by your mettlesome mount in a duck-pond, and how the proximity of the carriage in which sat a young girl hitherto unknown to you enabled you to be conveyed back to your home with no further damage done than the spoiling of your fine scarlet *coat* and the risk of a rheumy distemper owing to your immersion, which was mercifully averted by an immediate retirement to the shelter of the blankets?"

"To that fortunate accident," returned Mr. Birdikin with a courteous inclination of the head towards his helpmate, "and to the handsome inheritance to which I succeeded not long afterwards I owe whatever satisfaction has hitherto attended me in my progress through this vale of woe." He then explained that upon the demise of his father and his own approaching marriage he had thought it right to pretermit his pursuit of the dangerous sport of fox-hunting. "But," said he, "I am not unmindful of the preoccupations that beset adventurous youth. You, my dear Charles, have already

bestridden the homely and serviceable *Jackass*. You will now, under the tuition of our good Bodger, proceed somewhat farther by learning to control and guide your *Pony*; and it is my desire, if I am spared by Providence, to see you some day holding your own in the mimic contest of the chase on a *Horse*."

"Indeed, Papa," returned Charles, "I shall do my utmost from henceforth to deserve the confidence you have so amiably displayed towards me, and trust you will no longer have to rebuke me for the thoughtless disposition which I am fully aware has given you cause for displeasure in the past."

"There speaks my own son," said Mrs. Birdikin, whose preference, if preference she had with regard to her offspring, was towards the mercurial Charles rather than to the more temperate Henry, in spite of the latter's closer resemblance to his worthy father. "I conceive, Mr. Birdikin, that your birthday gift could not have been better bestowed than upon one who at so early an age shows himself anxious to leave the delinquencies of childhood behind him."

"From henceforth," said Clara, with the placable smile that so well became her childish features, "I shall look to my brother for an example of that behaviour which is to be expected by our parents from all of us."

"With that sentiment I would associate myself," said Henry, "while reserving to myself the right of resisting it should I not consider it of such a character as it would become me to follow."

"You will always be at liberty," remarked Fanny, "to set your *own* example, which I do not myself propose to follow under any circumstances whatever."

These several remarks may be taken as indicative of the widely different dispositions already showing themselves in the Birdikin children, and of the wisdom required from their parents in influencing them towards that stability of character to which all their efforts as right-living people not without consequence among their more highly-placed neighbours were directed.

For an account of the proceedings of a day so auspiciously begun we must postpone the expectations of our readers until a further chapter. A. M.

Mr. Punch's Crown of Buttered Buns for Deserving Gossip-Writers goes this week to the creator of the following :—

"Miss Tashman is the apotheosis of the blonde : golden hair so perfectly ordered that a butterfly's kiss would ruffle it, a lovely pink-sunburn complexion—and no nonsense about not wearing plenty of magnificent jewellery.

Better still, her voice is worthy of her face : a rich voice, slightly husky without being too deep, full of glamour and italics."
Social Commentator in Daily Paper.

A New Name for Old Buffers.

"The Cheltenham Flyer is now scheduled to cover the 77 miles 'start to stop' between Swindon and Padding in 67 minutes."
Evening Paper.

Shakespeare and Surtees.

"Traditionally the English farmer has been a keen hunter of the fox. By one of time's most strange revenges he is now becoming just as keen a breeder. Ten years ago in a very small and tentative way the cult of the silver fox was started in this country. What our old friend Yorricks would have said to such a denouement heaven only knows."—*Welsh Paper.*

Alas, poor Jorrocks!



SOME PREFER THE OLD-FASHIONED MODE—



WHILE OTHERS FAVOUR THE MODERN—



SO WHY NOT COMPROMISE?



Assistant (to Customer requiring artistic door-knocker). "I'M SORRY WE HAVEN'T WHAT YOU WANT; THE FACT IS PEOPLE AREN'T KNOCKING SO MUCH NOW. THEY'RE RINGING MORE."

ECONOMY COMES TO THE WAR OFFICE.

THE fiat has gone forth:
We must spend less
(And incidentally pay more,
Whatever pangs we feel).
The country's in a mess
And all must put their shoulders to the oar,
And all must nail their colours to the wheel.

And let the cry go round!
The War Office has done its bit!
The Battle-Shack is in on it!
The War-Box takes a hand!

The Army Council has said to itself,
"When troops are losing a bit of their pelf
Shall it be noised about that we
Are doing damall to help?
Perish the thought!"
They said with a snought.
"We also will help.
We too will Effect an Economy
With the utmost *bonhomie!*"
And, swelp
Me,
They *have!*
Of a sort.

They have made a CUT!

Heedless of ruction
And taking big risks,
But relying, no doubt, on the power of the sword,
An Army Council Instruction,
SUBJECT: *Identity Discs—Length of Cord,*
Has recently been issued;
And were the Sergeant-Major himself to give you a kiss you'd
Not be more surprised to learn its contents,
Which begin as follows:—
1. "The length of the 'neck-cord' which must be attached
To Number 1 Green Identity Disc,
Which was formerly forty-two inches,
Has been reduced"
(*Rule, Britannia!*)
"To *thirty-two* inches."
(*God Save the King!*)

But now comes the big disappointment;
The voice of approval grows mute.
There's always a rift in the ointment,
There's always a fly in the lute.

For when at first sight of this decree from the War Office
Each loyal soldier tore off his
Ten inches of surplus cord
And implored
The authorities, without hesitation,
To take them for the nation,
Well realising that four such lots
Would make a complete new neck-cord —allowing of course for the knots,
He then read on as follows:—
2. "In cases where forty-two inches of 'neck-cord'
Is already attached to identity discs
It need not be altered."

Alas!
Someone had paltered,
Courage lost on reconsideration,
Or else twenty thousand members of the Union of Identity-Disc-Neck-Cord-Makers
Had staged a Monster Demonstration
Protesting against the cut.

And so it seems
That this ten-inch economy in neck-cord
Is only for future wars.

But
Why not economise the remaining thirty-two inches
By not having
Future
WARS?

A. A.

Storks on the Decline.

"The acting M.O.H. reported to the Public Health Committee that in July there were two birds and no deaths, and no notifications of cases of infectious disease."
Local Paper.

"The next Quarterly Meeting of the Worsted Committee for the counties of Pork, Lancaster and Chester will be held at the Bradford Club."—*Advt. in Provincial Paper.*

The County of Pork is never worsted.

"At a farmers' union meeting at Oswestry on Saturday a suggestion from the Kent Farmers' Union that surplus milk should be used for rearing calves instead of flooding the market with it was commended to the serious attention of all farmers."
Daily Paper.

Much less messy, anyway.



HER PROTECTOR.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, October 5th.—The Lords got through all the stages of the Finance Bill in almost record time. Their powers in connection with Money Bills are of course *nil*, but, as Lord PONSONBY seemed to think that the right way to have gone about settling the economic crisis was to have called an international conference for the purpose of stabilising currency and price-levels, it does not appear that a lengthier discussion of the measure by the Opposition would have added anything of material value.

Colonel HOWARD-BURY's songs of Araby are well known to the House, but he is also equal to a tale or two of far Kashmir. His request to the SECRETARY OF STATE FOR INDIA that he should hold an impartial inquiry into recent events there may have cheated the MINISTER of a sigh, but it did not charm him to an answer in the affirmative.

There seems to have been more woe than tuck on board the British s.s. *Tuck Wo*, which Chinese soldiers and others boarded, according to Sir BASIL PETO, in search of opium. Captain EDEN explained that though no British subjects were molested and only five Chinese were beaten, the incident must not be considered as closed.

An air of mellow benevolence irradiated Sir JOHN GILMOUR'S honest features as he explained to Mr. EDE (apropos of Kew) that those of our little ones who go accompanied by a teacher will not after all be required to "show him first their penny," except on student days, when they will still have to show him sixpence.

None of these sixpences, we may gather, is included in the £12 15*s.* 6*d.* that Sir KINGSLEY WOOD told Lieut.-Colonel Moore is the average annual cost to the State of putting a child through the elementary schools. The smallness of the sum evidently struck Mr. EDE, for he inquired rather irrelevantly what was the cost of educating a child at Eton or Harrow. "Perhaps the hon. Member would put his question down for Thursday?" replied Sir KINGSLEY, who will have his little joke.

Answering Colonel WEDGWOOD, the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER revealed that this country is paid in foreign money annually about eight-and-a-half million pounds more than it pays in foreign currency, excluding the War Debt to America. It is something to know that, if the pound should really slump to, say, a thousand billion to the dollar, we shall have a spot of real money coming in with which to pay off the National Debt.

In moving the Second Reading of the Foodstuffs (Prevention of Exploitation) Bill, the PRESIDENT OF THE BOARD OF TRADE's attitude closely recalled that of the tenement dweller who was asked by a hastily-summoned doctor if there was a bath in the place. "Yes, doctor," was the reply; "but Gawd forbid we should ever 'ave to use it." Sir PHILIP had been so reassured by the Council of the Imported Meat Trade and by all the other wholesale and retail associations that he didn't believe he would ever have to use the powers supplied by this Bill, but then again you never could tell.



THE JUDGMENT OF LONDON.

J. Bull. "WELL, GIRLS, IT'S A GREAT RELIEF TO ME THAT YOU'VE DECIDED TO SHARE THE APPLE BETWEEN YOU."

Mr. STRAUSS could tell, but he had to wait until Mr. ALEXANDER, who, of course, had no intention of really opposing the Bill but was justly entitled to call it an electioneering stunt (which he did quite a number of times), had had an opportunity of pointing out its various defects as they appeared to him. He also had to wait until Mr. W. B. TAYLOR had complained with some vehemence that the Government had no concern for the poor South-West Norfolk farmer. Then Mr. STRAUSS got busy and made all our flesh creep with his picture of the awful times we shall have when the food importers refuse to import. Other Members of the Opposition derided the Bill as so much camouflage that could be of no avail against the greedy capitalist, and other defenders defended it on the ground that it was adequate to meet a situation that would probably never arise. Thereafter the Bill was read a second time, and the House, or all of it that was not at Scarborough or attending a party meeting somewhere else which was not much, turned to the Second Reading of the Sunday Performances (Temporary Regulation) Bill, a measure which the UNDER SECRETARY FOR THE HOME DEPARTMENT explained was merely intended to hold up several dozen prosecutions pending for offences against the Sunday Observance Act, 1780, and to prevent other prosecutions from being instituted until such time as Parliament would be in a position to tackle the highly controversial question of Sunday closing. Opposition materialised in the shape of Mr. SHORT, who proved by no means short of matter, though somewhat short in manner. The absence of the ATTORNEY-GENERAL seemed particularly to irk him. Major STANLEY explained that the Law Officer had been called away but would return immediately. This did not appease Mr. SHORT. He told Major STANLEY that if their positions were reversed he (Major STANLEY) would be shouting and demanding the presence of the ATTORNEY-GENERAL.

"Ah!" replied the serpentine MINISTER, "but a soft answer such as I have given would immediately reduce me to silence." "It will not reduce *me* to silence," declared Mr. SHORT shortly, and diverted his eloquence to some obscure nexus between the ATTORNEY-GENERAL and the Zoological Gardens. He found stout and equally eloquent allies in Mr. MORRIS and Sir BASIL PETO and the vast but sentimental Mr. KEDWARD, but when it came to a division the antis could only muster a matter of 44 votes.

Tuesday, October 6th.—It is hard on peers who could be better occupied elsewhere to have to hang about Westminster in case something bobs up from the Commons, and they must not be blamed if they start grumbling about something. I suppose that is why Lords JESSEL and NOVAR and CRAWFORD began to grumble about the Government's proposal to carry over the London Passenger Transport Bill to the next Parliament. Lord PEEL explained *inter alia* that it would save the Exchequer between thirty thousand and forty thousand pounds, but, considering the talk of economy that has been going about lately, this fact did not seem to influence their Lordships as much as might be expected.

Legislators, unlike the Law, *do* concern themselves with small things.

Would the House otherwise have made a kindly and successful effort to save the Lindsey County Council (Sandhills) Bill from death by Dissolution? Lindsey sounds a nice place, and if the intervention of Parliament is necessary to settle this affair, whatever it may be, between the County Council and the sandhills, no mere Dissolution should be allowed to interfere.

The UNDER-SECRETARY OF STATE FOR SCOTLAND was not so convinced of the need to intervene in the case of Scottish joint-stock bank tellers who, according to Dr. FORGAN, need more adequate protection from assault and possible murder. Mr. SKELTON seemed to think that the matter might be safely left to the banks themselves, but Dr. FORGAN disagreed. Banks aren't well thought of in the Labour Party just now.

The House pricked up its ears when Mr. MILNER GRAY, the Parliamentary Secretary to the Minister of Labour, informed Mr. DAY that since January last three foreigners had received permission to join British jazz bands. There is apparently some foundation for the rumour that it is no longer possible to find people in this country to blow the French horn.

On the contrary the Ministry of Agriculture, Sir JOHN GILMOUR explained, in answer to Sir DOUGLAS NEWTON, has dealt a foul blow at the French fried potato. As from March 15th next no French spuds may invade our shores. Here is Protection if you like; but the enemy at the gate is not the dumper but the Colorado beetle. Apropos of beetles, Mr. TOM KENNEDY wanted to know what arrangements were being made for Members to beetle back to their constituencies in case of a Dissolution. Major ELLIOT explained. And while on the subject, Mr. ALEXANDER asked casually, when *was* there going to be an Election?

Evidently he did not expect to get an answer—it had been promised for to-morrow—but, realising that the information was forthcoming, he hastened to put his Question in slightly less conversational form. The PRIME MINISTER intimated that, all being well, October 27th would be the fatal date.

The House then attacked the Committee stage of the Foodstuffs (Prevention of Exploitation) Bill, or rather Mr. EDE attacked it, for his was the voracious mind that seized upon all the knobby points, such as what was meant by "the present financial situation." It seemed a thorny question, but the House only warmed to Mr. EDE when he began to belabour Sir PHILIP CUNLIFFE-LISTER with *Murray's Dictionary* and quoted early sixteenth-century poets at him to prove what the word "exploitation" meant. "I ordayne the bataill to be to-morrow exploited," he quoted with subtle appropriateness. As a matter of fact this was the second instalment of Mr. EDE's scholarship, for on the previous day he had dilated with obvious satisfaction on how, in pre-Parliamentary days, merchants who "forestalled, ingrossed or regrated" were put in the pillory with the offending article round their necks. The House evidently agreed that when the wicked grocer ingrosses no better punishment could be meted out to him, and indeed the vision conjured up of Messrs. Underweight and Butterslapper in the pillory and Mr. EDE coaxing them



"Here Man more purely lives, less oft doth fall,
More promptly rises, walks with stricter heed,
More safely rests, dies happier, is freed
Earlier from cleansing fires, and gains withal
A brighter crown."—*WORDSWORTH.*

MR. SNOWDEN.

to a chastened spirit with assorted fragments of their own wares was not without its merit.

Everything was finally made clear for Mr. EDE either by the PRESIDENT OF THE BOARD OF TRADE or by the ATTORNEY-GENERAL, and the Bill was passed. Then after another dose of Mr. MORRIS and a spot more early history by Mr. EDE the Sunday Performances Bill also received its Third Reading. The House, at the instance of the PRIME MINISTER, then resolved to suspend further proceedings on the London Passenger Traffic Bill until the next Session of Parliament; and after a snappy discussion (instigated by Mr. BUCHANAN) about the wigs on Glasgow Green and the cracked heads under them the House rollicked home to dinner, full of a sense of duty done and quite unmoved by Mr. EDE's valedictory description of it as "the most contemptible House of Commons that has sat since OLIVER CROMWELL turned the Rump Parliament out."

Wednesday, October 7th.—All good things come to an end and bad things too. The Parliament that concluded its labours this afternoon was what the authors of *1066 and All That* would call "definitely a bad thing," however lofty the intentions or engaging the personalities of its Members, and the fact that it dissolved in an odour of Nationalism does not alter the fact that it never put its hand to the legislative plough without the taxpayer having to look back at his diminishing bank-balance.

Parliament, once its doom is pronounced, is never an unconscionable time a-dying, but on the other hand it never goes out in a blaze of glory, even when its achievements would justify a trifle of pomp and circumstance. The whole business, if one may be excused the simile, better suggests the worn-out donkey being turned adrift on the common than the old charger marching in full panoply to his last parade.

The Lords, as is always the case, had more bits and pieces to tidy up than the Commons, a contingency they provided for by sitting at noon. By four o'clock they had passed the resolution to keep the London Passenger Transport Bill alive and passed the Foodstuffs (Prevention of Exploitation) Bill through all its stages. The King's Speech announcing the Prorogation of Parliament until October 27th was then read.

Meanwhile in the Commons Sir PHILIP CUNLIFFE-LISTER gladdened the heart of Major CARVER by stating that the PRIME MINISTER had given his blessing to the "institution of an organisation to promote both wise spending and the voluntary purchase of British goods," as to which a further announcement would be made in the course of a few days. It probably occurred to some of those present that the best way to join a voluntary organisation for buying British goods is to vote early and often, on October 27th, for the National Candidate. But what is wise spending?

The Consolidated Fund (Appropriation No. 2) Bill having been coped with "in every 'igh degree," as the old Berkshire song has it, the Commons—such of them as had not already obeyed the imperious call to go home—trooped off behind the SPEAKER to hear the Royal Commission reading the Proclamation that was to prorogue them into the middle of next month or worse. Only Mr. SNOWDEN remained on the Treasury Bench, a small grim figure looking its last on the arena of a thousand fights before being translated to an upper and more rarefied air. The



UNDER A MINISTRY OF PUBLIC TASTE.

ARREST OF THE PRESIDENT OF THE SOCIETY FOR DOING THINGS THAT ARE NOT DONE.

"IRON CHANCELLOR" will not see the House again, from that vantage-point at least, and it will be long before the House sees, whether with approval or otherwise, the like of him.

Back came the procession, and the SPEAKER, wanting, like *Prospero*, "spirits to enforce, art to enchant," or at any rate wanting his mace, which amounts to the same thing, took his lowly seat in the Clerk of the House's chair and shook hands with his departing flock.

And so, as PEPYS would say, to the hustings!

Neo-Bungaloid Architecture.

"Ferring-on-Sea.—Brick-built Bungalow, on Spanish lines, to be Let, Unfurnished, for long period."—*Advt. in Daily Paper.*

Too castellated for our fancy.

Things which might have been Expressed more Prettily.

"The schooner Maisie Graham . . . arrived back at Scarborough on Saturday after weathering one of its roughest voyages with a Missions to Seamen padre on board."
Yorkshire Paper.

The Fruits of Husbandry in the Midlands.

"At the Newport Pagnell Adult School Flower Show, one woman received 22 prizes; another had twenty and a third ten. Most of the women exhibitors have husbands."
Bucks Paper.

GAMES IN BRITISH HISTORY.

["Flight-Lieut. STAINFORTH was playing cards when a telephone message brought the news of his record."

"When the news arrived STAINFORTH was in the middle of a game of shove-halfpenny."
Press Reports.]

REGRETFULLY my pen proclaims
The dawn of doubt and mystery
Upon the glorious tale of games
In our rough island history.

When that pre-petrol speed-hog,
To whom be lasting glory,
Dashed Plymouthwards with news that hordes
Of Spanish hulks were seen,
Sir FRANCIS DRAKE, the sea-dog
(You may have heard the story),
Was occupied with bowls on Plymouth Green.

Who doubt what game engaged him
With Spaniards in the offing,
Let them peruse the sporting news
On our historic rolls;
No tennis-court encaged him;
Sir FRANCIS wasn't golfing;
He was, as I have stated, playing bowls.

From DRAKE and Spanish galleons
Transfer your thought to Eton;
How fair a claim to sporting fame
Her college record yields!
By WELLINGTON's battalions
NAPOLEON was beaten
(As you may know) upon her playing-fields.

It is a tale that touches
And fires our British marrows;
And here again reports contain
No two accounts or more;
They didn't come to clutches
On Winchester's or Harrow's,
But Eton's grounds, as I observed before.

Some generations later
An airman drove his plane forth
At what works out at just about
Ten thousand miles per day;
The gallant aviator,
One Flight-Lieutenant STAINFORTH
When told his speed, was in the Mess at play.

At play—but what precisely
He played we can't discover;
The calm content that cards present
Some say that he explored;
While some describe a nicely
Composed and pretty shover
Of ha'p'nies at the Mess shove-ha'p'ny board.

It should be every sportsman's aims
To keep unmarred by mystery
The brief but glorious tale of games
In our rough island history. C. B.

AT THE PICTURES.

LANCASHIRE AND LUNACY.

NOT all the good acting in *Hindle Wakes* can make me change my opinion that film stories should be written and not found. A play is a play and a film is a film. Still, as there cannot be real theatres all over the world in the way that there are cinema theatres, and as even if there were so many it would be impossible to find enough actors and actresses to perform in them, the number of people who can see *Hindle Wakes* as a talkie, compared with those who have seen it or could see it as a play, is immense.

I suppose that when the authorities in the studio decide to put a favourite play on the screen they expect a return from its title and from the loyalty of old audiences; but their principal consideration must always be the cast. This is why it is far better for all of us if the author knows from the beginning the stars for whom he is writing, than for stars to be found for cast-iron parts with which some of us are familiar. Personality is so much the greater part of film appeal.



A MESTER AND MISSIS.

Chris. Hawthorn . MR. EDMUND GWENN.
Mrs. Hawthorn . MISS SYBIL THORNDIKE.

Of the people who are saying just now, "Hullo, they're doing *Hindle Wakes* as a talkie. I must see it again just to find out how they manage it;" and, "*Hindle Wakes* as a talkie? No, I don't want to spoil my recollections of the real thing;" and, "SYBIL THORNDIKE, NORMAN MCKINNEL and EDMUND GWENN in a new talkie—I mustn't miss that!" the last section is in an enormous majority, so big that probably it wouldn't matter if there were no new stories at all, but different stars were continually being exploited in the same old one.



A MAN OF AFFAIRS (SIMIAN).

Groucho . . . MR. GROUCHO MARX.

The cast of *Hindle Wakes* as a talkie is very strong. The mere names, SYBIL THORNDIKE (even without a shawl) and NORMAN MCKINNEL convey an impression of strength, while that of EDMUND GWENN (even without a moustache) connotes determination and force; and when it is added that all three are surrounded by machinery and tall chimneys and being serious in the Lancashire dialect, you will realise that the atmosphere is heavily charged. Necessarily so, for the errant daughter, played most ably by Miss BELLE CHRYSTALL, a new-comer to the screen, needs this environment in order to present her case and the case of all the other revolting daughters for whom poor STANLEY HOUGHTON, the author, was standing as champion in the days when the world was staider. If to-day such peccadillos are hardly noticed, it is owing perhaps a little to his efforts in this play.

I have spoken of the members of the old audiences who will go to this talkie out of curiosity and of those who won't go to it at all; but what of those members of the new audiences who come away saying to themselves, "I wish I could see the real play again"? Of these I who speak am one.

It may be merely because the novelty is lacking, or it may be from an actual want of spontaneity, but I cannot think the MARX Brothers (who are the completest antitheses to Plymouth Brethren that could be imagined) as good in their new film, *Monkey Business*, as they were in their first, *Cocoanuts*, or even in *Animal Crackers*, which was inferior to *Cocoanuts*. For one thing, there is not enough of GROUCHO—GROUCHO being the Brother with the moustache and cigar and more than ready wit. In both those early films GROUCHO and CHICO—CHICO being the Brother who talks like an Italian and plays the piano—had long passages together which were irresistible in their absurdity; but there is no such dialogue in *Monkey Business*, which is restless and unresting, like a lunatic kaleidoscope or a crazy railway-station. The actual scene is a liner, an admirable setting for such nonsense, particularly when it is borne in mind that the Brothers are there in the capacity of stowaways; but without for a moment being treacherous to the Goddess of Unreason, I express it as my belief that the film would be far more effective if some respect had been paid to probability.

As it happens, the serious film set on a liner—for you can be sure in these days of emulative competition that if



STILL PURSUING THE MANICURIST.

Harpo . . . . MR. HARPO MARX.

you find a novel background in one cinema theatre you will find another like it—called *Atlantique*, where we see not irresponsible comedians but crooks, is also impaired by a departure from the fact, the closing ten minutes being spent in the engine-room of this vast vessel, which is empty save for the two gunmen with revolvers each desiring to



ECONOMY IN THE HUNTING FIELD.

HOW TO MAKE ONE FOX LAST THE WHOLE SEASON.

put the other on the spot. An empty engine-room on an ocean hotel! I ask you.

To return to the four insane Brothers, I learn that there are more MARXES in *Monkey Business* than you would expect. The aged passenger who resents having his beard pulled is the father of this bewildering brood; two of the children who watch the Punch and Judy show are GROUCHO's own. I would add that the Captain, whose breakfast is so skilfully removed from him, is KARL MARX the economist—but my pen must not be guilty of monkey business too. E. V. L.

ROUGH GOING AHEAD.

I AM sorry to add to the horrors of a poverty-stricken world, but I feel it my duty to point out the presence of another fly in the already polluted ointment. It is not yet generally realised that the abolition of the Gold Standard will have repercussions far beyond the pale of the financial world; it will, in fact, cast a bomb into the Temple of Letters.

For a long time gold was a winner with poets and writers, partly because it rhymed easily, but mainly because it was a short, crisp, powerful word which at once raised in the mind visions of wealth and splendour, of millionaires and the expensive life.

Gold was doubtless a beautiful substance, but it derived most of its beauty from its rarity. Glass is an even more beautiful substance, but we easily restrain our lust to possess it in its purity, that is, unassociated with coloured liquids. The chief beauty of gold, to make no bones about it, lay in its purchasing power. As RICARDO would have said, we allowed our æsthetic judgments to be directed by our economic motives. In modern English, we were a dirty lot of snobs and graspers.

Now we have changed all that. The word "gold" has lost its traditional connotation, and in dropping the standard we must drop the word also, substituting for it some term with a more precise meaning. Thus a KEATS of to-day would have to begin a sonnet:

"Oft have I travelled in the realms of a fiduciary currency, unsupported except by a public readiness to accept the same as a medium of barter, but retaining none the less its inconvertible character."

And let me warn you that the disadvantages will not be confined to the few who read poetry. The most self-assured utterer of platitudes will hesitate before he concludes a brief speech with the words:—

"All that glitters is not by any means an esteemed token-currency, maintained at a legitimate price-level, based on the ratio of exports (*net*) to imports (*net*) by the Board of Direction, whose fingers are for ever on the pulse of the great world-market. But I have said enough. It is time to remind myself that, though speech is silvern, silence partakes of the nature of interest-bearing scrip, fully secured by collateral of a type whose value is determined on the basis of a sliding-scale unit of labour, dependent on the current figure of spot wheat."

Things are going to be hard for literary fellows. They will cast longing looks back to the latest Golden Age. But, like the others of its kind, it now lies in the past and we must reconcile ourselves to creating an Age in which Free Circulation of Commodities will cause that Right Adjustment of Distribution and Production which ensures the Existence and Plenty of a Currency whose Depreciation is Unthinkable. E. P. W.

AT THE PLAY.

"THE ANATOMIST" (WESTMINSTER).

BURKE and HARE, the body-snatchers—not nice company even in fireside reverie. And yet this play, in which they are by no means minor characters, has both strength and sweetness. It is written by a Scotsman, and you know what Scotsmen are. Think—no, not of BARRIE, for he is pure wizard; think rather of STEVENSON and *Jekyll and Hyde*.

Mr. JAMES BRIDIE is also of the Edinburgh school, and he burkes (horrid word!) none of the terrors of his theme. His hero is ROBERT KNOX, M.D., Lecturer in Anatomy, and the scene is laid in Edinburgh in 1828. Thus we enter at once the firelit drawing-room of the *Misses Dishart* on an early autumn evening. And as we listen to *Miss Mary Belle's* singing at the piano, and remark how well young *Dr. Anderson's* side-whiskers become him, the strains of the song, a lover's lament, die away in a lovers' quarrel.

This is no mere skirmish on Cupid's frontier, however period its slogans or time-honoured its tactics. It is war between love and duty. For *Mary Belle* has heard, and we hear through her, horrid rumours of the way anatomists, when they are pioneers born before their time, put theory to the test of practice.

Into this quarrel, like a high wind in Jamaica, blows the great anatomist himself, big, bluff, eccentric, irresistible, with genius blazing in his one eye and tags of POPE upon his lips. He has come to play the flute, and affairs of the heart, save those which are severely anatomical, are trivialities to be laughed aside or, if insistent, pulverised with rhetoric. And when he has made that clear to the lovers who consult him, the last state of the quarrel is worse than the first. The betrothal ring is hysterically returned and the door is slammed on young *Anderson*, who departs for "the gutter."

So we pass with him to the "Three Tuns Tavern" and the terrors of the night. Here, down and out, we see him sleep off debauch in the arms of poor *Mary*, a woman of the town and the predestined victim of *Burke* and *Hare*, who, in the persons of Messrs. J. A. O'ROURKE and HARRY HUTCHINSON, enter to talk business in the accents and with the art these Irish players have long taught us to adore.

This night-piece might have been conceived by HOGARTH, so sombre are its shadows, so clear Mr. BRIDIE'S challenge to our fortitude. The overtones of beauty, seldom silent in the play, sing out again to melt us from the lips of the poor wanton as she croons over her sleeping burden a Gaelic lullaby.

The trap is set with liquorish baits,



THE ANATOMIST SUSTAINS A SLIGHT ABRASION OF THE CRANIUM.
Robert Knox, M.D. . . . MR. HENRY AINLEY.

and poor *Mary*, vainly, pitifully fluttering, is in it. The bargain struck between the body-snatchers and the anatomists' snivelling emissary is now within mere strangling distance of completion. And as the ghouls and their victim pass from us up the tavern steps



SPOTTING A LIKELY ANATOMICAL SUBJECT.
William Burke . . . MR. J. A. O'ROURKE.
William Hare . . . MR. HARRY HUTCHINSON.

we pay heartfelt compliments to Miss FLORA ROBSON, whose acting touches greatness.

But this is not a theme to be thus fussily detailed. The story, indeed, is its least impressive feature. We are given in broad outline all that history records of this horrid traffic, even an eye-witness's account of the hanging of the villains; and a happy ending is arrived at, though not without some sacrifice of interest.

The play's virtues lie in the writing, the dramatist's unbiassed approach and excellent characterisation, which gives the good actors such opportunities to delight us. Moreover, it is perfectly produced by Mr. TYRONE GUTHRIE.

The pleasure we feel in welcoming Mr. HENRY AINLEY is all the keener since he returns in so fine a part. In appearance, vigour of attack and splendour of voice his playing of *Dr. Knox* is admirable. Nor do the ladies give him less than admirable support. Miss BETTY HARDY and Miss GILLIAN SCAIFE are the gentle *Misses Dishart*, and as sole representative of the egregious English in the piece Mr. ROBERT EDDISON'S callow but heroic student has all our suffrages, not because we are jealous patriots but because he acts so well.

It may not be everybody's play, though anybody should enjoy it. The mere sensationalist may feel that its ghoulish and rarer elements are unevenly compounded; but its freshness and other virtues are unusual enough to make the opening of this new theatre memorable. H.

"ELIZABETH OF ENGLAND" (CAMBRIDGE).

Herr BRUCKNER disarms the criticism of the instructed by labelling his *Elizabeth of England* "a legend in twelve scenes." He has certainly freely cut his material, his characters and his dates to suit his romantic purpose. He has two main themes, the relations of the QUEEN with the Earl of ESSEX and the conflict, national and religious, between Spain and England in the persons of their sovereigns.

Miss PHYLLIS NEILSON-TERRY and Mr. MATHESON LANG are well chosen for the mood of the piece. Miss TERRY is a romantic actress of her father's school, and in judging her performance due allowance must be made for our modern prejudices in favour of casual naturalism. Mr. MATHESON LANG, of the same essential school, delights in the delineation of bizarre character in untoward circumstance, and the author gives him a fanatical, almost maniacal *Philip*, with a death-scene for *pièce de résistance*.

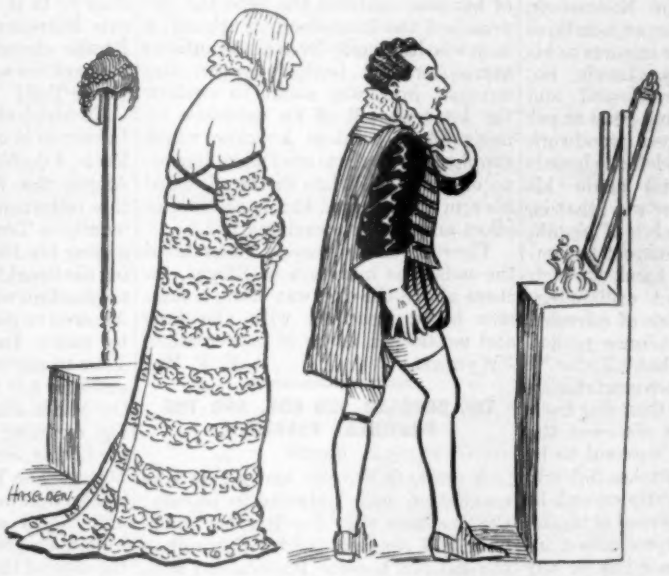
Miss TERRY shows us the great QUEEN in many, perhaps too many,

moods. Very properly she lays her colours on thick. There is no real place for subtlety in such a helter-skelter headlong piece. She is impressive at the Council Board, glorious in her rages, needlessly haggish (I can't help thinking) in the effective scene with Essex in her tiring-room shorn of her wig, her paint, her hoops and ruffs and splendid jewels. Her author gave to her patriotism a more sentimental expression than seems to us likely and, again, made it difficult for her to behave with dignity flying in her night attire from the (legendary) attempt of Essex and his friends to take her prisoner in her own Court. He also made it none too easy for her to behave with plausibility when she steals down the steps above the scene of her unhappy favourite's execution, hears his dying harangue and makes a running commentary. It is well understood, of course, that Herr Bruckner is not aiming at realism, but that does not lighten this particular task. And indeed the author has been too much preoccupied with his romantic legend and perhaps also with his technical experiments to give any true balance or verisimilitude to the character. It is a tribute to Miss Terry's personality that she held the stage and moved us whenever genuine emotion was possible.

Mr. Matheson Lang was better served. We do not, for one thing, so much mind our ancient legendary enemy being travestied. For another, he had time to develop the single theme of his fanatical obsession as the divinely appointed scourge of the heretic, the stiff-necked English heretic in particular. It was a performance of considerable power and at times singularly moving. Mr. Leslie Perrins (the handsome impulsive *Essex*), Mr. Bromley-Davenport (the devoted *Cecil*, borrowing something of Lord Burghley's character and attributes), and Mr. Frank Vosper as the foppish subtle treacherous *Bacon* were adequate in support. But this is definitely a two-star show.

Mr. Ricketts's decorations were interesting and had an air of authentic splendour. The author's contrasted double scenes offered problems which were satisfactorily solved. The only serious complaint which could fairly be made of a play which in the main definitely held the audience was that the author not once but four or five times protracted situations long after the audience had grasped their essential content and significance—and this inevitably induces boredom and inattention. The production by Herr Heinz Hilpert was intelligent, save for one or two absurdities, such as the clumsiness of the conspiracy scene, when the difficulties set by the author, who has no conscience about plausibility, were not overcome, not perhaps even recognised.

The music from sound contemporary sources was agreeably played under the direction of Mr. Constant Lambert, and Mr. Ashley Dukes was responsible for the easy English version of Herr Bruckner's fantasia. But he would have been wiser if he had shortened the scrip. T.



ESSEX DISCOVERS THAT A WOMAN'S GLORY IS HER WIG.

Elizabeth of England . . . . Miss Phyllis Neilson-Terry.
Essex . . . . . Mr. Leslie Perrins.

Beauty Culture Among the Antipodean She-Women.

"Wanted.—Electrical appliance for massage; also small garden roller."
Advt. in Tasmanian Paper.

Where Two are a Crowd.

"Miss Lloyd George and her brother answer scores of inquiries every day regarding the progress of her father. They are among the two most popular people at Westminster."—*Daily Paper.*

Their father being, of course, among the one most popular sick ex-Premier.

OUR TUDOR COLONY.

This place is going down; there is no doubt about it. A few years ago, when Purbank, Campion, Sitlow and I were the most prominent residents, a high level of Tudority was maintained. But with Stokes-Satterly, his wealth and his pretences, the degeneration began. He was the first to erect a Reproduction (or Fake) instead of reconstructing a cow-byre or malthouse. But he did use antique timber, decently rotten and worm-eaten. He did pay deference, in his vulgar way, to the cultural deities of the spot. He tried to play the game by having his coal delivered by waggon and horses in Tudor style, though Purbank the purist still insists that cordwood shall not enter "The Garth" unless drawn in wains by goodly oxen. In practice the fuel arrives quietly on a lorry at a time when it is known that the owner is absent.

Formerly we considered Stokes-Satterly an undesirable addition to the Colony and we did our best to subdue his antics. Now, in the face of a new terror, we are almost inclined to regard him as one of us.

The new arrival's name is Bloggs, a name not to be found in any of the bede-rolls extant, a mere William-and-Mary name, possibly even a low Georgian name. And the man—can I say worse?—lives up to his name.

Bloggs has actually caused to be erected a house which we all recognise to be Model No. 7 Tudor Style from the illustrated catalogue of Messrs. Vulture and Grab, who also purvey concrete slabs, asbestos sheets and weathered garden-ornaments of imitation stone. They are as un-Tudor a firm as you would find in a day's march. There is a certain amount of new oak in their buildings, but the panels are filled with concrete instead of herring-bone brickwork or wattle, and everybody knows that cement will never acquire that crazy look of exquisite decay which marks the genuine Tudor edifice. Besides, you can walk upright in any of the rooms without bumping your head. Messrs. Vulture and Grab are convicted out of their own mouths—*vide* page 117

of their loathsome publication, where they assert openly that their lowest ceilings are seven feet high! Can degradation go further?

And now the unspeakable Bloggs is in residence. He has run the blow-pipe over his newel-posts, he has smeared a green stain on his barge-boards and he has painted golden lichen on his roof and walls. He is rumoured to have on order some tin ivy, which he intends to nail to his house until such time as the genuine article will have grown.

Bloggs has absolutely no respect for antiquity. He uses anthracite-stoves and resolutely cuts off draughts. On a certain occasion he called in Nancarrow, our local contractor, to execute some slight repair. Now Nancarrow, though modern in his charges, is antique in his workmanship. He imparts to his repairs the genuine Tudor touch. So, naturally, when he readjusted and partially replaced, making good as per specification, the warped woodwork under Bloggs's stairs, he left the boards artistically crooked and made his joints fit in the old Tudor way, that is, anywhere within six inches of plumb. Bloggs, being called to inspect the improvement, thrust his hand through a nobly-conceived joint exclaiming, "What's this?" in a tone of offended surprise. Nancarrow at once replied with simple dignity, "That's Tudor."

Bloggs has stuck up two masts for an aerial. There they are, flaunting their gaunt nudity. He has not even the decency to make them pretend to be dead fir-trees. Now Stokes-Satterly also has a wireless. Rightly enough he is more than a little ashamed of it, and conceals it within a Reproduction fifteenth-century chest; nor has he any aerials to sully the Tudor scenery.

We derided Stokes-Satterly for owning a telephone, for Purbank says there is no evidence that telephones were installed in Tudor times—in fact he can tell you the actual date of the invention of the telephone. There is no limit to Purbank's store of information. But Stokes-Satterly has the good taste to cover the ugly thing with a (Reproduction) Gothic canopy, while Bloggs makes no bones about exposing the shameful thing to all-comers in his hall and bawling down it when so disposed. He might at least be decently furtive.

A few days ago it became rumoured that Bloggs had decided on a name for his monstrous habitation. With the originality expected of his type, he was reported to have hit upon the designation "Valley View Villa." We colonists talked the matter over and decided to send a deputation to Bloggs, pointing out that such a title was out of keeping with the strictly Tudor countryside and was, moreover, untruthful inasmuch as there was no view of any valley to be obtained from Bloggs's residence. These points being established, the owner was to be prayed, in the name of the community, to adopt a more rigorously Tudor nomenclature.

Accordingly one day the deputation, consisting of Purbank (of "The Garth"), and Sitlow (of "Tanyard") approached the ugly of uglies, determined to ignore the tin ivy, if by so doing they could fight off the demon of modernity and induce Bloggs not to disfigure the directory with that horrid designation.

They succeeded in conquering their distaste—and in Purbank's case, with his rare Tudor sensibility, it was an act of heroism—entered the gate and approached the front-door. Purbank, a man who habitually lives in the antique atmosphere of beaten copper and wrought iron, was about to swallow the bitterest pill of his existence by using the chromium knocker which supplemented that un-Tudor horror, an electric bell, when Sitlow clutched his arm and dragged him back with an effort and a hoarse exclamation.

The rumour had gravely understated the nefarious intention of Bloggs, for there above the doorway hung a massive board inscribed with the final and considered name of the erection, "Wyworrie." E. P. W.

THE BURGLAR, HIS SON, AND THE PROVIDENT PATRICIAN.

A FABLE.

A CERTAIN Burglar had a Son who manifested such Industry in learning the Business that the Burglar would have had No fears for his Future had the lad not become Preoccupied with Demagogic Ideas.

Now on the occasion of a Midnight expedition to Crack the safe of a landed Patrician, the Burglar and his Son deemed it advisable to Ensconce themselves in the Shrubbery until such time as the Butler, a devotee of Detective fiction, should Extinguish his light and Encourage the embraces of Morpheus. Meanwhile, the Boy availed himself of this unlooked-for delay to deliver a whispered Oration on Things in the Social System which Did Not Ought To Be and on the Advantages of Levying Immoderate Tribute on the Rich. The Burglar received this Harangue in Silence, for although the existing methods of dealing with Production, Distribution and Exchange, as modified by his own Sporadic Efforts, seemed quite All Right to the Burglar, he deemed the time and place Inauspicious either to silence his Hot-Headed Son by argument or by Fetching him a Clip over the Ear-Hole.

When the Coast became Clear, the Burglar and his Son resumed their Interrupted plan, and presently, after a period of High Endeavour, the safe of the Patrician responded to Treatment. But the Burglar was Mortified to observe At Once that the jewels were Paste; and when a closer Scrutiny of the Papers and Documents convinced him that there were not even any Subsidiary objects of Virtue to afford a Consolation prize, he remarked not without Emotion: "My Son, it would seem that we have Drawn a Blank."

Upon this the Boy exclaimed in a Louder voice than was quite Discreet in their Situation: "Why do the Idle Rich delight to make a Mock of the Poor? Is it not a Shame, Dad, that this Patrician, having Concealed the Boodle elsewhere, should Provoke us to Crack his safe and Deny us the Fruits of our Toil?"

To which the Burglar replied: "Your Inference is correctly Drawn from the Facts, I do Not Think. If I understand Aright the Documents in that Safe, this unfortunate Patrician has gained merely a Temporary respite by Mortgaging his Broad Acres and by Pawning his Sparklers, for he is Now reduced to pleading with the Tax-gatherer to be Allowed to pay his Dad's Death Duties by easier Instalments and for more Time to pay his own Surtax. The Tax-gatherer has the Patrician not only by the Short Hairs but also by All Ends Up, exacting on the one hand Tribute for Living, and on the other Tribute for Dying. The Tax-gatherer has made me realise that my Profession is Outmoded and that I am a Back Number. No Fellow-Craftsman could have Cracked the safe of this Temperate and Thrifty Patrician more Neatly than I have done, but of what Avail is my Skill? The Tax-gatherer has got there First, and there is not a Stiver left in the Kitty. And all this, so it seems to me, is what comes of your Ruddy Socialism."

Moral: The Handicraftsman cannot compete with State Enterprise.

"MOVEMENTS OF H.M. SHIPS.

1st Winesweeping Flotilla left for home ports."—*Liverpool Paper.*

Very patriotic of it.

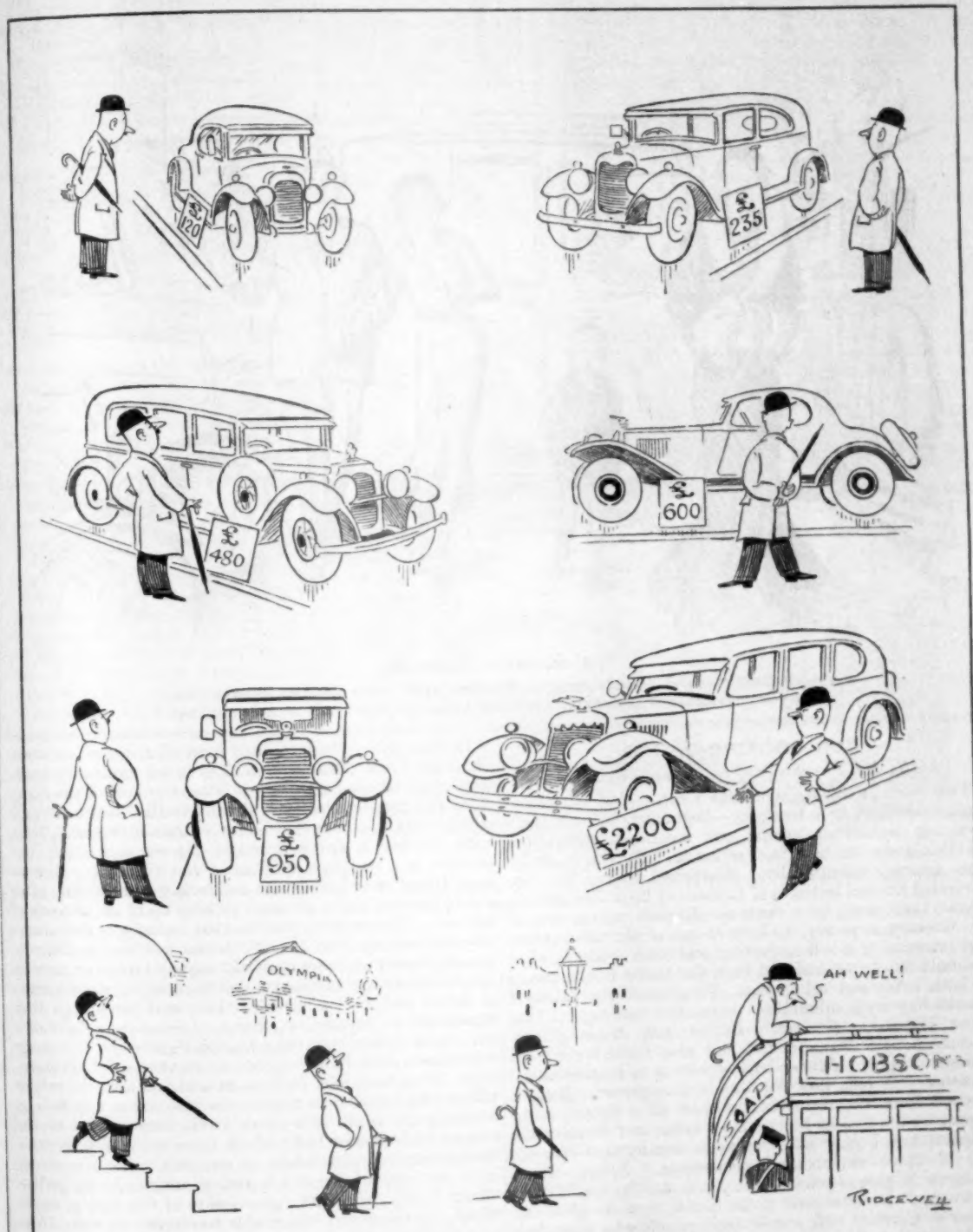
"One thinks of the table of 'legions and commanders' as one recalls the great hexameters."—*Sunday Paper.*

Drummed into us at our great Almameters.

"Mrs. —— has returned to South Africa after an absence of three years in England, where she and her husband have a beautiful estate on the Italian Riviera at San Remo."

South African Paper.

Would that this were so! Still, we have Peacehaven.



THAT OLYMPIAN FEELING.



THE MARKED CROSSING.

English Lady. "But it doesn't seem to me much safer here than anywhere else."
Her Escort. "Calmez-vous, Madame. If they keel you here, zat is zair funeral."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

The most promising sign that I can see of a national change of heart is a tendency—beginning, like all truly elevating tendencies, among our much-maligned upper middle-classes—to take food seriously. By this I am far from meaning scientifically. Misapplied science, plus the perverted natural instincts of millions of badly-brought-up women (and men), have made our English *cuisine* what it is. Cookery as an art, cookery as one of the chief graces and interests of a self-respecting and orderly life, is what I should like to see instilled from the cradle in the young of both sexes and all classes. To educate the elderly I should buy such admirably persuasive volumes as Mrs. Rose Henniker-Heaton's *Dinner with James* (Elkin Mathews and Marrot, 6/-) and give them lavishly as Christmas gifts. *Dinner with James* is a gastronomical romance. It tells how *Sir James Montgomerie, Bart.*, is rescued from the recurrent drabness of a Sunday-night supper by his cousin, *Verena Darrington*, and divulges the inspired but, I may add, expensive menus that blossom out of these entertaining encounters. *James*, whose pedigree is given by irreverent youth as "by Codfish out of Peony," is discovered to be of the true breed of *Sir Roger de Coverley*. He also despises people who want their milk put in before their tea—a sound aversion which I heartily endorse. As for *Verena*, "the best companion in the world, is a handsome woman who takes things like a gentleman." *James* says so, and I suspect he is right.

To those of us who have long been admirers of her work, *Ships of Youth* (Blackwood, 7/6) is an eminently satisfactory performance, though it is not the best of the many clean and high-minded tales already to Miss Maud Diver's credit. We who once thrilled for a *Captain Desmond, V.C.*, have another, a *Lance Desmond*, for our hero; *Eve*, our heroine, is a daughter of *Colonel Ian Challoner*; and we meet friend after friend with the feeling of returning after a long absence and a pleasant picking up of old threads of interest. This is not to hint that the reader who encounters this first among Miss Diver's books will find it difficult; enough is said when we meet old acquaintances to serve as an introduction, if necessary, and the story of the marriage of *Lance* and *Eve*—their ideal love and the things that threatened it: separation, illness, sorrow, the efforts of a siren to recapture the young husband's interest, the young wife's absorption in her music—is one that will hold attention. If occasionally, perhaps in contrast with the cruder effects of some modern fiction, the tale seems a trifle long a-telling, there are still those lovely descriptions of the scenery of Northern India which have made Miss Diver's books treasured possessions in quarters where few novels have any appeal, some interesting comments on Indian affairs to-day, and that appreciation of the best in music which she has always been able to convey so well. And towards the end there is a moment when *Lance* rides across a gap in a mountain road which caused, even for this case-hardened reviewer, what nowadays it is proper to describe as a positive sensation. Need more be said to commend this delectable romance to our readers?

If every parson's spouse resembled
The Vicar's Wife (at seven-and-six),
The Church, though its foundations trembled,
Would all be run by Benedicks;
For few could face the tribulation
Of double-harness with the stress
Of rough-shod schemes of reformation
So wholly lacking in finesse.

CICELY BOAS knows, however,
That in our modern church (or kirk)
You have to be not merely clever
If you would get reforms to work;
There's need of tact and timely blindness
To petty faults; also a spot
Of ordinary human kindness;
And these her heroine has not.

And so she shows the innovator
(MACMILLAN helping) borne along
In special touch with the Creator
(Whom others all interpret wrong),
Till pagan Cupid blandly looses
Into her hide a random dart
Which pulls her up and introduces
The grateful reader to her heart.

Medner Hill Farm (SECKER, 7/6) is a novel which possesses beauties of proportion and sensibility and a quietly cumulative impressiveness rare enough in these helter-skelter days. I am not saying that its appeal is evident from the outset or that its severely limited characters are not marshalled in a rather stiff and Ark-like formation on to their single scene. But once the plot gets working, the book is hard to put down; and personally I followed the fortunes of its two heroines—the farm and the farmer's daughter—with ever-increasing sympathy for both. Medner Hill Farm was bought, optimistically but under compulsion, by its tenant, *Joe Sibley*, at the end of the War, the mortgage on it being ultimately held by a local profiteer in tent-pegs. *Payne*, the profiteer, has his eye on possession; but *Sibley*, aided by his masterful wife, his practical son and his devoted daughter, might possibly have cleared the debt had they pulled heart and soul together. *Dick* and his mother, however, form a clique; and, though *Sibley* has the good-will of his daughter, *Maggie* is expected (and herself expects) to do the maximum of work on the minimum of consideration. She admits further handicaps, poor girl, in the shape of one faithless and one ineligible lover. But *Mrs. Sibley* proving herself belatedly a kind parent as well as a *rusée* woman of business, Mr. BASIL CREIGHTON is able to ring down happily on an admirably characterized and sensitively manœuvred cast.

The essence of GROCK's genius is that he begins by pretending to do something very badly and ends by doing it superbly well. Consciously or unconsciously, he has adopted the same method in his latest profession—authorship. Even the most fanatical GROCK-fancier may be forgiven for thinking to himself during the first few chapters of *Life's a Lark* (HEINEMANN, 8/6), "Here at last is something that GROCK cannot do." It seems as though the book will never get going, as though the Master-Clown will never be able to marshal his incoherent jumble of memories into readable shape. Then, all of a sudden, you realise that GROCK has fooled you once again; that his hesitations and false starts were merely the verbal equivalent of his stage technique of pretended helplessness and mock inefficiency; that the book, after all, is a triumphant success, since its very unorderliness, its very irrelevance conveys an impressionist sketch of his whole fantastic life as no carefully-worded pen-picture could have done. Stable-boy, waiter, dish-washer, watchmaker, fencing-master, language-teacher, nursemaid, all-round musician and the greatest clown in the world—these are a few of his professions. Modesty and candid conceit, kindness and bellicosity, recklessness and shrewd caution, bourgeois respectability and the inspired buffoonery which belongs to no class or country—these are a few of his qualities, as revealed in this



Guest (at hotel under new management). "BY GUM, LAD, WHAT'S THE IDEA OF THE GRAND CLOTHES?"
Page-boy. "TO MAKE US LOOK SMART, SIR."

strangely frivolous yet strangely sincere book. All GROCK-lovers are certain to read it, which is another way of saying that its circulation is sure to be enormous. The photographs and anonymous drawings are delightful, and Miss MADGE PEMBERTON's idiomatic translation is beyond praise.

"I think one should squeeze out of life all that one possibly can," said *Peter Karbon*, the tyre magnate. "Nothing else really matters. It's like swimming. If you have no confidence that the water will bear you up, it won't bear you up. If you have no confidence that life will bear you up, you'll always sink down." So that when he and two companions of a similar way of thinking are involved (by VICKI BAUM) in a bad motor smash which makes them dependent for several weeks on the resources of an isolated country town, the *Results of an Accident* (BLES, 7/6) upon Lohwinkel are sufficient to make it stand upon its small burghal head. The peace which has dwelt within its crumbling walls for generations is sadly rent on the discovery that the victims of the wreck are no less of a bag than a world-famous film-actress, the German middle-weight boxing champion and a noted industrialist, all temporarily disabled and perforce billeted about. The reactions of the stolid, almost mediæval townspeople to the hard-bitten products of modern Berlin give VICKI BAUM an opportunity for varied and extraordinarily vivid character-drawing; and indeed there seems to be no aspect of human nature with which she is unversed. Her analysis of the unanchored enthusiasms of the post-War generation one knows from experience to be excellent. This stage is a much bigger one than that in *Grand Hotel*, but the book is just as sound a piece of work.



WHAT OUR CONSTANT READER (OF OTHER PEOPLE'S PAPERS) HAS TO PUT UP WITH.

"Seafaring through the ages" is a large subject, and Mr. KEBLE CHATTERTON's survey of it under the title, *Sailing the Seas* (CHAPMAN AND HALL, 18/-), is of necessity somewhat sketchy. The book contains a good deal of interesting and informative matter, but it is not presented in the most effective manner, and the author might have been better advised to limit himself to a less extensive period of time. As it is, a considerable part of the volume is given up to a review, very largely guesswork, since the available material is exceedingly slight, of seafaring in the ancient world, while the whole of the nineteenth century, the time when the sailing-ship was at her zenith, is crammed into one short chapter. Nor is the accuracy essential in an introductory study of a historical subject always present. It is surprising to find a writer usually well-informed giving currency to the statement that the British tea clipper was a copy of American models. She was a totally distinct type, evolved along quite different lines, and in many essential points showing a marked divergence from the American clippers. Again, in the illustration of the brig *Ariel*, the trysail mast is described as a "jack-mast," while the trysail itself is called the "spanker," a term exclusively applied to the fore-and-aft sail on a ship's mizen or on the jiggermast of a four-masted barque. Another odd error is the definition of the American ship *Houqua* as a "whaler." She was a very well-known vessel, built to the designs of Captain "NAT" PALMER for the China trade and named after a leading Canton merchant. The most interesting parts of the book refer to the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.

If you read *The Lap of Luxury* (CASSELL, 7/6) you will soon discover that luxurious laps are by no means comfortable to sit in or upon. Indeed *Sylvia Parker*, as beautiful and high-spirited a girl as any of Miss BERTA RUCK's creations, having accepted an invitation to stay with some devastatingly rich relations, was more surprised than envious when she arrived in "the lap." Her cousin and hostess, *May Langdon*, could not call her soul her own; she was frightened of her superb head-gardener, the equally superb head-nurse was even more alarming. And into this artificial world *Sylvia's* young man burst at intervals and brought gusts of fresh air with him. Miss RUCK's ability to tell a story remains, but those who scorn sentimentality will not follow *Sylvia's* fortunes with uninterrupted pleasure.

When *Mrs. Price*, the foster-mother of the fifth *Earl of Droitwich*, appears in *If I Were You* (JENKINS, 3/6) and declares that the holder of the title is really her son, I was prepared to follow Mr. P. G. WODEHOUSE's story with "loud chuckles and many broad smiles." My chuckles, however, were not as loud as usual nor my smiles as broad. And the reason was that Mr. WODEHOUSE, in dealing with the hackneyed theme of changelings, seems to have lost much of his admirable vivacity. Here, to my mind, he is kicking against the pricks, and the most painful of his pricks is *Mrs. Price*, who is far more troublesome than amusing. But even when Mr. WODEHOUSE is out of form he cannot help reminding us by occasional happy phrases that the "loud chuckles and broad smiles" are only temporarily stifled.

Mr. Punch welcomes *Sailor's Delight* (METHUEN, 6/-), a collection of marine verses by Miss C. FOX SMITH, most of which have appeared in his pages. It includes six charming illustrations by PHIL W. SMITH.

CHARIVARIA.

ONE explanation put forward for the unprecedented interest that is being taken in the General Election is that it is for adults only.

* * *

A Communist speaker in Derbyshire was last week thrown into a local canal by some of his listeners. They seem to have forgotten that this is an offence under the Rivers Pollution Act.

* * *

Women speakers who wear their hats all day are advised to massage their heads whenever possible. It relieves the effects of the pressure of the hats they speak through.

* * *

Nothing could be more significant of the spirit of self-denial in which the economic situation is being faced than the disclosure that people are paying fewer visits to the dentist.

* * *

"Animals," says a naturalist, "don't know how lucky they are." Does a family of rabbits, for instance, realise that they are running about in a beautiful sealskin coat?

* * *

From the observations of weather experts we gather that there is every indication that the winter will be either cold or mild.

* * *

Various gadgets for the convenience of the motor-driver are on the market; but a fortune awaits the inventor of a mechanical arm to put round a girl's neck while both hands hold the steering-wheel.

* * *

A salesman at Olympia says motorists are demanding new colour-schemes. Pedestrians, however, will still stick to the black-and-blue combination.

* * *

Owing to the failure of the house which has hitherto supplied them, Paris dentists have been unable to obtain stocks of gold for professional purposes. The Bank, of course, won't release a toothful.

* * *

The fact that so many prisons have been closed down of late seems to suggest that there is something about these places that criminals do not exactly like.

* * *

There is more poverty in Society circles than is generally believed. Many a lady may be seen in the evening with practically no dress to her back.

* * *

Nearly a quart of blood may be lost by a healthy adult without serious effects, says a doctor. This may explain the breezy nonchalance of barbers when shaving customers.

* * *

In giving evidence a police-sergeant alleged that a burglar had hit him several foul blows. Burglars who resort to this run the risk of disqualification.

* * *

A clergyman deplores the fact that people can yell themselves hoarse at a football match yet are afraid to sing out in church. The reason is, of course, that churches have no referees.

* * *

A fire brigade recently had to deal with successive outbreaks in an orchard, a cinema and a circus. Local small boys are firmly determined to be firemen when they grow up.

* * *

A wife states in a morning paper that her husband has benefited by having his ears pierced. Yet we hesitate to suggest that encouragement should be given to wives who fancy themselves as sopranos.

* * *

We are reminded that a Guards officer must not be seen carrying a parcel. Many wives when out shopping take advantage of the fact that their husbands are not in the Guards.

* * *

In explanation of the disappearance of big houseboats from the Thames it is stated that moorings have been let for bungalows. Some bungalows remain at the same moorings year after year.

* * *

Paintings by a professional pugilist have been exhibited in the East End. The feeling in Chelsea is that this constitutes a challenge to Mr. "TEDDIE" JOHN.

* * *

Three plays were withdrawn on the same evening recently. These clashes make it impossible for the usual last-nighters to be present at each of them.

* * *

Professor J. W. GREGORY criticises geologists who deny that coal and slate are minerals. We ourselves have criticised merchants who assert that they are fuel.

* * *

A five-hundred-and-thirty-hour dancing marathon has ended in Cologne through one of the competitors suffering from a brain affection. There is also a suspicion that this was what started it.

* * *

An American professor has discovered that plants are liable to insanity. Amateur gardeners complain of their bulbs which apparently commit suicide.

* * *

Judge CRAWFORD says that he has never been to a cinema. On the other hand, we cannot recall ever having encountered a County-Court fan.

* * *

Spectators cheered loudly the winner of a tree-cutting competition at Sydney. And doubtless sang, "For He's a Jolly Good Feller."

* * *

A French acrobat performs one-hundred-and-twenty somersaults in succession every evening. The income-tax authorities will doubtless want details of his annual turnover.

* * *

A gramophone has been introduced by a well-known firm in their factory to encourage the workers to greater efforts. Already, it seems, several records have been broken.



Aunt Hester (at the "Talkies," as famous politician makes Electioneering speech). "OF COURSE HE'S VERY GOOD, MY DEAR, BUT ON THE WHOLE I THINK I WOULD PREFER HIM IN A SILENT FILM."

THE BOOK OF THE MONTH.

Nothing in the whole list of autumn publications pleases me so much as Joseph Bagworthy's beautiful and delicately-written *Psephismus ; or, The Vote and All About It* (pp. 1545, 21/-), just issued by the Mabinogion Press at Portland Street, printed on hand-wove paper with deckled edges and handsomely bound in half-calf. It is a work which no elector can afford to be without, and if it cannot actually be carried with him by hand to the poll, it can be quite easily transported thither in a small go-cart or even a doll's perambulator.

It deals amply, perhaps now and then even redundantly, with the historical, psychological, subliminal, as well as the practical aspects of casting or "plumping" the vote, and it is hard to say which section of the work is the most interesting. The frontispiece gives an excellent reproduction of the Discobolus of Myron hurling his metal vote into the *cadiscus*, or voting-box, under the ancient Athenian rules. There are fifteen chapters on the variety of voting methods in different ages and climes. Shells, beans, pebbles, cokernuts, tablets of wax, sheep and even elephants have been used to register the views of the electorate. Shouting or the show of hands, common in Western Europe, are set off by pulling out tufts of hair from the chosen candidate, or beating him with bamboo canes in Malaya and amongst certain Central African tribes.

In ancient China, under Ho-Ho, the two candidates for a given constituency were each provided with a sword. With these they pursued the electorate, and the first to cut down a man was acclaimed the victor. In the reign of Hung Hi the practice was almost reversed, the electors pursuing the candidates with battle-axes, the first one killed being accounted to have suffered defeat.

From Barbary comes the expression, "Wild horses will not lead me to vote for So-and-So," the elector in this case being asked whether he would vote for the chieftain and, if he refused, being tied by the hands and heels to two untamed stallions. A not very dissimilar practice was employed in mediæval times, the voter being flung into a pond or stream. If he swam he was considered to have voted for the Royal or Nationalist Party; if he sank, for the rebels, or anti-nationals.

In Papua each constituent receives two iron rings marked differently. One of these he must put through his nose before polling-day. The electors are then driven into compounds or stockades by the witch-doctors and the votes counted amidst the beating of tom-toms and the singing of mysterious incantations. This is followed by a ceremonial *hu-tu*, or magical dance, and the rings are then torn off and carefully kept by the principal wife of the king until the next political crisis. The Incas of Peru drugged the electors with the fumes of an unknown herb and revived them by means of burnt feathers. If the elector sneezed he was held to have voted one way; if he coughed, the other.

Rome had many methods of inviting the electors' opinions, a favourite device being the casting of small wax tablets into an amphora. The method was abandoned, however, owing to the frequency with which votes were spoilt by corrupt officials, who poured into the receptacle boiling water, soup (*jus*), vinegar, or even wine (*hoc erat in votis.*—Suetonius). Under the early emperors it is noted that Caligula's horse was the first animal to receive the plural franchise, being allowed to vote both in Baiæ and in Rome. In the late Empire extra circuses and games were substituted for General Elections, with apparently universal approval. Gorgo, the Mitylenian tyrant, secured election annually by placing each elector inside a brazen bull and lighting a fire underneath. As soon as the bull roared the elector was accounted to have given his decision in Gorgo's favour and was released.

In later times most of these crude methods were abandoned, at any rate by Western civilisation, and suffrages were placed on a par with other commodities, being paid for at so much a hundred and quoted in the market returns along with hemp, potatoes and lard.

So ends the historical survey. Nowadays, when the practice of voting is attended with no personal danger or financial gain, the psychological reaction, according to our author, has to be studied with greater care. *Will the voter vote?* He may be afflicted with *agoraphobia*, or fear of a mob, making him reluctant to do what he believes that everybody else will be doing at the same time; or by *claustrophobia*, fear of enclosed places, causing him to dislike the interior of the elementary school or whatnot where the votes are being cast. Or by *amnesia*, making him forget which candidate he meant to vote for when he started from home. Or by *adrasia*, a form of nervous paralysis, inhibiting the muscular action of making a cross with a pencil opposite a given name. Or by exhibitionism and the urge for self-realisation, causing him to mark noughts and crosses all over the voting-slip. Or by a mere fat-headed lunacy (*imbecillitas electoralis*), inducing him to fold up the piece of paper and put it in his pocket and take it away.

For all these reasons, coolness and care in casting the *psephos*, or vote, is more essential than ever, and the hesitating elector is urged by Mr. Bagworthy to practise the ceremony in his own drawing-room, which should be converted as far as possible into the simulacrum of a polling-station beforehand. Clothing he regards as entirely a matter of taste for the individual elector so long as the police regulations as to decency are observed. The Latvian habit of voting in evening dress with bouquets or button-holes is to be deprecated. It is not necessary to slink into the booth by stealth nor to bounce into it with an air of braggadocio. The affability of the officials can be relied upon. The physical strain and the mental fatigue are alike infinitesimal, nor is the time taken out of the ordinary pleasures of the day a serious loss.

I feel certain that a careful perusal of this book, together with the notes, illustrations and indices, should equip any ordinary citizen with sufficient confidence to vote successfully for the National Party, and I congratulate Mr. Bagworthy on his painstaking volume, which ought certainly to have been recommended by the Book Society, even if it did not receive their premier award.

There is a misprint, by the way, on p. 974. The word "tote" should have been "vote." Evoe.

CARNOMEN.

We have been much impressed by the large variety of new cars exhibited at the Motor Show, bearing entomological names.

It only goes to prove that some people will keep strange pets.

In the public interest and for their protection we have made it our business to obtain advance particulars of still further models of this kind likely to become available during the coming year:—

Armadillo.—Special stone-guard, small ground clearance.

Cockroach.—Fast running, folding wings.

Cobra.—Long stream-lined body; a rattling proposition.

Earwig.—A nippy little thing; a real pot-hunter.

Opossum. — Good climber ; very nutty.

Skunk.—Low and fast; powerful exhaust.

Stoat.—Long and low body; quick acceleration.

Tarantula.—Special springing; a quick starter.

Turtle.—A snappy outfit; domed body.



THE WRONG 'BUS.

SOCIALIST PARTY (*to Sir JOHN SIMON*). "I WANT THE BANK OF ENGLAND."
SIR JOHN SIMON (*aside to P. C. Bull*). "SHE DON'T WANT MUCH, DO SHE, MATE?"

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In later times most of these crude methods were abandoned, at any rate by Western civilisation, and suffrages were placed on a par with other commodities, being paid for at so much a hundred and quoted in the market returns along with hemp, potatoes and lard.

So ends the historical survey. Nowadays, when the practice of voting is attended with no personal danger or financial gain, the psychological reaction, according to our author, has to be studied with greater care. *Will the voter vote?* He may be afflicted with *agoraphobia*, or fear of a mob, making him reluctant to do what he believes that everybody else will be doing at the same time; or by *claustrophobia*, fear of enclosed places, causing him to dislike the interior of the elementary school or whatnot where the votes are being cast. Or by *amnesia*, making him forget which candidate he meant to vote for when he started from home. Or by *adrasia*, a form of nervous paralysis, inhibiting the muscular action of making a cross with a pencil opposite a given name. Or by exhibitionism and the urge for self-realisation, causing him to mark noughts and crosses all over the voting-slip. Or by a mere fat-headed lunacy (*imbecillitas electoralis*), inducing him to fold up the piece of paper and put it in his pocket and take it away.

For all these reasons, coolness and care in casting the *psephos*, or vote, is more essential than ever, and the hesitating elector is urged by Mr. Bagworthy to practise the ceremony in his own drawing-room, which should be converted as far as possible into the simulacrum of a polling-station beforehand. Clothing he regards as entirely a matter of taste for the individual elector so long as the police regulations as to decency are observed. The Latvian habit of voting in evening dress with bouquets or button-holes is to be deprecated. It is not necessary to slink into the booth by stealth nor to bounce into it with an air of braggadocio. The affability of the officials can be relied upon. The physical strain and the mental fatigue are alike infinitesimal, nor is the time taken out of the ordinary pleasures of the day a serious loss.

I feel certain that a careful perusal of this book, together with the notes, illustrations and indices, should equip any ordinary citizen with sufficient confidence to vote successfully for the National Party, and I congratulate Mr. Bagworthy on his painstaking volume, which ought certainly to have been recommended by the Book Society, even if it did not receive their premier award.

There is a misprint, by the way, on p. 974. The word "tote" should have been "vote." EVOE.

CARNOMEN.

WE have been much impressed by the large variety of new cars exhibited at the Motor Show, bearing entomological names.

It only goes to prove that some people will keep strange pets.

In the public interest and for their protection we have made it our business to obtain advance particulars of still further models of this kind likely to become available during the coming year:—

ARMADILLO.—Special stone-guard, small ground clearance.

COCKROACH.—Fast running, folding wings.

COBRA.—Long stream-lined body; a rattling proposition.

EARWIG.—A nippy little thing; a real pot-hunter.

OPOSSUM. — Good climber ; very nutty.

SKUNK.—Low and fast; powerful exhaust.

STOAT.—Long and low body; quick acceleration.

TARANTULA.—Special springing; a quick starter.

TURTLE.—A snappy outfit; domed body.



THE WRONG 'BUS.

SOCIALIST PARTY (*to Sir* JOHN SIMON). "I WANT THE BANK OF ENGLAND."

SIR JOHN SIMON (*aside to P. C. Bull*). "SHE DON'T WANT MUCH, DO SHE, MATE?"



Car Salesman (at Olympia). "SIX-CYLINDER O.H.V. ENGINE, MADAM. REAR PETROL TANK, S.U. CARBURETTOR—JUNO LIGHTING, STARTING AND COIL IGNITION—SIX X HEADLIGHTS, STEERING-WHEEL CONTROL TO HEADLIGHT-DIPPING MECHANISM—DEAN STEERING—GREATNA WIRE WHEELS—TWINLEX GLASS THROUGHOUT, FULLY-EQUIPPED DASH AND TOOL-KIT. GIVE YOU EVERY SATISFACTION, MADAM."

Lady. "OH, I DUNNO—I'M NOT TERRIBLY WRAPPED UP IN YOUR ASH-TRAYS."

OBSTACLE RACE.

A WORD in the ear of all you solitary motorists who, by timing yourselves from point to point of your road, by striving to emulate your previous records and by various other devices, seek to beguile the tedium of solitary journeys. *Have* you tried timing yourself over the Kingston By-pass Obstacle Course? It is an enthralling pastime, whether entered upon as a competition or a test of patience or temper or simply to while away an otherwise dull hour. For, speaking as one who knows it well, I should say that the Kingston By-pass Road is at present one of the most magnificent obstacle-races for motorists ever devised by the brain of man.

It was, of course, originally stated to have been built so that the Portsmouth-bound motorist could speed swiftly and joyfully to his destination and avoid all the traffic, pedestrians, tradesmen's vans, children and general local and parochial activity of Kingston itself. And for a while he could—as long as parts of the surface weren't flooded and the motion over other parts didn't make him seasick. Then he discovered after a year or so that, as in all good things, there was a catch. He had certainly avoided one Kingston, but a couple of others had by then sprung up on the by-pass itself, and within a further year most of the original Kingston had moved over too. Thus the by-pass had acquired all the accessories it had been built to avoid, and—here is the joke—there were about two-and-a-half miles more of them. As a result competitors in the race can now be sure of finding at any point of the course the following simpler obstructions to test their ingenuity: Tradesmen's vans, ostensibly parked outside the rows of villas, but actually liable to turn out without a signal; nursemaids with prams who find they can walk three abreast better on the road than on the side-walk; two-mile-an-hour hay-waggons and farm-carts; kids on roller-skates who just love the concrete surface and *will* cut-in in traffic; errand-boys and other trick-cyclists; and, of course, builders' trucks unloading material with which to build more little houses in any space as yet unfilled. Indeed Kingston itself could do no more.

These obstacles, however, are merely incidental; to prevent the hardened competitor complaining of the simplicity of the course the genius responsible has provided better ones. For instance, there are never less than half-a-dozen "one-way" stretches where workmen are repairing one side of the road. Each stretch has two men to "control" it, one for either end; and each man has two flags, one for either hand. With the green flag he has been told to beckon traffic on and with the red flag to hold it up. But here comes the subtlety. He does it *simultaneously*. It would have made the whole thing too easy to lay down that he has only to display one flag at a time; and so each man, while holding up one line of cars with his red flag, signals the other line on past him with his green. At the change-over he merely changes hands. Thus on approach you will see two flags held aloft, with no means of telling you which you are to obey until you have come close up, stopped, and probably got out in order to ascertain which flag is in the nearer hand. If the one-way stretch is a very short one you will probably see four flags—which is even better fun. Many competitors lose their nerve at this point, return to London and re-map their route so as to get to Portsmouth *viâ* Torquay.

In the open spaces between these halts there is a somewhat different but very clever obstacle to any attempt on the motorist's part at making up lost time. On the plea that cars were getting used to the inequalities of the original surface the authorities are superimposing a new one about ten inches thick. But with considerable acumen they are only doing it in stretches here and there so that every so often there is a sudden steep transition to the different level. This is apt, if taken at speed (as it will be, because you can't see it in time), to send either your springs up through the bottom of your car or your head through the roof. In either case you lose time.

Yes, I raise my hat to the man responsible for the present Kingston By-pass Road—and if ever I catch him walking on it I'll see if I can't raise his.

If your thirst for obstacle races is still unassuaged after the Kingston course, you can go on and try Guildford-and-Godalming. Guildford's chief claim to be an obstacle used to lie in its parking regulations, coupled to the fact that its main street is mostly on a forty-five-degree slope. Now, however, that vehicles are only allowed to park at both sides of the road, Guildford has become fairly easy for competitors with a straight eye and four-wheel brakes; and you must go on to Godalming if you really want to test your mettle.

The first thing you notice at Godalming is an eight-mile speed-limit. You may safely ignore this; it is impossible to find an opportunity of doing over six, and most of the time you are at a complete standstill. Indeed, impatient or irascible competitors are advised to lay in a store of reading-matter. For the great thing about Godalming is that, though its main street is extremely narrow, cars can be parked wherever the owner fancies, thus immediately ensuring one-way traffic only. That besides being the High Street of a market-town it happens also to be one of the main roads to the South of England does not affect the issue, it merely makes for greater fun. Indeed, that is where the chief obstacle to a swift transit arises. Those competitors who live in London are so attracted by the thought of being able not only to hold up alternate lines of traffic on the main London-Portsmouth Road while they sit at their ease in a tea-shop, but actually to have a hastily-summoned policeman (paid by the Borough of Godalming) to stand outside and help them do it by directing the lines of vehicles in turn round their waiting cars, that they simply stay right where they are and buy houses in Godalming. Which of course takes time and is not playing the proper Guildford-and-Godalming game.

There is, by the way, what appears to be a Guildford-and-Godalming By-pass Road, but few competitors now get caught by that one. It just takes you out into the country on its preliminary sweep round and then ceases abruptly, leaving you to find your way back to civilisation as best you can. When you do, you discover that you are in the heart of Guildford with Godalming still to face. Quite a good trick when new, but it's getting too well-known now to catch any but the inexperienced or the not quite bright.

If I have helped you at all I am only too glad. Thank you very much. . . . Gooood-naighte, everybody. A. A.



"HAVE YOU NOTICED ANY SIGNS YET THAT PEOPLE ARE ECONOMISING?"
"OH, YES, MADAM. EVEN THE PEOPLE WHO NEVER PAID DON'T BUY ANYTHING NOW."

We read that clothes wrapped in newspaper are completely immune from moths. But then we can hardly blame them for refusing to swallow our politics.

AT LAST.

THE Licensing Commission, almost forgotten in the cri—, is still nobly pegging away, I gather, at its invaluable labours. For I found the following document, unsigned, on the floor of an Underground train. It looks to me like somebody's draft report:—

To the Right Hon. Sir HERBERT SAMUEL, *Secretary of State for Home Affairs.*

(1) We recommend that the principles and the advantages of Free Trade be extended to the entertainment, catering and refreshment trades.

(2) We find that at present there is no Freedom of Trade in these trades, but they are hampered by restrictions imposed by Parliament, by Trade Unions, by magistrates, by brewers and others.

(3) We are agreed that these trades are important, because upon them depend not only (*a*) the leisure, pleasure and recreations of the people, but (*b*) the readiness of foreign citizens to visit these shores and spend their money within them.

As to (*a*)—A country which has led the world in granting the privileges of free speech, free printing and free voting should energetically maintain the maximum freedom in all forms of self-expression, in which category the leisure and pleasure of the people must be included.

As to (*b*)—A country which stands alone for Free Trade in a world of trade restrictions must be eager for the free movement not only of commodities but of travellers. We find that very large numbers of foreigners have been deterred or discouraged from visiting these islands by restrictions and discomforts which appear to them to be uncivilised and vexatiously interfere with their normal habits of life. We find also that these restrictions have gravely damaged the national reputation for good sense and moderation and have made a small but increasing contribution to that lack of confidence in British institutions which is at present manifest abroad.

(4) For the above reasons we find that most of the restrictions mentioned in (2) are unnecessary and harmful. We also find that the abuses sometimes found in the said trades are caused for the most part by the very system of restriction which is designed to prevent them.

(5) We find that in France and Germany, where there are no restrictions, there is no insobriety; we find that in England and America, where—— (*Sentence unfinished.*)

(6) We find that in this country much public time and money are wasted by what is known as the Licensing Sessions, where large numbers of magistrates, policemen and learned counsel are engaged in discussing such childish questions as: "Shall X, a publican, be permitted to hire a mechanical piano?" or, "Shall Y, a shopkeeper, who is now permitted to sell not less than thirty-six bottles of ale at one time, be permitted to sell bottles of ale by ones and twos?"

(7) We can find no trace of Free Trade in the Licensing Acts, and we recommend that these statutes be repealed.

(8) We recommend that, if it be thought necessary to enact a new measure in their place, it be founded on the following principles:—

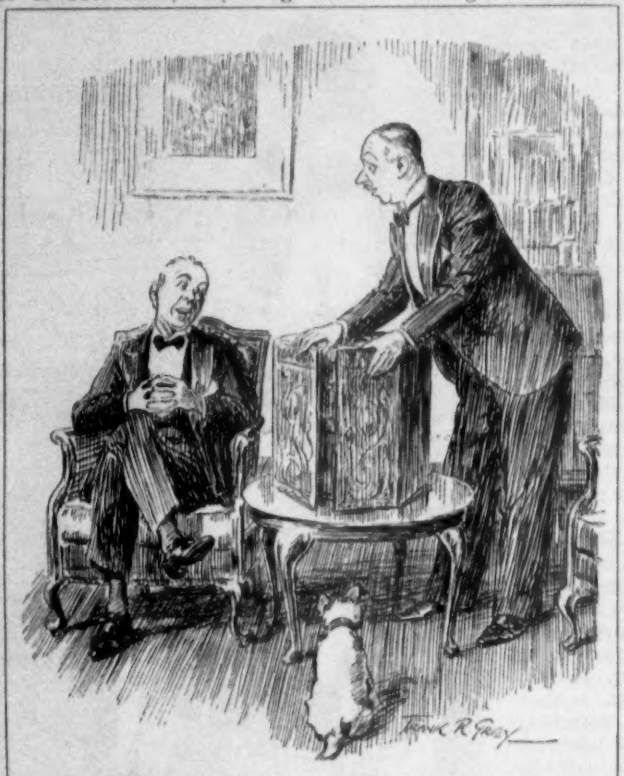
(*a*) The main purpose and function of the catering and refreshment trades is to please and satisfy the consumers and clients.

(*b*) The only restrictions legitimately imposed on these trades are such as are designed to secure (i.) the comfort and pleasure of the consumer, and (ii.) the rates of pay and conditions of labour of those who are employed in these trades (though even here the peculiar nature of the trade must be wisely borne in mind).

(*c*) Subject only to (*b*) it should be lawful and possible for any citizen to obtain any kind of refreshment at any hour of the day or night at which he can find another citizen willing to provide it.

(*d*) A person who is neither (i.) a consumer nor (ii.) engaged or employed in these trades has no legitimate interest, and should have no voice, in the management of their affairs.

(9) If these principles be adopted we foresee a great accession of prosperity to the trades affected, of happiness and sobriety to the people, of foreign travellers to our shores and of revenue to the Exchequer. Freed from the restrictions which at present discourage or hamper them, and actively assisted, we hope, Sir, by your Department, persons of enterprise will hasten to provide refreshments better in quality and more varied in character, on premises better fitted to the age in which we live. The publican who is free to expand his premises and provide food, music and games without asking the permission of a number of magistrates of advanced years and reactionary views, will attract to his premises a class of customer not wholly interested in alcoholic refreshment; this will improve the tone and status as well as the prosperity of his house, and the natural operation of the laws of Free Trade will ensure that his competitors will follow his example. Thus the "squalid" inns of which some witnesses spoke will die a natural death and will be replaced in time by civilised places of general refreshment and beneficent social intercourse such as the peoples of Continental cities enjoy. We find that the present system, by the very emphasis which it places upon



Host. "WHAT WOULD YOU LIKE—HAVANA, OLD BOY?"
Guest. "PLEASE! I CAN ONLY GET PARIS AND BERLIN ON MINE."

"alcohol," tends to create or confirm the same emphasis in the minds of the people, just as the special laws in relation to it have led to the creation of special places for it. If it were less attacked and less isolated it would become less important.

(10) We think it advisable that every person who opens a shop for the sale of commodities to the public should be required to secure a licence and make a deposit of money in order to avoid the opening of a multiplicity of shops by men of straw unable to fulfil the conditions under 8 (*a*) and (*b*); but, once licensed upon these conditions, he should be free to conduct his business in his own way. And we are agreed that these provisions should apply to *all* shopkeepers and caterers, since there is no clear reason for any distinction between the vendors of lipstick, petrol, tea, chocolates, dangerous motor-cars and port-wine.

(11) As to hotels, we find that at the present time exhaustive care is taken to ensure that the licensee of an hotel shall be a person of good character; but no inquiry is made into his fitness to manage an hotel or provide civilised food. We make a special recommendation that every applicant for an hotel licence should be required (*a*) to travel on the Continent and (*b*) to go through an educational course in management and cooking. Instruction, not restriction, should here, as everywhere, be the motto of a free country enjoying the advantages of Free Trade.

(12) We find that the League of Nations and other agencies, political parties and social movements are slowly working towards the standardisation and assimilation throughout the world of all the important departments of human life. The hope behind this process is that the ideals and customs of the most advanced should be thrown into the common pool and become the property of all. We find that Great Britain, though she has led the way in such matters as the reduction of armaments, the equalisation of wages and the maintenance of the standard of life (in a purely money sense) is lamentably behind the great European Powers in the departments of life which have been the subject of our investigations. The standard of life (in the true sense) of a British workman is far below that of his Continental brother. His food and drink is more expensive, inferior in quality and served with less comfort in less attractive surroundings. All this, we find, is due to the present Licensing system, which should be abolished. We recommend that every effort be made to bring our standards in this respect into line with those of the Continent; we hope that the League may take the matter in hand, and we are agreed that the first step towards that end must be the restoration of Free Trade in these industries.

We are, dear Sir HERBERT . . .

A. P. H.



Cook. "'ULLO! LORST YER WAY?"

"LOST.

Grey Parrot; says 'Kiss me Darling.' Finder suitably rewarded."

Tanganyika Paper.

Probably with a smart peck on the nose.

"AIRMAN HELD UP BY RED TAPE."

Evening Paper.

We never really believed it could be just the propeller.

A "PUNCH" ARTIST.

Mr. Punch, gratefully recalling the services of a valued and frequent contributor to his pages from 1893 to 1902, desires to call attention to the forthcoming Memorial Exhibition of water-colour drawings and studies, *Punch* drawings and pencil-sketches, by the late ARTHUR HOPKINS, R.W.S., to be held at the Walker Galleries, 118, New Bond Street, from November 6th to 20th.

"CONSERVATIVES HOPE TO SWEEP LONDON."—*Evening Paper.*

An outcry from the Scavengers' Union is hourly expected.

WHERE TO HIKE.

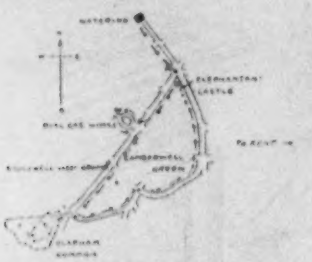
(An alternative to routes recommended for Walkers or Ramblers.)

THE BORDERS OF SURREY.

THE borderland of Surrey and London is now often considered to be one of the loveliest hiking districts in England, comparable certainly with Bootle, Devonport, St. Helens and other parts favoured by provincial hikers.

It is exceptionally well-trammed, and is, of course, renowned for its delightful car-parklands and its gently flowing streams of traffic. One of these streams—the Little Streatham—is deserving of special notice, rising, as it does, miles away in the Surrey Hills and joining the Walworth and the New Kent right at the gates of the famous Elephantan' Castle.

Elephantan' Castle, one of the few castles still standing in this part of the country, should not be missed by the hiker. It is thrown open to the public from 11 to 3 in the mornings and from 5 to 10 in the evenings. (Closing time on Sundays, 10 P.M.)



The Hike.

Starting from Waterloo, take a tram or bus to Elephantan' Castle and explore this to your satisfaction. Many hikers make a prolonged stay in the Castle precincts, drinking in the beauty of the interior decorations. If you still feel like hiking after leaving the Castle, there is a nice little walk (about ten yards) to the bus-stop in Kennington Park Road, where you can get a conveyance which will put you down within easy hiking distance of the Oval Gasometers. The Gasometers, by the way, are not oval but circular, like the towers on Box Hill and Leith Hill. Here, from the top of a tram, the hiker can get a fine view of the Cricket Ground and the Refreshment Rooms, which draw large crowds in the summer-time.

From here, cut across country to Clapham Junction. If you are tired of trams and buses take a taxi, or, better still, go by tube, as this route is particularly rich in subterranean scenery. Look out for Stockwell-under-Ground. Much of the scenery has a distinctly Scotch tang about it; and there are some glimpses of French and Italian.

Alighting at the Junction, hike upstairs and out on to the Common. You will be amply rewarded for your pains by a vista of unspoiled country: no unsightly golfers, litter-boxes, etc. If you have brought your beer and cheese with you, you cannot do better than get down to it here. Given good light, you should take some photographs of the Common. A member of the party playing a ukelele and leaning up against the railings makes a good foreground. (The railings are seldom freshly painted.)

Have a nap on the Common and then, if you are not too footsore, get a passing motorist to give you a lift to Camberwell Green. He will not be going far out of his way, unless he wants to get to Putney or North Wales. The day will now be wearing, so get a tram northwards and alight some little distance (not too far) this side of Elephantan' Castle. Hike the rest of the way to the Castle on foot. There is always a chance of being seen by a Press photographer, and "Happy Hikers paying Homage to English Architecture after a long day's Tramp in the Wilds of Surrey" makes a very snappy headline.

A BOOST FOR HISTORY.

THE warm reception accorded to the PRIME MINISTER'S narration of the story of KING BRUCE and the Spider to the Indian Round Table delegates has set a new fashion in political speeches.

Mr. NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN last night at Birmingham held an audience enthralled while he told them in language suited to a Midland gathering the tale of KING ALFRED and the cakes. He was careful to point out that such cakes, if baked three months hence, would not be appreciably smaller in spite of the protective tariff on wheat which the National Government would apply.

Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL delighted a meeting at Epping with a lively account of KING CANUTE dealing with his courtiers and the sea. He warned the public, however, that the withdrawal of the PRIME MINISTER and his Court to the drier part of the beach would not suffice to remove the danger of being swamped by the waves of Communism. Those who had wetted their feet on previous occasions by paddling on the wet sands of Socialism had better take shelter behind the sea-wall of Conservatism and the breakwater of Tariff Reform.

Sir JOHN SIMON held an audience spell-bound at Lincoln with his account of the incident involving the use of a cloak between Sir WALTER RALEIGH and QUEEN ELIZABETH. He exhorted his hearers to pluck from their shoulders the cloak of Free Trade which hampered the actions of the true patriot and fling it before the feet of Britannia, so that she might walk with clean sandals across the mud of financial chaos. There should be a patriotic RALEIGH in every Liberal household. (Appreciative cheers and genuine laughter.)

Later, as an encore, this delightful raconteur gave a spirited rendering of the story of the EMPEROR CONSTANTINE in the slave-market. The concluding slogan, *Non Angli sed angeli*, proved much to the taste of his audience and is likely to gain him many votes. It was generally felt that electors were being estimated by the speaker at their true value.

Mr. PHILIP SNOWDEN, finding his hearers grow restless under his lucid but detailed description of his fiscal principles, immediately regained their attention with a *macabre* description of KING HENRY THE SECOND meeting his death through a surfeit of lampreys. He went on to say that Great Britain had over-eaten herself with an excessive consumption of the lampreys of extravagance and the cockles of doles. What she now needed, he added with a warm human touch, was the calomel of self-denial and the Epsom salts of taxation. He had done his best to administer the latter dose and already the patient was beginning to mend.

Mr. ARTHUR HENDERSON entertained his hearers at Nelson with the story of DRAKE playing bowls on Plymouth Hoe before setting out to defeat the Armada. Taking up his parable, he said that the jack had been rolled down and the PRIME MINISTER had started with a strong wood, but, provided the green was true, the Socialist Party would lie at the finish. There was plenty of time, he pointed out, to win the game of the Election before engaging the galleons of the Banks and the caravels of the Insurance Companies.

Mr. LLOYD GEORGE alone has failed to fall a victim to the new craze. He intends to stick to Physical Geography, which has stood him in good stead for so many years. But the clouds are gathering and the tide is against him and the Welsh mountains do not come to their local Mahomet; a freshet may at any time wash him into the whirlpool of history. There is little doubt that Election platforms all over the country will soon be resounding with echoes of *Mrs. Markham* and *Little Arthur*.

E. P. W.



Schoolmaster (to American mother of prospective pupil whom he has shown over the school). "I THINK I MAY SAY, IN THE WORDS OF THE QUEEN OF SHEBA, 'THE HALF WAS NOT TOLD.'"

American Mother. "SAY! HAS THE QUEEN OF SHEBA A BOY AT THIS SCHOOL?"

A SONG OF EMBASSIES.

(Plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose.)

SING a song of Embassies, notes, despatches, telegrams,
Bag days and crises and value of the pound,
Strikes and revolutions, just to make variety,
But tea in the Chancery the whole year round.

Finding files for Diplomats
Eager to peruse them,
Who ruffle them and shuffle them
And *always* lose them.

Much the same it used to be, long ago in Babylon,
Chiselling despatches on the hard stone blocks,
Crises in Assyria, revolt among the Israelites,
But tea in Hanging Gardens in spite of shocks.

Finding files for Patriarchs
Eager to peruse them;
They'd shake them and break them
And *always* lose them.

Much the same 'twill doubtless be in some misty future
When we have Embassies all round the stars,
Flashing cypher telegrams from Uranus to Jupiter,
Gossiping at tea-time in the Chancery of Mars.

Finding files for Seraphim
Eager to peruse them,
Who'll rumple them and crumple them
And *always* lose them.

A FLIMSY YARN.

Able-Seaman Wright sang cheerfully:—

"Starboard Watch and Idlers scrub and wash clothes;
Where the water's comin' from 'eaven only knows!
Four-and-twenty pieces and an 'ammick for to scrub;
Ain't got no flamin' soap and can't find a tub."

"You seem 'appy, Shiner," growled Able-Seaman Brown, who seldom did.

"Ain't the prospect of paying-orf enough to make anyone 'appy?" replied Shiner.

"Well, seeing as 'ow you 've managed to wangle yerself into bein' galley's crew the 'ole blessed commission, I don't see as you've 'ad much to grouse about," observed Nigger Brown acidly.

"I ain't grousin', you boot-faced blighter," retorted Shiner sweetly. "You does enough of that for the 'ole ship's company. I'm merely hanticipatin' — that's what I am. Hanticipatin' a nice quiet number in Pompey barricks, with the wet canteen lovely an' 'andy for me leisure hours. Besides, I've 'ad a most entertainin' afternoon."

"Takin' a dish o' tea with the Owner, p'r'aps. Farewell party like to 'is blue-eyed galley's crew?" suggested Nigger sarcastically.

"Look 'ere," said Shiner, throwing down his armful of washing on the deck—"what the 'ell's up with you? If you don't want to pass the time o' day with me, just say so—see—an' I'll go an' do me bit o' dobeying the other side o' the deck an' talk to them as appreciates me."

"Orl right, mate—orl right," said Nigger; "don't get up the pole. I ain't got that Society manner what you've cultivated in the cuddy, that's all; but I'm listenin'—fair lappin' up every word that falls from your gate, I am."

"Ah!" said Shiner, slightly mollified. "Well, *I* 've been listenin' to what the Captain thinks of the orficers——"

"You've been—— Go on. 'Ow?"

"Cleanin' brightwork in 'is cabin unbeknownst to 'im while 'e was makin' out the orficers' flimsies in 'is day-cabin and discussin' 'em with the Bloke."

"Coo! You've got a nerve, ain't yer."

"Well, did you expect me to bung a fid o' soap in each ear'ole or hexit through the scuttle, or what?"

"Well, no; but——"

"Orficers' flimsies?" asked a young Ordinary-Seaman who was standing by; "what be they, Shiner?"

Able-Seaman Wright turned and regarded the interrupter too kindly for too long. "Ah! me little darlin'," he said at last, "you wouldn't know, would you? only 'avin' been 'alf a dog-watch at sea. You come an' sit on Daddy's knee an' 'e'll tell you all about it. A 'flimsy,' me little love, is the certificate of service what all orficers get when either they or the Captain leaves a ship, and what they uses afterwards to cough up at court-martials in the 'opes that all the bee-utiful things what's been wrote about 'em in the past will soften the 'earts of their crool judges. Ah! now I can see by the look in your dear blue eyes as you want to know why it 'as the tally of 'flimsy.' 'Cos it's writ on a flimsy bit o' paper. Understand now, sweet'eart? That's a dear clever boy! Now you run along to bidey-boo an' Daddy'll come along an' tuck you up an' kiss you good-night—'OP IT! D' you 'ear, yer blinkin' wart? An' don't come round 'ere callin' me Shiner if yer wants to keep yer eye out of a sling."



Maid (to itinerant musician). "THE MISTRESS SAYS, 'IS THIS OLD MUSIC ANY USE TO YOU?'"

"You was saying?" droned Nigger Brown patiently when the offender had departed.

"Ah, yes," said Shiner. "Now where was I now?"

"In the skipper's bathroom with yer ear glued to the gellacie o' the door."

"That's right. Well, it was a fair treat to 'ear the old man summin' up 'is opinion o' the orficers in a few words. Proper masterly, an' I agreed with 'im every time."

"'With sobriety and to my satisfaction—a promising orficer,' that's the routine, ain't it?"

"Not 'sobriety,' that ain't called for nowadays."

"'Ow d' yer mean? Ain't necessary?"

"Not to be wrote on a flimsy. Nowadays the Admeer-al-ity presooms an orficer to be sober unless they 'ears to the con-trary. Funny idea, but there it is. Of course I suppose that if a cove was in the 'abit of gettin' tin-'ats the Owner would 'int at it with a 'I 'ave known this orficer sober.'"

"Well," said Nigger disgustedly, "if they rules that out, I don't see as there's much left as can be said."

"Isn't there, then?" retorted Shiner sharply. "What would you think, supposin' you was an orficer, an' you got 'anded out with, 'This orficer 'as conducted 'isself strictly in accordance with the written instructions'?"

"I should reckon I was a ruddy marvel," replied Nigger promptly.

"Oh, what's the good o' talkin' to you?" said Shiner hopelessly.

"Why, what's up with me?"

"Well, yer fat'ead, can't yer see as that ain't meant to imply a compliment?"

"Maybe not, but it do all the same, to them as knows all the regulations there are."

"Oh, stow it, yer blinkin' sea-lawyer!"

"*Me?* I ain't no sea-lawyer; but there's two sides to everything."

"There are," said Shiner, picking up his bundle of washing and moving off, "even to an upper deck, thank Gawd."

"TAXI-FARES—NO CHANGE."
Aberdeen Paper.

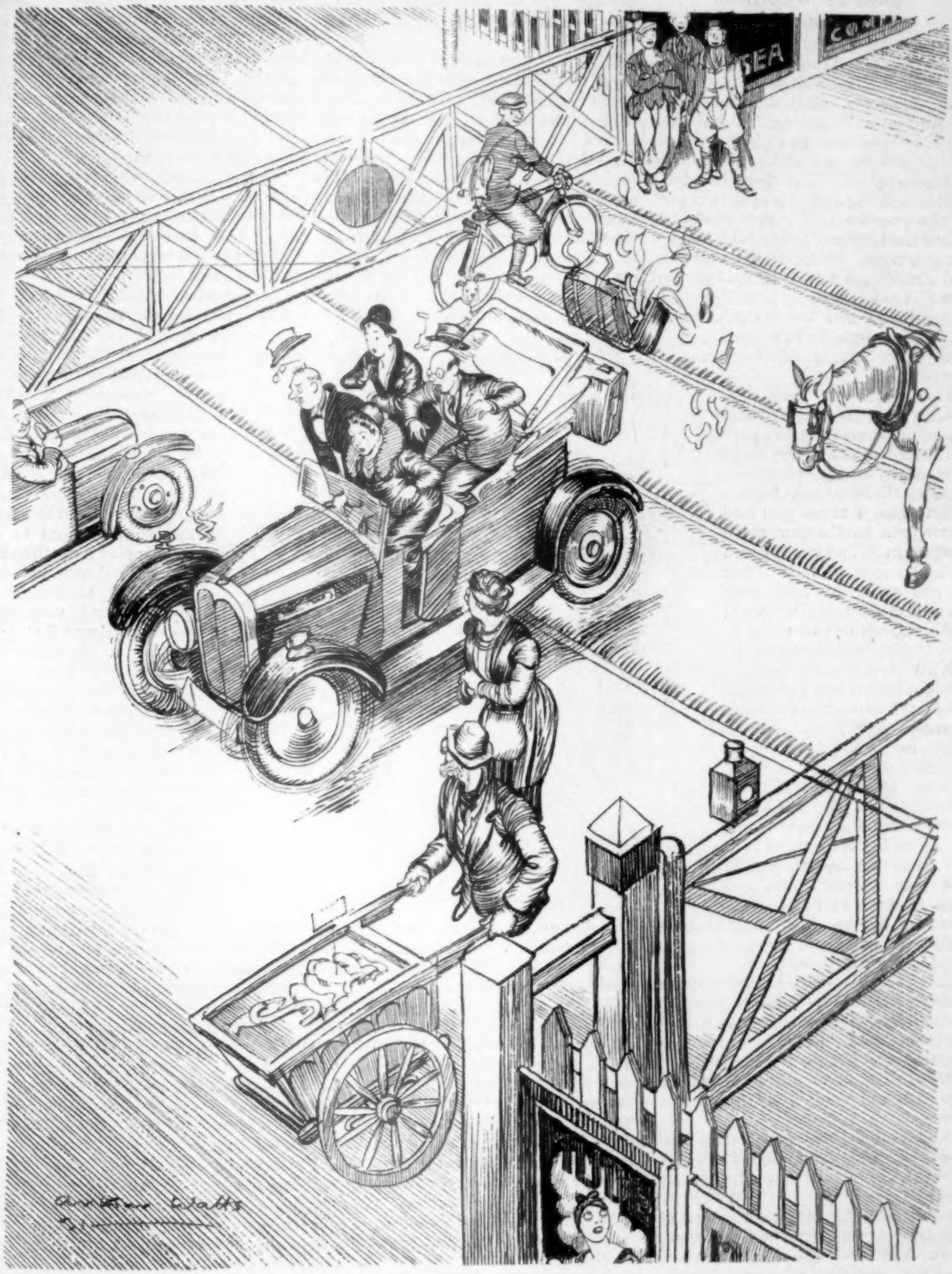
But has a taxi-driver *ever* been caught with any?

"CANADA'S NEW PORT."
Sunday Paper.

In our opinion it should be drunk very warily.

"Londres, 9 octobre.—M. Dudgeon, député libéral pour la circonscription de Galloway, a abandonné son parti et s'est rallié au groupe de Sir Wee Oswald Mosley."—*French Paper.*

It is to be hoped that this accession does not augur High Dudgeon for Wee Mosley.



MISLEADING TERMS.

THE LEVEL CROSSING.

SIMPLE STORIES.

The Troubadour.

A long time ago there was a French gentleman called the Sieur de la Falaise who had a nice medium-sized château with dovecots and dungeons and everything suitable, and he had had quite a lot of land and plenty of serfs to do the work on it and had been very comfortably off. But there had been a lot of fighting and battles in that part of the country and a rich nobleman called the Comte d'Eclair, who lived in a much larger château some miles off, had got hold of nearly all his land and now he was so poor that he could hardly keep himself and his son Jean alive, and if his wife hadn't been dead they would all have starved.

Well Jean was very nice-looking with bobbed hair and a good voice, and he could play on the lute quite well and make up songs, so when he was about eighteen the Sieur de la Falaise said to him I think you had better be a troubadour, there is *argent* in it, and if you could make enough to buy a few more *hectares* of land with olive-trees on them we could make enough out of them to be fairly *confortable* again.

And Jean said well I shouldn't mind being a troubadour but I should have to leave Clairette, and I am amorous of her and we are thinking of getting married.

Well Clairette was very beautiful but she was only fifteen and she hadn't any money as her father had been killed fighting and her mother had got married again and gone off with everything she could lay her hands on, and Clairette lived with her uncle the priest of the village who was quite poor.

And the Sieur de la Falaise said well I have no *objection* to that, Clairette is a nice *demoiselle* and I should like her for a *belle-fille*, but you must have something to live on and you will have time to earn some *argent* before you are both old enough to *ranger* yourselves.

And Jean said very well then I will go out as a troubadour, and I will make up *chansons* about Clairette and sing them wherever I go.

So he told Clairette about it and she cried and said she didn't want him to go away. But he said he would soon come back with plenty of money and he sang her one of the songs he had made up about her which she liked so much that she kissed him and gave him a lock of her hair, and he promised not to fall in love with anybody else all the time he was away.

Well that was all very well, but the Sieur de la Falaise didn't know much about troubadours and Jean didn't either, and one of the things they hadn't bargained for was that a really high-class troubadour was generally supposed to be in love with somebody else's wife. And he didn't want to run away with her or anything like that and she wouldn't have done it if he had, but he was supposed to go on languishing for her for a good many years and make up songs about her, and he generally did fairly well out of it if her husband



"So Jean settled down in her château."

was rich and important, but of course it did rather get in the way of his marrying a nice girl of his own class and settling down with her.

Well Jean had quite a good time going about to different châteaux and singing his songs about Clairette, but when people found out that she was only the niece of a poor clergyman they weren't much interested in her, and nothing seemed to come of it except some good banquets and jousts and a few écus and ducats sometimes, but not enough to make it worth while for him to go home and get married. And another troubadour he made friends with in a large and important château said to him why what an *imbécile* you are, look at me with Aybeline, I have been languishing for her here for about fifteen years and have been living like a fighting *coq* all the time, and when she has given me a few more presents I shall be able to retire and *épouser* anybody I like, you simply must get hold of a rich *innamorata* and keep Clairette in the background, you can easily change the *chansons* you have made up about her so as to suit, especially if you find somebody with a name that ends in *ette* as a lot of them do.

And Jean said that's all *très bien* but I don't want to languish after anybody for fifteen years, I shouldn't mind doing it for four or five but where am I to find a rich *innamorata*? they all seem to be booked.

And the other troubadour said well why don't you try Etiennette? And he said who is she? And he laughed and said that shows how new you must be to the *jeu de troubadour*, why they have been making up *chansons* about her for thirty or forty years I should think. And Jean said then she must be getting a little *longue dans la dent* isn't she? And he said oh no not so very, and at any rate she is *plus riche* than ever as all her husbands are dead and most of them left her money, and she is very generous to troubadours if they *approcher* her in the right way. And Jean said what is the right way? And he said oh you must *penser* that out for yourself, I must get back to Aybeline now, it is our time for a little love-making and people will be coming in to hear how well I do it.

Well Jean thought it out for himself and he went and sang a song under Etiennette's window in the moonlight to say he had been dying for love of her for some time and couldn't something be done about it? And she was so pleased to have a troubadour singing under her window at her age that she sent for Jean to be brought into the château. And she liked the look of him and said that if he cared to languish for her for a year or two there was no knowing what might come of it, and anyhow everybody knew how well she treated troubadours and he wouldn't lose by it.

So Jean settled down in her château, and it was rather hard work keeping up with her as the more she lost her looks through getting elderly the more she wanted them sung about. Still he was very comfortable there and she gave him lots of presents, but he still kept true to Clairette though he had turned all his songs about her into songs about

Etiennette, and he saved up all his money so that he could go home and marry her.

Well that was all very well for him, but when a year or two went by Clairette began to wonder what had become of him. And people didn't write many letters in those days, through there being no regular post and most of them not being able to write at all, but at last somebody came who told her that he had seen Jean living very comfortably in Etiennette's château and languishing for her, and he said he was getting quite well known as a troubadour because of the nice songs he made up and sang about Etiennette. And he hummed a few lines of one of them and it was one that Jean had made up about Clairette. So she was cut to the heart and said oh very well I shall marry the Comte d'Eclair.

Well the Comte d'Eclair had been wanting to marry her for some time as she had now become excessively beautiful, and her uncle the priest rather wanted her to as the Comte was so rich. But he was much too old for her and had had two wives already, and besides she was in love with Jean. But now she thought that Jean didn't love her any more she might as well marry the Comte, as her heart was broken anyhow, and she told him that if he went to Etiennette's château and found that it was true about Jean languishing for her she would marry him.

So he did that, and he had been rather in love with Etiennette himself about forty years before, and when he got there he found she was quite passable in appearance still, and she was so rich that his cupidity was aroused, because he was very cupidinous and always had been. So he asked her to marry him, and as she thought it was about time she had another husband she said she would.

And what was nice about the Comte d'Eclair was that he thought he might as well do a good turn to Jean and Clairette as he was getting such a lot out of it himself, so he told Etiennette that he couldn't have troubadours hanging about any more and she must give Jean notice.

Well she was a bit tired of being an *innamorata* by this time and thought it would be nice to settle down as an old lady and do *tambour* work. So she pensioned Jean off and he went straight home and married Clairette who quite understood and forgave him.

And Jean had done so well as a troubadour that he was able to buy some more land and engage a new lot of serfs to cultivate it, and have the château done up. And when his father died he became the Sieur de la Falaise himself and lived there quite comfortably with Clairette and their children. And Clairette went on being very lovely, but if a troubadour ever came to the château Jean set the dogs at him. A. M.



WHAT OUR HEAD-WAITERS HAVE TO PUT UP WITH.

"Eh! Cuthbert, do we pay 'ere or at desk?"

The Stand-Pat-a-Cake Party.

The T.U.C. affects to think it true
That you may eat your cake and have it too;
But if with this the facts do not agree,
Have someone else's cake for T.U.C.

The (Official) Socialist slogan—the Dictatorship of the Doletariat.

A Local Sinking Fund.

"Mr.——will be glad to receive any sum, large or small, towards the cost of the new drains, which will be very heavy."—*Chapel Magazine.*

Do strong plumbers cost more?

Green-Room Gossip.

Fresh from *The Great Adventure* with *The Immortal Lady, The Good Companions* and *The Old Bachelor* entered the *Grand Hotel* at *Turkey Time* and created a *Sensation* by shouting *For the Love of Mike* remember *The Case of the Frightened Lady* and cover *Salome* with *The Painted Veil* before *Henry the Ninth* and his *Cavalcade* arrive.



Indignant Lady. "MOST UNPATRIOTIC I CALL HER, AFTER ALL WE'VE BEEN TOLD—USING A FOREIGN 'PRO'!"

THE SACRIFICE;

OR, THOUGHTS ON SEEING THE TREMENDOUS WORDS "PRO PATRIA" PRINTED ABOVE A LIST OF ENGLISH HOTELS.

Was that the Devon sea-wolf's drum
That sounded o'er the bay?
The Blenkinsops this year have come
To Bournemouth and Sir Egbert Blum
To Bath, *pro patria*.

Now, Brighton, send the torch along
And bid the beacons blaze,
Let all the esplanades be strong
Against the blooming Continong,
From Cornwall to the Naze.

The Keepers of the Marches now
No more to Monte roam;
With Balaclavas on their brow
The Border-lords have vowed a vow
To pace the fronts of home.

Mentone mourns the Trumpingtons;
But not from mere caprice
They left the Riviera's suns;
For England Lady Partlet shuns
The soft delights of Nice.

In Naples and in Malaga
No more the Titleys rove;
The Tubbs, though missing baccarat,
Will winter in an English spa—
Most probably at Hove.

And, interviewed at Worthing, browned
By England's best ozone,
"I set no foot on foreign ground,"
Said Grimleigh Gooch, "until the pound
Returns unto its own!"

My aunt has cried "Thermopylæ!"
My dear old Uncle Dan
Has blown the slughorn at Torquay
And told me yesterday at tea
He will not go to Cannes.

Oh, hold the breaches of the fort,
Oh, stay the crumbling line!
The breed that went to Agincourt
Can face an English health-resort
And dance in it, and dine.

And I will rise and I will go
To Whelkville-upon-Sand,
And stay there at a place I know
En pension and strike a blow
For mine own native land! EVOE.

"Our new rich friends, the French, are coming, and we must prepare to welcome them.

'Déjeuner à 3 shillings.' I see it placarded in our country inns. 'Cinque plats'—is it possible?"—*Evening Paper.*

Not in France. But "Cinque ports" is a common enough demand in English inns.

In a Good Cause.

TO-DAY is Trafalgar Day. At this time last year Mr. Punch sought his readers' help in the restoration and endowment of the old *Implacable*, the last survivor of Trafalgar afloat, as a holiday training ship for boys. Those making that appeal, the Lord Mayor of LONDON, Earl BEATTY, Viscount ALLENBY and Sir OWEN SEAMAN, the Chairman of the Fund, have issued a statement that of the £30,000 required £10,164 has so far been raised. They are confident that, for all our difficulties, many will still wish to save this fine old ship, which will be moved next year to Portsmouth Harbour, not far from the *Victory*, and thus be more accessible to the boys and the public. Donations will be gratefully received by the Treasurer, *Implacable* Fund, 10, Bouverie Street, E.C.4.

Things Which Should Never Have Been Said.

"FRENCH PRAYERS FOR ENGLAND. THE THREAT TO OUR CIVILISATION."
Evening Paper.

"SEVERE SLUM ON WALL STREET."
Glasgow Paper.

There is no talk of congested areas in Throgmorton Street.



VOTE!

MR. MACDONALD. "THAT'S OUR LION. NOW LET'S SEE TO IT THAT HE GETS THE LION'S SHARE!"



AUTUMN IN SUBURBIA.

Lady (to Friend). "MY DEAR, SUCH CHANGEABLE WEATHER. ONE REALLY DOES NOT KNOW WHAT TO WEAR UNDER ONE'S FUR-COAT!"

SCROOBY.

[Scrooby Railway Station, on the borders of Notts and Lincs, has been closed owing to lack of travellers.]

I SING of Scrooby. Scrooby Station's closed.
Scrooby, not one of our historic spots,
Has, so I gather, peacefully reposed
Long on the rustic edge of Lincs and Notts;
That's about all I know,
Nor was I up to that an hour ago.

She has not greedily aspired to fame;
I question if the men of Scrooby feel
Much of the lovely music of the name,
Its poetry, its pathos, its appeal;
Scrooby to them, no doubt,
Is merely where the Scroobians hang out.

And yet, from good VICTORIA'S early reign,
How many millions of indifferent eyes
Have caught the name of Scrooby from the train
And gazed thereon with passionate surmise!
How many a simple fare
Has felt the better for it, then and there!

It was the station boards that did the trick,
Those boards upon the platforms Up and Down
That gave us Scrooby. One could take one's dick
That village would have never known renown;
We should have never heard,
Had it not been for them, that noble word.

And now the gates are closed, the glory sinks;
Hourly with dust and smoke the name grows faint;
Soon will the passengers 'twixt Notts and Lincs
Fail to discern it for a lick of paint;
Its course will soon be run;
Scrooby will go, if something isn't done.

Therefore, though rugged and untaught my lay,
I sing of Scrooby, looking to the time
When, though the name-boards give it to decay,
It shall live on by virtue of my rhyme.
It's not the village, mind;
It is the name alone that's worth the grind.

DUM-DUM.

What is Better Than a Walk-Over?

"The Graf Zeppelin, returning from her second trip to South America, flew over the island of Funchal on Sunday by 4 goals to nil."—*Indian Paper.*

"NORTH BERWICK'S RETIRING COUNCILLORS.

Them embers of North Berwick Town Council due to retire are:—Provost George ——, [etc.] . . ."—*Local Paper.*

But, like them Phœnixes, they will doubtless be re-elected from their own ashes, so to speak.

"One of the chefs who were consulted yesterday said he had in his possession a Sicilian recipe for cooking tunny that was three hundred years old."—*Manchester Paper.*

Our recipe for such altitudinous fish is invariably the incinerator.

MULTI-LINGUALISM.

CORRESPONDENCE is continually being conducted in the Press upon the subject of county and local dialects and the extent to which they constitute a business and social handicap.

It is now urged, in order that this handicap should be removed without the dialects being lost at the same time, that the people in the humbler walks of life should become bi-lingual, using their dialects when they choose, and yet having orthodox English at their command to enable them to mix with the higher classes of Society without shame.

Surely, however, it needs but a moment's thought to convince us that the onus of furthering general comprehensibility should rest with the educated classes, and that *they*, with their wider facilities for study, should become bi-lingual or even multi-lingual, thus equipping themselves with the means of putting their less fortunate brethren immediately at their ease.

If such a plan were adopted we should hope soon to hear that scenes such as the following were constantly being enacted in the managerial salons of our Better Business Houses.

SCENE—*The Scrooge Furnishing Company Manager's Office.* Mr. Scrooge *is seated at his desk studying a book on the Norfolk accent.*

Enter an Office Boy.

Office Boy. Excuthe me, thir, but a party from Yorkthire hath jutht arrived to thee you.

Mr. Scrooge. On buthiness, do you mean?

Office Boy. Yeth, thir.

Mr. Scrooge. Thplendid! I will thee them. From Yorkthire, you thaid?

Office Boy. Yeth, thir. I will thow them in.

Enter Mr. Yorkiman, Mrs. Yorkiman *and Infant.*

Mr. Scrooge. Bah goom, Mr. Yorkiman, Ah 'm pleased to see tha. Coom right in t' office and tek seat.

Mr. Yorkiman. Eh, but tha hast soom gradely stoof in t' way of furniture here, Mr. Scrooge. That 's a loovely booke-case, that is.

Mr. Scrooge. Ay, it 's champion, is you. Ah can see t' missus laikes it an' all, and 't takes soomthing goode to please a Yorkshire lass.

Mr. Yorkiman. Eh, but t' wife cooms from Loondon, Mr. Scrooge.

Mr. Scrooge. Gor' blimey, lidy, give us yer fist! Gled ter be in the ol' tahn again, aincher?

Mrs. Yorkiman. Yuss, rather. London 's a little bit of orl right, I say—don't chew?

Mr. Scrooge. Not arf it ain't; but this 'ere traffic 's getting suthink chronic nowadays, ain't it?

Mrs. Yorkiman. 'S'wot I said ter Elbert. "Elbert," I says——

Enter First Assistant.

Assistant. There iss a Scotsman outside, Mr. Scrooge, look you.

Mr. Scrooge. Indeed to goodness! Well, he must stay outside, however, look you.



"CARRY YER BAG, SIR?"

Enter Scotsman.

Scotsman. Och awa' wi' ye, lad; ye canna' stop Donal' McLuggage.

Mr. Scrooge. Ah dinna ken what ye want, forrr-cing ye way in here.

McLuggage. Where 's ma fare back tae Bonnie Scotlan'?

Mr. Scrooge. Hoots, mon, dinna fash yersel'! What hae ye bought the noo?

McLuggage. Ah hae bought naethin', but Ah 'm takin' some catalogues back tae ma wee wifie i' the Hielan's.

Mr. Scrooge (*to* Assistant). Mr. Dai Davis, look you, gif this man his fare to Carlisle, whatever.

[*Exit* McLuggage *and* Assistant.

Mr. Scrooge. Naow then, Mr. Yorkiman, wouldst tha and t' missus laike to gaw round building and see all t'oother stoof before decidin' laike?

Mr. Yorkiman. Ay, it 's a goode nortion, that is.

[Mr. Scrooge *rings bell, and after some delay* Second Assistant *enters.*

Assistant. Faith, an' would it be meself, ye 're wantin, Sorr?

Mr. Scrooge. Begorra, an' it would, ye spalpeen. Sure, an' phwat else would I be wantin' ye to be doin' but takin' this foine gintleman round the buildin' wid his pretty woife an' darlin' child? (*To* Mrs. Yorkiman) Strike me pink, but the kid don't 'arf tike after 'is muvver, Mrs. Yorkiman!

Mrs. Yorkiman. Yuss, but 'e 's a reg'lar little toff, though. Torks B.B.C., 'e do. Say somethink to the gent, 'Orace.

Horace. Aw, have you a cigarette pictchah?

Mr. Scrooge. Er—noe, Master Horace, but I have a faine cigah-band here which might intrigue you. When you have disembarrassed the cigah from the band give the formah to your patah. It is a special kainde I always get from Cooba.

[*Exit all, except* Mr. Scrooge, *who resumes his study of the Norfolk accent.*

Election Gems.

"There was only one solution of the unemployment problem, and that was putting people back to work."—*Election Address Reported in Yorkshire Paper.*

A Case for the Psychical Research Society.

"Washington has important information from Europe regarding countries likely to follow Britain and other nations in suspending the Gold Standard which he desires to lay before the Congressional leaders."—*Daily Paper.*

The accuracy of his information would of course be beyond question.

Firm Action Needed.

"We shall watch with open eyes. . . ."
From Lord BEAVERBROOK'*s Manifesto to Farmers.*

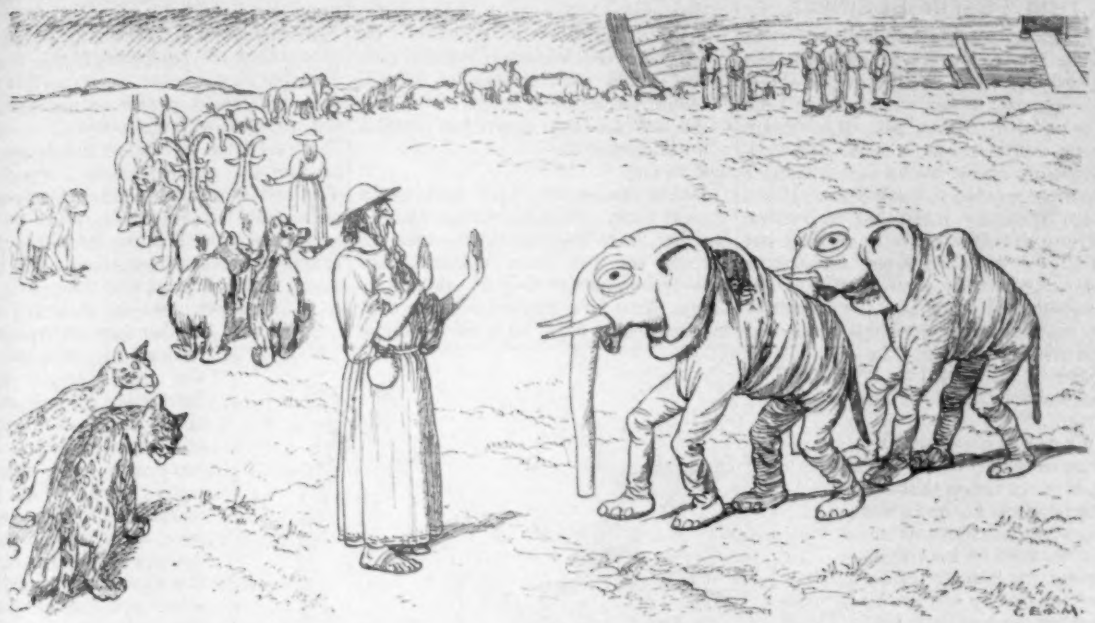
And a very good way to watch indeed.

"79 ELECTION SUITS."
Daily Paper.

The coats can doubtless be quickly turned.

"12–40 h.p. —— —— Saloon, 1928, one owner in very attractive condition."
Advt. in Motor Paper.

She may be; but we draw a firm line between Romance and Commerce.



ATTEMPTED GATE-CRASHING AT THE ARK.

BREAKING POINT.

I USED, a long time ago, when I frequented a certain restaurant, to have a favourite waiter—an Italian, from the province of Venezia. But somehow my beat changed and I went there no more and forgot him.

Yesterday, while waiting for a train at the Temple Station, I met him again, unchanged except that he was not in evening clothes. We recognised each other with a satisfaction that was mutual. (Would, I thought, that I had, in these lean times, some of those tips in my pocket!)

"Are you still at the old place?" I asked him.

"Oh, no," he said. "Not-a for three years. No, I am my own boss now."

"Good," I said, "and doing well, I hope?"

"Yes," he said, "I mustn't complain-a."

"But you liked being a waiter?" I suggested. "You were a very good one, I remember. I'm afraid I tried you a lot with my impatience and irritability, but you were very forgiving."

"You were not-a the worst," he conceded. "It was a pleasure to look after you even when . . ."

"Yes, even when . . ." I said. "I apologise."

"If all were like-a you," he said, "I should perhaps be a waiter there still. Who knows? But there was something I could-a not stand. I stood it for a long, long time and then I said, 'No more-a. Finito.' And I left."

"What was that?"

"The joke," he said. "The English joke."

At this moment our train came in and we found seats together.

"Tell me," I said, "about the English joke. Which one?"

"*The* one," he replied. "The one that every waiter has-a to put up with and laugh at. Always, everywhere—in London, in Manchester, in Worthing, all places I have worked at. You can't guess?"

I confessed to failure.

"Well," he said, "the gentleman ask what is good and I say, as all waiters are taught to say, 'A nice sole.' He agree. So the sole is ordered and the gentleman talks with his friends. After a little while he ask, 'Where is that sole?' and I say, as all waiters are taught to say, 'Two minutes. Two minutes and it will be here.' It is then that he make-a the English joke. 'I suppose-a,' he say, 'they are catching the fish?' Always, everywhere, they say that: 'I suppose-a they are catching the fish,' and he laugh and I laugh and his friends laugh. Then I fetch-a the sole and they eat it.

"Day after day," he went on, "year after year I hear-a that joke and force-a the laugh. It is not always the fish. Sometime it is the bird. They order the partridge and he take some time and then the gentleman, very angry, ask, 'Where is that partridge?' and I say, 'Two minutes,' and he say, 'I suppose-a they are shooting the bird?' and again he laugh and his friends laugh and I laugh. But no more. Finito. One day something terrible happen."

"Be quick," I said, for my station was the next.

"The English ladies," he said, "you have notice, become more independent, more like-a the man?"

"I have indeed," I said.

"Well," he continued, "this joke was a man's joke at first, but one day a lady she say it too. 'I suppose-a they catch-a the fish?' She laugh and her friends laugh, but this time I—I could not laugh. It was too much. A lady! It was the end. No sooner was their lunch over than I gave-a the notice."

"That was very rash," I suggested.

"Oh, no. It was time. I had save-a the money and I bought-a the good-awill of a fish-and-chips business at Islington."

"More fish!" I exclaimed. "But wasn't that rather risky? Would you not be in danger of hearing the joke again?"

"No," he said: "fish-a and chips they are always ready." E. V. L.

An Impending Apology.

"Shipton-under-Wychwood has an unusually large number of antiquities for such a small village, including an Early English church containing some interesting monuments; a Prebendary; etc."—*Railway Guide.*

THIS PUFFIN BUSINESS.

I LIKE the weekly article about books which Mr. COMPTON MACKENZIE has recently taken to writing in one of our daily papers. It has already taught me a good deal about Mr. MACKENZIE (lucky fellow to own a puffin colony!), something about books and a thing I had often wanted to know about critics. I am specially interested in critics, because my first novel is coming out shortly; it is called *Seven Bloodstains in the Quadrangle*. And, thanks to Mr. MACKENZIE, I know now the answer to the most puzzling question connected with critics, which is: "Are Critics Really Human?" The answer is: "Yes, certainly."

Witness the unconcealed pleasure with which Mr. MACKENZIE found that one of the authors whom he was reviewing had carried wherever he went on his travels a copy of *Sinister Street*, the novel by COMPTON MACKENZIE, together with CREASY'S *Fifteen Decisive Battles of the World* and other books that a young man might find helpful on his passage through life. Mr. MACKENZIE mentioned the fact with a modest pride which struck me as altogether charming. It made me think. As a result of thought I have been engaged in a careful revision of *Seven Bloodstains in the Quadrangle*.

There is one man in my novel who goes adventuring to foreign parts—Borden, who decides to leave school-mastering and become a fruit-grower in British Columbia. I found I had given him as literary provender for the voyage a much-thumbed *Horace* and a *Religio Medici*. This, besides being banal, was missing an opportunity. I have re-equipped him and he now carries SMILES'S *Self-Help*, *Haydn's Dictionary of Dates* and *Carnival*, by COMPTON MACKENZIE.

Another passage simply cried out for alteration and has got it. I had pictured Smith sitting down in the peace of a Sunday afternoon to work out his Sunday crossword. The passage now runs as follows:—

"Smith settled down in his arm-chair with a sigh of relief and opened his Sunday paper. First he gave himself the pleasure of reading J. C. Squire, who was reviewing in his wise and good-humoured way the recently discovered diary of a seventeenth-century Lincolnshire poacher. He turned over a leaf and chuckled over the quips and cranks of Gerald Gould (so sound a judge of novels). At last he took down his English dictionary and——"

and so on.

I soon discovered that I could make a good many other improvements. In the first draft McIlwraith was annoyed because the men from Scotland Yard called when he was deep in a detective-story. Now he is furious because they interrupt him when he is in the midst of a thoughtful and fascinating talk on BURNS coming through his loud-speaker in the urbane tones of Mr. DESMOND MACCARTHY.

When Stephenson and Trafford go up to London to do a theatre and recognise the mysterious stranger as a dancer in *The Pink Vase*, they choose the play entirely on the strength of a notice by JAMES AGATE.

It was Stephenson too whom I had depicted at a dinner-party charming the whole table by giving a clever imitation of CHARLIE CHAPLIN'S celebrated trick with the rolls. Now he keeps the company enthralled by talking about the latest books with a verve and a wit which make everyone wonder—except Smith, who has also read REBECCA WEST'S article of that morning.

At the same dinner-party Black deplores that the reviewers in *The Times Literary Supplement*, so impartial and so sage, should remain anonymous.

I am glad to have been able to save Trafford from excessive indulgence in alcohol on one occasion. Poor old Trafford might have been forgiven if he had yielded for once; he was unjustly suspected and had to go through a gruelling cross-examination. But how much better it goes like this:—

"Trafford came in, dejected and worn-out, but his face lit up as he noticed a package on the hall-table. With light steps he bore away the prize to his study, where he tore off the wrappings. It was a treat which he had learned to anticipate with zest, with perfect confidence in the judgment of the five wise counsellors who had never failed him. It was, in fact, the monthly choice of the——"

But perhaps I have quoted enough.

I think I have done my best for *Seven Bloodstains in the Quadrangle*, and at any rate the critics will be able to say of it that the author has striven to please.



"WHAT MADE YOU THINK OF TAKING UP THIS AS A MEANS OF LIVELIHOOD?"
"HAMMER TOES, FALLEN ARCHES."

Miss Smith in Form.

"In 1839 Melbourne resigned and Peel came into office, but the Queen refused to dismiss her Wig laddies-in-waiting, which was called the Bedchamber Question."—*Schoolgirl's Essay on Sir ROBERT PEEL.*

"Air Commodore Kingsford Smith arrived at Heston last evening. . . . His first words to his wife were: 'I am all right. I feel better than I did half-way over, but it was all because I left my toupee behind and the sun got me down.'"—*Daily Paper.*

Yet we should have trusted him to keep his hair on in all circumstances.

It is hoped that during the forthcoming year the Mayoral functions in the City of London will not be referred to as "High Jenks."

We understand that there was no truth in the rumour that, owing to the dearth of Plain LLOYD GEORGE Liberal Candidates for the coming Election, the party managers applied to the Royal Zoological Society for the loan of a score of chameleons.

THE UNSPEAKABLE SIN.

"How are you going to spend your leave?" said my sister.

"Fishing."

"Just fishing?"

"Just quiet gentle fishing. Nothing but fishing. Do you mind?"

"*I* don't, but of course the village won't allow it."

"What do you mean?"

"My poor Roger, have you forgotten that we are stirring sociable people in these parts? Do you imagine that the returned wanderer is going to escape our American teas, our White Elephant teas, our Progressive Bridge teas, our Book teas, our——"

"Susan," I said solemnly, "if you don't save me from this I will never stay with you again. Indeed you will probably never see me again. I shall go straight back to China and——"

The garden-gate clicked and banged.

"Here they come," said Susan, peeping through the window.

"Here who come?" I cried, springing to my feet.

"I think it's Mrs. Raikes and the three Barrow girls, but I daren't look again. Sit down; I've got an idea."

"I know your ideas. They've been getting me into trouble ever since you were born."

"But this really is a good one. You must tell them such awful stories of your life in the East that they'll be too shocked to have anything more to do with you."

The details of my blameless suburban life in China swam before my eyes as before those of a drowning man. The sound of the parlourmaid's footsteps hastening to the front-door struck on my ears like a knell.

"It's your only chance if you want a free afternoon this summer," hissed Susan.

"I'll do it," I muttered feverishly.

There was a noise as of the grounding of many umbrellas in the hall.

"At all costs keep them off gardening," whispered Susan as she froze her face into a welcoming smile; "it's a disease in this village."

The next moment the invading force was upon us. One, obviously their leader, distinguished by a bold blue feather in a shining satin helmet among the raffia mushrooms of her companions, overpowered me instantly, greeting me as "Chin-Chin-Chinaman" and inquiring playfully what I had done with my pigtail. In less critical circumstances I would have regretted coldly that I was too young to remember a time when Chinese wore pigtails, but this was no moment to dispel any of the glamour of the evil East. Stifling a natural longing to slay her where she stood, I launched upon my forlorn venture.

I did my best. I told of Sundays spent flinging away fortunes at the fantan tables of Macao; I touched lightly on dark doings in the night-clubs of Shanghai, on horrible happenings in the opium-dens of Hankow; I let it be gathered that seldom did a week-end pass for me save in the company of other men's wives; I remembered that my club boasted the longest bar in the world, but insinuated that it was all too short for me, and, growing desperate, I even hinted at a controlling interest in a promising little piracy business.

I might as well have been an advertising agent for a Sunshine Cruise. The poppies, cornflowers and bluebells of the raffia hats shook, not with shock but with pleasurable excitement, while Bluefeather, robustly requesting someone to put her somewhere East of Suez, let fall the fatal words: "We mustn't let him be dull in Wallow-under-Water, must we, girls?"

With one withering glance in my direction my sister invited Bluebell to a walk round the garden and abandoned me to my fate. Sunk in a stupor of exhaustion and despair, I was only dully conscious that the conversation was drifting from plans for the beguilement of my leave, by way of flower-shows, through delphiniums to modern methods for the extermination of snails. Bluefeather apparently favoured the garden-roller, the more tender-



Persistent Trier (*after air shot*). "IT AIN'T SO MUCH *BEING* ROTTEN; IT'S *KNOWING* YOU 'RE ROTTEN."

hearted of the raffia girls trod on them in goloshes with cotton-wool in her ears, while the other was pushing some devilish device with boiling water in it.

"And how do you get rid of snails in China?" said Bluefeather, dragging me from oblivion with a sudden pounce.

My gardening in any hemisphere is of an elementary and perfunctory order. Taken unawares, I cast round wildly in my whirling brains for some obscure form of Chinese torture for snails and then fell back feebly on the truth. "I throw them over the wall into the next-door garden," I said.

There was a moment's frozen silence. Conscious of a sudden drop in the temperature, I looked up to meet the petrified horror of three pairs of eyes.

"You *what?*" shrieked Bluefeather.

"You are joking," faltered poor Poppy.

Then I knew what I had done. Here at last was the unspeakable sin, the negation of every canon of civilisation. I take credit to myself for my behaviour in this moment of crisis. Never for an instant did I lose my nerve.

"One learns rough justice out there," I said carelessly.

* * * *

With a new respect dawning in her eyes my sister came back from the front-door. "Roger, what *did* you say? Mrs. Raikes was trembling like a leaf and could only get out a few broken words. I caught something about Sapping of the Moral Fibre by the Tropics, and We in Wallow still stand for Something, and she didn't invite us even to the lowest of her tea-parties—the cosy-chat kind!"

"That wasn't such a bad idea of yours after all," I admitted airily.

Susan crept closer. "Roger," she said softly, "what *was* the dreadful thing you did out there that shocked them all so terribly?"

But I was not going to give up my hard-won triumph so lightly. It is not every day that one succeeds in impressing a sister.

"Don't ask me that," I said, covering my eyes with my hand. "You don't know what it cost me to confess it even once."

And I haven't told her *yet*.

Things Which Might Have Been Expressed Less Zealously.

"The Vicar is always pleased to hear of spiritual difficulties experienced by members of the congregation."—*Parish Magazine.*

AT THE PLAY.

"THERE'S ALWAYS JULIET" (APOLLO).

IT is always a red-letter occasion in a life which has its drab moments when one is able to let oneself really go in praise of excellent work. I think it would be quite easy to miss the quality of Mr. JOHN VAN DRUTEN'S little comedy, *There's always Juliet*, and mistake it for a slight derivative exercise in the charming manner of A. A. M. These authors do, in fact, aim at quite different things. Mr. VAN DRUTEN'S conversation piece has less wit than Mr. MILNE'S engaging essays, more wisdom; less fancy and fantasy, more observation. This presentation of the love-affair of *Leonora* (Miss EDNA BEST) and *Dwight Houston*, the American architect (Mr. HERBERT MARSHALL), is a real slice of life. It is not a scene from a dream-world, though the two move in a dream. I imagine it would not read as well as it plays. That is no matter; may in fact be in its favour and may well be the reason why this play without plot or salient incident or any clever or new tricks of technique holds the attention from start to finish through the skill of its interpreters.



TELEPHONE EXTENSION.

Dwight Houston . . . MR. HERBERT MARSHALL.
Leonora Perrycoste . . MISS EDNA BEST.

Leonora is living in her parents' flat (they are on a girth-reducing visit to Vichy) with her somewhat over-prim but affectionate, faithful and competent maid (Dame MAY WHITTY). She has met at a party a young or youngish American; they have exchanged a few sentences and *Leonora* is obviously rapt away from Mayfair into some seventh circle of delight, despair and dither. She has to dress hurriedly for some dull dinner. A bell rings. The efficient *Florence* has been unable to keep out of the flat the gentle pertinacious American gentleman who follows his card. Clever, well-groomed, of excellent manners, he is quite obviously delirious, daft and doomed. They fence delicately. *Leonora* tries to conceal her obsession; *Dwight* to emphasise his without presumptuous over-emphasis. He has but three weeks in England. They must obviously dine together—relations can go hang; and *Florence*, more than a little shocked, tells the necessary lies through the telephone. They talk late into the night after dinner. Of course this is all midsummer madness. But after all there's *Juliet*—who fell deep into love in something less than half-a-page. They read it aloud. They read it badly because they are not interested in *Juliet* or SHAKESPEARE, but only in each other. Interested? They are entranced, bewitched, besotted. (And may I say here that this little touch of the dull reading of a starry passage is but one of many admirable touches in what seemed to be a faultless, exquisitely-sensitive performance on the part of Miss EDNA BEST and Mr. HERBERT MARSHALL? It would be, in fact—so subtly is the thing done and so consistently—as easy for the inexperienced to miss the fine quality of this long duet as the special quality of the piece they play.)

The morrow they will spend together in the country. They return—thrice bound with adamantine bonds. A telegram calls the man back to America. "But this is the end! This is dark night and deepest hell and the last extremity of torture!" So easy for a woman to think, "And he put his silly business before *me*. I am betrayed." So natural for a man, even a madman, to say, not "But business comes before any woman," but "Business is duty, or the world can't be run."

And so natural for a woman so betrayed to ring up some fond admiring oaf, whose kisses are like cricket- (or, at best, tennis-) balls in the face, and try to find some little consolation in his clumsy gallantries.

A second telegram brings a reprieve—of two days. Two days! What are two days? Only an added torture. But they are, Mr. VAN DRUTEN having pity on his lovers and on us, sufficient to

make *Leonora* determine to sail with her *Dwight*, as Vichy is duly informed by telephone.

A happy ending. Not arbitrarily contrived but inevitable in the given circumstances. The author knows that the desperate desire of PLATO's sundered halves to be one and for ever indissoluble still holds sway in a world of blasphemous denials and queer inversions and obsessions. He has seen this with a clear eye and told it with a fine perception, tact and candour. I am not sure that this is not the best thing he has yet done. Feeling myself carried away, I pulled myself together and tried to catch the fellow napping. I failed. I am glad I failed. And I am glad too that he had the luck to find such interpreters as Miss BEST and Mr. MARSHALL, who are as hand-and-glove when they play together. Here is an epic in brief—romance without romanticism, observation without cynicism, a text and a banner. A very delicate and delightful and inspiriting affair altogether. T.

"FOR THE LOVE OF MIKE" (SAVILLE).

We are certainly learning how to build better and brighter theatres. Such is the Saville in Shaftesbury Avenue, for which the architects, Messrs. T. P. BENNETT AND SON, and the builders, Messrs. GEE WALKER AND SLATER, together with the enterprising and optimistic gentleman or gentlemen who commissioned it, must all have laurels pressed upon their brows. There is room to move about between the Acts, and ladies will find that in the salon, described in a modest note in the programme as the "most unique" salon in any theatre in the world (certainly we haven't seen "a uniquer," nor shall), there is room for them to show themselves, while their men can, if they will, play billiards or parlour-polo or blind man's buff between the Acts. This all comes of recognising the fact that there is plenty of room between the ground-level and the centre of the terrestial globe to make holes in.

As for the play, it was a diverting piece of pure nonsense and definitely excellent of its kind. *Richard Miller* (Mr. ALFRED DRAYTON), a vulgarian and a gambler in finance, has a ward with a pretty face and a pretty penny, which he gets her to sign away by power of attorney to be employed at his discretion. Young *Bob Seymour* (Mr. BOBBY HOWES), private secretary to *Miller* in the eccentric and unlikely manner of stage private secretaries, determines to extract the power of attorney from the *Miller* safe. He is interrupted in this task (the safe is no advertisement for the safe-makers, and I see that the makers refrain from boasting about it in that "gaggle of



THE EYE THAT WAS NOT SO BLACK AS IT WAS PAINTED.

Stella Rees . . . . . MISS OLGA LINDO.
Conway Paton . . . . . MR. ARTHUR RISCOE.

ads" which in the programme precedes the glorious announcement that one is permitted to smoke)—he is interrupted, I say, by *Conway Paton* (Mr. ARTHUR RISCOE), private inquiry agent. In the throes of the frantic struggle between



"THE TREES THEY ARE SO HIGH!"

Mrs. Miller . . . MISS VIOLA TREE.
Bob Seymour . . . MR. BOBBY HOWES.

them each recognises with a strangled howl of astonished joy the other's Old Uptonian tie. Old Uptonians don't arrest Old Uptonians, particularly when the arrester is fondly addressed as "Stinker" and swells with friendly pride thereat. . . . Nonsense, of course, all of it, diversified by "tunes" and dances when the producer thinks the fun may flag. But it doesn't. Everybody should be glad to see the engagingly simian antics of Mr. BOBBY HOWES as he climbs up the tallest of the TREES (Miss VIOLA, who made a bizarre but credible and amusing figure of *Mrs. Miller*); and Mr. WYLIE WATSON'S fatuous self-effacing clergyman, and Miss OLGA LINDO as an eligible widow of great smartness and essential kindliness; and pretty Miss PEGGY CARTWRIGHT, with nothing to do particularly but look adorable as *Mike*, for the love of whom all this nonsense has been contrived by the experienced Mr. H. F. MALTBY. T.

LYRA LUNATICA.

["On Tuesday there was a Board of Treasury held at the Cockpit, Whitehall . . . when their lordships were pleased to order Money for defraying the Expenses of Prince Domo Thomo, son to the Emperor Cow Wow in Africa, till such time as a Man-of-war is ready to carry him home again with the Presents from His Majesty to the said Emperor." — "*London Journal*," *Saturday, October 8, 1731, quoted by "Notes and Queries."*]

I've gazed in wonder and delight
  On BRUNELLESCHI'S massive Duomo,
Feasted my eyes 'neath sunlit skies
  Upon the lovely shores of Como;
And mighty men into my ken
  Have swum from KITCHENER to "SILOMO"
(Sir ELLIS ASHMEAD BARTLETT, Knight),
  And GROCK, that sweet *desipiens homo*;
But I shall never catch a sight
  Of good Prince DOMO THOMO!

I've lived to see Bloomsburian squares
  Haunted by all the best high-brow-wows;
I've lived to see electric hares
  Pursued at Harringay by bow-wows;
I've hailed with cheers the Grenadiers,
  Those gallant tow-row-row-row-row-wows;
But woe is me who ne'er shall see
  Or join in the inspiring pow-wows
Held by that great black potentate
  The Emperor of the Cow-Wows.

C. L. G.

CAR SHANTIES.

As a variation on the familiar theme of Sea Shanties, those stimulating old ditties compounded of vigorous rhythms and cheerful sentiment, I venture to offer a few Shanties for Motorists.

The songs are arranged for solo voice and unison chorus, and the tunes, with the exception of No. 5, are traditional.

No. 1 ("Blow the tyre up!"). Prelude to Adventure. This shanty may be given with three persons in the car, and the fourth, the Pumper, concealed but audible as required (*see* below).

BLOW THE TYRE UP!

Solo (*allegro*). Avast and belay for the Crown of the Road!
Chorus. Come heave ho! blow the tyre up!
Solo. It's hey for the Highway and ho for the Code!
Voice (*sulkily*). Give a man time to blow the tyre up!

Solo. The tarmac's a-tingle and guides are agog,
Chorus. Come heave ho! blow the tyre up!
Solo. We've emptied the ash-trays and dickeyed the dog,
Voice. Give a man time to blow the tyre up!

Solo. The signals are flashing—red, amber and green,
Chorus. Come heave ho! blow the tyre up!
Solo. And now we're attempting to start the machine.
Voice. Give a man time to blow the tyre up!

Solo. We've opened the throttle and tickled her—*so*,
Chorus. Come heave ho! blow the tyre up!
Solo. And when you are ready hop in and we'll go.
Pumper (*proudly appearing*). I've blown the tyre
blown the tyre
blown the tyre UP!

No. 2 ("Bonzole Baby"). For owner-driver with small car, and Chorus of garage assistants.

BONZOLE BABY.

Solo (*allegretto*). Bonzole is the motive force,
Chorus. Bonzole Baby.
Solo. In the petrol tank, of course,
Chorus. Bonzole for my Baby.

Solo. Bonzole (can) or Bonzole (pump),
Chorus. Bonzole Baby,
Solo. Even in a money-slump,
Chorus. Bonzole for my Baby.

Solo. Windless days may make you boil,
Chorus. Bonzole Baby,
Solo. Bonzole eases engine toil,
Chorus. Bonzole for my Baby.

Solo. Roll along a jorum-full,
Chorus. Bonzole Baby.
Solo. Long and strong 'twill make you pull,
Chorus. Bonzole for my Baby.

No. 3 ("Great West Road"). Shanty for local consumption.

GREAT WEST ROAD.

Solo (*allegretto*). Say good-bye to the girls at the end of the path,
Chorus. We'll take the Great West,
Solo. And soon we'll be bruising our bumpers to Bath,
Chorus. For we're bound for the Great West Road.
So away to the Great West, way to the Great West,
(*Crescendo*) We're oiled and we're greased and we're Mobile Policed,
And we're bound for the Great West Road.
(*Dim*) (With a hila dila dina.)

Solo. The clutch is depressed and the gears are engaged,
Chorus. We'll make the Great West,
Solo. The thrusters are thrusting, the battle is waged,
Chorus. And we're bound for the Great West Road.
So A. A. for the Great West, Loop-Way for the Great West,
Our brakes are relined, to our Fate we're resigned,
For we're bound for the Great West Road.
(With a hila dila dinamo.)

No. 4 ("Winding Winnie"). Designed for muscular femininity.

WINDING WINNIE.

Solo (*andante*). They've named me Winding Winnie,
Chorus. Swing-ay,
Swing-o,
Solo. It keeps me slim and skinny,
Chorus. So crank, girls, crank.
Solo. I wind my brother's Brentley,
Chorus. Swing-ay,
Swing-o,
Solo. It makes me simmer gently,
Chorus. So crank, girls, crank.
Solo. I wind my aunt's Alfatti,
Chorus. Swing-ay,
Swing-o,
Solo. I'm bony, blithe and batty,
Chorus. So crank, girls, crank.
Solo. I wind my cousin's Coupé,
Chorus. Swing-ay,
Swing-o,
Solo. I'm leggy, lithe and loopy,
Chorus. So crank, girls, crank.
Solo. I scorn the selfish starter,
Chorus. Swing-ay,
Swing-o,
Solo. I am a hearty martyr,
Chorus. A CRANK, GIRLS, CRANK.

No. 5 ("Haul away Home!"). Epilogue to Adventure.

HAUL AWAY HOME!

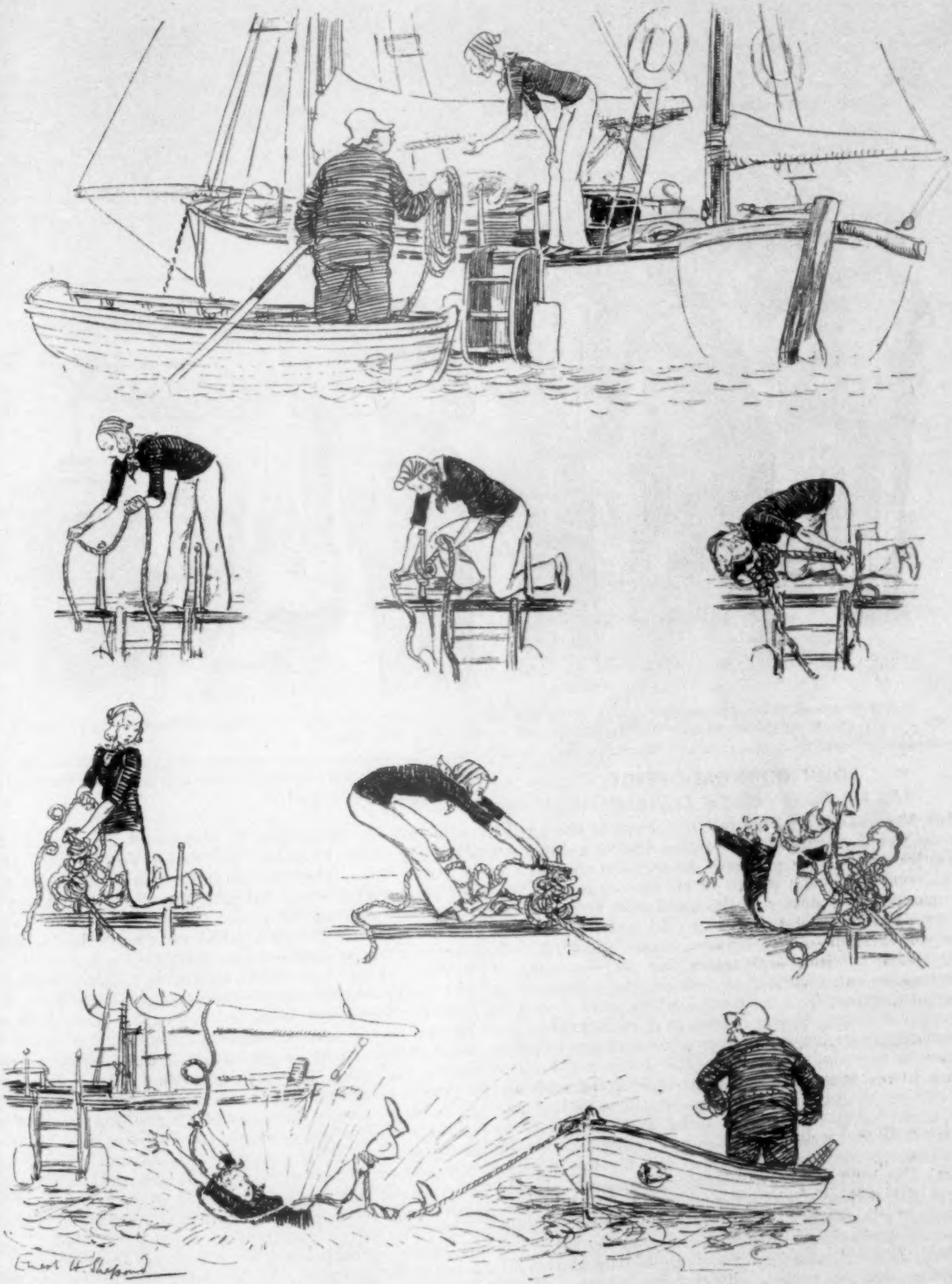
Solo (*moderato*). Haul away home! haul away home!
We've opened the bonnet, done all that we know;
In vain have we fiddled
And twiddled; we're diddled,
And the man from the Garage has us in tow!
Chorus (*sadly*). Haul away home!

Solo. Haul away home! haul away home!
Perchance it's the pistons, there's nothing to show;
It may be the cam-shaft,
Or some other damn shaft,
So the Man from the Garage has us in tow!
Chorus. Haul away home!

Solo. Haul away home! haul away home!
Our petrol accords an irregular flow;
The "mag" and "ignition"
Seem out of commission,
And the Man from the Garage has us in tow!
Chorus. Haul away home!

Solo. Haul away home! overhaul away home!
We'll duly be docked tho' our progress be slow,
Ay, docked in two senses—
Repairs and expenses,
For the Man from the Garage has us in tow!
Chorus (*mournfully*). Haul a——way!

Note.—If it is desired to perform the last-named Shanty in public the illusion of motion can be conveyed by operating a panoramic screen at the back of the stage. WOON.



MAKING FAST.



Super-Salesman. "TO SUM UP, SIR, WHAT WITH THE REFINED APPEARANCE AND LOW PRICE OF THIS DE LUXE MODEL, WE JUSTLY CLAIM TO BRING EXCLUSIVENESS WITHIN THE REACH OF THE MILLION."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

MRS. VIRGINIA WOOLF's latest novel recalls the terrible story of the physician who put into a bucket a duplicate, course by course, of a glutton's dinner, and showed him the hideous result as a replica of his own stomach. It is the unassimilated matter of the mind that interests Mrs. WOOLF. She assembles in *Waves* (HOGARTH PRESS, 7/6) a party of children—*Louis*, *Bernard*, *Susan*, *Rhoda*, *Neville*, *Jimmy* and *Percival*—and traces the undercurrents of apprehension and reverie that underlie the tides of their apparent fortunes. This, from the reader's point of view, is all very well as long as you believe in it, or as long as you are sufficiently attracted by graces of presentment to waive your right to incredulity. Personally I found it hard to believe in the sophistication of the childish reveries and the childishness of the maturer ones—the idea, for instance, that a girl views "hours and order and discipline" as "restrictions that wrinkle and shrivel" rather than a plain but attractive outline counting on her for the glory of colour. The cruel particularity of the style does the elusive matter little service. Only in the portrayal of *Susan*, whose subconscious ideals of fecundity are in harmony with her deliberate aspirations, are phrase and emotion admirably wedded. *Bernard*, who finally sums up his cumulative impressions, decides with a discernment worthy of ST. AUGUSTINE that his insatiable curiosity has stood in the way of his progress as a mystic. Something, I feel, of the same misdirected acquisitiveness is frustrating his creator's development as an artist.

Shadows are beginning to play about the pages of *The Letters of Queen Victoria* (Third Series, Vol. II., 1891-1895, MURRAY, 25/-), which Mr. BUCKLE continues to edit with the same enviable tact and matchless skill. Once familiar faces are departing in an ever-quickening procession from the stage of the QUEEN's public and private life. Deaths like those of the Duke of CLARENCE, Prince ALEXANDER OF BATTENBERG ("dear, noble, charming, splendid Sandro"), and the PRINCE CONSORT's elder brother, Duke ERNEST OF COBURG, who "was often very trying," awoke in QUEEN VICTORIA, as ROSEBERY so admirably phrased it, a "sovereign sympathy and tact of consolation" that found exquisite expression in her letters to sorrowing women like Lady TRYON and Madame CARNOT. This volume has revealed to me more clearly than any of its predecessors that the secret of VICTORIA's greatness as a Queen is to be found in the measure of her greatness as a woman. The QUEEN is indeed very much in evidence in these letters that witness once again to her watchful and jealous care of the great Empire which was still growing in power and territory ("Mr. Rhodes (such a remarkable man) . . . said . . . he had added 12,000 miles of territory to my Dominions . . .") beneath her sceptre. At the time of the dispute with France over Siam the QUEEN reminded ROSEBERY that above all else "it is the honour of my great Empire which must be upheld," while in home affairs she uttered a warning

that has an application to our present discontents when she wrote—also to Rosebery—"Party really goes much too far."

It's partly to shatter the vulgar myth
Of speed at sea as a thing of to-day
That *Ocean Racers*, by Miss Fox-Smith
(From Philip Allan), gets under way;
But chiefly to give her a chance to tell
The breathless tale of the trading clippers,
Which, truck to keelson, she knows as well
As if she herself had been one of their skippers.

She shows us a time when trade and sport
Were linked as never again they 'll be,
When the race was who should be first in port
With Australian wool or with China tea,
In sailing-vessels which made their mark,
Though steamships hard in their wake were creeping—
Leander, Thermopylæ, Cutty Sark,
Jason, Challenger, Spindrift, Taeping.

A dwindling band of the old sea-dogs
Yearly answers the muster-roll;
Hard to find are the yellowing logs
Which they guarded once as their mortal soul;
Searching, questioning, loving the job,
Our author, letting no hint escape her,
Dissipates here (at fifteen bob)
Oblivion's funnel-bred cloud of vapour.

The history of the construction and use of roads could not, I feel, have had a happier annalist than Professor J. W. Gregory, who has consistently put the expert knowledge of a geologist at the service of a humane understanding of mankind. From the first savage track blazed by fleeing game to the last strip of tarmac covered by the last jay-walker, *The Story of the Road* (Maclehose, 12/6) is the story of civilisation—or the lack of it: the waxing and waning of humanity's sound sense of what it really and truly wants. Ancient and mediæval roads occupy half the field; and here the somewhat over-rated Romans have to yield precedence to earlier pioneers. An excursion to the vast imperial road-system of China, illustrated by some of the most delightful of the author's many photographs, almost equals in fascination an account of the Incas' great road in Peru—four thousand miles of excellent going constructed for llamas and pedestrians. "The Evolution of the Modern Road" occupies Section Two; and here consideration is mainly devoted to Great Britain—the work of Telford, Macadam and General Wade, and the overmastering dilemmas of the present. Have we chosen well in practically subsidising motor-traffic at the expense of the railways? Should Colonial enterprise take the form of railways or motor-roads, or fifty-fifty? Would true foresight have allowed the rural districts to suffer from projects and regulations framed to suit the towns? These are only a few of the problems this wise and winning book suggests and (very largely) elucidates.



Old Busybody. "You nasty dirty boy!"
Mudlark. "Well, you'd get dirty if yer perfession was catchin' worms."

I may perhaps say without undue modesty that I am not of those who demand in their fiction an immoderate amount of excitement. I have a kindness for the quiet style, the careful development of character, the sly and delicate humour, and I confess that when I read the glowing periods of another novelist's appreciation printed on the dust-cover of *The Fortnight in September* (Gollancz, 7/6), I felt that I was going to have an enjoyable time. Mr. R. C. Sherriff, I learned, "achieved universality by the simple means of not concerning himself with it." I do not know—possibly my taste has been spoiled of late by

reading of crooks and gangsters and illicit love—but to me this simple story of a fortnight's holiday at Bognor Regis, to which resort that amiable clerk, *Mr. Stevens*, takes his wife and family, seemed to have been almost unnecessarily drained of all incident. I read on hopefully, slightly surprised at the amount of loving detail with which the author narrated the preliminary packing, the journey down, with its change at Clapham Junction, the arrival at the lodging-house, the debate as to hiring a hut on the beach. Let me admit that there was now and again an air as of something impending. Surely soon there would be an accident, a love-affair, something to diversify this rather monotonous chronicle. But no! relentlessly Mr. SHERRIFF pursued his path. *Mr. Stevens* meets a customer of the firm and is asked out to tea with the family; his daughter *Mary* walks one evening with a gentleman who is acting on the pier. And at the end they all return to their suburban nest on the Sunday instead of the Saturday. But perhaps the book was written for a bet.

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Amongst the varied activities of a head of the British Intelligence during the War were included not only a fair sprinkling of lively adventures in the front line and a little quiet spy-hunting, but the entertaining of Prime Ministers, the interpretation of an inarticulate Chief to his colleagues, the pacifying of restless politicians and the mollifying of Napoleonic journalists, all in addition to his proper task of guessing what the enemy was doing on the other side of the hill. As a guesser Brigadier-General JOHN CHARTERIS developed an almost uncanny power of scientific forecast, and the indubitable evidence of this gift of prophecy, taken from a long series of letters and diary extracts, is contained in a volume—*At G.H.Q.* (CASSELL, 12/6)—which is further notable for its anticipation of precisely those verdicts on the principal actors in the war drama which have since been generally accepted. From his daily jottings the writer kept back nothing. The Generals who thought all politicians crooked are there, and so are the statesmen to whom Military Intelligence was a contradiction in terms; while all his pages are alive with his hatred of intrigue, his scorn of grandiosity, his loyalty to his heroes and his faith in final victory. Most of all he never attempted to conceal his admiration for DOUGLAS HAIG. That great leader, whose motives none could doubt and whose reputation continues to advance, is coming into his own because men like General CHARTERIS have been building for years a structure of evidence. Of that structure this volume is part.



Customer (*surveying artificial limb*). "OF COURSE I SEE WHAT YOU MEAN. IT'S MORE VOLUPTUOUS-LOOKING THAN THE OLD ONE."

When *Basil Thornford* declared war upon organised wealth and power and found considerable difficulty in finding a crime intriguing enough to commit, I had hopes that *By Saturday* (THE BODLEY HEAD, 7/6) might provide me with both originality and amusement. But really it is not easy to maintain interest in a man who, intent upon a career of crime, changes his name but forgets that "Thornford" is still on his pyjamas for any landlady or laundress to see. An American gangster and his myrmidons, a solicitor who deals with shady cases, and a remarkable young woman help to add to the excursions and alarms of Mr. SIDNEY FOWLER'S sensational story. But in spite of situations that I must call sufficiently alarming, I failed to find *Basil's* adventures, whether pecuniary or amorous, particularly engrossing.

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"Mick the Miller, the most amazing dog that has ever been bred, has made his last bow."—*Daily Paper*.

But not, it is hoped, his last bow-wow.

CHARIVARIA.

IT seems that meteorologists look forward to a winter of average severity. So much for the belief that it had been postponed owing to the General Election.

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A Parliamentary Candidate declares that an Election contest provides more excitement than the most attractive sensational drama. And he may find it even more difficult to get a seat.

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A writer complains that the speeches of some Candidates are just noise. Unjust noise would surely be a better description.

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It is said that the majority of Members of Parliament do not make a success of their vocations. This seems to be a pity, since they all make such a promising start.

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The winner of an important race at Newmarket is reported to have been given a lump of butterscotch. The horse we backed couldn't run for toffee.

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For the comfort of the woman-motorist, we read, looking-glasses are now placed in every conceivable position. Some women-motorists would welcome the substitution of a mirror for the transparent wind-screen.



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We are reminded that people who lie down for long periods increase in stature. Still, this does not wholly account for the stature of our heavyweight pugilists.

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QUITE SIMPLE.

THE ELECTION MEDLEY.

I HEARD a noise of canvassing and spouting,
I heard the march of armies o'er the land,
The thunder of the captains and the shouting,
The neighing of the horses—and the band.

* * * * * * *

The rumour of the General Election,
The groan of the political machine,
The guidance and of course the misdirection
Of voters both experienced and green;

The wisdom and the gammon of the papers,
The bruit of many meetings, blue and red,
The leaders and the Tadpoles and the Tapers,
And everything they had and hadn't said;

The prophecies of ruin and prosperity
For agriculture, industry and coal;
The income-tax, its lightness and severity;
The virtues and the vices of the dole;

The tragedy and blessings of the dumpers;
The tariff as a comfort and a curse;
The moaning of the pessimistic stumpers
That either of them's bad, the other worse;

The money crisis, true and gerrymandered,
The ramping and the radiance of the Bank,
The fiver that has floated from its standard,
The cheque that ought and oughtn't to be blank;

The *pros* and *cons* of This and That and T'other
Roaring from Portland Bill to John o' Groats;
The cry of many voters in the smother
Blinded in the bestowal of their votes.

* * * * * * *

I heard a din of flatulence and folly,
And one clear voice as plain as A.B.C.
Calling the voters to the right path. Golly!
Why couldn't everyone agree with me? DUM-DUM.

POUNDS, PROVERBS AND PENCE.

PROVERBS are misleading phrases coined by meddlesome and pedantic bullies for the purpose of imposing their own views upon a slogan-intoxicated populace. If you take any false thesis and pour it into the mould of a catchy rhythm, nine people out of ten will be bamboozled into believing it. That is why poets and politicians are the most dangerous people in the world. I am not going to wade through all the proverbs I know in order to prove this, because a greater than I has recently carried out an extensive showing-up of them in a widely-read (though, apart from his column, unreadable) daily paper. But there is one in particular which at the present time is being constantly and sententiously quoted and which I feel it would be in the public interest to de-bunk still more ruthlessly. I refer, of course, to "*Take care of the pence . . .*"

This, ladies and gentlemen, is a thumping lie, or at best an exceedingly mischievous half-truth. For even a single pound does not begin to take care of itself until you have laboriously taken care of no fewer than two-hundred-and-forty pence; and the man who plans his economies on these lines is in danger of self-deception and subsequent disappointment. He writes a postcard instead of a letter; sends round a note by hand instead of telephoning; gives up that little punnet of cream at breakfast and walks the last three blocks to avoid paying the extra bus-fare. Then he sits back in his armchair, mutters to himself once again that reassuring but fallacious jingle, and thinks lovingly of his nice docile pounds, like biddable children, washing their own faces, brushing their own hair and tucking themselves up in bed at night. Whereas in point of fact he has saved exactly sixpence-halfpenny, and his pounds are still running out into the street, falling down and grazing their knees in puddles, picking up bad words from rude companions and getting into all manner of mischief—as far, in short, from being able to look after themselves as ever they were before.

Consider, I implore you, how far more enviable is the state of that man who has the sense to eschew shibboleths—I write, you observe, like an Election manifesto, so as to sound more topical and arresting—to eschew shibboleths and send that proverb packing. Or better still to turn it upside down and inside out. Take care of a pound, and beyond any possible doubt two-hundred-and-forty nice little round pennies will come trotting obediently up with well-scrubbed faces and clean pinafores, as good as g—I mean as good as copper. Besides, it is much less trouble to look after one big thing than a lot of small ones. Who, if given the choice, would not prefer to be put in charge of one good-sized cart-horse rather than twenty Yorkshire terriers or two-hundred-and-forty white mice?

Moreover, economising in pounds is a good deal more fun than economising in pence. The things which cost pounds are large dull things, like parlourmaids and refrigerators and club-subscriptions, whereas the things which cost pence are the things that make life worth living, like apples and cigarettes and muffins and flowers and the weekly papers.

This point of view, you may say, is bad luck on the parlourmaids, the club-runners and the refrigerator-mongers; but on the other hand it is lovely for the greengrocers and the tobacconists and the muffin-men and the flower-women and the journalists. Life is like that. And anyway they are all mixed up—our parlourmaid's father is a greengrocer, and several journalists I know sell refrigerators and vacuum-cleaners on the side: so it's as broad as it's long, or, in other words, fair and square.

Finally, by looking after the pounds instead of the pence you will forfeit less of the world's esteem and affection; for if people see you opening your own front-door they say that you are a brave little woman; but if you have no cigarettes to offer them they say that you are either panic-stricken or stingy.

So, having proved to our joint satisfaction (as speech-makers always say when they have succeeded in convincing themselves and their audience has not actually thrown any brickbats) that that proverb is All My Eye, let us wend our several ways and concentrate our energies upon the problem of looking after those pounds. How long, I wonder, before the flowers and the muffins have to go too, after all? JAN.

The Royal and Ancient Blood Sport.

"Every month is a month of sport. Shooting . . . fishing . . . golfing and other sports, expressive of a man's desire to kill, form an occasion for special dress, just as much as the gentler sports of social life."—*Tailor's Advertisement.*

Pro Parochia Mori.

"The Lecture arranged for the evening was 'Tied Dying,' given by Mr. ——, an expert in the Art. It proved quite fascinating, and all were keenly interested in the demonstrations which accompanied the Lecture."—*Parish Magazine.*

A silver coin dated 1561 has been found three inches under the surface of a peat moss in Islay (N.B.). Australians should guard against the possibility of getting at no very distant date a Scottish pick in the sole of the foot.



THE WELL OF TRUTH.

MR. SNOWDEN. "YOU WANTED THE FACTS, AND NOW YOU HAVE THEM!"



ECONOMY HOUSING.

"WE WANT TO LOOK AT SOME OF YOUR HEN HOUSES, PLEASE."
"CERTAINLY, SIR. ABOUT HOW MANY FOWLS?"
"OH, WE DON'T KEEP FOWLS—WE WANT ONE TO LIVE IN."

ABOUT BALCOMBE.

I HOPE there is no need for me to protest my loyalty nor my sense of a great occasion. True, the Editor of this paper has been obliged to reject a bridal ode beginning—

> "Oh, welcome, welcome, welcome
> To lovely little Balcombe
> That near the forest hangs!
> Ring out, O tiny steeple,
> To gentry and to people,
> And bid them one and all come
> In brakes and charabangs!"—

not of course because it contained any error in sentiment, but because when all is said and done, "Balcombe" does not really rhyme with "welcome," and a village cannot be said to "hang," but rather to "nestle," "sit" or "lurk" near a wood. A pity that the poem was not more skilfully composed, for certainly Balcombe received a signal honour last Saturday.

All the same, I resent some of the merely patronising references which have been made to Balcombe in the more popular part of the daily Press. This one, for instance:—

"*Balcombe, the village of quietude, that has slept through history. . . .*"

Isn't that a little strong? Isn't it a little too much to say of any English village where at least two fast trains stop every day?

I won't conceal the fact that I have lived in Balcombe. *Et ego in Arcadia*.... At first, when I told friends that I was living there, they used to say, "Oh, yes, Barcombe. I know that."

"No you don't," I said, "because it isn't. I said 'Balcombe.'"

"Borkum?" they said vaguely. "I thought that was in Scandinavia."

Then I used to spell the word.

"Oh, *Bal*combe!" they said. "I know, of course. It's the place where the chap was murdered in the tunnel."

Nobody was murdered in the tunnel whilst I was there, though I have known a political argument which started at Croydon and ran without stopping through Horley and Three Bridges, and which might easily have ended that way. Dark passions seethed at Balcombe, I can tell you, and there were strong undercurrents of emotion. It must have been so at all times. They used to tell me that the iron was forged there which made the railings round the dome of St. Paul's. At the heart, in those days, of industrial England, no doubt it had its strikes and trade jealousies, and even in my own time there were two butchers, one of whom used a humane killer and the other didn't, a matter which caused some strife.

Outwardly the place was calm. It was full of bluebells in springtime and pheasants in the autumn, and there was an oak on what might have been called the village green that I would see from my bedroom window, and sometimes spotted the greater spotted woodpecker pecking it. People who write to *The Times* always want to talk about the greater spotted woodpecker nearly as much as they want to talk about tariffs, and I am glad to be able to tell them that if they go to Balcombe they can see it there. Unless it has left, like me.

The oak was opposite the village school, and the village schoolmaster at that time had once played for Aston Villa. So I was told, but I never really knew.

There were a lot of things I never really knew, such as who lived in the third large house beyond the sand-pit in the forest, and whether Mrs. Y had called yet, or even intended to call, on Mrs. Z. This may not seem a topic of profound importance in a general retrospect of history, but it was one, and

there were many like it, over which Balcombe slumbered not nor slept.

If you took the first to the right and the first to the left you came to the lake, where there was a lot of wildfowl and small boys used to fish. I remember seeing one of them fall in, and when he came out after total immersion he said, "But I'm not really *wet*, am I?"

"I suppose not," I said consolingly, for I hate dogmatism.

He said that if he was really wet he would have to go home, but, accepting my encouragement, he went on fishing again.

Balcombe has the advantage of not being grey in winter-time, but purple, owing to the shoots of the silver-birch trees, and it was there that I first heard a man who was laying a carpet say that it was all "bumblesome," which apparently means "crooked" or "untidy" in the Sussex tongue. It was there too that a man who had lost a herd of bees came into my garden and asked me for them. He told me that he had been following them on a bicycle for miles. I said that he could have them by all means and with pleasure, and that I never used another man's bees. Afterwards I found that I could have kept them according to the law of the land. I might even have had them now. And very sorry I am.

Then again there were always woodmen felling trees; and there was a garden fête; and a coach-and-four used to come through Balcombe and bait at the inn. And there were badgers, and a football-team, and a theatrical performance at Christmas-time. As for the rivalries between roses, and runners to the station to catch the morning train, and the shooters of this and that, and the tennis-players, they were past enumerating. At night-time also I should say that there were poachers not a few.

I resent this notion of sleepy little villages where nothing ever occurs. It is in London suburbs that nothing ever happens at all or if it does, you only hear about it in the papers next day.

Let me grant again that Balcombe had its crowning hour last week-end, and that never since the Conquest has it been so honoured and so thrilled. But quietude? No. If I were to say half the things that happened in Balcombe while I was there I could fill a book of pleasant reminiscences (if it was that sort of book) or (if it was another) spend half my life in the Law Courts trying to defend actions for libel. I don't know what Balcombe did during the Conquest or the Wars of the Roses or the Great Rebellion, but in my day there was always something doing. One thing (to be more precise) happened after another.

I can still remember the flower-show, and the alarm—I might almost say the consternation—the fury even—— But no! Perhaps not. EVOE.



HARD TIMES.

"I'M AFRAID I'VE NOT COME IN TO *BUY* ANYTHING. I WAS JUST WONDERING IF YOU COULD SPARE A *TINY* BIT OF THAT WHITE PAINT TO TOUCH UP MY OLD GOLF-BALLS WITH."

"THE SUPERNATURAL OMNIBUS."
Publisher's Advt. in Sunday Paper.

Superseding the "Ghost Train," we suppose.

A TARTAR.

[It is reported that peasants in a remote district of Austria have captured a wild man who eats grass and leaves of trees and is covered with long hair.]

DOES no one share the thought that troubles me
About this prisoner's identity?
I con the details with increasing awe;
Can they have caught our only BERNARD SHAW? W. K. H.

THE TIP THAT SLIPPED.

Captain "Dobbin" Loudbellow sat in his office. Not a sound reached him from the roar of Fleet Street below. The walls were lined with seaweed, thick doors and carpets muffled the sounds from adjoining rooms.

Presently he rang for his secretary. "Send me the Form Man," he ordered.

"How," he asked the Form Man, "does Pole Cat stand with Noble Lord, taking a line through Bag-o'-Bones?"

The Form Man made a few rapid calculations. "Seven pounds better in," he said finally, "and one-fifth of a second faster than the course record. But, you know——"

"I know everything," said the Captain. "Ask Miss Briggs to come in."

He wrote out two telegrams, handed them to his secretary and told her to ask the Editor if he could spare him a minute. Then he went back to his charts and logarithms.

The Editor appeared in person, carrying a small painted board which read

NO ADMITTANCE.
TIPPING TIME.

"I have brought you a present, Loudbellow," he said. "For your outer door, you know; but there is a condition attached to it: it is only to be put up on big race-days. Now let us get down to the Cambridgeshire."

"My choice," said the Captain, speaking in the quiet but authoritative voice which had thrilled millions on the occasion of his historic "Can a Chestnut win the Derby?" broadcast, "is Pole Cat." He toyed playfully with his protractor and smiled enigmatically as he waited to see the effect of his pronouncement on his visitor.

The Editor was obviously shaken, but with that nonchalance for which he is noted said simply, "Well, shoot. I admit we had made certain that you would go for the horse you had tipped in this morning's paper; but you know best. Tell me all about Pole Cat."

But the Captain was not to be hurried. "The horse I tipped broke down this morning," he said. "Excuse me."

A telephone-bell rang; he answered the call, said, "Keep your peepers skinned, Alf," and resumed: "Yes, trod on a stone; bruised a foot; will not run. But there you are—these things will happen. As a matter of fact it is a good story in itself. 'Cambridgeshire Favourite Breaks Down. Bookmakers Panic to Cover on Market Springer.' I will not discuss it now, if you don't mind. I have it all fixed. Brown is working on it now. Worth a column, I thought. But about Pole Cat. I want to tell you"—here the Captain lowered his voice to a whisper—"that I have an absolute exclusive. It seems that——"

The telephone rang again. "Only if it's a woman-owner," he replied petulantly. "Fool photographers!" he muttered half to himself. "Now, this is better than the Noble Star story—you know, the butterscotch stunt; it is better than the shingled Derby horse, and in my opinion better than the Ballyscanlon business. Besides, it's Exclusive." His voice rose in solemn cadence. "I'll tell you what I think it's worth. It's a front-page splash with a streamer heading."

The Editor coughed. "You seem to forget, Loudbellow," he said acidly, "that there is such a thing as Election news. We simply must lead with that, whatever happens. Chief's orders. Why, we have even had to carry the Hollywood news in column seven tonight. No, I can't do that. Sorry."

The Captain smiled and opened a drawer. From it he took a photograph and handed it without a word to the Editor. After a suitable pause he explained: "I suppose you know that most horses are fed on oats, hay and occasionally beans? This is a photograph of Pole Cat in his box at Newmarket. You will notice that his head is not in his manger. He is eating from something which is hanging from the roof."

"And that is . . .?"

"A bunch of bananas."

It took the Editor exactly one-fifth of a second to realise the significance of the photograph. Then he held out his hand. "Loudy boy," he gasped, "you've got it. Man—I'll tell the Chief about it. I'll tell the world. I see it all. 'Cambridgeshire Horse Trained on Bananas. Won't Gallop Without Fruity Breakfast. Says "No Bananas No Cambs."'"

His thoughts took rapid shape. A treble spread, ribbon heading, three column block; then in column four: "Our Veterinary Expert says All Horses should Eat More Fruit."

"Now, tell me quick," he whispered hoarsely, "are you absolutely certain that this is exclusive?"

The Captain beamed and nodded. Tears were in his eyes as, choking with emotion and pride, he said: "And, what's more, it might quite easily be TRUE."

Then things began to happen. Bells rang. Typewriters began to chatter. Wheels went round and a few fireworks went off. The Crossword Editor resigned. The Election news was stowed away in the Business Chatter and Cookery Hints page. At ten P.M. the first edition was ready to go to press.

At five minutes past ten a telegram found its way into the Sports Room. It read:—

"POLE CAT CAST IN HIS BOX SLIPPED ON BANANA SKIN DON'T RUN TO-MORROW.—ALF."

THE ORIGINAL PRIVATE.



WHILST FORMING FOURS ONE MORNING—



A BRAINWAVE STRUCK MY HEAD.



I THOUGHT HOW SPLENDID IT WOULD BE IF WE FORMED FIVES INSTEAD!



BUT WHEN I TOLD THE SERGEANT HE DIDN'T SEEM TOO PLEASED.



HE INFORMED THE GALLANT CAPTAIN—



AND THE GALLANT CAPTAIN—SNEEZED!



Schoolmaster (to new boy). "I SUPPOSE YOU CAN REPEAT THE MULTIPLICATION TABLE?"
Boy. "OF COURSE, SIR. BUT I PREFER TO CALL IT THE TWICE-TWO CONTINUUM."

THE ECONOMICAL PARTY SPIRIT.

BY THE HON. PETUNIA POTTS.

The Hon. Petunia Potts entertains her political friends at her flat, a converted stable in Soho.

AREN'T politics too exciting nowadays? What with living up to one's ideals of patriotism and living down to one's income, it is quite difficult to maintain a satisfactory balance.

Colonel Chaparty having entered the political arena, I felt it would be tactful to give an All-British party as an example of thrift in entertaining. So I rang up and invited all my friends.

On arrival the latest cocktail, "*Nil Desperandum*," was served. It was strictly in the spirit of 1931—distilled water flavoured with a mere *soupçon* of pepper and salt. As the servants had gone out to attend various political meetings, the guests had to help themselves from the sideboard, where such dishes as *soupe à la crise nationale*, Yarmouth bloaters, *purée politique*, a hash of several ingredients, *omelette en surprise* and Indian tea were available.

No one came in anything new, as a prize was offered for the oldest personal garment worn. Dear Moravia Shropshire, who never admits to remembering anything much before the War, won the prize for the hat she bought for QUEEN VICTORIA'S funeral. Mrs. Chaparty, who had previously always been dressed by the Maison Caviare, Rue de la Paix, said she now bought her frocks from Moody and Sankey and her hats from Millicent Bathbrick in the Old Kent Road. She had also exchanged her Samoyed for an Aberdeen terrier called "Mack."

We all related our electioneering experiences. Dear Moravia and I had attended some most attractive meetings. It was delightfully novel to see the dear festive-looking Colonel seated behind a kitchen-table with nothing on it but a bottle of water. One missed the Heidensieck and the flowers.

Canvassing was such fun too. Of course it was a little embarrassing to be asked about Free Trade and Tariff Reform and things. On the whole the womenfolk seemed more interested to know that the new boleros can be cut from a yard-and-three-eighths of Nottingham lace than to hear about sweated statistics in Czecho-Slovakia or the by-products from Bolshevik bananas. Dear Moravia found the babies charmingly impartial and has offered to mind six while the mothers go to the poll. I do feel, if she wears the historic hat, they will not lack entertainment.

After this the Colonel made another speech or two—a delightful *réchauffé* of everything he has said before with a few reminiscences of the Indian Mutiny. Everyone was most enthusiastic.

The guests all insisted on deputising for the missing servants in clearing up afterwards. I did feel it would have been a further economy if everyone had brought his own crockery. However, it was otherwise a most successful evening. "So utterly congenial and congruous!" they all said.

L. G.

(OR POSSIBLY ELEGY).

THE Plunger has spoken, the Libnats are shunned,
His choice he has finally made.
For the Cause he has drained his No-Tory-ous fund,
He has put his last Churt on Free Trade.

"Exchange Grandfather for Microscope."
Advt. in Manchester Paper.

We have already swopped ours for a radio-gramophone.

IN OUR INN.

MR. ABEL, OF THE SHOP.

IT is rare indeed that the bar of the "White Rabbit" is graced by Mr. Abel, the proprietor of the village shop. Business is business, and he can't spare the time away from what he calls "my little Emporeeum." Somebody might come in and Mrs. Abel, who is a trifle deaf, might not hear, and then Custom would be Lost. "The competition, Sir, you know," he says very seriously, being convinced that should some village worthy ever by chance enter the Harstead shop and find no one to attend to his wants he would at once get on the local bus and go into the market town of Midfield, five miles away, to make his purchase at the Midfield Co-op. instead. On the other hand, Mr. Abel does like his drop of ale, and so a compromise is reached by Mrs. Abel or a young Abel calling round at the "White Rabbit's" side-door with an erstwhile milk-jug. Mr. Abel can thus later have his beer in his little back-room in peace of mind—if not peace of body, for during its consumption he will probably have to get up out of his armchair at least half-a-dozen times at the call of the shop-bell in order to effect a sale of, say, "a ha'porth of liquorice-all-sorts."

This bell, by the way, well reflects Mr. Abel's determination not to Lose Custom; for it is fixed to the door-lintel by the strongest of strong springs and goes off with an explosive clang, like a tram-gong, the moment the door is touched. One might almost think it would somehow defeat its purpose; nervous strangers, not expecting it, might just cut and run; but no doubt Mr. Abel would catch them up and sell them something before they'd got out of the village. Occasionally, under the press of business, the bell comes off—usually on an unsuspecting head. It is then placed on the counter with the legend "*Please Ring Loudly*" on a piece of paper tucked under its edge, till the blacksmith has time to fix it.

Once upon a time, no doubt during a wave of commercial expansion, Mr. Abel had an electric-bell fitted. But it was soon removed. "Bad for business, Sir," you were told if you asked after it. Eventually you elicited that (*a*) at times it could not be relied upon to ring, (*b*) at times it could not be relied upon to stop ringing, and (*c*) the village kids (to whom it was a godsend) used to spend most of their leisure in pushing the door ajar in order to set it going and then streak for home.

As in all properly constituted village shops, Mr. Abel seems to keep everything. Or rather, seems to grow everything; for, owing to his habit of tying things together and hanging them up in bundles, you are given the impression that the majority of his stock just sprouts in clusters from the walls and ceiling. As soon as he picks a broom or a fly-paper or whatever it is, another will immediately bud and blossom.

Better still, he seems to know every item of his varied stock by heart, and will rapidly recite as much as possible before he lets you depart, in the hope of touching some hidden chord in your mind and recalling a further want. Thus, as he books your order for matches, toothpaste and chocolate, he will say: "Now would there be something else to-day? Oranges-apples-jam-boot-polish-rice-candles . . .?" "No, I don't think so," you will answer, trying for formality's sake to recollect something. "Soap-onions-biscuits-blacking-pickles . . .?" will continue Mr. Abel, anxious to help you out. "No, nothing after all," you decide. "Good-morning, Mr. Abel." "Cheese-scrubbing-brushes-raisins . . .?" he resumes desperately, determined it shall not be his fault if on return home you have to say to yourself: "There now, and I never got any marmalade." You repeat your Good-morning firmly and move to the door. "Good-morning, Sir!" "Soap-baking-powder . . .?" replies Mr. Abel. "No, thanks." You open the door and the tram-bell goes off with a soul-shaking clash. "Tinned-fruit-lettuce . . .?" continues Mr. Abel, undisturbed. By then you have slipped quietly outside; but it is quite a common sight as one passes down our village street to see someone emerge hurriedly from the shop followed by Mr. Abel reciting his stock in a rapid monotone till they are out of sight.

Every afternoon Mr. Abel delivers his many orders on a bicycle, which has, fixed on the handle-bars, a kind of basket crate, holding, I should say, four or five hundredweight. He delivers everywhere in the village and even to houses outside. He is very proud of his "quality" custom, and is not above explaining loftily to newcomers, "Oh, yes, Sir, I supply Lady Field with everything." You instantly open an account with him, and it is not till you have been wondering for some weeks why you never hear of Lord and Lady Field that you learn "Ladyfield" is merely the name of the small house where the Misses Whiskin live.

Mr. Abel has a high opinion of the duty of a Village Shop. It is there for the convenience of the village, and he will always Oblige; indeed it is a point of honour with him never to refuse any request. "I can get it for you, Sir," he will say, even though you subsequently find he buys it retail himself in Midfield. "Have you a steam-roller, Mr. Abel?" "No, Sir; but I can get it for you . . ." Well, I have never actually asked him that yet, possibly because I am honestly afraid that the following morning he will cycle up with a steam-roller in the basket on his handle-bars, and I'm hanged if I'd know where to put the thing. His courtesy extends further to never letting you take your purchase away with you, be it only a box of matches. It has to be formally delivered. To insist is practically to disorganise the shop. For Mr. Abel must find wrapping-paper and then call through to the back-room to "Ma" for a bit of string, which is rarely long enough or, when it is, breaks. Finally you are allowed to depart the two hundred or so yards to your dwelling with an intricately-knotted brown-paper parcel. On removing the paper you will probably find that it has "To Mummie with luv and menny happy retturns from Pam" scrawled on one side, and a Wilfridge's label on the other, thus showing that it is no newcomer to this parcel business.

And it is even more probable that Mr. Abel, when delivering an order next day, will ask if you'd mind—that is, if you didn't want it—letting him have that nice bit of brown-paper back!

A. A.

In a Good Cause.

An economic crisis is not the easiest time for charity organisations to appeal effectively to the generosity of the public; yet Mr. Punch is certain that the last category that should suffer by the national hardships is that of those incapacitated by the War. He therefore urges upon the attention of his readers the Exhibition and Sale of Goods made by War-disabled men which will be held at the Imperial Institute, South Kensington, from November 6 to 21. It will be open from 11 A.M. to 5.30 P.M. and admission will be free. Mr. Punch hopes that many will take this opportunity of doing a real national service while buying their Christmas presents from the large selection which will be exhibited.

"AN A.A. MAN, A COW, AND A TRAIN."
Daily Paper.

The earliest story of this kind is about a Naaman, a prophet and a river.

"EDINBURGH ACADEMICALS *v.* EDINBURGH UNIVERSITY.

. . . The University replied strongly, and they were awarded a free-kick from which JACK kicke da goal."—*Glasgow Paper.*

Probably a Neapolitan student who taka advantage of da pound.



Guest. "I WILL TAKE PINEAPPLE."
Waitress (imported). "I AM SORRY, MADAM, WE HAF NO PINEAPPLE, BUT WILL YOU COMPROMISE US WITH PEARS?"

In Memoriam.

THOMAS ALVA EDISON,

who died at three o'clock in the morning, 10th October, 1931, aged 84.

THE darkest, quietest moment of the night
Took him at last, whose mighty brain had bound
With waxen snare the fleeting wings of Sound
And in a brittle cage entrapped the Light.

Unschooled, he taught himself by toil incessant;
Deaf, he thanked Heaven for the peace it brought;
Obscure, he shone, a lonely star with naught
Save the white heat of genius incandescent.

He, who could conjure secrets from the air
And for man's use wring magic from the dust,
To earth and air shall turn, as all men must.
He goes we know not where; but whereso'er
It be, 'tis very sure he sees and hears
The Springs of Light, the Music of the Spheres.

"Linoleum Representative Wanted to cover Birmingham, Bristol, and South-west area."—*Advt. in Manchester Paper.*

It would be wizard for roller-skating.

"'What a come-down for this country,' said Commander Astbury (Cons) in West Salford last night, commenting on the departure from the bold standard."—*Evening Paper.*

Still, Westminster will probably retain a few buccaneers.

A FABLE.

THE DECIDING FACTOR.

ONCE upon a time there dwelt in the City of London a prosperous and highly esteemed Merchant, whose guiding Principles were that you should do unto others what they would like to do unto you (and if possible do it first), and that Godliness was next to Respectability.

And it happened that, wishing to engage an Apprentice for his Counting House, he notified through the Public Press his willingness to consider the claims of a likely Lad.

A large number having made response to this Notification, he deputed his Junior Partner to hold Converse with the more promising among them. The number was in this wise eventually reduced to two, between whom he proposed himself to make final Choice.

At the appointed hour the first Candidate was shown into his Presence. He was clean, respectful and well-spoken and answered the Questions put to him with Alacrity and Intelligence. The Merchant finally bade him, while he spake with the other Lad, take a seat by the Door.

On his way to the Seat the Youth stooped to the floor and the Merchant saw that he held in his Fingers a Pin, which he proceeded carefully to insert in the Lapel of his Jacket. This Action gave great Gratification to his Prospective Employer, who thought that here was an Apprentice who would worthily uphold the Traditions of the House.

The second Lad then came in and the Merchant noted that he was in no wise inferior to the other in Appearance, in Speech or in Intelligence; he was almost of a mind to give him the preference, but the action of the first in picking up the Pin turned the Scale in his favour.

So, calling him forward to stand with the other the Merchant proceeded (as was indeed his Wont when Opportunity offered) to improve the Occasion by addressing to the two Youths a little Homily upon the Benefits of Economy and Honesty as making for Success in Business. He did not neglect to mention that what had chiefly influenced his Decision to give the Appointment to the first of the two Youths was his action in retrieving the Pin and sticking it in his Coat.

"But, surely, Sir," exclaimed the second Lad in a tone of pained Surprise, "young William did not do that?"

"Do what?" demanded the Merchant sharply.

"Why, stick it in his Coat," said the Youth, whose name was Thomas.

"And why not?" came the Retort, even more sternly, for the Merchant thought, to use a vulgar Phrase, that Thomas was trying to pull him by the Leg.

And Thomas replied, as he shook his Head ruefully, "Well, it wasn't *his* Pin, was it, Sir?"

Thereupon there came a great Light to the Countenance of the Merchant, who arose and shook Thomas warmly by the Hand, telling him that the Post was his, for in him indeed was meticulous Honesty personified.

Then, turning to William he warned him to beware lest in the Future this Deviation from strict Rectitude (small though indeed it was) might lead him to stray still further from the Path.



MISS STUDEPRUNE EMBRACES THE OPPORTUNITY.

William, however, was not yet done with and with more Heat than Decorum he exclaimed, "But indeed it was not your Pin. Thomas gave it me as we waited without and told me that, if I worked that Stunt on the silly-looking old Josser inside, it would do the Trick. And now," he added, with an angry Glance at his Rival, "he has double-crossed me."

The worthy Merchant was so taken aback by this turn of events that he could not proceed further until he had partaken of a Cordial from the Bookcase in the dark Corner.

On recovering his Composure he announced that his last decision must stand and that young Thomas would enter his House as Apprentice. "For," said he, "a Modicum of Worldly Guile is sometimes permissible in Commercial Affairs and may even, as in this Instance, prove the deciding Factor in a Negotiation."

And it may be mentioned that young Thomas proved a diligent Apprentice and prospered in his Career.

He became known as a most successful Negotiator, it being said that he always got away with it. Eventually, after the successful Negotiation of certain forged Bills of Lading, he got safely away with some thirty thousand pounds and started a New Life in South America, where he became a prominent Legislator and was highly respected for his Wealth and Piety.

Moral. One old Trick is worth two new ones.

Pearls of the Pellucid.

"Statistics gathered by the insurance companies show that purchasers of annuities enjoy unusual longevity, and, moreover, that this longevity is increasing with the progress of time."
New Zealand Paper.

"ROYAL MAIL PENDANT.

This is a pendant for vessels employed in carrying his Majesty's mails."—*Daily Paper.*

While at sea it is usually worn round the captain's neck.

"Meantime the cream of the old Liberal Party has come under Sir John Simon's umbrella and is establishing itself as an effective organisation."—*Sunday Paper.*

We hope some well-wisher will warn him of his danger before the next shower.

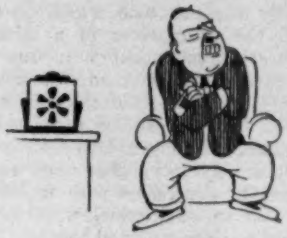
Of course this Broadcast Election Campaign has been tremendously absorbing and all that—



But after concentrating on Mr.——



and Mr.——



and Mr.——



and Mr.——



and Sir——



and Mr.——



and Sir——



and Mr.——



and Mr.——



and Mr.——



and Mr.——



It's quite a relief to get back to the dear old Herring-fishing Bulletin.

THE BIRDIKIN FAMILY.

VI.—The Birthday.

Mr. Birdikin, with that degree of worldly wisdom with which he tempered the promptings of a mind as much set upon morality as was consonant with his position as a man of property, had decided that upon the twelfth birthday of his elder son he would make known to him the place in life which he was called upon to fill. Before the diversions with which the day was to be marked were begun, therefore, he summoned the four children into the library, for he deemed it wise that *all* should hear the words addressed to Charles, and for their *own* sakes learn to estimate aright the subordinate position to which the females and the *younger* sons of a family of Quality were called upon by the designs of Providence to occupy.

"You, my dear Charles," said he, "will succeed me in the ownership of Byron Grove and the general esteem that goes therewith, when I shall be called upon in the course of nature to lay down my *earthly* dignities and, as it were, to go up *higher*. It is my earnest desire that in the meantime you should fit yourself, by due observance of the rules of conduct in which you have been nurtured, to take that place in the world in which I trust that I myself have been proved not unworthy. While a reasonable enjoyment of wealth and position is proper to, nay, even *demanded* from, a man of consequence—otherwise why should he have been placed in a position of superiority?—you must not forget the welfare of those dependent upon you. As long as they remain contented with their lot in life and seek not in any way to claim equality with you or, as the dangerous and subversive phrase has it, to *better* themselves, it will be your part to smooth their path for them, so that neither man, woman nor child on your estate shall actually *starve*, though the unavoidable exigencies of life may sometimes compel them to go what is called *short*; and, what is more important still, that none of those dependent on you shall be permitted, under pain of losing your countenance and support, to bear themselves in a manner unbecoming to those of an inferior order.

"To you, my dear Henry, is allotted a task of scarcely less importance. You will not enjoy so much of *this* world's goods as your elder brother, though, with the advantages that will come to you from your relationship to a high dignitary of our established and well-endowed Church, it is to be expected that early preferment to a position of handsome emolument will be found for you. It will be your part to watch over the *morals* of the flock that will be committed to your charge, and to keep them submissive to their betters and as uncomplaining as possible under such visitations of poverty and hardship as are sent to them as a reminder that they cannot expect to have it all, or even the greater part of it, their own way.



"At the same time the jackass executed a sudden elevation of its hind-quarters."

"You, Clara and Fanny, have been sent into the world in the inferior position of *females*, but you need not let that unduly disturb you. *Woman* was intended to be the solace and encouragement of *man*, and in due time, if you comport yourselves with that allurement combined with modesty with which your sex has been endowed, with the *express* object of attracting to itself the notice of the other, you will obtain husbands capable of supporting you either in sufficiency or affluence according as you make use of your opportunities, helped by the efforts of your parents, which will not be wanting to bring about the desired results. I should wish you all now, during the half-hour which will elapse before we engage in the *pleasures* in store for us, to exercise your minds in retirement upon the *duties* of life which I have set before you."

"But may I not, dear Papa, first make acquaintance with the pony which was your amiable birthday-gift to me?" inquired Charles.

"I apprehend," said Mr. Birdikin, "that the pony, though reasonably fleet of foot, will not run away while you are applying yourselves to the reflections I have enjoined upon you. In half-an-hour I and your mother will be ready to set out on the expedition with which this festive day is to be marked. Until then you will kindly indulge me by doing as you are bid."

"Come," said Charles, when the four children had taken respectful leave of their parent and the door was between him and them; "my Papa said nothing about where our colloquy was to take place. As it appears that my authority over you is to be greater than I have hitherto counted upon, I ordain that we repair to the stables and combine the *duty* enjoined upon us with the *pleasure* of inspecting my pony."

"I would remind you," said Henry, "that affairs of *conscience* are to appertain to *my* department. I see nothing wrong, however, in taking the course you suggest."

"As a member of the *weaker* sex," said Clara, "I conjecture that I shall be fulfilling my Papa's behests by submitting myself to the guidance of the *stronger*."

"Stronger be bl-w-d!" said Fanny, whose mischievous propensity to pick up and repeat indecorous expressions has already been commented on. She intemperately took to her heels and arrived first at the stables, where Bodger the coachman was ready to lead the pony into an adjacent paddock, where he opined that Charles would wish to mount the diminutive steed and to receive his first lesson in horsemanship.

The temptation was too strong for the children to resist. Assisted by Bodger, Charles ensconced himself in the saddle and the others followed him into the paddock, where all considerations of obedience were flung aside and the injunctions of their father were as if they had never been uttered. When Charles had trotted and cantered round the paddock it was suggested by Bodger that Henry should bestride the pony, and Charles, whose gener-

osity of nature was stronger than the sense of responsibility he had so recently promised to cultivate, gave place to him, thus countenancing on the part of Henry *direct* disobedience to a command of their excellent parent, who had laid it down that at present the use and enjoyment of the pony should be for Charles alone.

Nor did the matter end there, for Fanny, casting to the winds all sense of female propriety, scrambled on the back of the jackass, which was feeding in the paddock, and, sitting astride in a posture that might have brought a flush of shame to the cheek of the most hardened, urged the not unwilling quadruped, by kicking its sides with her heels, to enter into a contest of speed with the hitherto well-behaved pony.

The pony, possibly seized with a spirit of emulation, possibly contemptuous of the homely animal now first brought to its notice, suddenly quickened its pace. The guiding-rein was jerked from Bodger's hand and Henry, as yet unused to controlling his spirited mount, was deposited upon his back upon the grass. At the same time the jackass executed a sudden elevation of its hind-quarters and a playful kick at circumambient space, and Fanny was likewise unseated from her highly indecorous position and precipitated on the sward.

It was at this moment that Miss Smith, looking from an upper window, was made aware of what was going on. Horrified by what she saw she rushed headlong downstairs and made known to Mrs. Birdikin the double accident that had befallen her young charges before proceeding herself to the paddock to render what assistance it might be within her capacity to impart. She was immediately followed by Mr. Birdikin, who could scarcely believe his ears when informed by his spouse of the extent to which his commands had been disobeyed.

By a merciful interposition of Providence no harm to life or even to limb had resulted from what might have brought a disastrous end to the outrageous and lawless prank. So lost were the children to the enormity of their conduct that upon the arrival of their instructress all were laughing at the mishap, and Fanny was adjuring Bodger to "catch the old Moke" so that she might repeat the dangerous and indelicate game.

Laughter, as may well be imagined, was quickly changed to its reverse when Mr. Birdikin appeared on the scene and without any delay administered that chastisement which the occasion demanded and a stirrup-leather made immediately convenient. The diversions by which the day that had opened so auspiciously was to be marked were countermanded, and Miss Smith was enjoined by her employer to exact *double* the tasks usually required of her pupils as a further punishment for their disobedience.

By these means the authority of a parent was vindicated and the path of duty shown to be preferable to that of licence. A slight sprain of the elbow, owing to the severity of the punishment he had felt called upon to administer, was considered by Mr. Birdikin a small price to pay for keeping his children in the paths of rectitude, and he judged rightly that they would not soon forget the events of Charles's twelfth birthday.

A. M.



Wife. "How glorious to get back to the primitive life of one's ancestors. What a pity you forgot the wireless!"

Husband. "Yes, and the car's missing on two cylinders—that's more than they had to put up with."



First Young Lady. "OF COURSE, DARLING, I KNOW IT'S AWFULLY GRAND TO BE CHAPERONED, BUT ISN'T IT RATHER A BORE?"
Second Ditto. "NO, DEAREST; I'D MUCH RATHER HAVE MUMMY CHAPERONING ME THAN GRABBING ALL MY BEST PARTNERS LIKE SHE USED TO."

CLEARING THE ATMOSPHERE.

[So many wireless programmes are now being "jammed" by foreign stations that the B.B.C. is trying to induce every country to give up at least one wave-length.]

THE air is so full of things:
There are motes . . . and notes
And flying-boats
And all the wings
Of innumerable birds,
And words.
I do not know whether I care
So much for the air
As I did in the days gone by
When it wasn't so easy to jam it.
Dammit,
We need some room in the sky!

A sparrow flew into my wave
When I was listening-in;
I tried to make the knob behave,
And found I had Pekin.

I have known morns,
And evenings too,
When the motor-horns
And the gramophones
And the wireless moans
And the sound of trains
And of aeroplanes
Were all going on together,
As well as a bit of weather,
And fighting to get through,
And a newspaper-boy was making a horrible hullabaloo.

The bark of an Alsatian dog
(Or something not much weaker),
Beethoven and a piece of fog
Came out of my loud-speaker.

It is scarcely surprising to me
That the B.B.C.
Should be trying to disentangle
The air a bit,
When so many foreign nations
Are shouting from different stations
And noises from every angle
And soot and grit
And leaves and rain
And leaves again
And Election speeches
And motor screeches
And men flying over and over
To Paris and what-not by Dover,
And talks on Life, and a chap with a fife,
And midges and gnats,
And songs and gongs and the smoke of flats
Have filled up the poor old ether
With babel and buzz:
If anything wants a breather,
It does.

The lecture on "Minoan Toys"
Was spoilt by atmospherics;
I missed the opera through the noise
Of bacon dumped by derricks.

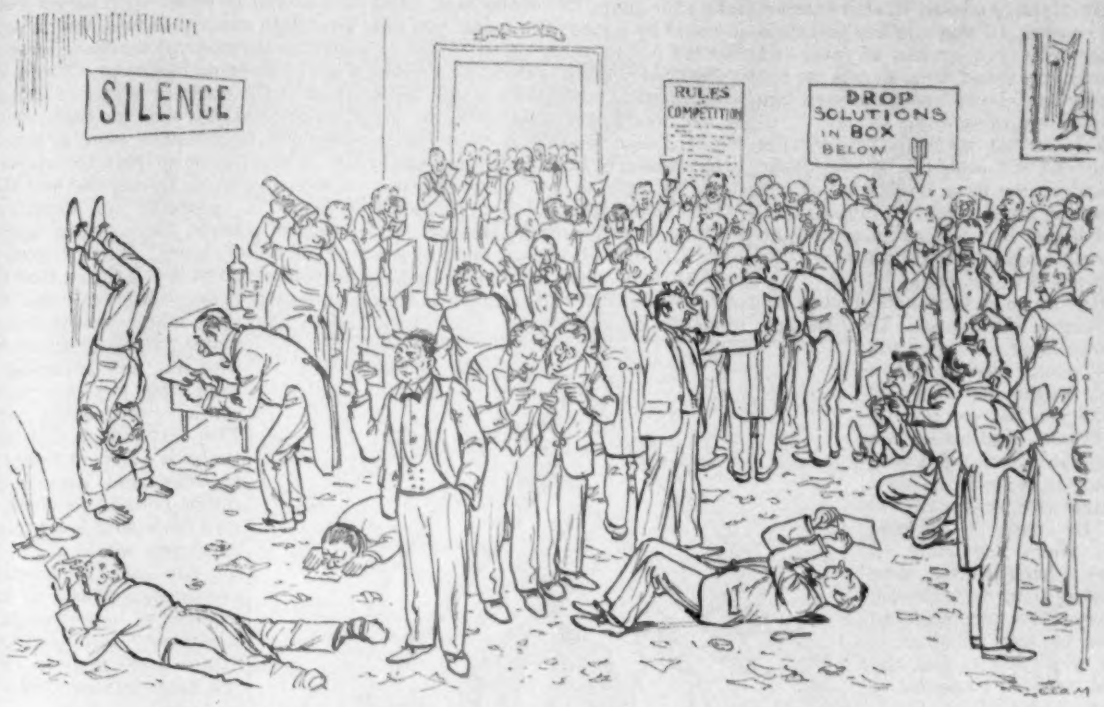
I am all for the flair
Of the B.B.C.
Over this affair,
Because I sincerely feel
If the sky is not brought to heel
And sorted and tidied a lot
And told to be good,
It is so full of music and sound
And large things floating around
It may some day set like a jelly;
And that would be rather smelly—
As the schoolboys say—would it not?
I'll say it would.

Oh, take my portable away
And put it out of pain,
Herr HITLER and Miss MAISIE GAY
Have got mixed up with Spain.

EVOE.



THE NEXT JOB.



ENTERTAINMENTS AT WHICH WE HAVE NEVER ASSISTED.

COMPETITION NIGHT AT THE PHARMACEUTICAL SOCIETY. DECIPHERING THE CALLIGRAPHY OF EMINENT MEMBERS OF THE B.M.A.

TO THE MEN OF IPSWICH.

You men who live at Ipswich
May sail the Orwell still,
On various tacks, by Halifax
And making past Pin Mill;
You may take gallant ships which
Under the sea-winds lean—
May cruise at large aboard a barge,
A barque or barquentine.
Sail safely so, O men, although
You shall not find me there,
Since the North Sea achieves in me
Exclusive *mal de mer*.

But, men who live at Ipswich,
My envy I divulge;
Ye go, or may go, Culpho way
By Grundisburgh to Boulge.
Through lanes of haws and hips, which
Afford the finch's due,
Sure ye have been to Boardy Green,
To Godwin's Place, to Hoo?
Your quiet feet tread Magpie Street
And so by Monewden
(Whereby, I note, men made a moat)
Through Otley home again.

O men who live at Ipswich,
Have I not heard the call,
"Come thou, alone, to Hemingstone
And round by Laffitt's Hall"?
They are sweet Suffolk's lips which
Bid me to run this ring,
Or else to tramp and see the Camp
Out beyond Ashbocking.
Though now, perhaps, I have but maps
To mark the names that chime,
Yet will I view thee, Dallinghoo,
When I can find the time.

VERGES.

THE RAMPERS' BANKS.

LATE last night Mr. Albert Haddock delivered the fourth Haddock Lecture on Banking and the Debit System:—

"Friends, I have kept silence during the recent Election, as I feared that too strong a dose of haddock-sense might upset all the political parties. Also I have perceived with pain that anything in which I strongly believe is a partisan 'ramp,' while anything in which other people believe is unselfish 'ideals' or noble 'principles.' This evening, however, I propose to explain to you the elements of the Debit System, on which so many of us depend.

Lying in the bath last night and trying to think of something funny, I suddenly burst out laughing. *I had thought of Certain People managing the Banks.* The laugh was entirely non-partisan, unprovocative, idealistic and in good taste, I can assure you. If Certain People lay in their baths and suddenly thought of *me* managing the Bank of England, or even a Trade Union, they would laugh heartily too—and quite right. For even in these queer times it is still funny to see anyone who is not conspicuously good at doing his own job burning with a desire to do somebody else's.

Now what are the Banks? (It ought not to be necessary to ask this question, but really just now Certain People seem to know nothing.)

Certain People seem to think that the Banks have permanently at their disposal enormous sums of money which descend conveniently from the heavens every morning or are produced by the unscrupulous bankers out of hats. This is a misconception. If we get down to brass-tacks (whatever they may be) the resources of the bansk consist in—

(*a*) my (or your) overdraft
(*b*) your (or even my) balance.

And the fundamental error of Certain People is the assumption that when they take over the banks both (*a*) and (*b*) will still be there. They will not.

Let us take (*b*) first, though, as will presently be seen, it is the less important of the two.

By crippling labours you have earned ten pounds. Of this sum five pounds is taken from you by way of rates and taxes; you spend four pounds on the family and beer; and you save one pound for a rainy day.

You do not invest it yet, for the rainy day will probably be to-morrow. (Besides, you have heard that if you invest it abroad you are unpatriotic, and if you invest it at home you are a *rentier*, which sounds alarming.) So you put it in the bank.

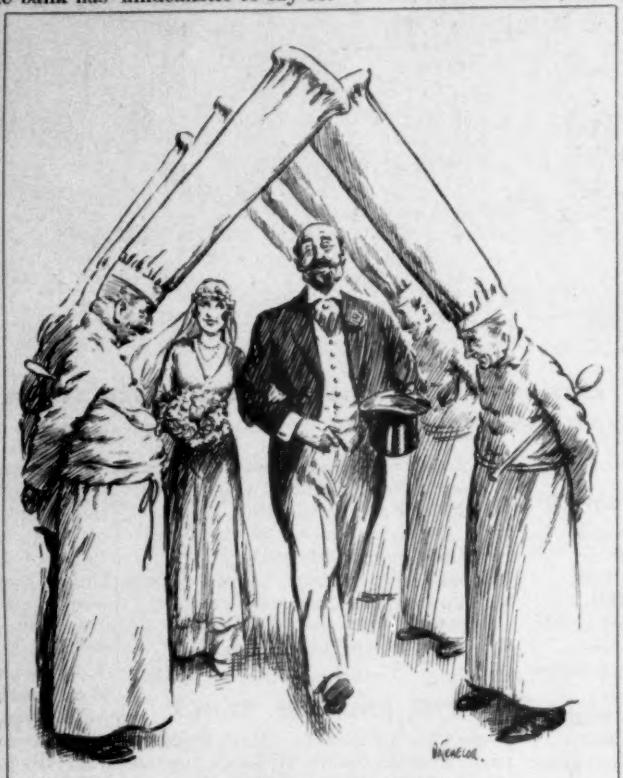
But there is very little reason for putting it in the bank. The bank has a nice large safe and will give you a nice page in a large ledger: but they will make you pay for the use of them. And really you might just as well put your pound in the old oak-chest and get a ledger of your own. In the case of balances like yours and mine (if any), a bank is often more trouble than it is worth. Every time you want to take, or pay, some of it out, you have to visit the bank or send a cheque by post, which costs three-pence-halfpenny in stamps. Simpler to visit the old oak-chest. However, it has become a sort of habit to keep your savings at a bank instead of in a stocking; there are some slight conveniences and a good deal of prestige in it, and you are benefiting humanity by letting the bank make use of your pound. For the bank lends your pound to some of the distressed foreign nations Certain People are so keen about, or to the State to pay the unemployed.

And you have complete confidence in your bank. You know that the bank will look after it wisely and only lend it to nice people on good security.

But supposing that you knew a man who kept a whelk-stall, and kept it very badly, a man quite out of touch with whelks and whelk-eaters, a man whose whelk-stall was a by-word in the whelk-world, a man who mismanaged his whelk-stall according to trashy theories expressed in ridiculous long words and described all the successful whelk-stalls briefly as 'ramps'—suppose that Parliament said that this man was to be taken from his whelk-stall and placed in charge of your bank—what would occur?

You would (if you were quick enough, take your pound out of the bank. And it would be a long time before you put another pound in.

You would not be sure how he would lend it and to whom. He would (if he is the whelk-stall gentleman in my mind) dislike lending it to Australia (which would be Imperialist), but would probably rush to lend it to Moscow (which would be idealist), and not ask for it back. And since, after all, it is your little pound, you are entitled perhaps to some small say in the lending of it—though it would of course be most unidealistic to say so.



THE CHEF'S WEDDING.

So much for (*b*) your balance.

Now about (*a*) my overdraft.

And here at last we come to fundamentals. It is a common error to suppose that the main purpose and function of a bank is to look after your balance; the whole point of a bank is lovingly to tend my overdraft. This is the only real advantage of having a bank, and it is called the debit system.

Now as (*b*) depends on the goodwill of you, so (*a*) depends upon the goodwill of the bank. And goodwill depends on soul.

Now my banker (and I hope he will read this) has a soul; and I fancy I retain some lingering remnants of his goodwill. But the State has no soul and cannot be relied upon for goodwill. The State cannot do business on soul-lines, for the moment the State develops a soul it must go bankrupt. This is another of the amazing errors of Certain People—the idea that the State as an employer or business man is human and loving, while private enterprise is callous and cruel. During the late War I earned a 'gratuity' of about two hundred pounds, intended to launch me on a civil career. When I went to draw it after the War I found that the Admiralty, through their mistake, not mine, had for many months been making an allotment to my wife but not deducting it from my pay—in other words, overpaying me. The dirty dogs deducted the sum overpaid from the gratuity and handed me thirty pounds to start in civil life with! Any private employer would have let me pay back by monthly instalments what I had received in honest mistake monthly. But not the State—and rightly. For the State cannot afford to be human.

In short, I shall not look for human treatment from the whelk-gentleman's bank in the matter of my overdraft; moreover, after the withdrawal of your balance he will have fewer resources wherewith to keep my overdraft in being. So the bank will lose my overdraft as well.

The bank will then have no resources; and let the whelk-gentleman get on with it.

If the Certain People have listened carefully to this lecture they will realise that bankers, however good at their job, are not really the people who matter. The people who matter in this affair are (*a*) you and (*b*) me. Just as the nation's finances depend in the long run not on anything that is said and done in Parliament but on the willingness of the people to pay taxes, so the whole international Debit System depends upon the willingness of you and me to save money and put it in a bank. It is therefore idle to talk about 'Bankers' orders' to the late Government. Any orders issued to the late Government came from (*a*) you and (*b*) me. They were issued many, many months ago; but they were not obeyed. And I trust that this mistake will not be made again."

A. P. H.



AN ELECTIONEERING ECHO.

Enthusiastic Committeeman (to Candidate). "BY JOVE, SIR, THERE'S A MARVELLOUS COMMANDING POSITION TO ADDRESS THE WORKERS FROM!"

BALLADE OF THE BIG FOUR.

[Lord BEAVERBROOK's newspaper publishes an article entitled "The Big Four of the Election," with portraits (*inset*) of Mr. MACDONALD, Mr. SNOWDEN, Sir JOHN SIMON, and himself.]

I OWN *The Evening Standard* and *Express*.
Why should I shrink from using what is mine?
I wrote a book and christened it *Success*—
A minor effort in the boosting line.
Let pedants prate of modesty divine;
I mean to push myself by hook or crook
(Most probably the latter). Pass the wine
And toast the men who rank with BEAVERBROOK.

Who *are* these Four? No common man would guess.
Who are the Four who count from Thames to Tyne,
Who sway the mob, whose speeches effervesce,
Whose statesmanship suggests inspired design,
Who walk erect while others twist and twine,
Who stood for truths which all the rest forsook?
In such a galley we alone combine—
MACDONALD, SNOWDEN, SIMON, BEAVERBROOK.

Poor BALDWIN's never understood the Press—
I very nearly drove him to resign;
And CHAMBERLAIN's a mass of pettiness,
And WINSTON's star continues to decline;
MOSLEY's supporters barely number nine.
At ROTHERMERE I simply cock a snook.
There are no more than four that really shine—
MACDONALD, SNOWDEN, SIMON, BEAVERBROOK.

L'Envoi.

KING, when the ballot solves this sorry mess,
For counsellors you have not far to look.
Here are your Four—(Myself I'd do with less)—
MACDONALD, SNOWDEN, SIMON, BEAVERBROOK.

MR. PUNCH ON TOUR.

THE Collection of Original Drawings by JOHN LEECH, CHARLES KEENE, Sir JOHN TENNIEL and GEORGE DU MAURIER, and of reproductions of Famous Cartoons, Forecasts and other exhibits from *Punch*, which was on view last year at the *Punch* Offices, is being made accessible to our readers in the Provinces. It will be shown at Manchester City Art Gallery, November 7 to January 9, 1932; at Bootle, January 23 to February 20, 1932; at Harrogate, March 6 to April 3, 1932, and at Leeds, April 17 to May 12, 1932.

Invitations to visit the Exhibition at any of the above places will be gladly sent to readers if they will apply to the Secretary, 10, Bouverie Street, E.C.4.

Smith Minor Again.

"King Harold was killed in battle under the gold standard."
Schoolboy's Answer.

The Pied Piper of Theatreland.

"'AUTUMN CROCUS.'

This is the now famous play written by a London shopgirl, which has been drawing enormous mouses in London for over six months."
Advt. in Local Paper.

AT THE PICTURES.

POPULAR PLAYS ON THE SCREEN.

THE film version of the EDGAR WALLACE racing play, *The Calendar*, soon proves one thing, and that is that the talkies have a fine recruit in HERBERT MARSHALL, who has all the necessary technique and a telling voice. Whether EDNA BEST is equally capable we don't yet know, for she has nothing to do but pull at her tippling brother's sleeve and look wistful. But Mr. MARSHALL, on whom the principal burden falls, is admirable throughout, and almost makes one wish it had been he and not OWEN NARES in the stage version. Almost, but not quite; for that very acceptable actor was excellently cast.



WHEN HONOUR GOES A-BURGLING.
John Dory . . . MR. ALFRED DRAYTON.
Garry Anson . . MR. HERBERT MARSHALL.
Cuthbert Hillcott MR. GORDON HARKER.

ALFRED DRAYTON (looking on the film more like "PLUM" WARNER than ever) and GORDON HARKER (looking on the film more like Sir GERALD DU MAURIER, not too mercifully caricatured, than ever) help to make the drama convincing, until the time comes for them and the hero to plan and carry out the burglary—at which point I must confess to becoming very sceptical and losing interest. In the garden, instead of moving silently and whispering, they joke, they shout, they take no precautions, they flash searchlights, while even in the boudoir there is time for a husky and very audible jest at the expense of No. 10 in the National Gallery, "Mercury instructing Venus before Cupid." According to the programme's synopsis, "entry to the *Panniford* home is easily arranged." It certainly is, and *Sir William Panniford* (NIGEL BRUCE) is very easily pacified too.

The Calendar is, however, dramatically satisfying as a whole, and one wants to know what will happen. The scene before the Stewards of the Jockey Club is deeply impressive. Here, if ever, we feel, the scales of Justice are rightly poised. Nothing at once more judicial and more understanding of human weaknesses than the shrewd but benevolent features of ALLAN AYNESWORTH, as the Chairman, could ever be imagined.

When I saw the names of JACK HULBERT and CICELY COURTNEIDGE associated in big letters with *The Ghost Train*, that compelling stage thriller, I was bewildered. It is true there was a comic female passenger in it, overcome by brandy; but which of the parts could sustain the gay irresponsibility and easy ingratiations of my favourite light comedian? Not the detective, surely? Yet when I saw *The Ghost Train* in its screen version it was as the detective that JACK HULBERT was masquerading! I cannot think him a wise choice, not even from the box-office point of view; for all the while he is playing the fool he is cutting into the drama, and when the moment comes to throw off his mask and be serious no one is convinced. For all we know, it is still another prank, nor are we sufficiently enlightened by the subsequent events.

I must confess to thinking the whole film mismanaged; so much so that any members of the audience not having seen the original play who discover what it is all about have my respect.



TIPS FOR PARKHURST AND BRIXTON.
CUTHBERT.

Particularly must they be puzzled by the station-master in his later capacity as engine-driver of the fatal train, which, after going in different directions for what seem like hours, at last reaches the bridge which the comic detective, fresh from the longest and least effectual of struggles in the history of the cinema, has been still more hours in opening, and gracefully sinks into the estuary.



A CHINNING WAY WITH HIM.
Teddy Deakin . MR. JACK HULBERT.
Miss Bourne . . MISS CICELY COURTNEIDGE.

The Ghost Train on the stage was a very skilful sensational crook-drama with a real atmosphere of the supernatural in it. I am sorry to have to say that *The Ghost Train* on the screen struck me as a tedious muddle, seriously impaired by farce.

I am not sure that the elaborate setting which has been given to the two films at the Capitol is worth the trouble. In *The Ghost Train* the auditorium was full of baggage, and a band dressed as porters at Paddington Station held up the picture for twenty minutes. In *The Calendar* the whole staff is dressed like jockeys and stable-lads and, after the film has been announced, with Mr. EDWARD SHORTT's approving signature, and we settle down to it, another twenty minutes pass while the band, dressed as gipsies seated in the middle of the Ascot course, play and sing it in, followed by a Red Indian tipster with a burlesque speech. This is not at all like Mr. WALLACE and his practical ways. I suggest that, if the band is necessary, it should come before any promise of the film of the evening has been dangled before our expectant and even impatient eyes.

E. V. L.

METAMORPHOSIS OF A MAN OF IRON.

EVERY family has its hero, whether he is permanently enshrined or just the fancy of the moment. In the last three months we in ours have adored and discarded Mr. GROUCHO MARX, Mr. DOUGLAS BYNG, Mr. GANDHI and Cookie's Young Man, who superseded the Mahatma when we discovered that he was endowed with the ability to play "Land of Hope and Glory" on his jawbone. But he was deposed last night.

His successor lies at the moment on my desk, inert and suffering, we believe, from a steam-hammer headache, a certain vagueness amidships and a violent display of optical Catherine wheels. At least, if he isn't, there is no justice in the world. . . .

Last night we had to dinner an eminent entomologist named Blister, an Empire-crumbling uncle having written home to say that he was a pal of his, and would we please do something about him?

Professor Blister proved to be a social carbuncle of the first mark. Not just nice and shy, but the sort of man who wilfully murders delicate chatter with a steely glance, refusing to be drawn even about his own subject. He drank water, which didn't help, and like many scientists he ate with a precision which left long and increasingly alarming gaps between the courses.

Our conversation, normally bright and buoyant, began to seize up with the fish, and by the time the bird came we were in such a state of nerves that if anyone had fallen back on the Election the Gold Standard or Manchuria we should all have screamed at once.

It was then that we at our end of the table woke up to the startling fact that out of the bowl of leaves in the centre of the table had climbed the Biggest Caterpillar in the World. Very sedately, like an animated and bearded accordion, he was making his way along the polished wood and heading straight for the little red oasis where Henry had been clumsy with the Burgundy. When he got to it he paused, took what looked to be a deep breath and bent his head reverently to the Chambertin.

Professor Blister ate on obliviously.

Noticeably fatter in his aft compartments, the caterpillar started again to move pompously along the table. But not very far, for Chambertin is a heady wine, and quite suddenly it got him down. He stopped, lurched slightly, and in an instant was lost. Rolling over and over in convulsive spasms, he fetched up in front of our guest, and then, as if realising dimly the importance of the occasion, plunged into a riot of drunken frivolity.



SEATS.

THE DREAM OF A SPORTING CANDIDATE IN AN AGRICULTURAL CONSTITUENCY.

The effect on the Professor was magical. The automaton was gone, leaving a human in its place. Honest excitement shone behind his gold spectacles, and he leaned forward to examine the reveller eagerly through a small pocket-microscope.

"Astonishing—quite astonishing," he exclaimed. "In forty years I have never observed anything comparable."

"It 's almost as though he 'd suddenly lost all the caterpillic inhibitions," Maria suggested.

"If you ask me, it 's almost as though he 'd had a glass too many," said Professor Blister; and we yelled with laughter.

The incredible had happened. *He had made a joke.* The tension was broken. We all sat back and could have cried with relief. . . .

Is it any wonder that we revere as a hero our rotund and sobering caterpillar? The Professor, when he finally stopped talking several hours later, begged that he might take him away in his pocket, but we refused. He might so easily in the name of science have denied him the home comforts, or even confined him in some teetotal test-tube. And in any case he would have found him pretty dull this morning. ERIC.

"COVENT GARDEN OPERA CO.
First Week . . . Wed., The Battered Bride."
Advt. in Glasgow Paper.

Yet we doubt if wife-beating is a really uplifting theme for opera.

AT THE PLAY.

"CAVALCADE" (DRURY LANE).

THE box-office success of *Cavalcade* being assured (the Libraries having gone Nap upon it while a queue of frantic ticket-seekers impatiently besiege at all hours the Drury Lane *guichet*), one may the more readily give expression to certain misgivings about this Brobdingnagian spectacle without being accused of trying meanly to lift the generally well-earned laurels from Mr. NOEL COWARD'S brows.

A very learned but aitchless professor of my later youth, after laying down certain formal propositions such as: "Entities are not to be multiplied without necessity," and "Nothing is in the mind that has not first been in the senses," used to add a few of his own, chief of which was that it wasn't necessary or reasonable "to cut a fly's 'ead off with a battleaxe." This perhaps isn't quite what Mr. COWARD has done, but it seems to me not a sound line of advance to get one's effects with such preposterous elaboration of means. Scale alone does not make an epic. TUSSAUD life-likeness of a spectacle does not give that spectacle dramatic significance. True, the child in us rejoices when we see (as here) a troopship standing by the quay and quantities and quantities of khaki-clad heroes going off to the wars (in South Africa) and a red-tunicked military band with bandmaster complete playing "Soldiers of the Queen," "The Absent-Minded Beggar" and other period pieces, and a cheering and weeping multitude; and when, the news of the relief of Mafeking having been announced by the pale manager from the stage, we (after due pause and rumblings of machinery) see the auditorium of the same theatre at the same tense moment. But this is mere child's-play after all. It is no doubt something to the good that the unemployed register will show a diminution by about (at a guess) five thousand souls—soldiers, cheering citizens, actresses, chorus-girls, dukes and marquises at Mayfair receptions, mourners (for QUEEN VICTORIA), roysterers, Cockney traders, Salvationists, seaside fashionables and unfashionables, pierrots, hard-driven troops of the Great War, night-club *habitués*—but . . .! I calculate that three Russian ballets of the great period and possibly two *Grand Hotels* could (except for principals' salaries) have been put on for less than the cost of *Cavalcade*. And that the message and meaning of *Cavalcade* and what is inspiring and agreeably or sadly reminiscent in it could have been done with a tithe of the expenditure in money and energy. As a business proposition, then, no doubt *Cavalcade* is justified, but one is bound in conscience to assert that the artistic end hardly justifies the fantastically elaborate means. And its success may be a dangerous precedent and lead us all down spiritually unprofitable paths. There are enough of such paths laid out already.



MR. NOEL COWARD MAKING MENTAL NOTES FOR THE FIRST PART OF "CAVALCADE."

It is a smaller matter that Mr. COWARD'S intention does not seem quite clear. Is he poking fun at Victorians and disapproving of all of us? Is he really serious, moved by the pageant of change in the swift procession of the years in his short lifetime since December 31, 1900, when he was still a one-year-old in his perambulator and no doubt already surveying the world, making surreptitious notes on his cuffs and crowing snatches of precocious song? Does he really mean his message to be that he wants England to find again "dignity, greatness and peace"? And does he find the qualities of greatness and dignity lacking because he has too exclusive an eye upon the cocktail classes? Would he wish us back in the nineties? Or does he really think that for every hundred superficial dignities surrendered there have not been a thousand born owing to more widely extended opportunities? Is NOEL, in fact, among the die-hards, a despiser of common clay? I wonder.



SKIRT DRILL IN 1899.

Miss MARY CLARE. "LET ME SEE—WHAT DO I DO NOW? OH, YES. A HALF-TURN, A CIRCULAR OUTWARD KICK WITH THE RIGHT HEEL, TAKE A DEEP BREATH AND SAY '99.'"

The two outstanding triumphs of the show are the sincerity and depth of Miss MARY CLARE as *Jane Marryot*, the central figure, wife of an honourable dull soldier, robbed of her sons by war and shipwreck, a woman ahead of her time and scorning its conventions; and the clever character-drawing of Miss UNA O'CONNOR, first as a prim parlourmaid, then as wife of a drunkard and mother of a new young woman (quite charmingly presented by Miss BINNIE BARNES), who loves and is loved by her late mistress's son—also destined to be killed in the last few days preceding the Great Armistice.

Perhaps a hint of what Mr. COWARD missed by his elaborations was given by the effect of suggestion in the scene where the *Marryots* and their household are watching from their balcony the passing of the Great Little QUEEN to her last rest, with the unseen five kings riding behind her gun-carriage and the poignant crescendo and diminuendo of horses' hoofs and muffled drums and the CHOPIN Funeral March.

All the same, there is much to admire in the author's *tour de force*, his delicious musical parodies in *Mirabelle*, to take a signal instance.

Oddly enough there was no horse or horseman in all this cavalcade. I am not sure if there was even a donkey in the coster market scene: a deplorable omission. We should all have simply loved to see brilliant Rotten Row in the great undemocratic Victorian days! And what would a few tons of tan and

a score or so of horses have added to the cost of this extravaganza? A mere bagatelle! T.

"The Immortal Lady" (Royalty).

Mr. Clifford Bax, continuing that interesting series of historical cameos in dramatic form which have so much of wit, invention and imagination in them, now presents us with *The Immortal Lady*.

This heroine is that gallant and resourceful Lady Nithsdale who robbed Walpole of the head of her impulsive husband, by getting him out of the Tower in the cloak of a woman. Though I cannot help thinking that the play risked shipwreck in the escape scene because the elaborate mechanism of the actual escape had to be operated in full, it did definitely avoid it, and the rest was so good as more than to compensate for the moment of apprehension.

Mr. Bax's chief characters are the Immortal Lady herself (Miss Jean Forbes-Robertson); her husband (Mr. Ivan Samson); *King George I.* (Mr. Arthur Young); *Sir Robert Walpole* (Mr. Andrew Churchman); *Catherine Mills* (Miss Mary Hinton), a friend of the *Countess*, who helped her and almost failed in courage, but was disciplined into being an effective ally; the *Venetian Ambassador* (Mr. Alan Napier); and *Mr. Trowbridge* (Mr. Peter Godfrey), *Sir Robert Walpole's* private secretary.

Miss Jean Forbes-Robertson, that puzzle to the conscientious critic, who plays one part divinely and the next, well, quite humanly, was admirable in the opening scene. The nervous apprehension, the refusal to accept defeat (the news comes from the Court that the reprieves petitioned for by both Houses have failed, the *King's* chief Minister having determined to make an example and once for all break the Jacobites and get on with the business of making England united and powerful), her fine romantic devotion to her condemned husband, her unconquerable spirit, her fatigue after the long ride from the North—all this was exquisitely set forth and drew the hearts of the audience to a gallant and lovely heroine of flesh and blood. (Mr. Bax's felicitous lines prevent any suspicion of her being merely a magazine heroine.) The rest of her part became something of an anti-climax as the plot thickened and grew preoccupied with mechanical detail. But this first scene showed this gifted variable actress at her very best, which is very good indeed.

Mr. Arthur Young's study of the boorish and heavily sensual *George* was a very clever piece of work, as was the same actor's rendering of the small part of the ribald callous *Sergeant* of the Tower Guard. Mr. Andrew Churchman's *Sir Robert* seemed to show more port than brains; but I think that the author was here perhaps a little at fault. Mr. Churchman also interpreted, and interpreted well, the smooth steward of the *Ambassador*. Mr. Alan Napier had a well-written part in the *Venetian Ambassador* and brought the man to life, his habitual fantastications being reasonably in the picture. Miss Mary Hinton was a graceful and plausible figure, and Mr. Walter Fitzgerald made a little gem of a study of a butler. Mr. Peter Godfrey's *Secretary* was subtly drawn. Mr. Peter Godfrey was the producer, and it was largely due, I think, to his ingenuity that there was nothing seriously unplausible in the escape scene.

Mr. Bax has a sense of the theatre, a pretty wit, writes like a scholar and a gentleman, and proves that these gifts are of value. An interesting show. T.



A CLOSE SHAVE—FOR HIS HEAD.

Countess of Nithsdale (Miss Jean Forbes-Robertson) passing her husband (Mr. Ivan Samson) before his escape from the Tower. "His nice fair beard had to come off; but anyhow he's kept his head."

"Corporal Punishment.
The Position in Dublin Schools."
Irish Paper.

When we were at school there was only one position which was considered sufficiently effective.

AT THE ICE-RINK.

Sonja Henie at Hammersmith.

Three years ago, at the Olympic Sports of 1928, I used to go every day to the Kulm Rink at St. Moritz to watch a fairylike Norwegian girl skate her way with dazzling ease into the Ladies' Olympic Championship. Frk. Sonja Henie was then sixteen, and all over the Engadine wise men in bars were crowing to each other that here at last was someone who would get better and better and become a very great skater indeed; though one wondered at the time how it was possible for her to improve.

When I saw her the other night giving an exhibition of free skating at the Hammersmith Ice Rink I realised that the wise men had been right. She is almost faultless. Her skates seem part of her. There is nothing that she cannot do, and I doubt if even an avalanche from the pink mountains on the Hammersmith scenery would disturb her perfect balance.

It is useless to call in the swallow and the deer as parallel graces; she is too good for that. Better to state simply that she ran half the length of the rink on her toes; revolved at an incredible pace on one point, like a scintillating little dynamo, accelerating until with a sudden movement she braked in half-a-turn and stood balanced in a flying Mercury, smiling at us undizzily; skated backwards at speed, took her weight on one foot and then, braking sharply, finished on the point in a graceful pirouette; and, floating down the rink, flung herself into the air, *turned right round* before landing, and went on again as if nothing had happened.

All this and much more she did with a skill and fleetness which are beyond words. Her manners are delightfully simple, and somehow she makes the whole thing appear so ridiculously easy that I feel I may never have the courage to put on my skates again.

I am getting a little uncertain about the whole business of watching experts. I gave up tennis after seeing Frank Shields this summer. For the sake of my health I suppose I must take care to avoid the Bobby Jones films.

Eric.

"If you want the
Cambridgeshire Winner for 2d."
Advt. in Daily Paper.

We have nowhere to keep him.

THE SKIN GAME.

IT was hard not to like young Rogers, but we managed to do it.

The gibes of the rest of the Mess, the Major's explosion on parade—all were of no avail.

He clung obstinately to his idea and the crocodile-skin.

It wasn't as though he had not been warned. As soon as he mooted the idea of bagging a crocodile and taking the skin home to be made into bags and shoes for the lady of his choice, Meagrim the M.O. had a heart-to-heart talk with him.

"My good idiot," said Meagrim, "what is this talk of a crocodile-skin? Have you any idea of the needless suffering to thousands of people that is involved in this? In fact, have you ever had anything to do with a crocodile-skin?"

Young Rogers said he hadn't. That he did not mind how many thousands suffered. That there were plenty of crocodiles in the river at Kaduna and he was going to bag one and take the skin home.

"Well, don't try to cure the thing here. Give a couple of boys a month's wages and let them take it into the bush——"

Rogers broke in, "No good, old man. Must do a thing like that yourself. They'd bring it back all dried up out of shape and half done. Nothing like doing the job oneself."

"I hate to see you go to your doom," said Meagrim. "Your engagement is as good as broken off. Well, invest a pound or two in the product of 'Loty.'"

"My *fiancée's* got heaps of that. She doesn't want any scent."

"I wasn't thinking of your *fiancée*, my child, but yourself. However . . ."

Next day Rogers went four miles up the river and shot a crocodile. Corporal Suli Kano skinned it there and two carriers brought the skin in. Rogers was rather proud of it and showed it to Meagrim, who was standing outside his quarters as Rogers passed by.

"Nice skin, don't you think?" he asked.

"Quite nice," said Meagrim—"at present. Sorry I can't ask you in for a drink, but you are smelling rather fishy at the moment. How are you going to cure it?"

Rogers said the natives had told him how to do it. It was to be pegged out in the sun, raw side uppermost, and rubbed with wood-ashes. Quite simple, he stated.

"Quite," said Meagrim. "And remember to peg it out at the greatest possible distance from this bungalow, the Club and the Mess, or, as Sanitary Officer, I shall intervene."

Rogers had it stretched out in his own compound in the hot sun.

During the next two days his appetite fell off and he kept his pipe going furiously.

The third morning he began to notice the flies and also his isolation. People hadn't been dropping in lately.

Rogers put his point of view to Quaife, whom he saw passing the bungalow. Quaife refused to come in for a drink.

"All right, old man, stop outside. I'm sorry, but I've got to save the skin to save my own. My *fiancée* . . ."

Quaife saw his point. He was committed. The girl at home was thrilled at the reckless bravery shown by shooting a crocodile at two hundred yards with a soft-nosed bullet and said a dressing-case of the skin would be simply glorious.

Then an orderly brought a note from the Major, who wished to see him.

The Major, who seemed in a hurry, was burning a torch of brown paper while talking with him.

(This was the day after Rogers had appeared at an early-morning parade, when he was seen dimly through a mist of flies and moved to the accompaniment of a sound like a distant aeroplane.)

"You'd better take a local leave," said the Major. "Go about twenty miles out for a week, you misguided fishmonger. By that time your home-leave's due and you can come straight in and catch the boat-train. And, by the way, go out to Gurum—that's south. The prevailing wind here is north."

Rogers started for Gurum, where one Audu, skin-dresser, prescribed other treatment for the skin, adding smoke to his other discomforts. Matters grew worse, but the lad's nerve was good. To go about impersonating the Plagues of Egypt is no joke. Then the leaves began to drop off the trees in the vicinity of his tent.

The hostility of the villagers had waned when it was pointed out to them that an approaching cloud of locusts which threatened their crops had suddenly changed the course of their flight.

Of course it couldn't go on. His nerve went. The thought of a crowded boat-train full of light-hearted beings going on leave—this pestiferous curse! And the boat! Men had been put in irons for less.

His horse-boy tells a story of a demented Rogers, face wrapped in a towel, dancing round a blazing crocodile-skin that he had soaked in kerosene and burned at dead of night.

He stole away at dawn, bag, baggage and uniform-cases. He said the carriers were unusually fast on the road and sang all the way back.

We saw him off by the boat-train. He had two stable-companions in his sleeping compartment. One had a bad cold in the head and the other was smoking very long black cigars, so he probably got away with it.

GENIUS INDIGNANT.

[In the course of an address on "Novel Building," at the annual meeting of the English Association, Mr. HUGH WALPOLE said that he thought that within twenty years from now we should have a novel of which we might be proud.]

WE are the Big Book-makers,
  Earning abundance of chink,
Covering thousands of acres
  Of paper with oceans of ink;
And though at our type-writers
  We toil till the wee sma' hours,
The wearers of crowns and mitres
  Envy our magical powers.

For we are the best of sellers
  As well as the biggest in brains,
Including the raciest tellers
  Of tales and the Greatest of Danes;
Not the tawdry Wardour Street
  "tushers"
Or ephemeral gods of tin,
For there's never a month but ushers
  Some new super-Meredith in.

Never the lotus closes
  Or an omnibus mounts the kerb
But a genius is crowned with roses
  And hailed with a blazing blurb,
Silencing seers and sages
  With the tones of our strident voice,
For we are the heirs of the ages,
  And the Book Society's choice.

We are the record-breakers,
  The hub and the hum of the hive;
And it cuts us sore to our hearts' mid core
  When one of our own Big Five
Ventures to say, at this time of day,
  That we've got to strain and strive
With blood and tears for twenty years
  Ere any of us arrive!

C. L. G.

"Ritchie's intuitive knowledge of where the bill is going to next still helps him to get there, though not, of course, quite so soon as he used to."
Tennis Article in Daily Paper.

But nowadays none of us meets financial liabilities quite as quickly as he did.

". . . the Socialists. If one gives them their cue they know immediately how to respond. It is not playing cricket to avoid giving them their cue."—*Weekly Paper.*

Nor is it playing billiards to avoid giving them a bat in the eye.





THE CALENDAR.

I KNEW when Spring was come—
Not by the murmurous hum
Of bees in the willow-trees,
Or frills
Of daffodils,
Or the scent of the breeze;
But because there were whips and tops
By the jars of lollipops
In the two little village shops.

I knew when Summer breathed—
Not by the flowers that wreathed
The sedge by the water's edge,
Or gold
Of the wold,
Or white and rose of the hedge;
But because, in a wooden box
In the window at Mrs. Mock's,
There were white-winged shuttle-cocks.

I knew when Autumn came—
Not by the crimson flame
Of leaves that lapped the eaves,
Or mist
In amethyst
And opal-tinted weaves;
But because there were alley-taws
(Punctual as hips and haws)
On the counter at Mrs. Shaw's.

I knew when Winter swirled—
Not by the whitened world,
Or silver skeins in the lanes,
Or frost
That embossed
Its patterns on window-panes;
But because there were transfer-sheets
By the bottles of spice and sweets
In the shops in two little streets.











Ernest H. Shepard



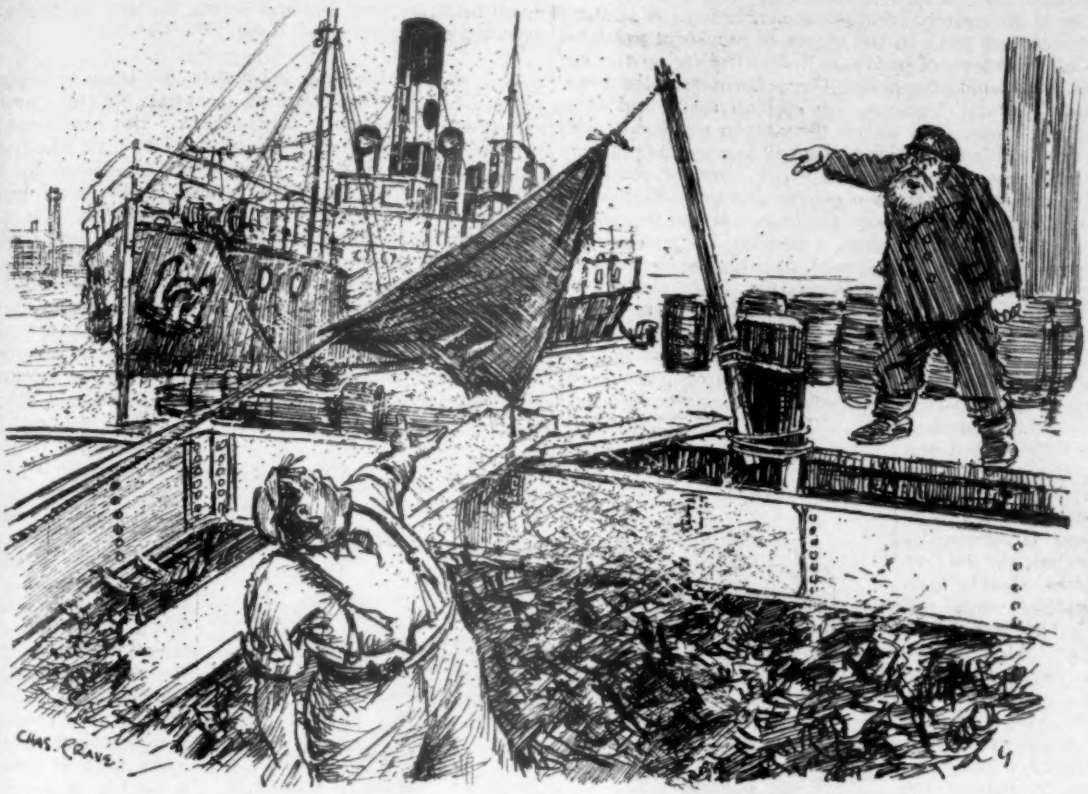
Keen Politician (who has brought heated argument to a violent finish). "BALDWIN! DID 'E SAY *BALDWIN?* OH, THAT'S ALL RIGHT. I THOUGHT 'E MEANT LLOYD GEORGE ALL THE TIME!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

IT was in accordance with the divine inconsequence of British institutions, says Mr. PHILIP GUEDALLA, that a Chief Secretary for Ireland should sail to Portugal, in a cruiser named *Crocodile*, to take command of an army that should deal a death-blow to the first French Empire. This was seven years before Waterloo, when Sir ARTHUR WELLESLEY, who had been rather slow to burn his fiddle and take his career seriously, was still known at home only as a successful scuffler in the Indian wars and a younger brother of the VICEROY. In *The Duke* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON, 25/-), the author, making appreciable efforts to control his scintillations, is successful in harmonising the dual personality of the statesman, who was never, at the bottom of his heart, a politician, but always a public servant, and the army commander who, for all his tactical genius, was accustomed to plan his campaigns in practical terms of transport and supply. WELLINGTON'S "dreams were full of Army biscuit" when he was at war, and in peace he was perfectly content to constitute himself an entire Cabinet and run the country. "It's a fine thing to be a great man, isn't it?" said he in a lighter mood, and listened to his praises sung in Spanish with considerable composure. A later generation has grown weary with the torrent of approbation, but it is time for the pendulum to swing back, and Mr. GUEDALLA sighs for the glorified common-sense of the man to whom all the nations of Europe were well-advised to bring their troubles.

A novelist so little given to the self-evident as M. MAUROIS has remarked that Christianity provides extraordinary opportunities to the novelist on account of the moral conflicts it creates. The reverse of the precept is perhaps equally obvious: that there is not much entertainment to be had from a set of characters who are, ethically speaking, so much driftwood. *Which Way?* (GOLLANCZ, 7/6), being three long excursions into the fortuitous, is a case in point. A foolish, weak but amiable young *débutante* has three week-end invitations. These shape three possible destinies, mainly amorous, each of which is recounted in detail. "Approaching the Cross-Roads" resumes *Claudia Heseltine's* childhood and presents her with a series of matrimonial and extra-matrimonial affinities: *Hugo Lester*, a novelist, affable, intellectual, high-minded; *Guy Verney*, a financier, husband of an impossible ex-actress, but full of "soothing intelligence"; and *Lionel Byng*, a polo-player, "a magnificent specimen and rather a dear." The first shuffle of the cards produces a liaison with *Guy*, which leaves *Claudia* stranded at twenty-seven. The second results in marriage with *Hugo*, with *Guy* as *cavaliere servente*. The third sees a marriage of physical compatibility with *Lionel*, accompanied by frustrated hankerings after *Hugo*. Brightly written in the idiom of its cast, the book is spoilt by its conventionality—a conventionality that renders it extremely difficult to disentangle the writer from her *milieu*. I can only say, in sincere compliment to the promise evinced by Miss THEODORA BENSON, that the effort strikes me as, on her part at least, distinctly worth making.



Skipper. "HOI! THE DUST FROM YOUR LOUSY BARGE IS BLOWIN' ALL OVER MY SHIP!"
Refuse Loader. "NO IT AIN'T—IT CAN'T BE. ACCORDIN' TO REG'LATIONS I'VE RIGGED UP A TARPAULIN TO STOP IT!"

Readers of the *Memoirs of a Foxhunting Man* will remember how the youthful author "gazed at Harry Buckman with interest and admiration . . . his velvet cap cocked slightly over one ear." Mr. SASSOON was professing to describe a meet of the "Coshford Vale" Hunt, but most of his readers easily recognised that his real hero was HARRY BUCKLAND and the pack the Ashford Valley. Now we get the life-story of that scion of a sound British stock, told by "ONE WHO KNOWS HIM," in a volume entitled simply *A Master of Hounds* (FABER AND FABER, 10/6); and those who still feel their blood stirred by stories of the chase will no doubt follow BUCKLAND's bone-shattering career with beating hearts. His father had been carried out hunting with his uncle's pack, mounted behind a farm-hand, before he was of age to ride by himself; young HARRY rode almost as soon as he could walk, and at eleven succeeded his UNCLE WILLIAM as whipper-in to his father, WILLIAM having met with a more than usually serious accident. Then for sixteen years HARRY rode in the show-ring for WALTER WINANS, champion revolver shot and founder of the Royal Horse Show at Olympia, at which later on HARRY won the World's High Jump Championship on Marmion. Just before the War he resigned his position as Huntsman with the Mid-Kent Staghounds and accepted the Mastership of the East Galway Foxhounds; now it seems, he is retiring from the Mastership of the Ashford Valley, which he took on after his father's death in 1926. *A Master of Hounds* is written with a disarming and rather engaging simplicity, and contains an abundance of anecdote. But it will naturally not appeal to those who talk of "blood" sports.

If BEN JONSON could have known that nearly three hundred years after his death he was to find so robust and sympathetic a biographer as Mr. ERIC LINKLATER the "Mermaid" would have rocked to his rumbustious approval; for Mr. LINKLATER has already shown himself, by the creation of young *Juan*, to be something of an Elizabethan, giving hearty encouragement to rich and adventurous living and having a pen charged with sturdy satire. One might, I think, have guessed that *Ben Jonson and King James* (CAPE, 10/6) was the work of a novelist and not of a professional historian; the lights are very expertly manipulated to keep the poet in relief, the background is often unscrupulously (and effectively) blacked out, and wherever there were gaps in the story Mr. LINKLATER has let himself go in entertaining conjecture. And what a giant BEN was! No other English writer has combined such scholarship with so white a flame of poesy and such an insatiable love of life and living. Good sherris-sack and lively conversation meant more to him than any worldly honours, and so long as he had recognition for his genius and amusing friends and the price of a bottle he was content. The KING emerges as more lovable and less absurd than tradition would have him—an easy-going peaceable man with shrewd judgment and a genuine inclination to learning. One feels glad that both he and BEN were gone before the pale bigotry of Puritanism took all the colour out of the life they had known.

Mr. FRANCIS BRETT YOUNG's new novel is not, superficially, the most attractive he has given us; but it is a solid, well-rounded and (in its own way) inimitable achieve-

ment, and carries a theme that bristles with technical difficulties to an entirely triumphant conclusion. A Midland manufacturing town in the throes of industrial upheaval sees a "Napoleon of hardware," *Mr. Bulgin*, on the upgrade, and his old schoolfellow, *George Lorimer*, on the down. *Lorimer's* works, however, are still an asset, and so is *Lorimer's* niece. *Mr. Bulgin* (fifty-seven and a widower) will do the chivalrous thing. He will buy up the property and the niece. *Susan* and old *Lorimer*, however, see differently; and *Susan* marries a gallant and unworldly young clerk, though she lacks both the character and training to see to its heroic conclusions a marriage of poverty and affection. Their creator has shirked nothing of the innocent vulgarity of *Mr. and Mrs. Pennington* (HEINEMANN, 8/6), yet he ends by creating an atmosphere warmly sympathetic to both; *Pennington* in particular shining by contrast with the gross security of his elders and his own too limited opportunities. Conspiracies, both open and tacit, threaten the precarious little *ménage*. *Bulgin* continues to covet *Susan* and plays (but with limited success) the part of KING DAVID to *Pennington's* URIAH. Their background is eloquently indicated; and the *Penningtons'* shoddy little bungalow, contrasted with the graceful, shabby old home of *Pennington's* Shropshire aunt, sums up pretty adequately the new world we have so fatuously called into being to redress the balance of the old.

There is all the difference in the world between being present at an event and hearing about it afterwards, and it is because so much of *Sarah Gay* (HEINEMANN, 7/6) makes me feel that Miss MARY BORDEN is just telling her readers what happened after it is all over that I cannot think it as superlatively good as one or two of her earlier books are. It is a pity, for, though her theme—the love of a young and unawakened wife for a man years younger than her elderly husband—is not new, her characters (particularly *Sarah*) and their environment are interesting. *Sarah*, when the story opens, is nursing with the French Red Cross; her husband, a viscount and a British General, is coming back from his Command in the East, a failure, though that *Sarah* does not know, and her lover, *Johnnie Gay*, is an officer in our Army. The child of a country vicar, whose daughters have all made the most amazing marriages, *Sarah* has a conscience as well as her two children to make the course of passionate love run far from smooth; and, as *Johnnie* is—may Miss BORDEN forgive me!—as nasty a little man as I have met playing hero in a novel for many a long day, there is material enough for complications. Miss BORDEN herself, though she does her best for her lovers, is too sophisticated or too conscious of *Johnnie's* defects to promise them a happy future, though she gives her book a happy ending by cutting it off at the right moment. Most of the action takes place in that Paris, peopled with rather unpleasant aristocrats, which she paints with so much intimacy, and her war scenes too are, as might be expected of her, very well done.



THE RIGHT HON. —— BROADCASTING HIS SOUL-STIRRING SPEECH.
(The famous politician (marked ×) in the privacy of his study).

It is conceivable that, even after the lapse of thirteen years, *Zeppelins Over England* (HARRAP, 8/6) may arouse rather mixed feelings in this country. But however that may be, it is well that Freiherr VON BUTTLAR BRANDENFELS' book has now been excellently translated by Mr. HUNTLEY PATERSON, for it is a valuable and most informing addition to the history of the War. The author, who commanded the first Zeppelin to cross our coast, took part in no fewer than nineteen raids, and his description both of them and of the preparations that preceded them is extraordinarily graphic and frank. Once or twice he makes statements which we certainly will never accept as true, but for the most part he writes without any vindictiveness, and he pays ungrudging compliments to the accurate shooting of our anti-aircraft batteries. This is a tale of thrilling adventure written by a remarkably brave man.

No lurid revelations are to be found in *My Deeds and Misdeeds* (BLACKWOOD, 7/6), for, although "A NAVAL WIFE" sometimes goes out of her way to proclaim herself frivolous and flirtatious, it requires no excessive perspicacity to see that really she is as devoted a mother as she is an almost doting wife. But, determined under all conditions to make life as happy as possible, she amused herself as best she could, and her chronicle of minor adventures, if occasionally a shade too lipsticky for all tastes, is thoroughly vivacious and entertaining. In a world that is inclined to be overburdened by gloom I feel especially grateful to a writer who, whatever her difficulties may be, resolutely refuses to grouse and grumble. And in the sidelights it throws upon the lives of those whose husbands are serving in the Navy her narrative is most illuminating.

Bad News for the Thirsty.

"Following their setback in late dealings yesterday Breweries were again lower, Bass, Distillers and Guinness all falling, the latter being noticeably flat."—*Financial Article in Evening Paper.*

"*Naked Fakir.* By Robert Bernays (Gollancz. 10s. 6d.)
Mr. Bernays' book does not pretend to be a full-dress study of Gandhi in his later phases."—*Daily Paper.*
It is more accurately a loin-cloth survey.

"CHARMING OLD TUDOR RESIDENCE with thatched roof in a delightful situation."— *Advt. in Local Paper.*
We like our roof best on top of the house.

American Prohibition has been defined as an organised hip-pocketcy.

CHARIVARIA.

THE remarkable fall in the price of grapes is attributed to a rumour current in Socialistic circles that they are sour.

***

In a table showing the state of Parties *The News-Chronicle* classified Liberal followers of Sir JOHN SIMON as "Sim." No separate column was devoted to "Sam."

***

Before the General Election Mr. EDGAR WALLACE announced his intention to write a novel which would put Blackpool on the map. Blackpool showed ingratitude in putting Mr. WALLACE on the mat.

***

In Whitechapel "KID" LEWIS was credited with only a hundred-and-fifty-four votes; but the famous pugilist was too good a sportsman to demand a recount.

***

At a trial in Seville the judge quelled a disturbance by the public by drawing a revolver. His gesture was regarded as tantamount to a reminder that the court was not a place of entertainment.

***

A *Times* reader demands to know who was responsible for removing the gilding from the statue of PRINCE ALBERT in 1914. We understand that it was done on the advice of Treasury experts.

***

"There is a general concensus (*sic*) of opinion in the City," writes a financial authority, "that this country should not be in any hurry to stabilise its currency." Still, it should lose no time in stabilising its spelling.

***

"Make money at home and defy poverty," advises an advertisement. We know a man who took this advice too literally, and found it impossible to defy the law regarding counterfeit coin.

***

Unsound potatoes are being dumped into the Wash, so now Lincolnshire fishermen are expecting to find both fish and chips in their nets.

***

A Jewish scholar claims that jazz is of Hebraic origin. This assertion is probably based on the blast of trumpets that caused the collapse of the walls of Jericho.

***

Three hundred Society women of New York have organised to teach the poor how to economise. In self-defence the poor should organise to teach the rich how to spend money.

***

"The old-fashioned English breakfast is most monotonous and devoid of variety," laments a writer. We suggest that the writer should try buying his breakfast-egg from our grocer.

***

Considering the quality of the stuff our coal merchants are selling nowadays, heaping coals of fire on anyone's head is practically impossible.

***

A number of people in a suburban



"COULD YOU SPARE ME A COPPER, LADY? LOOK!—THERE'S A NEW MOON AND I'VE GOT NOTHING TO TURN OVER."

theatre queue witnessed a smash-and-grab raid at a jeweller's shop. The authorities are seriously considering whether they should charge extra entertainment tax for this sort of thing.

***

A policeman who has been sent to prison for breaking into a shop and then reporting his own burglary is said to be an amateur actor. Perhaps so, but he should be careful of doubling parts like that.

***

Golf is now played to a great extent in the Army. Already sergeant-majors have coined words that will probably be enshrined in the permanent vocabulary of the game.

***

It snowed in the North of Scotland last week. The last throes of summer.

***

A contemporary gives a list of songs that won the War. We could mention a few modern ones that would be quite enough to start one.

***

A gossip-writer mentions a novelist who says he has thirteen books to write in two years. We fear that nothing can be done about it.

***

During a wireless appeal for funds listeners-in were reminded that true charity was not letting the right hand know what the left hand was doing. The little girl who plays the piano next-door must be very generous.

***

Dr. JOSIAH OLDFIELD is quoted as advocating that man should take his food lying down. Another who holds this view is our cook.

***

"Without wine," says Mr. HILAIRE BELLOC, "man is an ox." This of course explains the difference between the ox and the Bellox.

***

"Mr. LLOYD GEORGE," says a gossip-writer, "once lived in Tooting." We feel that it would be more graceful to let bygones be bygones.

***

Bananas are being boomed as a first-rate brain food. So the old song should now go, "Let's all go down the Strand and stimulate our intelligence."

***

"Why do people queue up so much for first-night theatre performances?" asks a dramatic critic. Presumably because they cannot know what the play is like.

***

A writer who says that SHAKESPEARE was the Earl of OXFORD claims to be "the Watson of the Oxford Movement." So the Earl of OXFORD must have been SHAKESPEARE'S spiritual Holmes.

MR. HENDERSON DINES.

MENU.

HORS DE COMBAT.

SOUPE PROFONDE.

OEUILS POCHÉS.

COD À LA DÉCOUVERTE.

CHAUDFROID AUX ELECTEURS.

MÉDAILLONS SAUVE-QUI-PEUT.

BOMBE NATIONALE GLACÉE.

DÉSERT POLITIQUE.

UNCLES' HOUR.

Uncle Arthur. Well, George, it's up to you now. It is indeed a strange world where Henderson should stand down and ask Lansbury to assume the mantle. One of the presumably Bright Young People described it as Faith giving way to Works. I cannot follow this—but there, I shall never follow. I was born to lead. But that the name of Lansbury should be——

Uncle George. Nothing wrong, I hope, with the name of Lansbury? Think of what I've done already. Seats in Trafalgar Square——

Uncle A. (*with heavy sarcasm*). Fiddling with seats in Trafalgar Square when everywhere else Labour seats were in peril!

Uncle G. What about bathing in Hyde Park? My heart bleeds when I think that Londonderry may go and reverse my swimming-pool.

Uncle A. (*stiffly*). These references are not in the best of taste, George, when our Party is submerged. But it will rise again. It will rise.

Uncle G. Between you and me, Arthur, what would have been your feelings if you had woke up and found that after all you'd got to monkey about with the Banks and the principal industries?

Uncle A. I am a disheartened man, George; and we are alone—I will speak frankly. I should have broken out into a cold sweat. All over me, George.

Uncle G. But look here, Arthur—you've handed me the baby. Tell me a bit more about the Bankers' Ramp. I'm only cut out for Parks and Open Spaces. What am I to say if the pound keeps bobbing about?

Uncle A. (*sadly*). It won't—now. And you can forget the Bankers' Ramp. Go on working the Capitalist stunt. Ask Cripps to do some more of the "Juggernaut" stuff.

Uncle G. Cripps! Fat lot he'll stick it, unless—— Blimey!

Uncle A. Cannot you, George, remember that you are speaking to one who until recently was Foreign Secretary? The coarseness of your tongue distresses me. But you were saying "Unless——"?

Uncle G. Unless—unless another George is going to step into the breach. What's L. G. going to do?

Uncle A. That may come, of course. How soon one cannot say. In the meantime get busy on Tariffs and Free Trade.

Uncle G. (*desperately*). I can't do it. I can't mug up Tariffs and suchlike at my time of life. Now more flowers in the parks and beer-gardens—that's more in my line. I can understand that. I suppose Tariffs will lower the standard of living? My heart bleeds——

Uncle A. Yes, yes. You remember that Jim Thomas told you once that we wanted less of your bleeding heart and more of—we needn't repeat all of what Jim said. But when I think—when I think, George, of Jim's low tastes and Ramsay's limitations I shudder for democracy. How could they, George—how could they?

[*Conversation interrupted at this point by a telephone-call from Churt.*]

A TRANSACTION IN RUBBER.

ODDLY enough I had a little money in my pocket, money which was not mortgaged in advance, money to play with. It does not often happen so. The occasion was one to be celebrated. "How," I said to myself, warming my hands at the fire, for the weather had turned very cold—"how about a little flutter in rubber?"

I looked at the Financial columns. Rubber, the Financial columns told me, was in a sad way. This, said the "ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS" (having first postulated that nothing they said should afterwards be used in evidence against them)—this was no time to speculate in rubber.

I went down to see a little man I know.

"What," I asked—"what about rubber? How does rubber stand in the market?"

"Rubber," said the little man—"rubber is a drug in the market." And did I know that nearly all the drugs in the market come from abroad? Now that the pound had shifted its stance the price of drugs was bound to go up. Rubber was certain to come in for its share of inflation.

"And so, if you really feel like buying rubber," said the little man, "you might do worse than buy it now."

"Well," I asked myself, "should it be rubber?" My last investment in rubber (during the rubber boom) had not done so badly. Indeed it had done very well. It had kept me in comfort for a year or two. But recently, like my other investments, it had depreciated. It looked very dubious now. I knew that because I had taken it out the night before and looked at it. After all, why rubber? There were other materials.

But the little man shook his head at the suggestion.

"Well, no," said the little man. "I do not really advise them as a good investment. When all is said and done, there is nothing like rubber."

One grows older and we had had the first sharp frost the night before. "Make it," I said resolutely to the little man—"make it rubber." And I came away from the drug-stores with a new hot-water-bottle.

THE HARD-HIT BURGLAR.

["There is a fundamental change in the police beat system. . . . The uniformed man on foot is supplemented by men patrolling in motor-cars or on motor and pedal cycles."
Article in Daily Paper.]

"NEVER," he growled, "has business known
Such terrible depression;
One's chances of success have grown
From bad to rotten; take my own—
The criminal—profession.

"While formerly a burglar had
A profitable calling,
For any modern-day young cad,
However bright and keen a lad,
The outlook is appalling.

"The fatness of the season's crops
For crooks engaged in stealing,
In burgling banks or rifling shops,
Varies according to the cops
With whom those crooks are dealing.

"Although conveyances more fleet
Are handier for shock work,
The Force till lately used its feet,
And every copper tramped a beat
As regular as clockwork.

"For years their loyalty to hikes
By schedule was tremendous;
But nowadays the dirty tikes
Resort to push- and motor-bikes
And cars to apprehend us.

"Apparently they want the power
To set the blooming earth right,
Employing these machines to scour
The countryside that once were our
Indubitable birthright.

"Now visions nightly haunt my sleep
Of tussles with a truncheon,
And qualms upon my conscience creep
That I was balmy not to reap
A harvest while the sun shone."

I thought: From such a tale of crimes
As through our lives we press on,
We miserable mortals (I'm
Affected thus from time to time)
Should learn a useful lesson.

Let's hope, as we reflect upon
This vile delinquent's heyday,
That we'll be able later on
To show that while the sun has shone
We've diligently made hay. C. B.

"Generosity is a fine trait, but it is often closely stalked by vanity. . . . The helping hand should never afterwards write how much it helped."—*Daily Express.*

But will Lord BEAVERBROOK always remember this?



THE SPLENDID SWORD.

"THE BEST BIT OF WORK I'VE EVER DONE; AND I FEEL SURE YOU CAN BE TRUSTED TO USE IT WELL."



New Arrival in Village (who has been asked to be President of a local Society). "WELL, GENTLEMEN, I'M VERY HONOURED, AND I SHALL HAVE MUCH PLEASURE IN BECOMING YOUR PRESIDENT."

Spokesman. "THANK 'EE, SIR. IT'S LIKE THIS—SQUIRE'S AWAY, PARSON'S ILL, AND NOBODY ELSE WON'T TAKE IT ON, SO WE COME TO YOU."

THAT'S THAT.

No, no, no.

I really can't hear any more about the *reasons* for the great victory won by the National Party last week. They won. Let us all be glad about it. Fascinating though it may be to translate numbers into psychology after a General Election, I have this time heard enough. The causes are so many and so different—and all so good.

George Entwistle may have been the first—he was certainly not the last—to tell me that he had analysed it.

"Been through the whole thing," he said, puffing out his cheeks a little, "and it's as clear as day. Take the case of a constituency like Blank, with two Candidates, X and Y. You've only got to look at their figures——"

"You can't do that," I said. "It doesn't show more than their faces on the picture-page."

"—and you see at once what occurred. It's just the same everywhere. Given a party that's made an absolute fool of itself and there's bound to be a landslide. That means a great sweep. That means a turn-over. And then, mark you, *then* the floating voter comes in."

"I see," I said. "He gets on to the landslide, sweeps it and it turns over. But what happens in a completely dry constituency, say, like Harrow-on-the-Hill?"

"You don't get my point," he blew. "What I'm speaking of is the voter without previous convictions——"

"First offenders, you mean?"

It wasn't any good. Nothing really stops Entwistle. I had nearly half-an-hour of his analysis, ranging through the London and English boroughs right into the heart of the shires. It was when he was analysing the psychology of a given floating voter in East Suffolk that I accused him of violating the secrecy of the ballot, but he went on just the same.

How very much to be preferred was James Rice. That was at the golf-club. He said that he had known all along that England would come to its senses this time and give the confounded Socialists a jolly good kick in the seat of the pants and what was mine.

I told him that, and said that I thought his rapid survey of the course of events summed up the situation with absolute precision and what about another.

He said that if the country was ever faced with a similar crisis and the issues were put fairly and squarely before it he hadn't the slightest doubt that it would be certainly the same again. And so we did.

But I talked also to the woman who sells flowers at the corner of the street and has always sold flowers at the corner of the street, and her estimate was entirely different, as indeed I felt certain that it would be.

"It's them Communionists," she said. "Awful, they were, throwing their sticks and bottles about and I don't know what all, and putting ideas into the Navy, if you were to arsk *me*."

Very likely she was right, but the man in the tobacconist's told me that it was the Post Office savings that did it. They all felt certain the Socialists were going to have the lot of them, and that was quite enough for him.

"If they 'd gone on a month longer I'd have had mine out and put away in an old jar, I can tell you."

I expect he knew.

Angelica seemed to think it was the women.

"Nonsense!" I said with some heat. "Do you mean to tell me that all the

women went as one man to the poll and voted the same way?"

"Better than one man," she said. "They didn't have to ask where on earth the beastly polling-station was and then have to come back halfway because they didn't remember their number."

This struck me as rather crude.

At any rate, according to Carruthers, it had nothing to do with the triumph of Reason over Squandermania. This was brought about, he told me, entirely by the B.B.C. It was the first time, he said, that broadcasting had really swayed an Election and determined the result of it. And of course I wondered how he knew.

"Nearly every voter," he said, "heard all the important politicians talking to them personally, as you might say, in his own home. Think what that means. It means that they voted far more for the leaders than they did for their local man."

I wondered if Carruthers had ever lived in Wapentake Parva. But I told him also that I expected he was right. I was beginning to ask myself, and in fact I still ask myself, how it was that any of these Socialists ever got in at all, and why so few of all these wise people had been able to predict the majority a week before? Half-a-dozen statistical experts refused me when I bet them five bob it would be over two hundred. I might be rolling in luxury now. . . . But it's not much use going into that.

One of the fiercest arguments was that between Manby and the Colonel, in which Manby maintained that the turning-point was the pound, and here you had these fellers who dropped the pound and cut and run, while the Colonel said it was Tariffs and nothing but Tariffs, and the pound be jiggered. Manby refused to jigger the pound, and the Colonel went on insisting that Tariffs and nothing but Tariffs had swept the constituencies, illustrating the action with his right hand. Manby tried to score a point by asking what would have happened if the Socialists had offered Tariffs as well, and then the Colonel said they couldn't, and Manby replied they practically had, and a pretty fierce discussion ensued as to whether a feller can cut and run whilst dropping a pound and at the same time offer another feller a Tariff. It seemed to me to be the sort of thing one ought to try out on one's own front-lawn.

Even poor Charles had his own recipe for cooking the Socialist goose.

"Take BALDWIN and NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN on the one hand," he said.

I did.

"And now take RAMSAY and SNOWDEN on the other."



"HOW CAN YOU SAY I'VE GOT THE BETTER OF THE BARGAIN WHEN YOU HAVEN'T SEEN THE CAR I'VE GOT?"
"I SAW THE CAR YOU HAD."

I took them too.

"Wipe out the Liberals for a moment."

I removed them with my foot.

"Here you have these men, bitterly opposed on every point of politics, all of them advising the voters to vote the same way. Wasn't that good enough?"

It sounded good enough to me. But it's all finished anyway. I want to look at the new deal. EVOE.

"Every 'Daily Herald' reader will be supplied with results far later than has been possible at any previous election."
Daily Herald.

Was this merciful prescience?

EPITAPH ON A NOT UNWORTHY JOURNALIST.

HIS style may have needed the curb
And at times caused the captious to frown;
But he never used "sense" as a verb
And he rarely used "urge" as a noun.

Echoes of the Royal Wedding.

"Archbishop Carter was assisted by the Bishop of Chichester and the Rector of Balcombe.

They gaily tripped in with camp stools, thermos flasks, picnic baskets, and heavy overcoats, and while waiting they partook of an al fresco breakfast."—*Provincial Paper.*

DESK TELEPHONE.

UPON the desk of my study upstairs there now stands an extension telephone, offspring of big father telephone down in the hall below. Ever since a telephone-man, like the stork, visited us and left a dear little baby phonelet behind my life has been quite different. As a matter of fact I'm not certain that my career has not been completely wrecked.

For in the pre-desk-telephone era I used to work at my desk more or less without interruption. In the event, say, of the Editor of *The New York Times* calling up to commission an article at five hundred dollars, or Aunt Araminta asking me to dinner for the Thursday before Septuagesima, Frances, answering the phone in the hall below, would summon me downstairs by pressing a bell which rang discreetly outside my study-door. All very simple and primitive. The system, of course, had its drawbacks. The bell used to get pressed by the maid in error or by some darn fool in jest. Or gentlemen with Oxford accents and Transatlantic audacity used to try to sell us vacuum-cleaners at the front-door just when I, two feet away in the hall, was trying to converse with editors or aunts in an icy draught. And once the insulation perished somewhere on the upstairs bell-wires, and for nearly a week I received an apparent summons to the phone every time a heavy lorry passed.

On the other hand, when upstairs I did get some work done.

Then I saw a fellow I knew telephoning in his office. He just extended a languid arm, picked up the receiver and said things like, "Yes, you may rely on me," and "Make it Tuesday, if Smith agrees" (which sound like business, but really are golf); and all the while he was lolling at ease in his chair and even drawing care-free little diagrams on the blotting-paper. I thought of my draughty stand in the hall and then and there went right out, sent a postcard to the telephone company and bought several sheets of nice white blotting-paper.

From that moment I date the change in my life. The fact is, I just don't work any more. The new instrument stands on my desk, and every time I look up I catch its eye and it reminds me of someone I ought to ring up. At least it did for the first week; then I had used them all up, and it began to remind me of people I'd like to ring up; and, after we'd worked through those, of people I wouldn't mind ringing up; and then of people I might ring up without their minding; and then of people I might ring up and they could jolly well lump it.

If I try to take a pull at myself, give it a stern cold shoulder and bend to my work, within five minutes, as luck will have it, some ass rings *me* up, probably to ask whether I am ill as I haven't called him up for nearly half-a-day. And when such in-coming call does occur, instead of my discreet bell outside the door, a thing like a startled electric bumble-bee goes off just above my head. I jump as if shot in the chest and am generally so unnerved by the incident that I can neither answer coherently nor indeed do any more work for half-an-hour.

So, having used up or alienated practically all my telephone acquaintances and come to the end of my clean white blotting-paper, I have now taken up the study of extension telephones in general. They are an interesting hobby, how interesting many people probably don't realise. As the poet might have said had he not been handicapped by the rules of metre:

"An extension telephone neat and trim
A simple extension telephone was to him,
And it was nothing more."

To me it now *is* something more. It has, I find, great possibilities. Here are some of the things that I can do with mine:—

(1) Listen-in to conversations between Frances and her dressmaker without either of them knowing. Most instructive.

(2) Terminate any conversation which I may find going on from the hall when I pick up my receiver in order to put through a call myself. If the person at the other end is nervous or impressionable it is sufficient to say in a sepulchral voice, apparently from the spirit-world, "Prepare to meet thy DOOM!" whereupon he or she hangs up hurriedly and probably isn't the same for weeks. In stubborn cases I put on a feminine voice and keep on saying, "Hev you finished?" or "Numbah, please!" till, growing tired of shouting maledictions, they hang up in disgust and I can ask peaceably for my number.

(3) Improve Frances' extremely casual treatment of the truth. Till I heard with my own left ear, when she didn't know I was listening-in, her garbled version of something I was supposed to have said, I couldn't have believed any woman could get so far off the course and yet honestly think she was still in the fairway. Now Frances never knows when a voice from Heaven will not suddenly correct her wilder utterances and is accordingly slightly more veracious.

(4) Have a little chat with Frances in the hall without bothering to go downstairs or shout over the banisters. It is a trifle complicated, but it works. This is the way it's done. I wait till I hear Frances moving about in the hall somewhere near the phone. Then I hurriedly take my receiver off, and when the Exchange asks me pointedly for a number I tell them I was just wondering whether my bell was in proper working order, and would they test it? I next replace my receiver and



THE POLICEMAN WALKS OUT WITH HIS YOUNG LADY.



The Girl. "I SAY, YOU'VE BEEN PRETTY HEAVY ON MY FEET!"
Inexpert Youth. "SORRY, BUT I CAN'T SEE THEM WITH THAT DRESS."

wait till the phone-bell whirrs off downstairs. Frances naturally answers it to find out who's calling up, whereupon I whip my receiver off and can have quite a nice little chat before the indignant operator cuts in to ask what the hell . . . Even then it's quite on the cards that, hearing two busy voices talking, she assumes she has butted in on a conversation and retires gracefully.

I looked on this as one of the best things about my extension telephone, and used to calculate the money I saved in time taken to walk to the study-door and downstairs or in wear and tear caused by shouting over the banisters. But you can't, I find, get away with much with the British Telephone Service, and yesterday they not only drew even, but well ahead. They just waited till I had sunk several pounds in replenishing my stock of notepaper, complete with address and telephone number stamped thereon—and then changed my telephone number.

A. A.

Heavy Defences.

"WOMEN'S HOCKEY. . . . She is a right back who covers an enormous area."—*Daily Paper.*

THE PRODIGAL DAUGHTER.

As through my aching head they go,
The catch-words bandied to and fro
In this confounded crisis,
Like twinges in a long-stopped tooth,
Awake faint echoes of my youth
Beside the banks of Isis.
O MILL and MALTHUS, HOBBES and MAINE,
To think that once I had a brain
That grasped your subject matter!
While yet too young to claim a vote,
To think that I could glibly quote
RICARDO's cheerful chatter!

There was a time when learnéd dons
Would beg me weigh with *pros* and *cons*
Free Trade against Protection;
Or, gathering round me in the Schools,
Besought me to expound the rules
Of Gold and its collection.
And once, when on a rainy day
'Neath Radcliffe's dome I chanced to stray
In search of new sensations,
I read (I swear it's not a myth)
At least a page of ADAM SMITH
Upon *The Wealth of Nations.*

O Alma Mater, still to you
A not ungrateful daughter, through
The years the locusts pillage,
I pray you hear these halting rhymes
In memory of far-off times
When Cowley was a village;
And, if my politics don't quite
Reflect all ARISTOTLE's light,
You mustn't think it treason.
You call yourself a mother too,
Why, then you know what I go through,
No need to show you reason.

The grocer hasn't sent the rice,
The pantry's over-run with mice,
The kitchen sink is leaking;
The man has come about the drain,
The butcher's book is up again,
The study door is squeaking;
And Rosemary's begun to sneeze,
And Richard's broken both his knees,
And Robin's got odd socks on,
And Baby's climbing up the fence. . .
Oh, don't expect intelligence
From Mummie, M.A. Oxon.

"Capone took the sentence curiously . . . Outside the court he tried to vent his rage on a hotographer."—*Daily Paper.*

After his ordeal he might have been glad to see the man if he had only been a hotdographer.

THE TREASURY MIND.

I USED not to think much of Smith. He was a Treasury official, and you know what that means. People who spend their lives thinking of the various ways of levying additional taxation on their fellow-men or of cutting down the pay of their colleagues in other Government Departments must of necessity develop a mean type of mind. Smith was reputed to carry out his duties with some ability, but, not being a Treasury official myself, I could not speak with any real authority on that question. I could only judge him by his golf, which was so dreadful that I did not often go out of my way to meet him at the club. I was of course quite prepared to admit that forty years spent in extorting money from others might make him clever at that sort of thing, but I never even suspected that he had designs on anything of mine, least of all my car. But I suppose people with the Treasury mind simply cannot keep their hands from picking and stealing. The way he did it was so neat too. It was simplicity itself.

I lived on the opposite side of the road, and one day as I came out I saw Smith and his daughter, who, I admit, looked very attractive, walking along to the corner with their golf-clubs to catch a bus. Naturally I offered them a lift, and as they were so ecstatic about my car I felt that the least I could do was to say that I should be delighted to drop them at the club at any time when I happened to be going that way. Smith explained that Treasury officials, especially when on the point of retiring, as he was, could not afford to keep a car as well as a daughter. If she were only self-supporting, he said, the matter would be very different. This remark I did not see the inwardness of at the time. Being a business man, I swelled somewhat with pride at the implied compliment that I was laden with wealth, and just left it at that.

On the next occasion his daughter happened to be going to golf alone. She said her father was too tired to go, but this I now doubt. Anyhow, I had a most enjoyable round with her, and many others on subsequent occasions. As the car continued to be an attraction, I taught her to drive. And so it went on until, having shared my car for so long, it did not come very difficult to share my home. As I said, Joan was very charming.

* * * * *

My father-in-law can now afford a car, but, as he explained to me, "What's the use of our both having one? You're at business all day, and I'm not anxious to go out at night, so it would be sheer waste to buy another. Besides, you want to get value out of yours and you won't succeed in doing that if you leave it in the garage all day. In any case I'm too old to drive myself, so Joan would have to drive me, even if I had one. There's no point in making her learn to drive another. And after all it's only fair for me to look after your car when you look after my daughter. My Treasury training taught me always to endeavour to secure equality of sacrifice as far as possible."

I thought that was pretty cool. But you have not heard all. For the past six months those two have gone off daily to golf in my car until now he can give me six strokes in a round.

And even that doesn't finish it. Every little remark I make seems to be turned to account. Two days ago I told Joan that I felt a bit livery, and what do you think her suggestion was? I was quite prepared to hear her say that a day off would buck me up. But no. She said she thought it would be a good idea if I walked to the station every day instead of going in the car, because the exercise would benefit me. And yesterday at breakfast I was foolish enough to say that a holiday in Scotland would be rather jolly. On my return I found those two planning a motor-tour in the Western Highlands.

If I could only think of a way of getting square with him it would not be so bad, but I have not got the Treasury mind. I am not one of those who could take the milk out of other people's tea. He ought to have been a dentist. If he couldn't extract things painlessly he could always get Joan to help him administer the anæsthetic.

Thank heaven he had retired before Mr. SNOWDEN's Economy Budget was drafted.

INEVITABLE ITERATION.

(Suggested by the latest clichés of Musical Critics.)

DAY after day, week after week,
My brains I cudgel as I seek
Fit phrases for the latest freak.

But you, SIBELIUS, gifted Finn,
I reckon quite the least akin
To the mere devotees of din.

Frugal of your resources, you
Demand, for your appraisal due,
Two adjectives and only two.

It is not that you're mild or meek,
It is not that you're slick or sleek,
But always "stark" and always "bleak."

So till your sun, if ever, sets
And WOOD your tristful Muse forgets
I'm wedded to these epithets.

C. L. G.

CHEAPER HUNTING.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—A few weeks ago you made the ingenious pictorial proposal that if hounds were muzzled one fox might be made to last the whole season.

Viewing this proposal with an eye trained (if I may say so) to its limits in scientific economics and all that, I perceived at least two serious objections. These are (*a*) the cost of the muzzles, which, unless met by holding a bazaar or something, might easily infuse another dash of iron into the soul of an over-harassed Hunt Treasurer, and (*b*) the doubtful advantage, from the point of view of chickens and chicken-owners, of making a fox last a moment longer than is necessary.

Let me therefore offer a rather fruity—I mean a much sounder spot of economy for the hunting-field. As an impartial scientific observer I have always noticed that the majority of hounds appear to do little more than buzz along after the ones in front. My idea would be to cut out this frightful waste canine material. Dash it all, Sir, a couple of able-bodied hounds should surely be sufficient to tootle after a small fox! They might have to hustle a bit more to pick up the scent and all that, but then, as Lord What's-his-name said so marvellously only the other day, we must all of us, *whatever our age, station or sex*, push a little harder at the jolly old wheel.

A couple of hounds to a pack, sharing a nice double-bedded kennel, and down come your overhead costs or your running expenses or whatever you call them. Major Cottesmore-Bludde can snort as much as he likes, but, if you ask me, all this canine excess in the hunting-field is largely a matter of tradition.

Dash it all once more, Sir, a fellow doesn't mobilise a mass of dogs when he chases elephants or hippopotami! Well, I mean to say, you have only to place a fox beside an elephant or a hippopotamus and you see at once how—er—footling it all is.

I am,
Yours sportingly and patriotically,
D. C.

"TO-DAY IN THE GARDEN.
Sweep up leaves which now fall twice a week, or the garden will soon be thick with them."—*Daily Paper.*

Ours always fall on Saturdays and Sundays when the gardener is not there to sweep them up.

"WHERE STANDS SOCIALISM NOW? BY GEORGE LANSBURY, M.P."—*Daily Paper.*

We don't know, but it doesn't sit very much.



Jones (a little conscious of the provincial cut of his trousers, to West-End tailor). "THESE WERE MADE FOR ME—ER—IN ANOTHER PLACE."

Tailor. "OH, WE SHALL IGNORE THEM, SIR."

CHIAPPE IN LONDON.

MONSIEUR CHIAPPE of the Paris Police
Came over to view the Election:
The end of his visit, the expert avowed,
Was to see how a Bobby could handle a crowd
And to make an impromptu inspection
Of methods for dealing with voters and traffic,
With losers or winners who riot or maffick—
And perhaps for improving the regular armoury
(With a truncheon or so?) of the Paris *gendarmerie*,
In case by the Seine there's a *bloc* or a fight
Next spring, when the plane of the boulevard marries
New leaves to old boughs and the burgess of Paris
Casts his vote for the Centre, the Left or the Right:
And there's just the odd chance of a jolly good scrap
For the stout-hearted minions of Monsieur CHIAPPE.

Monsieur CHIAPPE of the Paris Police
Had only forty-eight hours of it;
And I gather he quitted Great Britain in doubt,
Before the results of the contest were out,
But he witnessed a few of the flowers of it;
For they motored him down in the foggiest spell
To a polling-station in Whitechapel;
There were no barricades or armed battalions,
Or red flags waved by tatterdemalions;
Order reigned; and I hope he noted
That the arm of the law had sheathed its *bâton*,
And one arm at least a baby sat on,
Which the constable held while the mother voted.
Et voilà une idylle domestique to cap
Your *souvenirs anglais, cher Monsieur* CHIAPPE.

LETTERS TO AN EXILE.

DEAR ROONA,—You are lucky to be far away from England and its Election turmoil. Oddly enough, however, the quietest week-day I ever found in the City, where there was no contest, was the day of the polling, for everyone seemed to have gone off to the outlying constituencies and there was hardly any traffic at all. "What better opportunity could there be," said I to myself, said I, "to proceed unharmed to Lloyd's and see the little museum that has just been opened there in honour of Lord NELSON?" Especially as that hero's famous message to his fleet at the battle of Trafalgar had been adopted by the National Party.

The new and magnificent Lloyd's, in Leadenhall Street, has been built on the site of the old East India Office, and the NELSON relics, the pious and patriotic gift of Mr. E. S. LAMPLOUGH, are in a little room like a cabin, with a gay frieze of pennants round the top—these being the flags of all the vessels attacking under NELSON on that memorable day—while at the far end the deathless message is spelt out word by word and letter by letter, for, though the eight words, "England expects that every man will do his," could be managed by as many code-flags, there was, oddly enough (or perhaps naturally enough), no code-flag for "duty," and so there had to be four single letters: D.U.T.Y. As a matter of fact, I was told by the very erudite and sympathetic attendant, this was not exactly what the Admiral meant to say. He meant to say, "Nelson confides that every man will do his duty"—which probably would have been more stimulating than the other, for NELSON was near and real and their darling, whereas England was distant and somewhat abstract and rather in the habit of expecting a vast deal of them; but as there was no code-flag for "Nelson" and none for "confide" and there wasn't time or room to spell them out, the better-known phrase came in. But "Nelson confides" is splendid.

The other exhibits are more personal. There are a large number of letters in NELSON'S hands—and I say "hands" because the first are before he lost his right arm, and the others after, when he had to use his left. They are straightforward letters, such as an honest sailor should write, pretty well spelled, though it is true he calls the followers of the PROPHET "musselmen" and "convenience" "convenice," and not quite so well punctuated. There are pieces of plate from a service which Lloyd's was proud to present to him; there are many portraits, including a radiant mezzotint by VALENTINE GREEN, and there is a shabby old telescope, which, however, to my great chagrin, turned out not to be the historic instrument through which he could not see the enemy, but another. Of Lady HAMILTON there is only one sign—a kindly letter to her from NELSON'S father in 1801 with a reference to "my dear son."



Conscientious Patriot. "STILL, IF I HADN'T GIVEN UP TWO DAYS OF MY HOLIDAY TO COME BACK AND VOTE, HE'D HAVE HAD ONLY 50,999 MAJORITY."

Walking about this vast sumptuous building I found myself, in spite of its present glories, thinking of its predecessor, the East India House, in which, a few days after NELSON'S death in 1805, sat at a high desk a little man with a large head, a fine Jewish cast of countenance and immaterial legs, who was writing on East India Company's notepaper in East India Company's time to his friend, WILLIAM HAZLITT. The fabric has gone, but it was in this same space, now enclosed by alien masonry, that CHARLES LAMB'S pen was moving. "Wasn't you sorry for Lord Nelson?" he wrote. "I have followed him in fancy ever since I saw him walking in Pall Mall (I was prejudiced against him before), looking just as a Hero should look; and I have been very much cut about it indeed. He was the only pretence of a Great Man we had. Nobody is left of any Name at all."

When the social history of these years is written the Power of the Dog will need a special chapter. Never, I am told, has there been such a dog *cultе* as at the present time. The last meeting of the Kennel Club at the Crystal Palace had a record number of entries, and a new book about dogs comes out almost literally every day. Not to own a dog or be owned by one is now a disgrace. I see no sign, however, that they are getting at all above themselves or in any way changing. The black cocker puppy that was given to me a little while ago is just like all the black cocker puppies I have known: impulsive, forgetful, uncomplicated, importunate and loving. When she forces the thin end of her wedge under my hand in order that her head may be again fondled I think always of ARCHIMEDES and his remark about lifting the world if he had but a fulcrum for his lever. The concentrated energy of all the black cockers desiring attention could do anything.

Before I stop let me tell you that one of the most cheering sights in London for a long while is the zeal with which the British Working Man (who likes to leave off punctually and to begin to leave off some minutes before) has been rebuilding the fountain in Piccadilly Circus, on which ALFRED GILBERT'S Eros is once again to be poised. Normally the road-menders of London finish by day; but on the Eros fountain work has gone on at night too. These men, whom no money can tempt to stay longer when the modest house-holder's pipes burst, see what they are willing to do for Love!

E. V. L.

"In the Attercliffe Division of Sheffield two women maintained their record of being the first voters at every election for 30 years."
Evening Paper.

The Suffrage agitation must have left these two cold.

"NEWCASTLE MARKET: FINAL REPORT. CATTLE CHEAPER: SHEEP DRAGGING: PIGS QUIET."—*Local Paper.*

Well, that's something.

There appears to be no foundation for the rumour that the editor of *Action* is contemplating the issue of a daily edition to be called *The Daily Harold*.

PAYMENT IN KIND.

WHAT THE FALL FROM THE GOLD STANDARD MIGHT BRING US TO.



"A COUPLE OF STALLS, PLEASE."



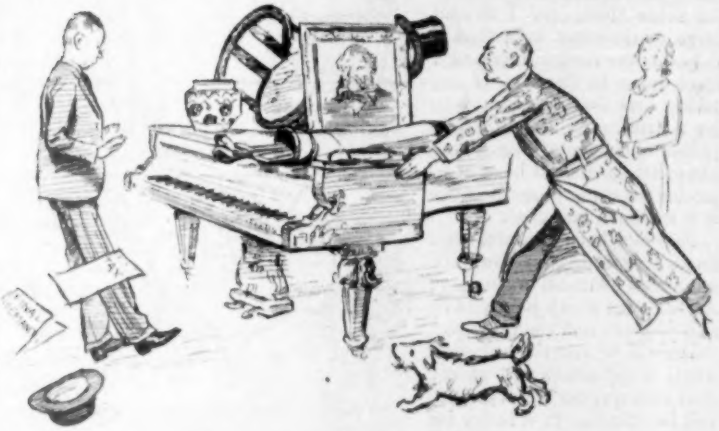
"THE EVENING PAPER, PLEASE."



"A COLLAR-STUD, PLEASE."



"SIX CABINET PHOTOGRAPHS, PLEASE."



"IN SETTLEMENT OF MY TAX ARREARS."



MINOR POET SETTLES HIS BILL AT A RESTAURANT—



AND LEAVES A TRIFLE UNDER THE PLATE FOR THE WAITER.

SIMPLE STORIES.

THE DISHONEST LAWYER.

WHEN Mrs. Sequin was about fifty years old an aunt of hers who had always been rather nasty to her died and left her all her money. And she was quite well off already but it was nice to have a bit more especially as she was very charitable and liked subscribing to causes, and now she could afford to keep a motor-car, but she thought she had better go and see her lawyer about it first because he had always taken care of her money for her and paid her so much a year out of it from investments and things like that.

So she went to see her lawyer whose name was Mr. Ferment, and when she had told him about her aunt's money he said well I wish she had died a week ago as it might have saved me from ruin, but I am afraid it is too late now.

And she said why what do you mean? And he said well I have been making away with money belonging to my clients for some time, and I should have made away with that if it had come earlier, but now I have come to the end of my tether and there will have to be a trial. As far as I can judge, and I know something about trials, I shall be sent to prison for some years because it is rather a bad case.

And Mrs. Sequin said do you mean to tell me that you have made away with all my money? And he said every penny of it, and you are not the only one, there will be many sore hearts when it all comes out at my trial and quite a lot of people will be ruined. It is lucky for you that you have got this new lot of money, you will not be so well off as you were before and may have to move into a smaller house, but anyhow you won't starve and that is always something.

Well Mrs. Sequin was very much shocked at what he had told her and she said how ever did you come to be so dishonest? I thought I was quite safe with you.

And he said ah that has been my undoing because I am not honest really and if people had only known that they would not have trusted me. It started with wanting to be a little richer than I was, which is always such a mistake, and I took to betting, and gambling on the Stock Exchange, and I lost so much money over it that I simply *had* to take some that belonged to my clients. Of course I meant to put it back, but I don't know whether you have noticed that people who act like that never do put it back. Well I have had quite a good time and now I have got to pay for it, I can't complain because Society must be protected from people like me and whatever I get I shall deserve.

And Mrs. Sequin said but the people whose money you have taken won't deserve it. And he said that is a very true observation, but you can't embark on a career of crime without landing other people in the mess, I am more sorry for my wife and children than anybody because blood is thicker than water.

And she said well what are they going to do? Because she knew Mrs. Ferment and the children and liked them.



"HE . . . RECITED AMUSING PIECES WHEN THERE WAS A PRISONERS' CONCERT."

And he said I don't quite know what they will do while I am in prison, but if they can stick it out somehow I shall make some more money for them when I am let out, and in about ten years' time we shall all be laughing about it, unless I get longer, and I might, because as I say it is a bad case and we have had too much of that kind of thing lately.

Well there was a trial and the judge said he should have to take a serious view of it and send Mr. Ferment to prison for nine years. And Mr. Ferment thanked him for not making it more and he said the trial had been a very fair one and he should quite have enjoyed it if he hadn't been standing where he was. And the judge said it is a very sad thing to see a man of your education standing where you are and I hope this will be a lesson to you. And Mr. Ferment said he hoped it would and went off to prison.

Well it was lucky for Mrs. Ferment that Mrs. Sequin took an interest in her and the children, and she helped her to set up a hat-shop, because she had always been good at trimming hats for herself and it was only fair that other people should pay her for doing it for them. And she got on so well that she was able to send the children to good schools, with Mrs. Sequin paying half for them, and they took a house together and were very comfortable, and Mrs. Sequin hardly missed the money that Mr. Ferment had made away with as the disagreeable aunt had left her enough to live on and she liked having a family life better than living alone. And Mrs. Ferment was fairly happy too, but she couldn't forget that she had a husband, and she said to Mrs. Sequin I don't care what he has done, he never once lifted his hand against me and he ate whatever I put before him without grumbling, and I don't care what anybody says, husbands are better than hats and when mine comes out of prison he shall never hear an unkind word about it from me.

And Mrs. Sequin said well he won't from me either, I always did like him, he was so persuasive, and he looked after my money very well until he made away with it, it came as regular as clockwork and I never had any trouble about it at all.

Well Mr. Ferment didn't care about being in prison, it wasn't what he was used to, but he made the best of it and helped the Governor of the prison with his accounts and advised him about his investments, and he made jokes with the warders and recited amusing pieces when there was a prisoners' concert, and he was so popular in the prison and behaved so well that he was let off three years of his sentence, and came home one morning in a taxi-cab just in time for lunch. And Mrs. Ferment almost fainted, she was so pleased to see him, and Mrs. Sequin was pleased to see him too, but thought he was looking rather thin.

Well after Mr. and Mrs. Ferment had had a little holiday in Brighton, which Mrs. Sequin paid for, Mr. Ferment set

to work to make some money. And he couldn't do it as a lawyer because he wasn't one any longer, they wouldn't have him, but he was so good at advising people about their investments and things like that that he got a lot of business, and he always told them that it wouldn't be safe to trust him with money because it was only a temptation to him to make away with it, so they never did that, but paid him for his trouble. And he often used to say to Mrs. Sequin who went on living with them that he was much happier living on what he made himself than when he had been making away with money belonging to his clients. And he said the only thing I regret besides spending six years in prison and never even knowing who had won the boat-race is the number of people I ruined. Still you must take the rough with the smooth and they got their fun out of sending me to prison for it which was such a lesson to me that I don't believe I should make away with anybody's money now even if I got the chance.

And Mrs. Sequin said well you never will get the chance with mine. A. M.

"OPERA. Old Vic and Sadler's Wells scheme appears permanently to have established nighty opera in London."—*News List.* We wonder what Miss BAYLIS will have to say to this charge.

MORE SCROOBY.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—Pardon me for addressing you in this personal manner. I wouldn't do it, if only because I hate writing letters. But the fact is that we—you and I—have put your foot in it, and we have to face a crisis of possibly world-wide moment.

A short time ago some verses appeared in your columns on the closing of Scrooby station. I wrote them. In them I sang, I think with some passion, the exceeding beauty of the name Scrooby and dismissed the place Scrooby as of no importance. (Nor is it, as compared with its name.) Then the floodgates were opened and you, I regret to say, were for it. Such a stream of protests poured into your office from all over the country that, I understand, extra postmen had to be engaged to cope with their delivery. Your Editor, a good man, sent me a large bundle with the sarcastic remark that it was *a* specimen of what he had to endure. It appears that once, long ago, Scrooby had its hour. Details seem to vary, but either all the Pilgrim Fathers, or some of them, or at all events a gentleman named BREWSTER, who was one of them, lived in Scrooby or set out from Scrooby on that adventure to which we owe the United States.

Did you know that, Mr. Punch? You did not. Nor did I. But for me it doesn't matter; I am only an ignorant bard. The trouble is that, carried away by the delicate loveliness of the word "Scrooby" I have shaken that reputation for omniscience that has ever been yours. I am sorry.

But I would not close on too dark a note. In this upstirring, Scrooby herself is, I believe, silent. The Scroobians (a noble tribe) have uttered no protest. Whether they are already stunned by the loss of their station or are too deeply wounded for mere words, whether they remain serenely confident of their dignities or don't give a hang, I am not aware. If they are silent, others may be silent. If Scrooby doesn't care, perhaps America won't.

And, I stick to it, it *is* a lovely name.

Trusting Mme. Judy is well,

Your apologetic bard,

DUM-DUM.

"GOLF BALL FOR CHARITY.

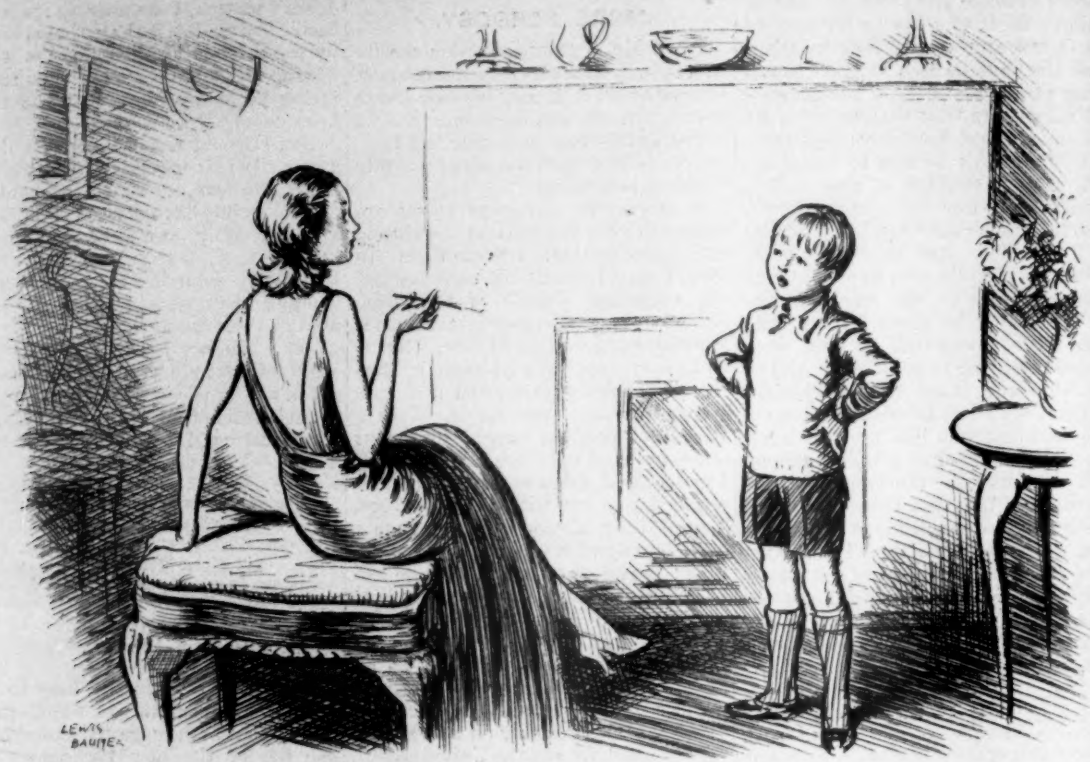
A Golf Ball at Grosvenor House, Park Lane, in aid of St. Mary's Hospital, will be one of the events of the Christmas Season."
Hospital Circular.

Mr. Punch hopes that many of his readers will go and hit it a crack.

As a little constructive help to the immediate difficulties of the Government, it has been suggested that during the life of the new Parliament the Strangers' Gallery should be allotted to the Opposition.



Owner. "COME ALONG, DARLING—DON'T DRAG."



"AUNTIE MABEL, I'VE OFTEN WONDERED—D' YOU CALL YOURS SHORT LONG HAIR OR LONG SHORT HAIR?"

THE ART OF BULBING.

AT this time of the year even nice women go round the house looking for places to plant bulbs in. Bowls that all through the long bleak summer have been doing useful male service as a receptacle for paper-clips, pipe-cleaners, golf-balls, pieces of string, and so forth are suddenly emptied out onto the table and the business of bulbing begins.

To a man—at least to this man—a bulb is just a bulb. But to a woman it is different. All women are natural botanists, and a bulb to them is either one of those heavenly blue things that Mrs. Ferret would have had if the cat hadn't jumped on it, or one of those darling little yellow poppets that Amy Ampersand had and killed the night she left the window open, or one of those tall daffodil affairs that dear Ruth cherished and dropped on her foot the week before the blossom was due, or one of those snowdroppy things that Aunt Amelia's canary got at before they were properly open and did the opening for them.

But knowing enough botany to name the species is the easiest part of bulbing. Anyone can go into a florist's and ask for a round dozen of *Scilla sibirica* or a *Tigrinum splendens*, though the *Chionodoxa Luciliæ* and the *Eranthis hiemalis* require a little more practice before the names can be tossed off casually to an inattentive shop-assistant who is talking over her shoulder to the cashier.

Once the bulbs are brought home they have to be treated like surgical cases on the danger-list. They must be left in the dark and kept warm and given tepid drinks at regular intervals. During this time it is quite unsafe to go to any cupboard or box-room for fear of giving a bowl of *Muscari plumosa* or a *Princeps maximus* a shock that may prove fatal. And all odd corners of coal-cellars and garden-rooms are full of hypochondriac croci and malingering jonquils.

But the real trouble begins when the day of bringing-forth arrives. Bowls, pots, glasses and *objets d'art* are perched along window-ledges, bookcases and mantelpieces, and communal opinion and flattery are invited. One by one bowls, pots, glasses and *objets d'art* are taken down and a finger is dubiously inserted into soil or fibre. Then the fun begins.

Until you have mixed with keen amateur bulbers you would hardly believe how near the question of Soil *versus* Fibre, like the great hyacinth heresy and the Light *versus* Darkness controversy, can come to breaking up a home.

Some families plant hyacinths in glass vases, leaving all the works showing, which is more like drawing-room conjuring than indoor gardening. Once this method has really bitten into a household all other hyacinths, no matter how large and lush, that have been grown in pots and brought in from the garden are as the weeds of the field.

And those who favour the latest *Nacktkultur* method of bulbing and believe in giving the bulbs all the fresh air and sunlight they can want right from the start, simply despise anything grown by the old-fashioned bulb-coddlers.

In fact the real miracle about bulbing is that other people's bulbs ever come up at all. Everyone else, it seems, must have a secret store where they can get unkillable bulbs. Any woman will tell you that if she treated her *Freesia refracta alba* as Gladys Gimlet treats hers they'd be dead in a single night.

And to an ardent bulber the sight of a healthy bulb sprouting and blossoming in the wrong kind of pot in the wrong sort of soil in a room on the wrong side of the house is as enraging as the sight of a happy Infidel to a conscientious Wahabi.



THE LISTENER.

"HOW HEARTENING TO HEAR THE *TRUE* VOICE OF BRITISH DEMOCRACY."



Snake-Charmer (to Assistant who is packing snakes in box after show). "NOW THEN, BILL—EASY WITH THE PYTHON. DON'T FORGET IT COST ME SEVENTEEN-AND-ELEVEN-THREE A YARD."

LETTER TO AUSTRALIA.

II.

DEAR AUSTRALIA,—Well, we have done it. We are rather pleased with ourselves, and I think you may like to hear a little more about it than you will read in the cables.

Our dear old lion has roused himself and given himself a shake which should provide Certain People with something to think about for the next five years—that is, if they are capable of thought.

At the moment they are too much surprised to think, and one cannot blame them. Not less surprised are the statesmen on the other side who have told us so often that they have perfect confidence in the good sense of the British people. For the first time they have really staked something on that confidence and, as the PRIME MINISTER neatly expressed it, they are "not only astonished but astounded" by the result. Personally, as one who for many years past has been imploring them to show some real confidence in our good sense in matters of conduct as well as politics, I feel like making a modest bow. Now that we have shown ourselves the possessors of such immense sagacity and self-control in a crisis of our public affairs perhaps we shall be allowed to manage our own private lives. It is not wholly an accident that almost the only member of the Socialist Ministry to retain his seat was jolly Mr. LANSBURY, who was not only a Socialist but really did trust the people all through his administration. He was the man, you may remember, who boldly said that the people of London could be trusted to have mixed bathing in Hyde Park without breaking out into orgies of immorality; and in the face of horrified opposition he not only established his "Lido," but made many other efforts to increase the liberties of the people. Now he is back in Parliament.

"Serious" politicians will never admit that "little things" like this matter: let them think again. Although, as they tell us now, we have risen immensely superior to all the meaner motives and appeals at this Election and have shown ourselves to be a a nation of MEN of the grandest dimensions, they will still, no doubt, want to look after our Sundays, our swimming, our cinemas and clubs and pubs and so on as if we were a nation of small children. With unerring judgment we have pierced through the mists of sophistry and selfishness (or so they say), mastered in a fortnight such vast problems as the Gold Standard and Tariff Reform and shown ourselves fit to choose the Empire's rulers for the next five years; but we remain unfit to choose our own refreshments, swimming-suits or Sunday occupations. But let us take heart; we have at the Home Office now a member of that great Liberal Party which has always stood so strong for Liberty, and when all this tiresome money and trade stuff has been dealt with we may surely look for great changes in the things that matter. Unless, of course, the Briton can only be trusted in a crisis, or, like a horse, must only be let out when the stable is on fire.

On Election night, as the results came crowding through, I murmured, "I am afraid it will be found that the Socialists have not been beaten fairly." Sure enough, the next morning I read that the entire nation had been grossly deceived by "a campaign unparalleled for its abuse and misrepresentation," that even "Labour" (which the day before knew everything) had been "stampeded by a storm of abuse and falsehood." One of the defeated Ministers tells us that their "defeat has been due to calumny and misrepresentation and scaremongering." No official list of the falsehoods and calumnies has yet been issued; the real complaint, I gather, is that the people were scared by the thought that their money might buy less food. So some of them were—and rightly. But the complaint comes oddly from a paper which on polling-day had a large headline: YOUR BREAD WILL COST YOU MORE. Apparently it

is legitimate and idealistic to warn the housewife that under tariffs her food may cost her more, but highly unscrupulous to suggest that under Socialism her money may buy less food.

A clear case of Nemesis, I fancy. It may be true that in these times fear plays too large a part in an important Election. But those who clamoured for and still profess to believe in Universal Suffrage are not the ones to complain of that; nor those who at every Election for a generation have been frightening the electors about the price of their food.

The same strange organ, in speaking of the National Government, still puts "National" in inverted commas. They might not like it if one wrote about the "Labour(?)" Party. But really one should. That title was always the Socialists' biggest asset, and at the moment they simply don't deserve it. They invariably describe the Conservatives, by the way, as "Tories," which is a term of abuse—comparable to "Bolshies."

Speaking of "campaigns of misrepresentation" and so on, another queer thing is this. The Conservatives, of course, are the "stupid party," and the other two parties have all the brains. And yet at Election times it is always the "Tories" who produce some vast Machiavellian plot, some masterpiece of cunning strategy which completely baffles their cleverer opponents and quite conceals the truth from the knowing electors. I am reminded of a golfing friend who, as a certain member came in from the eighteenth green grumbling about a pain in his knee, said, "Poor old X has never been beaten in perfect health."

This morning, as I write, two days after the poll, the "Bolshie"—I beg pardon, the "Labour" organ does go so far as to admit that neither "Tory dodge nor Tory fable . . . can be held guilty of the general result. The plain fact is that we have been beaten at every point in the field." And it goes on to argue that there must be "from top to bottom of the Party a thorough searching of consciences, a thorough overhauling of machinery."

But nothing about *ideas*. And this is saddening. Most of us agree that the majority is too large and would like to see a larger opposition, though Socialism (as such) is adequately represented in the new Parliament. But there was the hope that the very immensity of the defeat might induce Certain People to overhaul not only their machinery but their minds. It is not recorded that any Socialist has ever admitted that he might be wrong on any subject; but now, surely, is a moment when that act might be graceful. Things and opinions change so quickly in these days that no one is going to crow over a graceful mind-changer. "Labour," the organ assures us, will rise again. But Labour has not fallen; only the silliest sort of Socialism has fallen—and there has never been any real reason why the two should be identified. The leaders of Labour should have about five years to get this into their heads, and if they succeed they may then lead Labour into Parliament; otherwise they will only lead parts of Labour up the garden-path again. But next time it may be more difficult to get Labour to follow.

Meanwhile, dear Australia, many thanks for your example and congratulations on your success.

Yours ever, A. P. H.



MacPunch. "WHAT! WILL THE LINE STRETCH OUT TO THE CRACK OF DOOM?"
MR. A. HENDERSON, MR. CLYNES, MR. SHAW, MR. WEDGWOOD BENN, MR. ADAMSON, MR. GRAHAM, DR. ADDISON AND MR. ALEXANDER.

"† HAMMERSMITH, NORTH (LAB. 3,857).
R. Braden (No Party) . . . . . 431"
Bristol Paper.

Pretty accurate as it turned out.

"KNOTTED SHEET ESCAPES."
Headline in Evening Paper.

Sooner or later it will probably come back to the fold.

EXTRAORDINARILY.

"YOU shouldn't say 'strornily,' John. You should say, 'egg-strornily.'"

This great-hearted word is so bound up in its own affixes that, though one desires to use it twenty times a day, it is practically barred for conversational purposes. One lives, for instance, in an age that is—well, extremely full of—surprisingly intriguing occurrences. Of all political situations in recent English history the present one is the most—remarkably exciting, the financial crisis the most—noticeably arresting, the uncomplaining acceptance of increased income-tax the most—damnably patriotic. Even the weather this year has been—very monotonous in its variety. And all one can do in the face of one's headline emotions when one meets Mr. Smith on the way to the station, unless one risks asphyxia by tying up one's tongue in the seven syliables and no fewer than fifteen letters of the only really expressive word, is to offer feeble wretched substitutes.

One hears much of spelling reform, and really we are all doing quite well on the quiet in a little gentle language pruning, but the most necessary cuts are overlooked. We have nearly got rid of the omni- that went with the horses before the bus, and the tele- that taught us to 'phone; and rugger and soccer and radio are words of almost forgotten derivation. Now it is time "extraordinarily" was tackled. Let us swallow our pride and, not waiting any longer for Mr. WELLS, be willing to learn from the nursery.

One might of course accept a compromise and say with John's learned sister, "egg-strornily," but personally I agree with John and would go all the way to rationalisation. Thus: STRORNILY.

"A feature of the match was the facility with which the Springboks turned defence into attack. The tackling on both sides rose to great heights and the Midlands in this respect were not a whit inferior."
Daily Paper.

We were always taught to tackle as low as possible.



Reveller (on being refused admittance to Night-Club). "WHAT D' YE MEAN—I CAN'T COME IN? IT WAS I WHO *MADE* THE BEASTLY LITTLE HOLE!"

SONG OF THE HEIRLOOMS.

["More masterpieces are likely to go to America."—*Daily Press.*]

THE Pilgrim Fathers sailed the sea—
  Or so the stories tell—
To gain Religious Libertee,
  And thuswise it befell
    That when the ship went up and down
    They prayed their prayers and did not drown,
And so Chicago came to be,
  And AL CAPONE as well.

But things went whirling round and round
  In England's isle, alas!
Till Boston (Lincs.) did less abound
  In gold than Boston (Mass.).
    All this the Pilgrim Fathers did
    By praying prayers as they were bid;
They put the dollar above the pound
  And made petroleum gas.

They all became so rich, so rich
  And so refined at heart
That back they came right over the ditch
  To hunt for works of art.
    And that may seem exceedingly quaint
    Because they didn't care much for paint,
Nor ancestors, nor anything sich,
  Before they did depart.

Now ROMNEY painted well enough,
  And REYNOLDS too, they say,
And GAINSBOROUGH's things are up to snuff,
  And LAWRENCE had his day;
    Yet one by one they cross the foam
    And go for a ride to a foreign home,
For Pilgrim Fathers need the stuff
  And Pilgrim Fathers pay.

But some there are who keep, who keep
  Their pictures hanging high;
And sorry they are and much they weep,
  And when one asks them why
    They shake their fists in sheer chagrin
    And curse their sires because they've been
Painted by someone much too cheap
  For Pilgrim Dads to buy.

And some there are who cannot bring—
  Although they think they oughter—
Themselves to lose a lovely thing
  And send it across the water.
    And so they keep with a right goodwill
    Their Romneys and their Gainsboroughs still,
And this they do by marrying
  A Pilgrim Father's daughter.

EVOE.

THE COMMON TOUCH.

THE comic song in praise of food is deathless. Earlier examples were: "When we're Married We'll have Sausages for Tea," followed by "Boiled Beef and Carrots," "Yes, we have no Bananas," "I do like a s'nice Mince-pie" and "The Lard Song" ("Let's all sing the lard song, Lard-i-dee-dar-de-dar"). The latest specimen is entitled "Gorgonzola." The chorus runs—

"Gorgonzola, gorgonzola!
Three cheers for the green, white and blue!
Gorgonzola, gorgonzola!
It's good for me, it's also good for you,
It's very labour-saving for, if anybody comes,
It sits upon the table and it eats up all the crumbs.
Gorgonzola, gorgonzola!
Three cheers for the green, white and blue!"

A point that is generally overlooked about these chorus numbers is their stark simplicity, their absolute lack of subtlety. They do not always rhyme; as statements they are not even always true. Gorgonzola, for instance, does not consume crumbs; neither is it plausible that a young couple about to marry should have, prior to that event, been in such financial straits that an occasional sausage for tea was completely beyond their means. Yet we have to admit that these songs "get home" on us; that, singing them, we become as little children, wrapped in blind unreasoning faith, shedding, as we fervently howl the chorus, our years, our disillusions and our complexes.

A fortune awaits the person who can write such ditties, and when my genial old acquaintance, Larry Lumbago, of the Crown Theatre, Clapham, gave me the opportunity for his pantomime, I was enchanted. "Now you already write a bit," said Larry, "so you ought to have no difficulty. Fred Bone's my Dame; he's a splendid little comedian and he's looking for really bright new stuff."

I know now, and too late, that Larry Lumbago's ideal was utterly beyond my powers; that I can't write a Gorgonzola song because it's so easy that it is eternally too difficult. I cannot scrap my conscience and my reason; I know that menacing clouds of logic and probability will gather in the chorus after the fairest preliminary verse. I speak in no spirit of superiority but in very real disappointment.

The first problem was to choose the edible to enshrine in rhyme, and after long consideration I selected suet dumplings, only to perceive that there is practically no rhyme to them. Radishes suffered a similar and fatal objection, also rhubarb.

Jelly seemed to promise well, but the two rhymes which instantly leapt into my mind were not pretty, and would probably have to be covered by the trombone, while Fred Bone looked with elaborate innocence into the O.P. box.



"WE'LL HAVE TO LET THIS THING PASS. I CAN'T HEAR A WORD YOU'RE SAYING."

Stilton! That was even stronger than gorgonzola.

The verse panned out well. There was a mythical Uncle Bert who sent the cheese, which was brought (on a lead) to the house. But unfortunately I began to grow interested in Uncle Bert, to be cynical about his environment ("The neighbours' backs are all stuck-up, their fronts are all stucc-o"). His personality created itself inexorably, leaving the cheese, as it were, at the starting post. And then, half-way through the chorus, I discovered that it wasn't amusing *me*, and scrapped it—another prime error, as it is quite the most unimportant thing in the world for the author to be amused. Also the chorus began—

"It takes a glorious MILTON
To sing about that Stilton,"

and I divined that this was a mistake too, as Fred Bone's audiences might not be acquainted with that poet.

But half-way through the song the cheese-mites were alluded to as "the Stilton Hundreds" that "Pa applied for," and that was my only consolation. To this Larry responded, "Yes, I call that very witty, but not funny, if you know what I mean. What *you* want to say is that the cheese had gone right off. And keep LLOYD GEORGE out of it. He comes into the topical number for 'The Baron and the Broker's Men.'"

"Let's all sing about the pumpkin,
Per-ump pa-ta-tar perump pa-ta-tar ta-pumpkin,"

I muttered insanely, but, not being an absolute fool, I couldn't help seeing that this was a trifle too military. The perumps fairly shrieked for staccato taps from kettle-drums. And Dames don't wear uniforms. Besides, no rhyme to pumpkin except bumpkin and Tony Lumpkin, and had Fred Bone's audience so much as heard of GOLDSMITH?

I set my teeth.

"Give me a slippery spoonful,
A slice of a sloshy rice-puddin';
Keep all your soufflés and blanc-blanc-manges,
Don't offer me any jellies or sponges (*Lor*)!
What is the thing that's made England an island
That heroes are proud to have stood in?
It's helpings and spoonfuls of slippery-sloshy
And succulent sticky rice-puddin'!"

With this morsel I approached Lumbago and Bone. I felt confident and rather proud because it didn't amuse me. To that state of demoralisation was I come.

Unsmiling they dissected each line. "It's too *long*, dear," said Larry, "you'll never get the house to memorise that. Bone's only on for six minutes."

Bone said, "You've got a splendid line about England; but you've spoilt it by *explaining* it. If you'd just said that rice-pudding *had made England an island*—see what I mean?"

Of course he was right. Then he added, "But all the same, this pudding idea's worth working up," and in four minutes (I timed him) he had scribbled

a chorus that I sensed was predestined to the errand-boy and the piano-organ. And it ran—

"S-E-M-O Semo, L-I-N-A Lina!
That's the stuff to swallow,
Beats a beefsteak hollow.
Said Mr. Lion to Mrs. Lion in NERO's great arena,
'Don't throw us a martyr, dearie,
Give us semolina!'"

I emitted a dying spark. "But the lion wouldn't have asked the *lioness* not to throw him a martyr. He'd have asked a keeper, or a centurion, or a lictor or someone of that kind——"

"Eh? Oh, that's all right, dear; you don't want to worry about *them*. What *you* want is to get the house singing your number."

Quite, quite. RACHEL.

WHEN OUR VILLAGE PLAYS SOCCER.

Cobberley-on-the-Water, who last season defeated Slaughter-under-Weatherly in the final of the District Charity Cup, visited us on Saturday last, and, owing to the reputation of our opponents, the event was eagerly awaited, particularly by Tom Paine, our enthusiastic First-Aid man.

Additional interest in the match was occasioned by a guessing competition in connection with the result, the prize-money to be paid to the subscriber who correctly forecasted the number of goals scored by each team, plenty of scope being afforded for conjecture in this direction since it is by no means unusual for a score to reach double figures, as often happens in the case of our cricket-matches.

The event proved an even greater attraction than we had anticipated, and our record in the matter of gate-money was broken, thanks mainly to the fact that a large contingent of supporters of Cobberley-on-the-Water, who, moved by the National Appeal for Economy, had elected to watch the game from an adjoining meadow, reconsidered the decision when, in accordance with the instructions of its owner, they were joined by Farmer Porrett's truculent and aggressive bull.

Cobberley-on-the-Water, after a very exciting game, won by the odd goal, somewhat to our surprise, for, as a result of their visit to Compton-in-the-Hollow on the previous Saturday, several regular members of our opponents' team were on the injured list, and incidentally so were many of the supporters of Compton-in-the-Hollow who had taken part in the debate.

After the match was over our captain, the landlord of the "Punch Bowl," expressed the conviction that our defeat was partly due to the fact that, contrary to his instructions, the majority of the team had done a considerable part of their training down at the "Pig and Whistle."

Members of the team of course blamed the referee, and in this direction William the blacksmith, our goalkeeper, made a loud complaint, from which we gathered that the official had on several occasions awarded a free kick to Cobberley-on-the-Water merely because one of their players had been temporarily incapacitated through a foolish attempt to head the ball into the net at the moment when it was being punched out by our custodian.

James, the under-footman at The Hall, our outside-right, having also adversely criticised the referee, passed further unfavourable comments on the partisan methods adopted by the visitors' linesman, and stated that it was only by exercising the greatest self-control that he had kept his boots off the fellow until the final whistle.

Many of our supporters, however, considered that George Kibler, our centre-forward, was mainly responsible for our lack of success, and reminded us that on two occasions towards the end of the second half George had failed to score when it seemed an utter impossibility for him to miss, and in this connection very unpleasant insinuations were subsequently made, particularly by those concerned, when it became known that George had won the prize in our guessing competition.



Misguided Patriot. "THIS'LL 'ELP TO KEEP THAT BOLSHIE OUT. I 'AVEN'T 'ALF PUT A CROSS AGAINST 'IS NAME!"

AT THE PLAY.

"WELL CAUGHT" (EMBASSY).

WHEN hosts and guests understand one another an evening with the higher lunatics can be great fun. And Mr. "ANTHONY ARMSTRONG" quickly assures us that the true intent of the company into which his "criminal comedy" takes us is all for our delight. True, we penetrate no further into *Colonel Wallace's* house than its lounge-hall, but what lover of farce ever wished or needed to go further? From such a coign of vantage nothing and nobody of any consequence escapes us.

There, the occasion being a dance, two subalterns open the ball in festive mufti, paper-caps and that state of aphasic bliss that turns dance programmes into indecipherable cryptograms and the lovely young ladies who figure thereon into rags and bones and hanks of hair (desperately and descriptively speaking). Over, rather than in, their cups they discuss *con amore ma non troppo* their late lamented, present neglected and future resentful partners in terms that, overheard by anyone but us, would keep them bachelors for ever.

From *Humphrey*, badly bitten by detective shockers, we learn that, if an off-stage dowager's emeralds should be stolen during the evening, he would behave as he does behave when in fact they *are* presently missing. *Pelham*, his comrade-in-arms, is less communicative, and from him we learn nothing but the limits of good form, but are prophetically persuaded of the truth of *Philip's* subsequent assertion that (for obvious reasons) it would be impossible to brain him.

Then enters the *Colonel* to make us realise as never before why Mars took the count from Venus. The *Colonel* is an incontinent strategist, and his practice, grounded on classical theory, soars at a touch from the missing emeralds into the rarefied ether and bursts there into stars of the highest lunacy. We also meet *Madge*, the *Colonel's* daughter, a high-spirited baggage, whose catch-as-catch-can engagement to *Philip* during an unlucky pause in the dancing furnishes a sub-plot to a hullaballoo already rich in fatuity.

It should not be supposed, and *will* not by admirers of "A. A.," that this story has a moral. The higher lunatics (bless them!) live, move and have their being on a plane far removed from our humdrum own. They dare more and get away with more than we do. And when they are led, as these are delightfully led, by such a veteran as the *Colonel*, we have little to do but hold our sides and follow.



"Love sought is good, but given unsought is better."—*Twelfth Night.*

(But not, perhaps, in this instance.)

Madge Wallace . . . MISS EILEEN BRANCH.
Philip . . . . . MR. HUGH DEMPSTER.

Into the chase come detectives, amateur and worse. The *Colonel* hears, or rather allows to speak, only such pleaders as serve to replenish the supply of red herrings that he as O.C. scatters over the course. We see (and we alone) in a parenthetic black-out the emeralds secreted by torchlight and an unknown hand in a silver box that is also part of the quarry. But that is a rare concession to the laws of prosaic probability. The chase we follow halts only while the field refreshes itself in sleep for the morrow's happy if hurried *dénoûment* after a breakfast-party that is all England in matutinal eclipse.

I hope I have made it clear that this is a parade on which thinking-caps should not be worn. Let me add how much their absence is justified by "Mr. ARMSTRONG'S" wit and the admirable art with which Mr. HERBERT LOMAS in particular acts the *Colonel*. Some of the juniors in the company might with advantage accelerate their *tempo* in the recitative, but Mr. FREDERICK PIPER'S *Waiter*, Mr. JOHN BOXER'S *Pelham*, Mr. HUGH DEMPSTER'S *Philip*, Miss EILEEN BRANCH'S *Madge*, and the *Colonel's* lady of Miss JOSEPHINE MIDDLETON, an ineffable passive resister, are excellent company. H.



A DRESS-CLOTHES SLEUTH.

Detective . . . . . MR. ALFRED ATKINS.
Colonel Wallace . . . . . MR. HERBERT LOMAS.

"THE QUEEN'S HUSBAND" (AMBASSADORS).

Poor *Princess Anne;* poor dynastic little pawn! At least that is what she might have been had the *King*, her father, been merely the *Queen's* husband and not the hero of this delightful comedy. I remember how much I enjoyed Mr. ROBERT E. SHERWOOD'S light touch with affairs of State when *The Road to Rome* was performed in London three years ago. Here the affairs, being those of "an imaginary island in the North Sea somewhere between Denmark and England," come nearer home. Near enough this side of phantasy, that is, to give us a sense of personal concern and to make us purr with pleasure when the *King* unexpectedly dominates them.

King Eric is a dear, and so is the *Princess Anne*. But she is also her mother's daughter and reveals the royal charm more impetuously. Apparently resigned to being just a cipher and to tempering routine with visits to the Zoo and clandestine games of draughts with the palace footman, the *King* gets his chance to wield the sceptre while the *Queen* is showing American democracy the personable heights to which European majesty can rise.

In her absence Reds, Greys and Whites come to blows. A *Dictator*, thrown up by political corruption from the army, assumes control and so far defies

decorum as to rifle the *King's* cigar-box and behave in the royal presence like the barrack-room bully he is. The *King's* difficulties are increased, though his opportunities are widened, by the attitude of the *Princess Anne* towards an alliance arranged with *Prince William of Greck*.

The *Princess* has views on marriage that conflict with everyone's save those of young *Mr. Granton*, the *King's* private secretary, who is the son of a plumber, albeit a wholesale plumber. And while we like the young man and sympathise with her choice, we withhold judgment until we meet the *Prince* and realise how natural is the *Princess's* repugnance.

The *Prince*, however, is reserved as the *bonne bouche* for the Third Act. In the meantime revolution has to break out and the palace to be bombarded so that the *King* may become, in fact as well as in constitutional theory, the saviour of his people. The revolution is a nice one, with just enough dislodged plaster within the palace and alarums and excursions without to render the *King's* intervention heroic, and to bring down the curtain on his appearance on the balcony, where he is cheered, not bombed, by the assembled mob.

The affairs of imaginary kingdoms have advantages over reality. Time can be manipulated in their drama's favour and only those points need be exposed that sharpen the dramatist's attack. So is it here. Having become attached to the royal family and concerned in their difficulties, we follow them loyally through each phase of the crisis which the dramatist skilfully conducts and as happily resolves.

Prince William comes, sees, but fails to conquer his official *fiancée*; but he comports himself in a situation of extreme delicacy with such royal phlegm that we applaud the *Princess* without stinting our admiration of the cunning with which Mr. MAURICE COLBOURNE projects him.

And as the bells of the cathedral impatiently clash and the *Princess*, in a wedding *toilette* that tempts but would betray my descriptive powers, presents herself to the *King*, a white sacrifice for the altar . . . But the romantic *volte face* which the dramatist engineers and the *King* most royally countenances deserves to be appreciated at its own stage value.

Here then is a play neatly contrived, wittily written, full of movement and colour and acted delightfully. I tender respectful thanks to Miss GRACE LANE for her royal demeanour as the *Queen*; salute the *Princess Anne* both for her own and Miss BARBARA WILCOX's sake; would hiss, if I dared, the villainy of Mr. REGINALD BACH's *Dictator*, and agree with all my heart that in Mr. BARRY JONES the people of this imaginary island have a ruler whose smile alone is worth a king's ransom. H.



Dummy (completely out of control). "HAVING NO—NO—NO BRAINS, PARTNER?"

Mr. Punch's Crown of Buttered Buns for Deserving Gossip-Writers goes this week to the creator of the following:—

"The Maharajadhiraj is a pleasant-looking young man of twenty-four.

He is of medium height, is head of the Maithil Brahmins in India, and has a small moustache and palaces at Dharbanga, Calcutta, Simla, Patna, Allahabad, Benares, Delhi, Mozuffarpur, and Purneah. He is quite well off."

Social Commentator in Daily Paper.

With nine spare moustaches he is better off than most of us.

FULL CIRCLE.

(Mr. HUGH WALPOLE and the Archbishop of CANTERBURY's novel.)

In great VICTORIA's golden years
Young COSMO toils as writer;
While Doctor WALPOLE's son appears
Predestined for a mitre;

But Fortune's unexpected twist
(Like our inconstant climate)
Turned Bishop's son to novelist,
And novelist to Primate.

"National Economy does not signify the doing away of our Navy, Army, Civil Servants, etc., nor our discontinuing to eat, clothe, educate our children . . ."

Article in Theatre Programme.

The writer forgets that you can't eat your child and have it.

THE UMBRELLA.

THE Lost Property man was eating his sandwiches. A man ran up the steps in a grey suit and a black bowler. He was pale and tall.

"Umbrella. Left it on the 9.25 from Little Woking this morning. Malacca handle—silk cover."

The L.P. man removed his packet of sandwiches, sighed and departed. He came back with an umbrella in his hand as a man dashed up the steps in a brown suit and a grey trilby. The man was red and short. He saw the umbrella.

"Ah! My umbrella! Malacca handle—silk cover. Left it in the 9.25 this morning."

"Excuse me," said the tall man, extending his hand for the umbrella.

"Excuse *me*," stressed the short man, extending his hand for the umbrella.

The L.P. man furrowed his brow. "Your umbrella?" he inquired of the tall man.

"Yes, certainly."

"*Your* umbrella?" he inquired of the short man.

"Certainly, yes."

The L.P. man looked hurt. "Any peculiar marks on your umbrella?" he asked the tall man.

"Ha—hum—let me see. Why, yes. Small perforation in the silk near the centre."

The L.P. man examined the silk. There *was* a small perforation in the silk near the centre.

"Any peculiar marks on *your* umbrella?" he asked the short man.

"Hum—ha—let me see. Ah! The bottom of the ferrule is missing."

The L.P. man examined the ferrule. The bottom of the ferrule *was* missing.

The tall man and the short man glared at one another. The L.P. man looked hurt again—in the same spot.

He examined the umbrella again. "What is the maker's name on your umbrella?" he inquired of the tall man.

"Maker's name——" pondered the tall man.

The L.P. man repeated the question to the short man.

"Maker's name——" echoed the short man.

"I don't remember," at length said the tall man fiercely.

"I can't remember," the short man said savagely.

The L.P. man showed signs of intense suffering. When he had recovered he inquired of the tall man: "Any other peculiar marks on your umbrella?"

The tall man thought. Suddenly he said, "There are exactly seven rings on the malacca handle."

The L.P. man with the impartial air of a Solomon counted them. There were exactly seven rings on the malacca handle.

"Any other peculiar marks on *your* umbrella?" he inquired of the short man.

"I do not spend my time counting the rings on the malacca handle of my umbrella!" exclaimed the short man, annoyed.

"In that case——" said the L.P. man. He handed the umbrella to the tall man. "If you will sign, Sir. One shilling, Sir."

"Thanks," said the tall man, and left with the umbrella.

"Scandalous!" cried the short man, gesticulating wildly across the counter.

"If you care to come in two days' time——" suggested the L.P. man, returning to his sandwiches.

* * * * *

The Lost Property man was eating his sandwiches. A man ran up the steps. He wore a brown suit and a grey trilby. He was red and short.

"Umbrella. You told me to call in two days' time. Malacca handle—silk cover."

The L.P. man removed his packet of sandwiches, sighed and departed. He came back with an umbrella in his hand as a man dashed up the steps in a grey suit and a black bowler. The man was pale and tall. He saw the umbrella.

"Ah! My umbrella! Left it in the 9.25 this morning."

Then he saw the short man.

"Still here, I see," said the tall man.

The short man blew heavily.

The L.P. man looked as though he was going to be very ill very soon. "I suppose it belongs to you both again," he said.

With the manner of one who has a tedious but necessary ritual to perform he turned to the short man and asked, "Any peculiar marks on your umbrella?"

"Yes," said the short man; "the bottom of the——"

"We have had *that*," said the L.P. man almost in tears. "I mean any new marks by which you can recognise your umbrella."

The short man thought. "Yes," he said; "one of the ribs is damaged."

The L.P. man opened the umbrella. One of the ribs *was* damaged. He turned to the tall man.

The tall man was indignant. "I've given you a full description already of my umbrella," he declared. "The umbrella you have is the one I collected here two days ago. I left it in the 9.25 this morning. Here is the shilling."

"In that case——" said the L.P. man. He handed the umbrella to the short man. "If you will sign, Sir. One shilling, Sir."

"Thanks," said the short man, and left with the umbrella.

"*Lost* property!" yelled the tall man across the counter; "it's *stolen* property."

"If you care to come in two days' time——" suggested the L.P. man, returning to his sandwiches.

* * * * *

The Lost Property man was eating his sandwiches. A porter came up the steps. He carried one attaché-case, three handbags, one-and-a-half pairs of gloves, a baby's bonnet, a bundle of walking-sticks and umbrellas.

"Left on the 9.25 this morning," said the porter.

The L.P. man removed his sandwiches and sighed. He took the articles from the porter. From the middle of the bundle of walking-sticks and umbrellas projected a malacca handle. The L.P. man pulled. It was an umbrella. There was a small perforation in the silk near the centre; the bottom of the ferrule was missing; there were exactly seven rings on the handle; one of the ribs was damaged.

For a moment the L.P. man fought with his sobs. Then he took an iron paper-weight and tied it to the umbrella. (The Lost Property Office is above the river.) He opened the window and threw it out.

A GERMAN GRIEVANCE.

OUR spelling makes poor Wilhelm sigh
And Wilhelmina weep;
The tears start from her bright blue igh
And slowly downward creep,
Because our spelling's far more funny
Ev'n than our measures or our munny.

Her teacher says, "Come, come, don't crigh;
For English must be learnt;
Take up your book once more and trigh."
"I wish the book were bearnt!"
Says Wilhelmina as she frowns
Alike on adjectives and nowns.

"What is the use of spelling words
As simple chance decrees,
Uncertain as the flight of bords,
Or waves upon the sees?"
"Come, come," her teacher says; "be wise.
Take up your book and wipe your ise."

"The election was watched with an interest never before shown, large numbers staying up during the night eagerly listening-in to the broadcast results, and devouring the lists of returns in this morning's papers."
Daily Paper.

We were fortunate enough to get some bacon-and-eggs.



HOW TO SOLVE THE GARAGING PROBLEM.

THE BABY-CAR DAVIT FOR TOP FLAT-DWELLERS OWNING SMALL CARS.



Well-meaning Hostess at Children's Party. "GOOD-BYE, EMILY DEAR; YOU DANCED LIKE A BRICK."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

A SENSE of the tears in things is not necessarily a noble attitude. It is common to VERGIL and *Mrs. Gummidge*. And I feel that Mr. JOHN GALSWORTHY as a novelist is apt to make undue provision for the exercise of his pity for under-dogs and distaste for the dealings of Providence. Two hard cases of personal misfortune, each involving agony not only to its victim but to his circle, are his latest theme; the first, the story of *Hubert Cherrell*, being presented with the greater distinction. *Hubert*, "an officer and a gentleman," shoots a brutal porter in self-defence during a scientific expedition in Bolivia. His embittered American chief betrays him; Bolivia demands his extradition; and an anti-aristocratic England, scared by "any popular gup about high-handedness," proposes to deliver him over. His defence, undertaken by the chiefs of his once powerful family, his attractive sister, *Dinny*, and his enterprising and lawless young wife, is highly characteristic of the resources of three generations. Ultimately, however, it takes democracy to muzzle democracy. The second issue, dealing with the return of a lunatic to his family, is compromised, I feel, by Mr. GALSWORTHY'S defeatist philosophy. Mental care is tenderer than *Captain Ferse* would have us believe; and I can hardly credit so reluctant a patient shutting himself up uncertified—a necessary condition of the plot. The dominant figure of the book is, however, a delightful one; and the crowd and staging of *Maid in Waiting* (HEINEMANN, 7/6) are handled in the finest manner of an accomplished producer.

The boys of Mr. FORREST REID are not quite like other boys. They have intimations of things undreamed-of in ordinary puerile (or adult) philosophy. In other respects they are normal enough, neither prigs nor changelings nor obviously doomed to early death. It was an entirely normal impulse which drove *Tom Barber* to run away from his uncongenial step-relatives and seek asylum with an unknown *Uncle Stephen* (FABER AND FABER, 7/6). What properly-constructed boy could resist an uncle (really a great-uncle) who was reputed a magician? And *Tom's* preparations for flight and conduct on the journey were delightfully juvenile. As it turned out, *Stephen Collet* was after all no magician in the ordinary sense, but between him and his nephew there immediately established itself a mystical *rapport* which had strange results. The identity of the playmate whom *Tom* discovered in the deserted garden-house shall not be disclosed, but it would have hardly been credited by the vulgar; and since "*Philip*" was

no mere figment of the imagination, but rather saliently existent in the world of sense, his appearance and subsequent disappearance might, but for *Uncle Stephen's* wisdom, have been difficult to explain. I am not sure that Mr. REID has succeeded in making this curious story completely convincing; but he does succeed (where so many have failed) in suggesting the reality of those influences out of which *Uncle Stephen's* beloved Greeks evolved their mythology. The chief charm of his book resides in its landscape and atmosphere.

No matter whom you meet in life,
It's certain to be someone's mother,
Uncle or cousin, son or wife,
Father or sister, aunt or brother;
And yet it's all too sadly true
That those encountered unexpected
Each one with each and each with you
May be entirely unconnected.

No use to kick and make a fuss;
Such is the fact—you can't deny it;
But in *The Vale of Maenalus*
Miss BUCHAN tries to rectify it;
For in her book (which BENN has backed
At seven-and-sixpence) she's created
A world with few exceptions packed
With people who are all related.

The clashing and the interplay
Of types—the flighty, drab (or duller),
Philandering, strait-laced, latter-day—
These lend her family record colour;
And I should say that there's enough
Of interest in their hits and misses,
Sorrows and joys to make the stuff
Of further books as good as this is.

Mr. J. D. BERESFORD's new novel, *The Old People* (COLLINS, 7/6), is, so the publisher's "blurb" informs the reader, the first of a trilogy. I note that Mr. BERESFORD, following perhaps the example of Mr. HUGH WALPOLE, has prefixed to the story a genealogical table of the personages concerned, an example which I warmly commend to the attention of other writers of fiction dealing with successive generations. Without it, in the present instance, one can imagine having a harassing time sorting out the descendants, legitimate and otherwise, of *Miles Hillington* and his four children. Mr. BERESFORD has been a good deal less savage in his treatment of the Victorians than most modern writers who profess to hold up a mirror to the life of the last century. In fact the worst that can be said of the *Hillingtons* is that they are, take them all round, decidedly stuffy, which is perhaps one reason why they are not particularly interesting to read about, in spite of much clever analysis of character and occasional (all too infrequent) charming glimpses of country scenery. But was the country gentleman of the eighteen-eighties really so unconcerned about larger issues as Mr. BERESFORD would have us think? I doubt it.

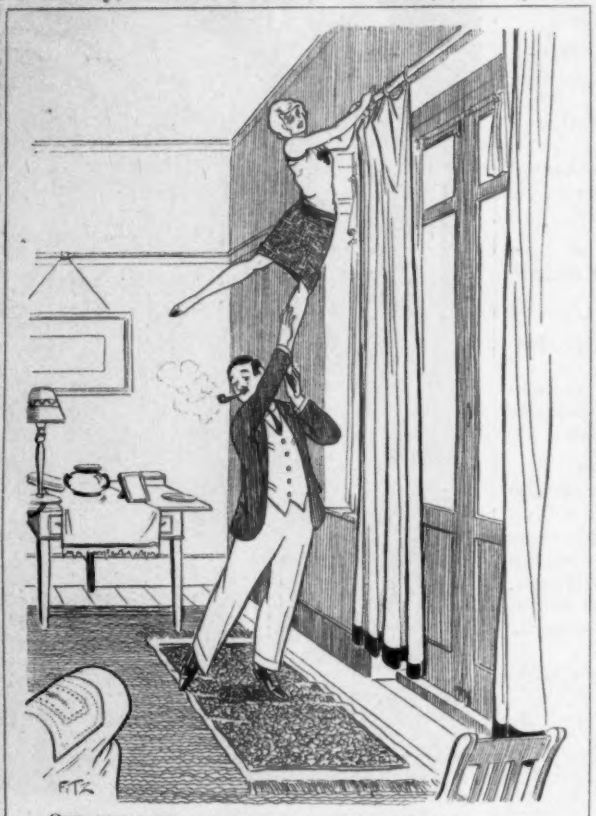


Officer. "THAT'S RAMSGATE OVER THERE."
Lady. "REALLY! I'VE OFTEN BEEN TO RAMSGATE, BUT SOMEHOW IT LOOKS QUITE DIFFERENT FROM HERE."

Miss ETHEL SIDGWICK has evidently made a promising "corner" in the Kentish villages Rochester way, and I do not wonder that old acquaintances of "Glasswell" and its environs should like to revisit their old haunts. But her latest novel does more than repaint old scenery. It revives members of the disbanded cast of more than one predecessor, a method that has its obvious disadvantages for readers encountering the circle for the first time. Personally I felt that it took so long to pick up the old threads and reinforce them with new that the pattern of the web as a whole suffered. *Dorothy's Wedding* (SIDGWICK AND JACKSON, 7/6) remained for me a thing of tentative attractions, with a certain subtlety and reticence in its handling, fascinating, but imposing an extra burden on an already overtaxed comprehension. There is admirable drawing in these pictures of Glasswell and Wincham, rivals at cricket

and collaborators at carol-singing; in the study of patient *Dorothy*, the schoolmistress, whose drunken father and slatternly mother postpone (to the scandal of both communities) her marriage to the local "vet."; in *Gwendolen Everingham*, the stalwart young squiress-to-be, and her capable American mother; and in the vulgar, breezy *Shuffreys* with their parsonic antecedents and expectations. *Dorothy's* faithful "vet.," *Andrew Thatcher*, is more vaguely indicated; but the portrait of *George Faulkner*, the heir of Mousley, demoralised by his crippled estate and the third-rate attractions of Chelsea, is a convincing and brilliant study of a sadly characteristic figure.

Life still moves slowly, if accurately, in a land where the owners of a stolen camel can think it a fair equivalent for time and labour spent to tramp a matter of three hundred miles, examining anything up to a quarter-of-a million beasts on the way, and be able to identify and recover their own in the end after eighteen months' search. Major C. S. JARVIS, Governor of Sinai, vouches for the exploit, having himself suffered much from those with whom time is not a dimension but a state of mind. In *Yesterday and To-day in Sinai* (BLACKWOOD, 15/-), having outlined the history of that much-trampled land from MOSES to KING BALDWIN II., and from NAPOLEON to the Australians, he passes to a theory of the engulfing of the Egyptians that is equalled in fascination only by his account of recent war against one of the Biblical plagues —the locusts. Never was information so intensive so cheerfully set forth. But then, where else except in Sinai would a thrustful exhibitor at an agricultural show, for instance, think of dyeing his broody hen sky-blue and her chicks all rainbow-wise, to catch the judge's eye? To-day one may make the exodus from Egypt to Palestine by road at thirty miles an hour, and the townspeople are taking to litigation, instead of raiding, as the national sport; but the Arab of the wilderness still refuses to be burdened with houses and gardens and all the luxuries that would rob him of his open spaces. And Major JARVIS has more than a little sympathy with his point of view.



OUR ACROBATIC DANCERS FIX UP THE WINDOW-CURTAINS AT HOME.

It is probable that in novels dealing with modern life in civilised centres the characters are necessarily overwhelmed by their complicated environment. Conversely, by the choice of a simple background, personalities are automatically thrown into greater relief. Anyhow, Mrs. SARAH GERTRUDE MILLIN, in telling the tragic story of *The Sons of Mrs. Aab* (CHATTO AND WINDUS, 7/6), adds force and point to her subject by choosing as her scene a nearly exhausted diamond-field, where life runs along simple lines. A remote district of South Africa is exhibited in its grandeur and its squalor. *Mrs. Aab*, her son *Gideon* and his wife *Fanny*, are profound studies in temperament—gigantic figures, well-defined and significant. The march of events is logical and stately. It is difficult to speak too highly of Mrs. MILLIN'S powers. She knows all there is to be known about proportion and restraint; she is in fact an artist. Pity and terror dominate the book, which must add to the author's already great reputation.

A quizzical humour and a real knowledge of the game combine to make Mr. H. N. WETHERED'S *The Perfect Golfer* (METHUEN, 7/6) as easy and amusing as it is instructive to read. In a brief preface Mr. WETHERED almost apologises for embarking on a task which "my son and daughter had already declined" to tackle; but no apologies are needed. At once he takes us into his confidence and says that the perfect golfer has never existed nor is ever likely to exist. Moreover he proceeds to state that it would be "entirely disastrous" for the game if such a phenomenon, male or female, were to appear. And surely no man has more right than Mr. WETHERED to speak with authority for both sexes. Roughly the book is divided into two parts: the game itself and those who have gained great distinction in the playing of it. As regards the players, whether he is referring to the heroes of the past or the champions of to-day, Mr. WETHERED'S criticisms are always sound and most laudably discreet. And of golf as a game he writes both sensibly and charmingly. The illustrations, though in my opinion far too few, are excellent.

Ursula Dolling, the little girl who played such an amusing part in *Colonel Dam*, reappears in *The Virtuous Vamp* (BLACKWOODS, 7/6) with, I rejoice to say, her literary ambitions unabated. In the previous story Mr. J. STORER CLOUSTON was not, while relating *Ursula's* budding efforts to become a novelist, entirely successful in suppressing himself, but in this sequel he has fitted himself exactly into her skin. *Ursula*, however, is by no means the only portrait that Mr. CLOUSTON has drawn with a humour all his own. A Scottish baronet and his butler, a canny doctor and a nurse add considerably to the pleasure of reading a tale that moves smoothly to a happy ending. When I first made *Ursula's* acquaintance I was doubtful whether she would become one of Mr. CLOUSTON'S happiest creations. That doubt is now removed, and I hope that the budding novelist will grow up very slowly and that Mr. CLOUSTON will continue to guide a career which so many of his readers will be eager to follow.

CHARIVARIA.

THE description of Sir AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN'S renunciation of his claims to office as a *beau geste* has led to the suggestion that he might be made honorary Minister for Foreign Legion affairs.

* * *

Among the rules of Parliament which a new M.P. must learn, we are reminded, is that he must not speak in debate with his head covered. It was, of course, originally framed with the object of checking the practice of talking through the hat.

* * *

Thousands of Russian turkeys are on sale in this country; but confidence is felt that timely measures will prevent the dumping of Soviet plum-puddings.

* * *

A woman playwright explains that she gave up being an actress because she couldn't act. Few actresses would consider this a sound reason.

* * *

An advocate of the claims of Scotland as a winter sports playground recalls that when he was ski-ing in the Highlands a red deer took a piece of chocolate from his hand. Chamois never do this.

* * *

"It is only the inferior maladjusted individual who seeks emotional relief in such a birdlike act as whistling," says Dr. CHARLES G. SHAW, Professor of Philosophy at New York University. We are bringing this to the notice of the butcher's boy.

* * *

The ex-Lord Mayor of MANCHESTER reports that there are twenty-seven Manchesters in the United States; but he does not appear to have ascertained whether they say to-day what a corresponding number of Londons will say to-morrow.

* * *

A traveller on the Underground, writing to the Press, complains that he has not been able to secure a seat for the last three weeks. Surely it is up to Sir OSWALD MOSLEY to make him an honorary member of the New Party.

* * *

Icelanders, we learn, perform an annual ceremony of thanking one another for the summer and wishing one another a happy winter. We are not told whether they commiserate one another on the depressions.

* * *

On reading that famous people are among those who have carved or scratched their names or initials on the hide of a rhinoceros at the Zoo, we venture to suggest that the skins of collectors of autographs are generally adapted to this method.

* * *

A shop-lifter was stated to have made a practice of borrowing money from shop-assistants and not repaying them. This lends colour to the suspicion that shop-lifters are unprincipled.

* * *

The lie-detector in the Scientific Crime Laboratory at Chicago is a delicate mechanism for recording the heart-beats and breathing, which it is said to be almost impossible to deceive. It is a moving thought that GEORGE WASHINGTON had no opportunity to test it.

* * *

At Birmingham a man was fined for assaulting another man with whom he was playing dominoes. We have always held that this game is rougher than halma.

* * *

An engine-driver was recently stunned by a chestnut. Similar tragedies occur every night in the stalls of our music-halls.

* * *

Burglars left a set of jemmies, skeleton keys, screw-drivers and pliers in a London house. The occupant is overjoyed and intends to make a serious attempt to break into a hitherto impregnable tin of sardines.

* * *

An American has produced a jazz composition too difficult for the average jazz band to play. This is certainly a step in the right direction.

* * *

"In some theatres," says a writer, "the interval between the Acts is known as an intermission," when really it should be called a reprieve.

* * *

Irish wolf-hounds are the tallest dogs in the world. If they stand still on the road they are frequently run under by two-seaters.

* * *

Bloomsbury has fêted a charwoman who writes poetry. We ourselves should welcome a poet who could be useful in the spring-cleaning.

* * *

A choir of London Welshmen includes two dairymen and a milk roundsman. Cambrian composers should welcome the opportunity for a setting for three yodels.

* * *

No attempt has ever been made to broadcast the cries of a wild-cat, we read. And yet there seem to have been several on our set the other night.

* * *

An Acton boy can support a baby car on his chest for a minute. A London policeman has held up our saloon for fifteen minutes with one hand.

* * *

Complaints are being made that many London theatres are cold. Serves them right for putting on so many frosts.

* * *

A paragraphist remarks that M. PADEREWSKI is still a magnet for the musical. The Magnetic Pole, in fact.

* * *

According to a football report, Pompey was a little too good for Chelsea. Yet Chelsea is good enough for AUGUSTUS.



"I SAY, OLD THINGS, WHICH OF US WAS ACTUALLY DRIVING THE BEASTLY THING?"

THE DOUBLE EVENT.

["Wealth," says a social critic, "is only a disease."]

GOOD Doctor, when I called on you
To renovate my health,
You told me I was in for 'flu,
Not sickening for wealth.

Not only through your constant skill
My first disease has passed,
But you have banished by your bill
All danger of the last.

ANOTHER VICTORIAN REVIVAL.

ONE person emerges from the late electoral conflict with flying colours, having gained an undreamt-of triumph, having defended a hope forlorn, having overturned the opinion of nearly all deep thinkers in this island and abroad.

No, not a person—a personification. It is dear good Democracy who is eating hearty to-day, and singing as she sews, and rapping the knuckles of poor little Fascism, shrinking little Autocracy and discomfited little Dictatorship.

For I don't know how long I have heard no good word said of Democracy. I was dining somewhere or other a year or two ago and tried to defend Democracy. I was laughed to scorn. No sensible man, it appeared, had a good word to say for the poor old thing. The voice of the people was the voice of a fool. Any kind of government was better than that.

It does truly seem strange to me that so many right-minded persons are patting Democracy on the back to-day. A correspondent of *The Times* actually quotes Mr. RUDYARD KIPLING in support of Democracy, whereas it used to be necessary to ask Mr. G. K. CHESTERTON to say a few words on her behalf.

I maintain, therefore, that the full results of the poll have not yet come in. Signor MUSSOLINI has not spoken. I can imagine no severer blow to a man's philosophy than that which he must have received when the news was brought to him in Rome that national unity could be obtained without castor-oil. In speech after speech for years he has been calling Democracy the Italian for a dead dog or a broken idol or a Will-o'-the-wisp. And that too in a part of Europe where Democracy was more or less born and bred.

MUSTAPHA KEMAL cannot have been pleased. I am told that he has done marvels with the dictatorship. When he told Turkey to wear bowler-hats and certain fatuous old reactionaries continued to wear the fez he hanged them. That taught them what National Unity means. But England at this hour, by order of an overwhelming majority of freely-elected representatives, could order us all to wear turbans to-morrow and no one could say that Democracy had not given a mandate for the change.

STALIN must be grieved. We can have a Five-Years' Plan if we like. Its terms can be made known as soon as Mr. MACDONALD has had it typewritten and the voice of the people will have decreed it.

Where exactly does HITLER stand? It must be annoying to a man who, in order to create a National Party, has to put his voters into helmets and make them form fours all day, to hear how dear old Auntie Democracy came shuffling up to record her vote in elastic-sided boots and with a string-bag containing vegetables, pulled off a five-hundred majority and then went quietly home to tea.

But perhaps nobody looks quite so silly as the potential dictators of England. I am sorry for one of them, for he seems to have got nothing out of his new theory of statecraft except a few bangs in the eye. The T.U.C., which was always exploding crackers under the feet of poor old Democracy and shouting at her because she had a weak heart and bundling her unceremoniously into railway-carriages, now has to touch its cap when she passes and give her a seat in the tube. Even the Press Lords, although they were kind to Democracy, for she is an influential customer, were nevertheless not only always telling her what she ought to think, but even what she was thinking, received a surprise. Democracy did far more than they expected of her, and in one or two cases took a line of her own. She returned Members of the National Party to Parliament, though they hadn't, the Press Lords told her, the ghost of a chance in getting in.

I have even read leaders since the Election in which Democracy was urged not to be too hard on the poor little Labour Party which had been trying to dictate to her; as though the Press Lords somehow had a soft spot in their hearts for all the other would-be autocrats. It almost seems to be feared that too much flattery may go to Democracy's head. She may trample on the rights of minorities with her elastic-sided boots.

Our historians, our publicists have to be considered as well. There may have been books in the press—in fact there must have been books—which proved conclusively that popular representation had been a failure, that the hour was ripe for tyranny and a strong hand. I think they may lose their sale. Lecturers who are about to go forth and fulminate against Democracy throughout the country will be asked by earnest secretaries to reconsider the title of their discourse. Ardent patriots who were ready to take down the old blunderbuss from the wall and defend the liberty of their native land must be feeling a faint twinge of disappointment at the thought that they will have to spend their evenings reading *Hansard* instead. In fact, if any old popular favourite playing year by year to declining audiences ever staged a come-back, it is this old Democracy of ours for whom, they used to say, we won the War. Her grey hair is become golden. Her face is lifted. She can afford this winter to buy herself new frocks and jumpers of British material and British made. EVOE.

NOVEMBER SEASIDE.

YESTERDAY morning
I'd nothing much to do,
The news in the newspapers
Made me feel blue;
So I went walking
By the beaches bare
And heard the Sea calling
Folk who weren't there.

Little folk with buckets,
Little folk with spades,
Little chaps with little on,
Ditto little maids,
Little fingers rummaging
For all the silly toys
The Sea keeps in hidey-holes
For little girls and boys.

The Sea looked disconsolate,
I felt bad:
"Sea!" I said, "remember—
Remember, old lad,
Tides keep a-turning,
Seasons do the same;
Soon will come the little friends
Back to their game.

"Neap tide and spring tide,
Old and new moon;
Carry on, carry on—
You 'll see them next June;
Roll away the winter months,
Ebb-tide and flow;
You've only got to wait,
But—I've got to go.

"You 'll miss your babies
As the days dawdle by,
But in June you 'll get them back
again;
Not so I.
I'll hit the gorgeous East,
Where babies mustn't be,
Next June and *next* June
And *next* June, Sea!" H. B.

"A huge beard containing ten move-panels was used for displaying the election results in the Savoy Restaurant."—*Local Paper.*

The rumour that Mr. SHAW was behind it was later denied.

"Interviewé à Seaham, M. MacDonald a déclaré:

Nous avons tout lieu de nous réjouir de deux faits: la victoire de M. Thomas et la façon dont sir Herbert Samuel l'a emporté sur son adversaire lord Darwen."

Belgian Paper.

Lord Seaham was an even more disgruntled nobleman.



IN THE FIELD OF INDUSTRY.

A MOMENT FOR MEMORY.

(*Armistice Day, November* 11, 1931.)



Mistress. "WHY, HERE COMES THE VICAR IN A BIRETTA!"
Maid. "LOR! YOU'D HAVE THOUGHT HE'D HAVE HAD A BRITISH CAR."

THE LEGACY.

"OH, Battersby," I said, "I'm afraid our golf on Saturday will have to be off. Margery is dragging me out to Ealing to visit an invalid aunt."

Battersby appeared to me to wince.

"Ealing?" he said in a hollow tone. "You're not going to that place? I used to live there once. Had a small villa near the Broadway Station; but what with one thing and another I had to leave in a hurry."

"Why, what's the matter with Ealing?"

"There's nothing the matter with Ealing; it's a delightful spot, and I'm sure your aunt will be glad to see you. I had a good deal of trouble there, that's all. It was when I was living at Ealing that my uncle died suddenly and left me half his estate."

Battersby had been fishing about in his pockets and produced a folded sheet of notepaper, yellow and faded. He handed it to me and I saw at once that it was a lawyer's letter, neatly typed.

"Read that," he said. "I have kept it ever since."

"DEAR MR. BATTERSBY" (I read),—"I am happy to be able to inform you that under the will of your late uncle, Ephraim Battersby, you become possessed of a very large share of his Warwickshire estate. Your uncle, you will remember, was a keen naturalist and owner of one of the finest private zoos in the country. This collection is now being divided among the legatees, and your own share is being forwarded to you by rail to-day. I shall be glad, therefore, if you will kindly acknowledge receipt of the following specimens: 1 African Python, 3 Friendly Leaf-Eared Mice, 1 Black-faced Kangaroo (aged), 4 Southern Elephant Seal, 6 Little Bifasciated Sunbirds, 4 Flap-necked Chameleons, 2 Axolotls (transformed), 1 False Moccasin, 29 Long-tailed Salamanders, 2 Carolina Box Tortoises, 3 Fulvous Tree Ducks, 1 Naked-throated Bell-bird, 1 Sooty Mangabey, 16 Red Howling Monkeys, 1 Crab-eating Dog, 2 Lion Cubs, 2 Rusty Tiger Cats, 1 Northern Blue-tongued Skink, 2 Stump-tailed Skinks, 1 Hairy Armadillo, 2 Bosman's Pottos, 26 Malay Orange-bellied Flower-Peckers, 2 Malayan Yellow-vented Bulbuls, 1 Occipital Blue Pie, 6 Ornate Lorikeets, 10 Indian Cobras, 1 Sealing-wax Snake, 1 Sumpah Sumpah, 1 Festive Parrot, 8 American Bison, 1 Gory Mud Terrapin and 1 Stinkpot Mud Terrapin.

Apologising for this short notice and trusting that the consignment will arrive in sound condition,

I remain, Yours sincerely,
ALEXANDER BUTTERWORTH,
p.p. Butterworth, Prebble & Butterworth."

I handed the letter back to Battersby. "That must have given you a bit of a shock," I said.

"Shock! My dear fellow, I was scared stiff. I put a trunk-call through to this man Butterworth, but could get no reply. Then I went round to the post-office and sent a long telegram to the firm. It cost me thirteen-and-six, but I felt it was worth it if it staved off the invasion of Ealing by Flap-necked Chameleons and Red Howling Monkeys. When I returned the men were off-loading the vans at my back-gate."

"The consignment had arrived, then?"

"Very much so. Our little garden was cluttered up with crates and cages and the bison were grazing quietly on the patch of lawn in front of the house. But several of the boxes had been care-

lessly fastened and there was some confusion. It was an inspiring sight to see our Friendly Leaf-eared Tweeny-maid, broom in hand, striving gallantly to prevent the Malayan Yellow-vented Bulbuls and the Little Bifasciated Sunbirds from finding their way into the maw of the African Python. The Crab-eating Dog was digging feverishly in the lobelia-bed in search of crabs, the Festive Parrot was dancing a solemn drunken cachuca on the box containing the Gory and Stinkpot Mud Terrapins, and the Red Howling Monkeys were howling imprecations at the capitalist system. Meanwhile the whole neighbourhood was thoroughly roused, and a crowd had assembled in the road before the house. Somehow or other the news had leaked out."

"A Little Bifasciated Sunbird must have told them," I suggested.

"Well, some of the neighbours were pretty wild, I can tell you. Old Colonel Bludgeon from next-door was especially fierce. It appears the twenty-six Malay Orange-bellied Flower-peckers had been making whoopee in his orchid-house, and he was disposed to be unreasonable about it until I introduced him to the ten Indian Cobras. He recognised them. But it was the noise that really worried the neighbourhood. You can have no idea what an appalling din a barrel-load of monkeys makes until you dump one in the back-garden of a suburban villa and put a box of Rusty Tiger Cats on top of it."

"I'll take your word for it," I said. "But what had Mrs. Battersby to say to all this?"

"Emily? She locked herself into the bathroom and refused to come out. It was stupid of her, because the bath was the obvious place for the Southern Elephant Seal, and besides I wanted my lunch; but when I argued with her through the keyhole she said the kitchen range was choked up with Long-tailed Salamanders and I had better eat the Occipital Blue Pie—it was the only pie I would get in that house. She was right about the Salamanders, though; and, what is more, the Sooty Mangabey, true to form, had wedged itself halfway up the kitchen chimney. Lunch was out of the question."

Battersby paused and thoughtfully filled his pipe. "You know," he said, "there's a lot of dishonesty in the world, and I'm afraid Ealing is no exception."

"Indeed? What makes you say that?"

"Well, some scoundrel in Ealing has got my Sumpah Sumpah. I wouldn't put it past old Colonel Bludgeon to have kidnapped the creature. You see, I telephoned to the authorities at the Zoo and persuaded them to take over the whole consignment at a nominal figure. They sent round that afternoon and carted all the beasts away, but when they came to check the inventory the Sumpah Sumpah was missing. It must be somewhere in Ealing still, unless Colonel Bludgeon killed it. If you're going there on Saturday you might keep a look-out for it."

"I'm afraid," I said, "I haven't the faintest idea what a Sumpah Sumpah looks like."

"Neither have I," replied Battersby. "I was hoping you might be able to tell me. Anyway, if you *do* happen to meet Colonel Bludgeon, ask him what he's done with my Sumpah Sumpah."



Lady (trying on large fur-coat). "HOW DO I LOOK IN IT?"
Costumier. "*UNMISTAKABLE*, MODDOM."

Questions Which we Leave Unasked.

"The bride was attended by two bridesmaids. Both were nearly attired in dresses of fawn georgette. . . ."—*Lincolnshire Paper.*

FEU DE JOIE.

I AM no kill-joy, brothers, but must this frightful FAWKES affair continue down the years? The mere fact that Parliament was saved from a nasty explosion a very long time ago seems the flimsiest excuse for all the sufferings inflicted on the present generation.

First of all, the jolly guy-boys with black faces and the greed for gold who pester the citizen in the streets. I am no kill-joy nor miser, brothers, and I will readily give the little darlings a penny for the guy on the memorial day, or even the day before. But FAWKES did his gunpowder act, I understand, on November 5th, and the little darlings, inspired, no doubt, by the spread of education, now begin to badger the wayfarer in the middle of October. They begin their operations earlier every year: very soon they will be as premature as the Christmas numbers. The craze for speed is everywhere; already we have to write our Christmas stories in June, and presently these little black devils—darlings will be demanding pennies for the guy as we dance round the maypole. There is nothing, by the way, to distinguish them from highwaymen. If you or I blacked our faces and demanded money from pedestrians in the Strand we should be locked up, and rightly.



"WHAT ABOUT A SHAMPOO?" "NO."
"WHAT ABOUT A NICE SCALP-MASSAGE?" "NO."
"I KNOW WHAT—HAVE THE EYEBROWS PLUCKED."

And, as usual, the pedestrians bear the brunt. All through the FAWKES season there should be mobile guy-boys on motor-bicycles—as on flag-days there should be flying flag-girls—to make the motorist suffer like the rest of us.

That is one horror. Then, no sooner have we fathers escaped from the little darlings in the street than the little darlings in the home assault us. Towards the end of the summer holidays the dread word "fireworks" creeps into the house; and no Daddy that I know of is ingenious or strong enough to get it out again. In August I say firmly that I did not escape a violent death on the Western Front in order to be maimed or blinded in my own back-garden. In September I recall how one of those innocent-looking little fireworks slipped down into the beer-bottle just as Daddy was lighting it two years ago; how the bottle burst, cut Daddy's hand in two places and nearly removed Daddy's right eye. Nobody pays the smallest attention; or, rather, the children laugh heartily. In October I say simply and firmly that after a considerable experience of modern warfare I have a strong objection to loud bangs; that no one *really* knows which way a rocket is going off; and that anyhow *I do not like fireworks*. On November 1st I observe that the weather is treacherous and the doctor's bill already large, and what in the world is the point of exposing the little lungs to the cold night-air? On November 4th I say bitterly that it's all very well for the women of the household who skulk at the base with the children, but what about poor Daddy, who has to go into the firework-line and let the darned things off? I add that no one *really* knows which way a rocket will go off. On November 5th the firework-party takes place as usual.

The object of all this, I understand, is to make us remember the fifth of November, the gunpowder treason and plot. And why must this, of all the events in English history, be impressed upon our memories with celebrations in private gardens and money-collections in the public streets? To point the lesson, I take it, (1) that treason is wrongful, and (2) that any attempt to blow up the House of Commons will be punished.

But what a strange way is this in which to ram the moral home! We want to discourage our children from using explosives against the Crown and Constitution, so we give them a grand exhibition of the decorative and colourful effects which can be obtained by the use of explosives! And we give them money, not "for the Constitution" but "for the guy"—the villain of the piece! Really, it is a wonder that both Houses of Parliament are not blown up every sixth of November by an army of enthusiastic children intent on having a second firework night!

Is there any parallel to this extraordinary festival? I can think of none. If one of our Kings had had a narrow escape from drowning we should not celebrate the event by encouraging our children to push their parents into rivers on a winter's night. If we wish to deter the young from the practice of assassination we do not get out our pistols and fire them off on the day of LINCOLN'S death. We do not commemorate the burning of the ancient martyrs by burning each other at the stake. And yet we do definitely commemorate the escape of the House of Commons from death by gunpowder by blowing off thousands of tons of gunpowder in the most attractive possible manner!

Very odd, is it not? And, as I think I said before, no one *really* knows which way a rocket will go off.

As we write, the Haddock frame is happily intact; but who knows how much of it will remain when we go to Press? There used to be a couple of tame bachelors in the neighbourhood ("very good with children"—as bachelors, unlike fathers, often are), and we used to lure them in on Detonation Day and make them cause explosions for the children. But they have left the district (who can blame them?), and there is a hideous possibility that Haddock himself may have to put a trembling taper to all those packets of peril at the bottom of the garden.

I don't mind a quiet little Catherine-wheel or two (why "Catherine," by the way?); but the only fireworks which Daddy really enjoys are the Roman Candles, which go off at intervals with gentle plops in different colours. But even they remind me of Mr. VEREY'S lights, which went off just as gently, but illuminated No Man's Land at awkward moments. And, as a matter of fact, it was a sort of baby



Lady. "HOW DREADFULLY THE LEAVES DO BLOW ABOUT!"
Sagacious Gardener. "AH—IT'S THE WIND, YOU KNOW, 'M."

Roman Candle that fell into the bottle, caused bottle to explode and nearly removed poor Daddy's right eye; so Daddy could quite easily get through the year without his ration of Roman Candles.

As for the little boxes which go off with vast bangs almost before Daddy has ignited them—as for those infernal squibs which dart in and out through Daddy's legs like whizz-bangs—what exactly is the fun, the civic significance of these inventions? And as for those expensive rockets which go off like high-velocity 5·9's—well, no one, as I think I have hinted, *really* knows which way they will go. And then, worst of all perhaps, there are those odd packets which are found at the close of the proceedings, when Daddy is about to sneak off—mysterious things with ends all over them. Daddy has not the least idea which end should be ignited, and Daddy has not the fortitude to say so; but he tries one of the ends. . . .

I am all for discouraging the violent destruction of any legislative body; but I cannot be persuaded that it is wise to call attention once a year to the rare attempts which have been made in the past. If it is necessary to commemorate the discomfiture of seditious persons let it be done by all means in a decorative and dignified manner. Let there be bonfires, for example. A bonfire is a fine thing; and a fairly safe thing; and all the nation's enemies may be burned in effigy twice nightly for all I care. But do not ask poor Daddy, who, by the exercise of unusual precautions, escaped a violent end in the Great War, to fire off rockets in memory of Mr. FAWKES, especially as (and the fact may be worth recording once more) no one *really* knows which way a rocket is going off. A. P. H.

A Side-Splitting Game.

"Too slow in getting the ball away, he was frequently 'smothered' by D. B. Black, who himself, smart and elusive, often led his *vis-à-vis* a merry dance."—*Edinburgh Paper.*

"Trinity College, Cambridge. — Choral Clerkship, value £50 a year, for three years. There is a Vacancy for a Bass in October, 1932."—*Advt. in Daily Paper.*

We should have thought it was thirstier work than that.

BOVINE AMBITION.

["For real eccentricities of diet," says Professor HOBDAY, "you should study cows. We took a dozen silk stockings out of the stomach of a cow which had munched them off a clothes-line."—*Evening Paper.*]

O HONOURABLE cow that chewed
The silken leg's similitude,
Hoping perhaps the selfsame wove
Would prank your hide with pink and mauve,
Take for your efforts to grow smarter
Your well-earned Order of the Garter,
Henceforth in Bull's *Debrett* to rank
As Matron of the Silken Prank.

And since your daily brimming pails
Were nourished on the Bargain Sales
That brought to wash "One Dozen Silk,"
Your milk is now indeed the milk
Of human kindness. We 'll for proof
Forget that you 've a cloven hoof,
And wish together—not by halves—
Success to all your silken calves.

Candid Advertisers.

"FIRST OF ALL IRISH ALES.
NONE CAN TOUCH IT."
Advt. in Irish Paper.

GETTING TO GRIPS WITH SCIENCE.

SCIENCE is so much in—or should I say "on"?—the air these days that we can scarcely help thinking a good deal about it, can we? Quite rightly too, because with all these scientists getting together, so to speak, around the microphone, and Mr. H. G. WELLS bursting out so delightfully again in that terse cheery way of his—well, the least we can do is to try to help by thinking about science as hard as we can.

Now in attempting to get a grip on modern science it is of paramount importance that we should commence by clarifying our conceptions and our thought processes and all that. Let clarity be our watchword. Professor J. ARTHUR THOMSON, unless I am gravely mistaken, is absolutely with me on this point. My Uncle John in his day was equally insistent. I remember so well his declaring time and again that there was "nothing like clarity." Or was it "claret"? Anyway, I feel certain that were he alive now he would be tremendously enthusiastic. He was that sort of man.

With a view to helping you to clarify your conceptions and other things and to prepare you to some extent to face the winter's scientific campaign I took the trouble to make extensive notes throughout one of the earlier broadcast lectures. I felt it only right to do this because, next to experiments with fundamental things like solvents and Bunsen burners, scientific investigation does depend so tremendously upon making notes. Besides which even the smallest inaccuracy can prove very detrimental to a scientific reputation.

I expect most of you, whether you have wanted to or not, have become sufficiently "science-minded" by now to be able to grasp something of the significance of these notes of mine as they stand. So I give you the more important of them in all their stark technicality:—

Science. What is it?

Query a something-or-other body of knowledge.

The world. Matter. Atoms. Electrons. Thingmajigs. Radiation.

(*a*) What happens when ? does something?

Interpretations of science. Evolution. What next, if anything?

(*b*) Livingstone. Man in chair. Cigarette. Smoke.

(*c*) All change.

Energy and all that. Query indestructible.

The law of thingumbobs.

What does it matter?

Notes to the Notes: (*a*) This important observation was mainly inaudible owing to dog barking at laundry-man. (*b*) This bothered me a good deal afterwards, but you need not worry. It has nothing to do with famous explorer. Refers to interruption by wife asking me to note alteration of Snagley's telephone exchange. Should read LIVINGSTONE. (*c*) Scientifically, not railway-porterly, speaking.

I think I may say that, granted sufficient clarity of thought processes, these notes speak for themselves.

Here, then, is a simple outline of the results of my scientific ponderings so far. You will no doubt perceive that I have not attempted to do more than deal in an introductory manner with science as a whole. I admit quite frankly that it is possible to go a good deal further. After all, you will exclaim very pertinently, there are many sciences. That is true. The French philosopher, COMTE, counted no fewer than six. That was years ago, and anyway I fancy COMTE was a very difficult man to live with. There must be a lot more by now.

Besides, we are fortunate nowadays in having so many aspects and applications of science. We have science in the kitchen, science in the nursery, science in the cow-shed and all manner of delightful ramifications.

Then, quite apart from such forms of science as chemistry, geology and so on being jolly good things in themselves, you have to ask yourselves what they mean to you. In these times, when everyone who is anybody "reacts" to almost everything in some way or another, that is a frightfully important question. I must try some day to help you find an answer to it. Meanwhile I would again urge you very, very emphatically to let clarity be your watchword.

D. C.

GENEVIÈVE.

IN deference to Mr. SNOWDEN and still more to the indisposition of my pet pounds, I am resigned to the fact that the upland bunkers of St. Jean-les-Pins shall not encompass me this autumn. But it is hard to keep from thinking regretfully of Geneviève.

At St. Jean-les-Pins there are three sorts of caddie. There is the Infant (of either sex and less than brassie-height), a class to be avoided, since it is apt to fall into a coma under the sheer weight of the clubs, thereby spoiling the serenity of the conscience and eventually forcing one to carry the wretched things oneself; the Coy Maiden, terribly prone to sniggering on the tee, *le coup d'œil*, and beetling off to the next fairway in search of a bit of gossip; and, thirdly, the Grim Widow. Of this last category was Geneviève, the most fascinating and at the same time undoubtedly the least efficient caddie in the whole European zone.

Why she fascinated it is difficult to say, for she gave you the first impression that she had been carelessly sketched out by someone with a faulty sense of perspective. Angular, tall, formidable; dressed unvaryingly in jet-black of a depressing length; undeniably astigmatic, a pessimist to within an inch of the pin and an incorrigible selector of the wrong club, she used, this time last year, to slither along behind me in flapping sand-shoes, like an elderly Gothic lamp-post on its way to a funeral, strangely content that for the time being my bag should hang upon its arm.

And yet I fell immediately under her sway. If at times it was disconcerting to have a caddie who trampled habitually on the ball and who reserved for moments of extreme crisis an unpretty trick with her front teeth which gave the effect of distant bagpipes, what was a passing irritation beside the knowledge that I possessed a tame tigress not only prepared but eager to do battle for me? When, for instance, an unfortunate small boy was discovered behind a bunker in the act of pocketing my ball, Geneviève leapt upon him with eerie cries and my big golf-umbrella, and I only just restrained her from taking a divot from the child. And when old Colonel Bluffunder, whom I disliked, hit a better spoon-shot than usual and got me full-pitch in the small of my back, she let fly at him in such shrill and furious *argot* that for the rest of the week he remained mercifully on the beach. In anger she became an inexpressibly noble spectacle.

I very soon got used to being handed my putter on the tee. We golfers are often over-fastidious, and in any case it would have been absurd to expect somebody else's grandmother to be bothered with a little detail like that.

During the three weeks that I was under Geneviève's protection I learnt almost everything there was to be known about her. She wasn't really a widow at all. Her husband kept the *delikatessen* shop in the village and owned a two-seater. Her four sons were fishermen. Her eldest grandson was the mechanic of the yellow flying-boat which lived in the harbour and which took people round the bay on the days when its engine started. She was no fanatic, but she believed firmly in the after-life, in the futility of all forms of government and in the absolute superiority of red wine over white. For other women she had little use. But the one thing I could never discover was why she bothered to be a caddie. Assuredly it was not for any love of golf, for



Commandant (who has asked several abortive questions on Map-reading, to budding Territorial Officer). "YOU DON'T SEEM TO KNOW VERY MUCH ABOUT A MAP. HOW ON EARTH *do* YOU FIND YOUR WAY ABOUT?"
Budding Territorial Officer. "OH, BETWEEN THE GUIDE-POSTS, SIR, AND THE A.A. MEN I MANAGE QUITE WELL."

which she never evinced the slightest enthusiasm.

A bitter thought that at this moment the clubs of another may be rattling on her gaunt shoulder—the glittering clubs of some fat blighter who has disobeyed Mr. SNOWDEN, and who is anyway too stupid to comprehend what a jewel and a treasure he has gained.

Never mind, Geneviève. The pound will recover. ERIC.

"For Sale—One Ultra-Violet Ray."
Advt. in Indian Paper.

Couldn't it be bought for the nation?

THANKS TO SIR WALTER.

NINE weeks in a nursing-home—
Such has been my lot,
All foul fiends sent cursing home
By the wizard SCOTT.

Ne'er a detrimental night,
Ne'er a dismal day
But Romance's gentle Knight
Cleared the clouds away.

Would you all the braver lie,
Hale in heart and head?
Call the tribe of Waverley,
Sick man, to your bed.

Introspection's succubi
Instantly disperse;
While the modern muck you buy
Would but make them worse.

To Sir WALTER'S skill owes lip
More than lip can tell;
Nightly 'neath your pillowslip
Keep him, and sleep well.

". . . its hero is so clean-limbed that he will never throw up the sponge."
Book-Review in Sunday Paper.

Someone ought to lend him a vacuum-cleaner.

DOG AND RABBIT.

IT is a popular superstition that the dog possesses an inherent instinct to chase the rabbit. Any dog, you are told, will, on the merest whisper of "Rabbits!" leap up from sound slumber and kill the hearthrug, or tear round the room in a frenzy, barking out that if only you'll tell him just where to find the little beggars, the rest will be fur and blood.

Now this is an absolute fallacy—unless my dog Mike isn't a dog at all, which is absurd, for he is very obviously several dog. Yet Mike is, I admit it with shame, Not Good at Rabbits. He is, to be even more frank, Dambad at Rabbits. There is no inherent anti-rabbit instinct in Mike; he wouldn't know what to do to a rabbit if one came into the house. Probably he'd help it off with its coat and ask it to sit down and have a drink.

No doubt the trouble is simply that he is a town dog. Bought at the age of five weeks from the breast-pocket of a tough egg wearing a dingy cotton muffler and a persuasive leer, in Club Row, Bethnal Green, Mike was frankly a Cockney from the start. Those instincts he possessed were London, even East End of London, instincts, such as to run from a policeman, to search dustbins, to comment unfavourably upon white spats, and so on. Rabbits meant nothing to him. Cats, of course, yes. Cats he learnt to chase at a very early age to within an absolute inch of their turning round and socking him across the nose, but to him a rabbit was something like the great auk, an extinct creature of which he had vaguely heard tell from his great-uncle.

Then we brought him down to the country and took him up on the Downs. On the Downs are a million-and-a-half rabbits—maybe a few more—and Mike soon got the idea that something had been missing in his life. He lifted up his nose and snuffed, and it was like a cross between the dawning of young love and the recalling of a long-forgotten melody. He gave an excited bark and proceeded to hit the trail for the nearest rabbit-warren. Some few thousand rabbits scattered to right and left as he came, but Mike was busy following his nose and so didn't see them. He arrived at a big hole in the middle of the warren, went down it as far as a recent heavy meal permitted and stayed there in an ecstasy of unaccustomed olfactory research, his tail morsing his sensations to the world.

He stayed there so long that soon the rabbits began to pop up again from the other holes round. They sized Mike up at once, I will say, for they didn't bob down again in panic as soon as they saw his latter half. They sat up and watched in an impressed circle. More and more came up as the news got round the warren, till soon there was a ring of some hundred interested rabbits. It finally got to be quite a gala. Some of the braver young rabbits were hurling defiant remarks at Mike's tail; solicitous mothers were calling to young Flopsy-Mopsy and Cotton-tail to come up nearer and get a good look; three or four elderly bucks were keeping the crowd back; and I'm not certain an enterprising young rabbit with a marked hooked nose wasn't doing a roaring trade selling clover and pea-nuts.

It was all too idyllic and we stole softly away. Mike returned after tea with the triumphant look of one who has very, very nearly caught a glimpse of a rabbit.

For a long while after this Mike and rabbits continued on the same unsatisfactory footing. They considered him a half-wit whom it was beneath them to know but good fun to watch; while Mike looked on the whole rabbit idea as an interesting myth which was, however, worth while investigating. The fact, however, that Mike relied on his researches upon the sense of smell, while the rabbits added those of sight and hearing, indicated that the likelihood of even a chance encounter, let alone a formal meeting which might ripen into something finer and fuller, was pretty remote.

It was not till a full month after this that Mike actually saw his first rabbit. The creature loped across the path about two yards ahead of Mike. Both stopped dead and stared at one another. Both were equally startled, and for a moment the question of whether Mike would chase the rabbit or the rabbit would chase Mike hung in the balance. Then Mike made an incautious move of, we think, apprehension and the rabbit hastened on across the path and down a hole a few yards off. Mike at once rushed forward to where it had crossed, put his nose down and picked up the trail. Unfortunately the rabbit had crossed from left to right, whereas Mike, all in a flutter of agitation, proceeded to follow the scent from right to left. Yelping with excitement, he followed it unerringly for a quarter-of-a-mile up to where the rabbit had been having a spot of tea before it decided it was time for home and bed. Here he paused for a moment and finally took the line up again to another spot nearly a mile up the hill, where the rabbit had lunched. Half-an-hour later he was tracking out the intricate mazes of some game the rabbit had been playing in the forenoon with a few friends.

Again we left him, figuring out that, if the rabbit had been at all far afield for breakfast, Mike wouldn't have traced it home till late in the afternoon. Again Mike returned after tea, this time with the triumphant air of one who might actually have caught a rabbit had not the creature been the merest trifle too fleet for him.

The climax came towards the end of the summer, when Mike burst suddenly into a field alive with feeding rabbits, who all made a simultaneous bolt for the hedge. Mike chased one a little way, then broke off in terror as another, also charging blindly for home, actually leapt over his back. This was too much for our gallant warrior. He turned in



Husband (to Wife). "THESE ROOMS WILL NEVER DO, MY DEAR. WHY, THERE'S NOT ROOM TO SWING A CAT."
Landlady. "I BEG YOUR PARDON, SIR, BUT NO PETS ARE ALLOWED HERE."



GRAND MEETING OF FASHION DICTATORS TO SETTLE NEXT SEASON'S ANGLE FOR WOMEN'S HATS.

his tracks and came back to us at a terrified gallop. The scramble of the rabbits for home and safety, however, had not yet died down, and Mike was momentarily in the position of a lone tube-traveller going Citywards in the evening rush-hour. The inevitable soon happened; Mike and a rabbit collided. And, we blush to have to record this, it was Mike who apologised. Picking himself up, he streaked around for us, and within ten yards turned a somersault and came to an abrupt standstill with a piteous yelp. For a moment we thought one of the fiercer rabbits had savaged him; then we discovered that, believe it or not, he alone of that horde of scurrying creatures was caught by the foot in a wire rabbit-snare.

When the surge had died down and we, though not the rabbits, had stopped laughing, we released him. But Mike is now a changed dog. He keeps close to our heels on all walks on the Downs, not daring to venture away for fear of meeting those rabbits. Give him, says Mike, something he can understand and deal with, like motor-buses. Rabbits are too rough. A. A.

ROMANCE AND SENTIMENT.

LAND of the mountain and the flood,
Though not a drop of Scottish blood
Flows in my sluggish Southron veins
Your minstrelsy my soul enchains.
The ballads of your hero sires
Enkindle never-dying fires,
And when on holidaying bent
I find your claims pre-eminent.

Land of enchanted isles and lakes,
Land of innumerable cakes—
Of bannocks, cookies, scones and baps,
Of tartans and Glengarry caps;
Land of the haggis and the caber,
Land of the claymore, not the sabre,
I hold your coast, or east or west,
Of all our playgrounds far the best.

O Caledonia, stern and wild,
Unjustifiably reviled
By Saxon scribblers for the gift,
So precious in this hour, of thrift,
I love you least in melting mood,
And when you let your kailyard brood
Turn on the sentimental tap, you
Make me almost desire to slap you.

Mr. Punch's Odd Volumes.

"OLD MUSIC.—A Collection of Miscellaneous Victorian Songs, some with engraved and pictorial titles. . . . In good state, but 'The Charming Woman' seems a bit loose."
Bookseller's Catalogue.

"GIRL FLIER GOING AHEAD."
Yorkshire Paper.

That is of course the direction in which they usually go.

"MANCHURIAN TENSION IS RELAXING.
Japanese Begin To Withdraw Their Troos From Their Original Positions."
New Zealand Paper.

But not, we hope, beyond the region of the safety belt.

"In 1877 a very gross police scandal was unearthed, a number of police officers being convicted of taking brides from a gang of crooks."—*Sheffield Paper.*

We can see that this might be one of the dangers of the profession.

"In the first important utterance of the Chairman of the Board, he has, so to say, thrown the Board overboard and ploughed his own canoe."—*Ceylonese Paper.*

It sounds a sort of financial surf-riding.

THE BIRDIKIN FAMILY.

VII.—AN AFTERNOON'S PLAY.

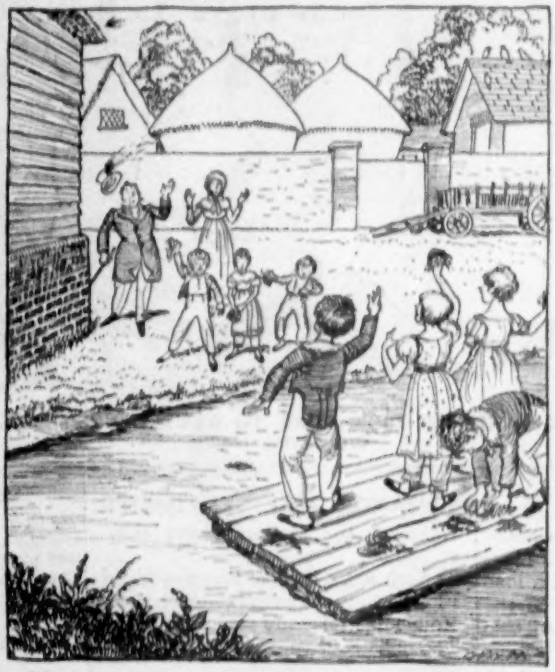
ONE fine morning in September a coroneted note was brought by a mounted groom from Bellacre Castle to Byron Grove, in which the Countess of Bellacre requested that the four young Birdikins should be brought over that afternoon to play with her own children, the Viscount Firebolt, the Lady Mary and the Honourable John Firebolt.

This invitation was gratifying to Mr. Birdikin. During such seasons as the Earl of Bellacre was in residence at his country seat a neighbour of such probity of conduct as the owner of Byron Grove, who was always ready to unlock the treasures of a well-furnished mind when in company, might have been expected to be welcomed to frequent intercourse with him. Upon the occasions on which they met in public the *Commoner* had shown by his ingratiating demeanour that a fuller measure of intimacy would be agreeable to him, but the *Nobleman*, while treating him with the civility that became his rank, had invariably hastened to remove himself from his immediate vicinity. Mr. Birdikin, after some years of endeavouring to lessen the distance between them, had taken this to indicate that on his Lordship's part that desire was absent. This invitation, however, seemed to show that a more neighbourly intercourse was now desired. The note was answered by Mrs. Birdikin, to whom it had been addressed, Mr. Birdikin himself advising upon the *wording* of the missive, so that it should express the right degree of *cordiality* together with the *deference* due to the rank of the recipient.

High were the anticipations of the four children as they were carried towards the stately edifice which was to be the scene of the afternoon's play, the boys in their best nankeen suits, the girls in freshly laundered sprigged muslin, and it is to be feared that small attention was paid to the cautions of Miss Smith, who had heard from an old nurse of the young Firebolts, resident in the village, that they were what she designated as "limbs of mischief."

And so it proved to be. The Viscount Firebolt and the Honourable John, who were of about the same age as Charles and Henry, had no sooner set eyes on them than they challenged them to a bout of fisticuffs; and the Lady Mary, who was dressed in an old cotton frock that would have seemed more suitable to a cottager's child than to the descendant of a hundred earls or thereabouts, took Clara and Fanny off to inspect her tame rabbits, and then led them to an adjacent farmyard, where they were presently joined by the four boys, and that rough play was set in hand which Mr. Birdikin had so strongly deprecated in urging Miss Smith to see that her young charges comported themselves with propriety during the afternoon's intercourse.

Miss Smith would no doubt have done her best to curb the boisterous propensities of *all* the children, but the Countess, herself addicted to the pleasures of the chase, and bringing up her children on a different principle from that followed by Mr. and Mrs. Birdikin, said to her, "Pray leave them to play by themselves. You look as if you want a rest."



"ONE OF THE GOBBETS . . . MADE IMPACT WITH HIS HAT."

Miss Smith allowed herself to be led into a handsomely-furnished and comfortable parlour, where she was bidden by her distinguished hostess to entertain herself with Miss EDGEWORTH's latest romance, hot from the printers, and to forget all about the children for the next two hours. Her sense of duty was, alas! lulled by the seduction of the book and of the place. On the previous evening Mr. Birdikin had jocularly remarked to her that, if anybody felt inclined to rise early and gather mushrooms, he thought he could relish a dish of them with his breakfast. Miss Smith, anxious to make some return for all the consideration she had received from her employer, had left her bed before six o'clock and gathered the materials for the succulent repast. She had gladly forgone the sleep which her somewhat delicate frame required, but it is perhaps not to be wondered at that her present peaceful surroundings induced a drowsiness to which, after fighting it for a time, she gave way. The book dropped from her hand and she slept.

What was her surprise when she was presently awakened by the entry of none other than Mr. and Mrs. Birdikin, who had decided *themselves* to drive over and conduct their children home, anticipating before they did so a pleasant hour in the company of the Countess and possibly the Earl, with whom they were anxious to consolidate the excellent relationship already inaugurated. The Earl, however, was abroad with his dogs and his gun in pursuit of the elusive partridge, and his Lady had driven forth in her chariot.

Mrs. Birdikin elected to sit in the house while her husband, followed by Miss Smith, went in search of the children. Mr. Birdikin's brow was dark as he elicited from the instructress an account of the circumstances that had led to her forsaking the duty with which she had been charged, but the constraint he habitually placed upon himself prevented him at the moment from expressing himself upon it, and she followed him in silence, deeply conscious of the weight of his not undeserved displeasure.

The children were not at first to be found, but it was not long before their gleeful shouts were heard coming from the direction of the farmyard, and thither Mr. Birdikin and Miss Smith turned their footsteps.

The scene that met their astonished gaze was such as to cause the cloud upon Mr. Birdikin's brow to deepen. Upon a roughly-made raft in the middle of a pond that adjoined the yard were gathered the Viscount Firebolt and the Lady Mary, with Charles and Fanny. The other three children were bombarding them from the bank with lumps of mud, some of which they caught and returned with as much violence as could be imparted by their immature muscles. As Mr. Birdikin debouched upon the scene of combat from behind a barn,

one of the gobbets, launched by the hand of the Viscount Firebolt, made impact with his hat and knocked it off his head.

Though going far beyond the bounds of courtesy, this action might have been excused on account of the rank and youth of the assailant, but it was immediately followed by the discharge of further missiles from all the occupants of the raft, Charles and Fanny having lost all sense of propriety from the example they had all too readily followed, or they would scarcely have ventured thus to attack their own parent.

Nemesis, however, quickly overtook them. A blob of liquid mud thrown by Fanny impinged upon Mr. Birdikin's eye, and when he had regained his vision it was to see the raft overturned and the children immersed in the pond.

The protective instinct of fatherhood overcame in Mr. Birdikin's breast all other considerations. "Save them! Save them!" he cried; and while Miss Smith obediently waded into the muddy water to render what assistance she could, he stood on the bank a prey to the liveliest alarm.

It was fortunate that the pond was no more than two feet deep, or the outrageous play could only have ended in tragedy. The children waded ashore muddy and dripping, and, although Charles and Fanny were sufficiently sobered by their immersion and the dread of what might be in store for them, the climax seemed to afford the Viscount Firebolt and the Lady Mary the height of amusement.

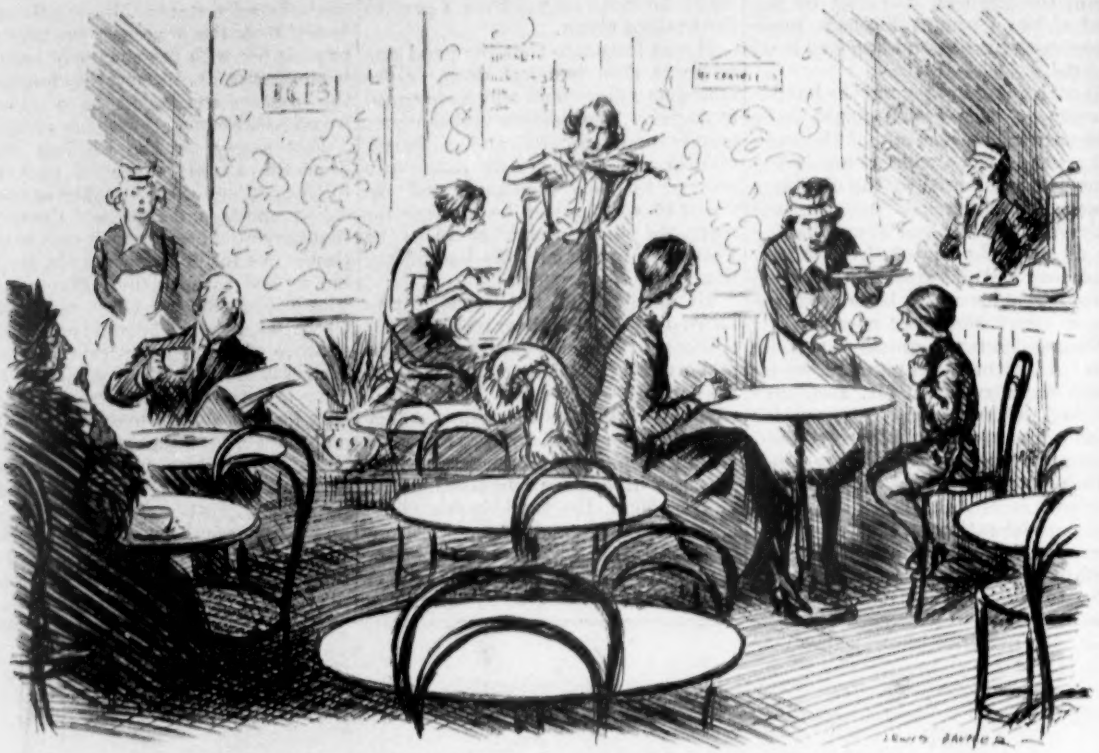
Mr. Birdikin did not conceive it to be his duty to administer rebuke to the children of others, especially as those others were of a rank superior to his own. He hurried Charles and Fanny back to the Castle in order to beg for a change of clothing for them, and was fortunate enough to find the Countess returned from her drive and in conversation with Mrs. Birdikin. Her ladyship made light of the occurrence and put the wardrobe of her children at the disposal of the young Birdikins. To Mr. Birdikin's surprise she showed more concern at the bedraggled state of Miss Smith, and *herself* took the governess upstairs to provide her with the change of habiliments that was necessary, thus forgoing the pleasure she might have gained from further converse with her visitors.

Fortunately for the Birdikin children the Countess begged that no further notice should be taken of their delinquencies, and expressed the hope that they would repeat their visit to the Castle on a future occasion. Mr. Birdikin replied with an invitation to the young Firebolts to come to Byron Grove, for, although he could not wholly approve of their intemperate conduct, such was his breadth of mind and intense loyalty to the hierarchy of Rank that he was able to overlook the disquietudes of the afternoon in consideration of the closer contact they had brought him with his highly-placed neighbours. He thought well, however, on the homeward journey to warn Miss Smith that any further dereliction of duty on *her* part would lead to instant dismissal.

A. M.



Lady (*having ordered hors d'œuvre*). "I SUPPOSE I MUST NOT HAVE A SARDINE; THEY ARE NOT BRITISH."
Waiter (*rising to the occasion*). "ON THE CONTRARY, MADAM, THESE WERE NATURALISED THIS MORNING."



Small Child (rounding off an afternoon's dissipation). "OH, MUMMY, THIS IS WHAT I CALL LIFE!"

THE CASE OF SMITH.

AN IMPERIAL FANTASY.

THE case of Smith I have in mind,
Who under-rated womankind
And suffered for it, rightly;
He fell in love at once with two
And thought that both of them would do,
For both were fair and sprightly.

He took them out to see the stars
Alternate nights in motor-cars,
With much delight they sat in 'em;
He gave them both his word and bond,
And each one was a blue-eyed blonde,
And both the blondes were platinum.

And sometimes Daphne seemed the best,
And sometimes Dahlia stood the test;
They both had charming features.
But, having kissed them for a bit,
He grew extremely tired of it
And left the lovely creatures.

He grew a long and ginger beard
And positively disappeared
Not far from Lake Nyanza;
And there he chased the buffalo
And various things which will not go
So well into my stanza.

Imagine then his state of wrath
To see one day inside a Moth
His Daphne and his Dahlia;
For both of them had spotted him
While flying, for a sudden whim,
To Melbourne in Australia.

He had no time to cut and run,
As certainly he would have done,
For with consummate daring
They landed near the nincompoop
And spilt the pint of zebra soup
Which he was just preparing.

They boxed his ears and slapped his face
And threw his clothes all round the place,
Which grieved him so acutely.
He fled towards the Upper Nile,
And there a female crocodile
Devoured him absolutely.

* * * * *

The moral of my story is
That earth has now no distances
To sunder nor to sever,
And those who spurn the gift of Love
As though it were a worn-out glove
Should keep a good look-out above,
Since girls have grown so clever.

EVOE.

"Basutoland, Swaziland, and Bechuanaland have not departed from the gold standard, says an official announcement in Pretoria."—*Daily Paper.*

All old Balliol men are standing shoulder to shoulder in the crisis.

In a Good Cause.

ON Armistice Day last year 35,000,000 poppies were bought in aid of Lord HAIG'S British Legion Appeal. This year 40,000,000 poppies are available, and Mr. Punch earnestly hopes that all his readers will do their best to see that none of them remains unsold. This winter is likely to be a harder time than ever for distressed ex-service men, and the public cannot express its sympathy in a more practical manner than by giving whole-hearted support to the British Legion Poppy Factory, Limited, the only factory in the world where every employé has been disabled by war service.

"A COVENTRY NIGHT ON MIDLAND REGIONAL."
Heading in Wireless Paper.

We often wish that other stations could be similarly ostracized.

"'ROOKERY NOOK.'
EXCEPTIONALLY STRONG CASTE AT GULMARG.

Mrs. —— in the somewhat unpleasant character of the village scandal-monger gave a superb rendering of a different part."
Indian Paper.

Evidently amateur theatricals at their best.



A TIMELY TRIBUTE.

PRIME MINISTER (*sings*). "I 'VE GOT A PAL—A REG'LAR OUT-AN'-OUTER . . .

WE'VE BEEN TOGETHER NOW ELEVEN WEEKS,
AN' IT DON'T SEEM A DAY TOO MUCH;
THERE AIN'T A STATESMAN LIVIN' IN THE LAND
AS I'D SWAP FOR MY DEAR OLD DUTCH."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Tuesday, November 3rd.—In the Lords were gathered to-day the five Royal Commissioners, the LORD CHANCELLOR and Lords SUMNER, SOMERLEYTON, DARLING and STONEHAVEN, who presently despatched BLACK ROD, as is the custom, to summon the faithful Commons.

Meanwhile the Commons had foregathered in their own place, faithful indeed but in such a strange diversity as surely has never been equalled. We are often reminded that the days of political giants are passed. It may be so, but at any rate our day has contrived to produce the super-gigantic Party. Five-hundred-and-fifty-seven supporters of the National Government swamped both sides of the House and overflowed into the Galleries. One had to look hard to see a familiar face and harder still to see those other faces of which only a temporary absence has made the heart grow fonder. These swam—*rari nantes in gurgite vasto*—like delectable morsels in a vast mock-turtle soup of bewildered incogniti, many of whom can have had little expectation of finding themselves there, and some of whom, one suspects, may have been wondering whether it was not all a horrid mistake.



THE LL.G.O.C. FOUR-SEATER.

MR. LLOYD GEORGE, MISS MEGAN LLOYD GEORGE, MAJOR GORONWY OWEN, D.S.O. AND MAJOR GWILYM LLOYD GEORGE.

There they were, however, and there, clinging tenaciously to the Opposition Benches, were the diminished cohorts, fifty-eight strong, of the Opposition. Even in death, it appeared, they were divided; for Mr. MAXTON, having informed the official Labour Party that his I.L.P. contingent would have none of their leadership, sat with his four trusty henchmen on the Front Bench below the Gangway.

And what was yon forlorn group sitting in splendid but, of course, figurative isolation to their immediate rear? It was the LLOYD GEORGE Liberals, minus, of course, the Chief Bard. The Welsh mountains had laboured and there had emerged—three blind mice! They clung together, however, in the mind's eye only. In cold fact, Miss MEGAN, with a perfectly stunning permanent wave in her glossy locks, observed the moving scene from the gallery. Like the rest of us, she was obviously trying to identify the flock of Conservative ladies that down below were usurping the interest formerly shared by a Socialist sisterhood. Ovations gladdened the arriving ears of Ministers and potential Ministers, and a volume of sound larger than can be credited to his own following ushered Mr. LANSBURY, the Opposition's new Leader, to his place—a volume that even increased in intensity when that great soul, Mr. JACK JONES, ambled radiantly but all too modestly to his seat in the Opposition hinterland.

And now it was time for the moving scene to transfer itself back to the other place. Enter BLACK ROD. Exeunt, in what the little boy in last week's *Punch* would call "a two and two continuum," the faithful Commons, with Mr. LANSBURY and Mr. RAMSAY MACDONALD—surely as strange an apposition as the wit of any Parliamentary whimsy could conceive!—in the van.

Would they please to elect a Speaker? They would and did. They re-elected Captain FITZROY to his third term of office, and, though it was a foregone conclusion, as it usually is, the House took advantage, as it always likes to do, to say flattering things about him and about itself. Sir G. COURTHOPE, smooth and immaculate, said in measured phrases but with the assistance of notes the happy things that are always said and—such is the material of which Speakers are hewn—always deserved. If Sir GEORGE uttered one phrase less serious than the rest it was when he reminded his hearers that among the high qualities that especially fitted Captain FITZROY for the Speaker's Chair must be reckoned his sagacity as a judge of shorthorn cattle.

Mr. WILL THORNE, another veteran Member, seconded the motion and (without notes, as one might suppose) declared that for a man like himself, who had led four women to the altar, the task of dragging the reluctant SPEAKER to the Chair would prove easy enough.

Captain FITZROY, addressing himself, as his eulogisers had done, to the Clerk of the House, thanked the Members for the great honour they were again conferring upon him. For old Members he had only thanks for the way in which they had made light his task; for new ones he had two words of advice: to remember that the House's procedure, which at first might seem dilatory and irksome, was necessary to the proper discharge of its business, and that the SPEAKER was not only available as the counsellor but approachable as the friend of every Member. He concluded by reminding all present, including peccant Ministers, that a whole lot can be said in fifteen minutes, and that if everybody would aim to be brief a great many more could hope to become vocal.

Dragged with proper gestures of reluctance to the Chair, the SPEAKER-ELECT said one more word of thanks; the PRIME MINISTER and the LEADER OF THE OPPOSITION briefly congratulated Captain FITZROY and the House on having adjusted matters to their mutual satisfaction, and the House adjourned.

Wednesday, November 4th.—Once more to the Lords, where, the Lords Commissioners (the ancillary quartet on this occasion being Lords LONDONDERRY, STANHOPE, ONSLOW and ISLINGTON) being again *in situ*, stout Sir W. PULTENEY is dispatched, black rod in hand, to collect the faithful Commons, chaperoned on this occasion by their Speaker-Elect. He, having submitted himself with becoming humility, is assured by the LORD CHANCELLOR that HIS MAJESTY does most readily approve and confirm him as Speaker. Thereupon, being now Speaker indeed, Captain FITZROY lays claim to all the Commons' ancient privileges. These are magnani-

mously granted, and the SPEAKER is assured, as to himself personally, that nothing he may say will be brought up in evidence against him.

SPEAKER and Commons return to their own place, the former pausing *en route* to don the silk gown and full-bottomed wig of his office. Already a certain liveliness has communicated itself to the Lower House, primarily, it appears, through the determination of Mr. MAXTON to sit on the Front Opposition Bench below the Gangway, even if it involves the subimposition or ensquashment of a small hecatomb of Tories who have inconveniently got there first. All, however, passes off smoothly, and the swearing-in of Members is begun, the first to take the oath being Mr. BALDWIN, and the second Sir AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN. He, surveying, like MOSES, the Promised Land of Protection that he has self-suppressingly declined to enter, at least in a Ministerial capacity, is perhaps already wondering if the Chosen People will in the last analysis get all that is coming to them.

THE PASTE THAT KILLS.

I'M going to write a book. It will be called *Careers to Avoid*. My first career to avoid will be "Bill-posting."

I decided to write the book after reading a publication entitled *Careers Just Made for Your Children*. In this masterpiece I was told how to make my offspring anything from a bank-clerk to one of those skilled workers who put the bubbles in aerated water; but it contained not one word about vocations which should be given the miss in baulk (Old English for "go-by").

It was while watching a bill-poster at work in the Strand that I said to myself, "Here is an occupation which no loving parent should ever dream of as a means of livelihood for his child," and straightway declared that its pitfalls should be given pride of place in my great work.

The drawbacks to bill-posting are manifold. Where, in the first place, can anyone learn to bill-post? This subject isn't included in the prospectus of any correspondence college. The Post-Office, of course, would never consent to take hoardings through the post. Even if they did there wouldn't be enough brown-paper and string available with which to wrap up the students' exercises.

The would-be bill-poster, therefore, is handicapped from the very beginning. He cannot EARN WHILE LEARNING. His only hope is to set out with a brush, a pot of paste made from flour-and-water (in these days of economy, self-raising flour is recommended) and an assortment of ladders, find a few acres of virgin wall and there begin a course of self-instruction.

Here again, however, the student is faced with the problem of obtaining bills to post. Bills to post cannot be obtained from any good-class stationer. Neither will advertisers, I feel sure, lend out their bills for practice purposes. Students must make their own bills from newspapers or old pieces of wall-paper, and that isn't so simple as it looks.

Before he can claim to be a fully-qualified worker the budding bill-poster must also be able to distinguish a double-crown poster from a four-sheet poster, and a half-crown poster from a seven-and-sixpenny one. To do this he must either find an old hand at the game and ask him all about it or go out and buy a handbook on the subject. The first method is dangerous, while the second isn't so good either.

These disadvantages of a bill-posting career which I have roughly outlined are pretty fearsome, I admit, but they are absolutely nothing when compared with what awaits the wielder of the paste-brush when he starts on a full-time job, assuming that he can get one, which is doubtful, because bill-posters are noted stickers and very few of them ever fall off their ladders.

For the bill-poster there are no glittering prizes to be won. In fact there are no prizes at all. Promotion is very slow. Junior posters often remain at the minor railway-platform stage for years. Only the very senior men with recalcitrant moustaches are entrusted to the big street hoardings.

And what—what—(pardon me while I use the carafe)—what, I ask you, does the poor bill-poster have to contend with even when he does reach the top of his profession? One moment he is telling the world that "Bonko Boots Are Best" and the next contradicting himself by asserting that "Flip and Flop's Footwear is the Firm Favourite."

It will not surprise you then to learn that those bill-posters who don't contract ladder-leg or paste-poisoning end their days as embittered cynics, not believing in such things as "Love" and "Marital Happiness," which is why, to adapt STEVENSON, "the young of the bill-poster, like those of the salmon, are occult from observation."

The bill-poster cannot spend his evenings by the gas-fireside with his little woman, telling his offspring in the intervals of patting their heads of the days when paste *was* paste. No, poor wretch, he slinks about the deserted streets with a horrible expression on his face, snapping at lamp-posts and avoiding all human company.

And this is the sort of vocation against which innocent little children are never warned. It is a national scandal. My book, with its astounding revelations, will fulfil a national need.

Look out for it then on the second-hand bookstalls.



THE PISGAH VIEW.

Sir AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN. "THE PROMISED LAND! NOW I CAN LAY DOWN MY STAFF."

Mr. NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN. "AND I WILL DO MY BEST TO CARRY ON."

The Compleat Piscographer.

"This superb photograph of a leaping salmon, caught by the camera as it hung for an instant in mid-air, was taken at the falls of Struan."—*Caption in Evening Paper.*

What would IZAAK WALTON have said to a dry-lens catch?

"In each of these, in spit of a not wholly irreproachable technique, the players showed deep insight and sincere feeling."

Musical Criticism in Northampton Paper.

In the art of the cuspidor we still cannot rival the sublime skill of the Americans.



DEPARTMENTAL ACTIVITIES.

FAREWELL ADDRESS OF A PROFESSOR OF PESTOLOGY TO A REGIMENT OF COLEOPTERA PRIOR TO THEIR DEPARTURE TO THE FAR EAST ON A PUNITIVE EXPEDITION AGAINST THE LARVA OF SCOPELODES ANTHELA GUBBINSII, WHICH IS VERY DESTRUCTIVE IN THE RICE-FIELDS.

[*Inset:* One of the Coleoptera, three hundred times actual size.]

WHAT IS A BEVY?

AND WHY?

["Bevy, n. A company (b. of ladies, roes, quails, larks)."—*Pocket Oxford Dictionary.*]

For gatherings of cattle
We have a special word;
A bovine mass-parade is
Distinguished as a Herd;
But when we write or prattle
We verbally compose
A Bevy out of ladies,
Of larks or quails or roes.

Attend to me and let us see
If rhyme or reason shows
Why Bevies bracket ladies
With larks and quails and roes.

"In profuse strains" and tireless
The lark pours forth his song,
A soloist in season
On whom the bards wax strong;
No songster she—to wireless
Instead my lady harks,
So what can be the reason
For linking her with larks?

You will of course admit the force
Attached to these remarks;
There can be little reason
For linking her with larks.

The grace of roes is striking;
Æsthetic natures warm
Towards their pretty poses
And elegance of form;
In view of ladies' hiking
And beach-pyjama gear,
Their verbal tie to roes is
Particularly queer.

How crude the frames of tramping dames
And bathing-belles appear!
Their reference to roes is
Exceptionally queer.

Although artistic graces
Are hardly in his line,
The quail's a tasty creature
On which to lunch or dine;
But save with backward races
The instances are rare
When ladies form a feature
Upon the bill of fare.

With us to-day, though ladies may
Be tender (here and there),
They seldom form a feature
Upon the bill of fare.

Then as it's only fishes
That congregate in Shoals,
And canine crowds that levy
In Packs their slaughter tolls,
One naturally wishes
To meet the man that knows
Why ladies share a Bevy
With larks and quails and roes.

For neither rhyme nor reason (I'm
Employing both) disclose
Why they should share a Bevy
With larks and quails and roes.

C. B.

Floral Pessimism.

"The bride looked charming . . . She carried a sheaf of harem lilies."
Midland Paper.

"At 10.5 this morning the Coats Observatory at Paisley registered a guest equal to 59 miles per hour."—*Glasgow Paper.*

A regular anemometer-crasher.

"Go out and buy a new hat, and come back with a new smile beneath it. Have you ever tried to alter your smile? Actresses do. They learn and practise a different smile with each new part. Just now a sulky, brooding look is considered very attractive—the side-twisted Mona Lisa being 'out.' But whatever smile you adopt for the season must be influenced by your teeth. Practise smiles that show the teeth, and others which do not. Find out which suits you best."
Woman's Page of Evening Paper.

But perhaps, after reading this, you may never smile again.

AT THE PICTURES.

PHILANDERING AND JEALOUSY.

THOSE who saw the great Jewish actor, MOSCOVITCH, in *The Great Lover* and were moved by his triumphs and pangs will find ADOLPHE MENJOU in the same part in the screen version of the play almost comically superficial. But that should be their only cause of complaint, because otherwise he is everything that can be asked and a master of the craft of the film. In fact I don't think he has ever been seen or heard to such advantage since the shrewd eye of CHARLES CHAPLIN picked him out. But even if MOSCOVITCH had not come first I should still doubt if the transition from innamorata to innamorata could



THE PHILANDERER'S SPEED-UP.
Diana . . . . . MISS IRENE DUNNE.
Paurel . . . . . MR. ADOLPHE MENJOU.
Savarova . . . MISS BACLANOVA.

be quite such a matter of course and—almost more so—if a vain illustrious singer as accustomed to applause and flattery as this *Jean Paurel* could take the loss of his voice with such complete indifference. If, however, ADOLPHE MENJOU'S attraction is his engaging personality rather than any convincing quality in the part (and it is odd how even in the cinema one wants to be persuaded of the truth of things), the film at the Empire, *The Great Lover*, remains worth while by reason of the scenes behind the scenes of Grand Opera, the glimpses it gives us of the Stars in their courses and the diplomatic straits into which a management can be forced. All this is lively and amusing. It is worth seeing also for the excellent performances of the not too comprehensible heroine, IRENE DUNNE, and a very capable light comedian, new to me, CLIFF EDWARDS.

The Great Lover is American; *Carnival*, featuring MATHESON LANG and also concerned with theatrical life, is British, and now that I have seen both I realise that, if Mr. LANG had played



ANOTHER LADY AT THE DOOR;
OR, THE DRESSER'S DISTRESS.
Potter . . . . MR. ERNEST TORRENCE.
Paurel . . . . MR. ADOLPHE MENJOU.
Diana . . . . MISS IRENE DUNNE.

Jean Paurel in *The Great Lover* and Mr. MENJOU had played *Silvio Steno* in *Carnival*, both plays would have benefited. Or, better still, if each could be enriched by an infusion of the other; for the Frenchman would give the



VENETIAN VIVACITY.
Silvio Steno . . MR. MATHESON LANG.

Englishman some of the nervous fluid and quickness that, especially when impersonating a jealous Latin, he lacks; while the Englishman could lend the Frenchman the weight and earnestness that *Paurel* needs. As a leading Italian tragedian Mr. LANG is singularly lethargic; indeed there has been no effort to Italianize anything but the background, which is Venice, and the music. Even *Count Andrea*, the wicked officer who nearly breaks up the happiness of the actor's superb palazzo, a handsome Chevalieresque youth named JOSEPH SCHILDKRAUT, is statuesque in all his movements, while our friend LILIAN BRAITHWAITE, *Silvio's* Cassandra-like sister, might have joined the cast from a funeral procession at Kensal Green. The fiddlers and the fireworks do their best, but only when they are busy can we believe we are on the other side of the Alps.

Still, the story is really gripping, and the device of making the jealous husband the impersonator of *Othello*, and



A WIFE-IN-ARMS.
Simonetta Steno . . MISS DOROTHY BOUCHIER.
Silvio Steno . . . . MR. MATHESON LANG.

the errant wife the impersonator of *Desdemona* (whom he calls Des-dày-mona), in a gala performance of SHAKESPEARE'S play on the night following the discovery of her guilt, is highly ingenious and dramatic, for our minds are bent on the question: "Will he strangle her in reality?" As for the answer (which involves a curious instance of the inconsistency of grease-paint) you must apply at the Tivoli Theatre.

Both these films are conventional. For novelty there is *The Blue Express*, a Russian experiment, where every picture is taken on a train in China, from the state-room of the travelling Governor, through the Pullmans and *wagons-lits*, the second-class and the third-class, to the trucks where the mill-hands and other workers are huddled together, and so to the luggage-van containing a consignment of rifles and



Hostess (at reception of Moderns). "WHAT ON EARTH MADE YOU ASK THAT DREADFUL LITTLE MAN? HE SIMPLY DOESN'T GO WITH *ANYTHING*."

revolvers, and to the engine itself, where the fireman has revolutionary tendencies. The train starts for its distant province peaceably enough; when it arrives it is a shambles.

E. V. L.

TALLY-HO!

THIS is not a hunting story. I am not sure what sort of story it is, except that it is rather improbable. It is also quite true.

Of all the grim moments in these somewhat grim days perhaps the grimmest is when, having bought one's evening paper, one attaches oneself to a slowly-moving queue in order to take a ticket on the Underground Railway. One is tired; the paper is certain to be full of politics; the prospect of a noisy crowded journey is dispiriting. At such a moment a message of cheer assumes by its very unexpectedness the aspect of a miracle. And at such a moment just such a miracle occurred to me.

I live near that romantically-named spot, Tally-Ho Corner, and for the sum of eightpence I can buy a parti-coloured ticket which enables me to travel by train to Golder's Green and the rest of the way by tram.

"Tally Ho Corner," I said listlessly, eying the booking-clerk with a faint distaste. He was a large healthy man, whose rubicundity seemed an affront. His eyes twinkled and there was a sort of irrepressible Sam Wellerish gaiety about him. He punched the ticket with positive gusto and then—

"Take your horse and away you go," he sang. "Tally-Ho! Tally-Ho!"

I goggled at him. For a moment I thought he must be mad. He did not murmur the words apologetically as one conscious of committing an un-English excess. No, they rang out bravely above the noise and clatter of the station. Such was their infectious hilarity that a dubious and grudging smile formed itself upon my lips.

I passed on, but with a more elastic step. I will not pretend (though it is a temptation) that the strap from which I hung was magically transformed into a bridle, that my swaying jolting progress was changed to a diviner motion, that "Mind the dor-ers!" became somehow "View Halloa!" But, though incapable of such flights, I felt in a jolly life-in-the-old-dog-yet mood. I gazed genially at my fellow-passengers. The men wore for the most part that hunted shamefaced look that Englishmen affect in public vehicles; the girls, cool and aloof, appeared to expect at any moment a dishonourable proposal and were rejecting it firmly in advance. Yet here and there, it seemed to me, a kindred soul beamed back. A pair of pince-nez shone with timid *camaraderie*, a typist smiled suddenly as if she would almost welcome a dishonourable proposal. What could it mean? Were we the happy few who had been sent on our way with a song—a little band of Tally-Ho-ites? No, my friendly typist was getting off at Camden Town. Perhaps the ingenious fellow had different staves for different suburbs.

The next evening I took my place in the queue eagerly, almost excitedly. In the interval the singer had become a symbol. Engaged as he was in the dreariest of occupations he yet contrived to irradiate a breezy swagger worthy of braver days. He ought at least, I thought, to be leading a National Party. "Sing a song o' sixpence!" he would cry, slapping another tanner on

the income-tax. And we, our pockets empty even of rye, would nevertheless smile. But what if he failed me? Suppose his gaiety of the evening before had been merely the result of backing the winner of the three-thirty? Then my case would be worse than before; Old England's hour seemed darker yet.

In front of me was a small meek spectacled man. "One Bal—er—Piccadilly," he said nervously.

It needed no Sherlock Holmes to deduce that Balham was his usual destination, though to-night he had a date in Piccadilly. I visualised him meeting his girl (or his wife) outside Swan and Edgar's. A snack at the Corner House, followed by two-and-fourpenny seats at a cinema.

"All down Piccadilly-dilly-dilly . . ." came the rich irresistible voice.

The little man started, smiled, strutted away. The twirl of his umbrella seemed now suggestive of a bit of dinner at the "Cri," a couple of seats at the Haymarket and blast the—wage-cuts.

"Golder's Green," I said, making a final test.

He looked at me with a hint of reproach. His lips were ready, I swear, with an exhortation to take my horse, etc. Then swiftly he recovered.

"Golder's Green! Golder's Green!" he chanted confidentially. "If yer 'aven't a bob, if yer 'aven't a bean, first to your right for the *Cemetorium*!"

The last delightful word, drawled out with immense relish, still lingers in my ear. To him even the process of reduction to dust and ashes was a rich jest. Appropriately enough it was the last word I ever heard from him. For the next day my ticket was punched by a sallow youth with cigarette dangling from his lip, who somehow contrived as he punched to carry on a running conversation with an invisible colleague round the corner.

He has never returned to sing me on my way, nor do I think he ever will. Perhaps after all he *was* a miracle.

What's In a Name?

"PUBLIC NOTICES.
DEVIZES RURAL DISTRICT COUNCIL.
NATIONAL RAT WEEK. . . .
P. R. TRAPP, Clerk to the Council."
Wiltshire Paper.

"One of London's most interesting institutions, the ceremony of changing the guard, was effected by the Federal Structure Committee of the Round Table Conference."
Indian Paper.

But we doubt if the Guards are really *relieved*.

AT THE PLAY.

"LADY-IN-WAITING" (ST. MARTIN'S).

ONCE more unto the breach, dear friends! the Balkan breach, where life, as we re-live it in the theatre, is so often set to music. Not that music is provided here. This morganatic version of King Cophetua and the Beggar Maid called, I thought, for a composer, but the only response was an off-stage fan-



THE ARRIVAL OF THE KING—LADY NO LONGER WAITING.
Lili Dengler . . MISS LEONORA CORBETT.
King Yovan . . MR. ROBERT DONAT.

fare sounded in the Second Act on (I suppose) an amplified gramophone.

At first, so homely was the scene and the converse of the characters, it seemed we must be still in England. True, the young student, whose table-manners and red shirt reflected his political views, was named *Karel*; and his mother's hair was dressed in a style that more often completes a national costume than the decent nondescript she wore.



A FEAST OF ST. MARTINI.
Ernest Dengler . . . . . MR. AUBREY MATHER.
Rosen . . . . . MR. J. H. ROBERTS.

Then a mention of the *King*, the young, charming bachelor *King*, set me wondering. And when caskets of chocolates and cornucopias of roses began to arrive and arouse in them such complacent excitement, I realised that the venue was perhaps more Balkan than Balham.

The entrance of MR. AUBREY MATHER, however, paterfamilias drowsy from a day-bed and Britannic to the very droop of his moustache and the lift of his amiable eyebrows, gave this sense of the exotic a setback. And even that excellent actor, MR. J. H. ROBERTS, who dropped in seeking vermouth with the optimism and some of the airs of *Mr. Micawber*, confirmed my appreciation of the patriotic tact with which MESSRS. HARRY GRAHAM and JACQUES NATANSON have naturalised this "original by ATTILO ORBOK."

But I must not take my descriptive time from the piece. There was romance in it, slow though it was in blooming. MISS LEONORA CORBETT, who made her West-End début as *Lili*, its heroine, gave us a foretaste of the sweetness to come. As yet a mere typist, though a very pretty one, *Lili* was as much at sea as we were concerning this bombardment by roses and chocolates from the blue, and attributed it to every cause but the right one.

I will not keep you, as we were kept, in suspense. *Lili* had been seen joy-riding at night with a journalist friend in the *King's* new car. And this was enough for the Balkan populace, mindful as ever of the needs of playwrights, to credit her with being to the *King* what Danae, Leda and other young maidens were to Zeus of old.

The rumour swelled, and so did the popular tribute. Those first offerings of sweets and flowers were as nothing to the fortune that overtook *Lili* and her family. She bore it best; for her father went into high finance and spats, her brother to the dogs, and her mother into exile at the Balkan equivalent of Brighton.

While acting *Viola* on the stage (to which her supposed relation to the *King* naturally translated her) poor *Lili* lived out *Viola's* tragedy in gorgeous apartments within a piano's tune of the palace, dreaming of the *King*, her accredited lover, whom she never even saw. And while Prime Ministers, magnates and worse thought they lived on her smiles, supposing those smiles to be reflected by the eyes of the *King*, conceal-

ment, that worm i' the bud, fed on her damask cheek.

This *Twelfth Night* echo was both touching and appropriate. It prompted *Lili* to dare all in a chance meeting with the *King*, and to gain by confessing her deceit all that the *King* had long been falsely credited with bestowing. This pretty scene, which ended the play, was charmingly acted by Miss CORBETT and Mr. ROBERT DONAT.

The pace of some of the earlier passages might, I think, be advantageously quickened, and some of the downright fun that made the grouping and taking of a flashlight photograph by Pressmen so effective a curtain to the First Act would help elsewhere. Miss CORBETT, whose evening it was, made a welcome entry into the young leading-lady ranks. She is intelligent, quick and pretty, and came through her ordeal without turning an unnecessary hair. H.

"A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM" (OLD VIC.)

Perhaps this enchanting play can be truly seen only on Midsummer Night in the theatre of one's dreams. For then and there mortals and fairies meet on common ground. The Athenian lovers, so apt elsewhere to be tiresome company; the clowns, so slow to get going till they run away with the play; and the Ducal Court, so often mere spectacular relief, all compose their differences and defer to one's least reasonable prejudices.

The Old Vic may not be the theatre of one's dreams, but it has characteristic virtues, and this production displays them. Not the least of those virtues is the producer's successful attempt to present the play as an imaginative whole instead of as a disgruntled pantomime with quarrelsome parts.

The Elizabethan convention he has adopted disposes, together with much stale business, of other accretions that may possibly be missed. The folk-tunes, for instance, arranged by the late CECIL SHARP, though charming in themselves, may seem too sober a substitute for MENDELSSOHN'S familiar score, the formalised wood too mannered an alternative to the old-time transformation scenery, and the prim manœuvres of the fairies a thought too self-conscious in their quiet methodism.

Yet, diffident though the music may be as a general obbligato, it has one pretty lullaby; and the wood, with its remote top-lighting, glaucous shades and eerie vistas, seems truly enchanted. Moreover, Mr. ROBERT HARRIS is as well-spoken an *Oberon*, Miss PHYLLIS THOMAS as graceful a *Titania*, Mr. LESLIE FRENCH as neat, nimble and persuasive a *Puck* as one could wish should haunt it. And if the trooping of the fairy colours has little or nothing of the old transpontine frolic and glitter, these quaker-like elves and farthingaled fays are indubitably drawn from the wood.

The territory in fairy possession is therefore safe. Less safe perhaps is that which the mortals invade. The cross-purposed lovers seem anxious to dispute the clowns' responsibility for the comic relief. And, though no one should wish to take them and their *Puck*-inspired jangling too seriously, they seemed to me more eager to get through a possibly tedious business with gusto than to play difficult parts for all they are magically worth.



ASININE AMENITIES.

Titania . . . . . MISS PHYLLIS THOMAS.
Bottom . . . . . MR. RALPH RICHARDSON.

The clowns are admirably led by *Bottom*, who, in the person of Mr. RALPH RICHARDSON and the eyes of a doting audience, can do no wrong. He is genially overbearing at rehearsal with the lads of the village, shy and ingratiating in the hands of the fairies, and when he is translated he succumbs to *Titania* with just the right grace.

The play within the play—that egregious tragedy, *Pyramus and Thisbe*—is suitably prepared and, when played before the *Duke* and his outspoken Court, evokes the loudest laughter of the evening. Here Mr. RICHARDSON and Mr. HAROLD CHAPIN, his ineffable *Thisbe*, share the acting honours, though *Lion* roars well and *Wall* has a rough-cast charm.

So long as the scenes are rooted in the wood, with *Puck* and his master, *Oberon*, hatching plot and counterplot, and *Titania* dotes in their toils, SHAKESPEARE'S magic is safe. Outside the theatre of one's dreams one cannot have everything; but to have as much as Mr. HARCOURT WILLIAMS has been able to offer here in the ordinary course of a repertory season is matter for mutual congratulation. H.

PEACE TANKS.

THAT inventive creature, Man, has been at it again. Having in the needs of war fashioned a kind of plated primeval monster to carry him, like a land Jonah, through and over anything that happened to be in his way, barbed wire included, he has now gone a step further and taught it to swim.

This no doubt is all very well. We are proud that the inventor is an Englishman and so forth. But there is a snag in tanks, as there is with everything that is designed only for war. You may produce something new to beat the other fellow's head with and score for the moment, but before long he will crib your idea and return the compliment. More than that, we have come to a stage when man's only chance lies in getting rid of war. We still have to make preparations, but do so in the hope that they won't be used; and we look forward to a good time coming when our spears will be turned into reaping-hooks and our tanks into—what? That's my point. We shall have dropped a lot of money on tanks if we can't do something with them.

Well, on the land they would be splendid. For roughing out a new road or sweeping away whole hedges, there would be nothing like them. They would knock down trees and clear away the timber. An active light tank would be the very thing for rounding up cattle and sheep, and for the latter it could no doubt be made to bark. For shooting-parties, it would not only cart out the lunch, but make a movable kitchen and help to take home the fallen, and for a caravan, besides acting as a tractor, it might be used as a hot bath, the need of which is often felt. In winter, too, it would not be idle. It could drive a way through any snow and relieve beleaguered homesteads with letters, food, and *Punch*.

But it is in the field of sport that it would come out most strong. Take

cricket, for example. Compare the movements of a busily scurrying tank (fitted for the purpose, of course) with the intense deliberation of the heavy roller of to-day; the contrast might infuse some sprightliness into the game itself. Think too of the man who comes all the way out, is bowled first ball and has to face that devastating journey home again. The sympathetic tank would rush out in a moment, he would be clamped down in its inside and removed invisibly and unostentatiously to the back door of the pavilion. I 'd have given a bit for something of the kind myself before now.

At race-meetings a tank could clear the course and shoo the Derby dog. At football, with a tank looking after things, there would be precious little throwing about of cushions at Twickenham after an Irish match, while, when the last whistle has sounded the close of an important soccer contest, the referee could find immediate sanctuary and only be enlarged when the yells of a crowd thirsting for his blood had grown faint in the distance.

Tanks too could go in for sport on their own account. There could be tank polo and tank gymkhanas, not to mention tank aquatics and water-polo. Who would go to the Albert Hall for a boxing-match if he could see a couple of unarmed tanks fighting in Hyde Park? And there are possibilities in the comic or performing tank. It could do tricks, stand on its head, dive for eggs; and for carrying children would score off the elephant by being able to go in the water.

In short, when the tank is no longer wanted to slay man, it can become his friend, a help in his occupations and a relaxation in his lighter moods. May the time come soon. DUM-DUM.

THE GOLFER'S GAME-BOOK.

I HAVE always been struck by the fact that no enterprising publishing house has ever put on the market for the benefit of mankind a Golfer's Game-Book. Such a publication, and I am taking steps to shake someone up about it, should be designed on the lines of an elaborate sporting game-book, with a page set aside for each round. I am sure that to anyone who can tolerate such a thing as golfers' introspection it would supply a long-felt want.

Last week I went so far as to get a good-natured printer to rough me out some specimen pages, a couple of which I promptly took round to old Colonel Hackitt, of Blank File Cottage, to see if he would give them an airing. As methodical as a sewing-machine, the Colonel in his lonely retirement still retains a soldierly love of making notes, tabulating things and filling up forms. I couldn't have gone to a better man.

Four days later a registered envelope arrived with the following letter:—

SIR,—Your forms (unnumbered, two) are returned herewith duly completed and for your further attention.

I have the honour to be, Sir,
Your obedient Servant,
GEORGE C. HACKITT,
Lieut.-Col.

Here is the first:—

Name of Club. Trudgett Magna.
Date. 8th November, 1931. Morning.
Opponent. That swine Maltby.
Weather. Abominable.
Wind. Always in my face.
Notes on Course. A rabbit-warren.
Notes on Club-house. Like a third-class pub.
People introduced to. Lot of cads who either tried to sell me coal or make me take out insurance policies.
Good Shots. None.
Noticeable Faults. A tendency to knot myself just below the knees.
New stories heard. Some feeble jest about receptive bunkers, of which I couldn't see the point.
Strokes taken. 107.
Result of Match. Lost on the last green.
Frank statement as to how I played, to be signed by opponent. He played the game of his life.—(*Signed*) J. V. M. (There is a note here in the Colonel's handwriting: "A dam lie.")

This is the second one:—

Name of Club. Trudgett Magna.
Date. 8th November, 1931. Afternoon.
Opponent. Major Sir J. Vernon Maltby, D.S.O.
Weather. Ideal.
Wind. None that I noticed.
Notes on the Course. Excellent. Greens superb, especially the eighteenth, where I holed a seven-yard putt.
Notes on Club-house. Very comfortable; fairway to the nineteenth well laid out.
People introduced to. Fear I rather misjudged them this morning; really a very decent lot.
Good Shots. Every one, nearly.
Noticeable Faults. No recollection of any.
New stories heard. Tale about a man who couldn't putt. I forget it, but it was frightfully funny.
Strokes taken. 107.
Result. Won on the last green.
Frank statement as to how I played, to be signed by opponent. Maltby was too bad-tempered to sign, but honestly I played the game of my life.

And now, please, will any publisher take over this child of mine? It 's going cheap.

EAT LESS FRUIT.

(*By one who has persistently eaten more, not wisely but too well, ever since the movement first started.*)

["Fruit is a fraud, and to say that an apple a day keeps the doctor away is a myth." *Prof. W. H. MORRAN.*]

TEMPT me not with products fruity
Gathered from the Empire's store,
Though I still admire their beauty
I don't eat them any more;
Heartily I now refute
That old slogan, "Eat More Fruit."

Not for me those ruddy cherries,
Not for me that blushing grape;
I've no use for loganberries
Or for lemons from the Cape.
Fruit has been pronounced a fraud,
And that statement I applaud.

Now no longer need I grapple
In the early morning hour
With that large and shiny apple,
Often green and very sour;
Doctors are not kept away
By imbibing one a day.

Learned men are now disgusted
With the theory once held true
That an orange could be trusted
To prevent us catching 'flu.
That a thing of skin and pith
Should protect us is a myth.

Nevermore shall I be haunted
By that large and knobby bunch
Of bananas which, undaunted,
Once I carried home for lunch—
Dull insipid things at best
That I never could digest.

And those over-rated peaches
Packed in highly-coloured tins,
Nowadays no scientist teaches
That they 're full of vitamins
Either A, B, C or D,
As they were supposed to be.

So, as fruit proves unavailing,
I shall save my hard-earned wealth
And await the next unfailing
Means of gaining perfect health,
Which, to suit my present need,
Must be very cheap indeed.

"Mark Hambourg's hands are believed to have been insured for £10,000, and Paderewski, in his heyday, is reputed to have taken out a similar policy for a huge figure." *Sydney Paper.*

Yet he never struck us as being a particularly stout man.


How often it has happened
that the Bead Necklace, picked up in the gutter
and lightly esteemed
but taken home as a plaything for a child,
has been,
when interest
and suspicion have
been aroused —
discovered to be
nothing more than a Bead Necklace
after all
HARBROCK



Native Lighthouse-keeper (to revellers). "HURRY UP AN' FINISH YO PARTY. I WANT TO PUT DE LIGHT BACK IN DE LIGHT'OUSE."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

MISS NAOMI ROYDE-SMITH has written what Messrs. GOLLANCZ (who publish it at 6/-) call a novel. But I cannot think of this study in porcelain as a *story*. You might with more reason call a Sèvres shepherdess a statue. *The Mother*, Miss ROYDE-SMITH calls her book, and the mother in question is a washy and reasonably likeable little creature who cries when she is happy, as, I am glad to say, she more often is than not. Had she stepped (as well she might have stepped) into Miss ROYDE-SMITH'S last real novel, the Victorian *Delicate Situation*, she would have been subject to the frequent vapours. Our heroine is a *Mrs. Majendie*, wife of *Dick Majendie*, a country gentleman. I suppose she has a Christian name, but I cannot discover it any more than I have ever been able to discover the name of Mr. WISTER'S *Virginian*. *Mrs. Majendie* has two little boys, *Trevor* and *Beng*, and she adores them. She likewise adores an adoring husband. But daily she searches her little soul or inly resurrects her own childhood all to no particular purpose. In and out of these pages meanders the little boys' *Aunt Ann Majendie*, a pleasantly priggish school-marm, who brings her own bits and pieces when she comes on a visit. Here is no plot at all, at all, unless it lies in the unfolding of the children's affections for the rather nebulous *Dick*. Or possibly in the mother's growing content to go fifty-fifty with *Dick* in the hearts of *Trevor* and *Beng*? But this little book (it can be read in an hour), which sounds, and is, so slight and so small, has the witchery of a wild-rose, and I think that only Miss ROYDE-SMITH could have written it.

It is always a mistake to make your *hors d'œuvre* more intriguing than the rest of the meal, and this (if I may so gastronomically express myself) is the obvious defect of *American Beauty* (HEINEMANN, 7/6). Miss EDNA FURBER opens her new novel with a trio of such enchantingly practicable modern characters that it is sheer frustration (to one reader at least) to discover that their interplay is little more than a curtain-raiser. *True Baldwin* and his daughter *Candace* are discovered in their "super-roadster phaeton" among the tobacco plantations of Connecticut. *Baldwin* has lost an appreciable number of his millions in the Wall Street crash and has been told to take things easily in the country. *Candace*, an architect by profession, brings a flair for the salvaging of colonial mansions to the common quest: a search for the original homestead of *Baldwin's* humble youth and the stately mansion of the *Oakes* family, with whose impoverished heiress he left his heart. Both are discovered in the hands of Poles; and Poles are responsible for the magnificent tobacco-crops which the descendants of the Pilgrim Fathers are too squeamish to cultivate. At this juncture we leave *Candace* and the half-Polish owner of the *Oakes* house in a situation full of romantic and practical possibilities, and hark back to seventeen-hundred and the legend of the youth's forebears. This is a capital narrative in itself; but it is not, I feel, the story I was led to expect: the story of *Baldwin's* return to the land and *Candace's* reconstruction of the house.

Short stories were STACY AUMONIER's line,
And good they undoubtedly are,
Though how he succeeds it is hard to define
Without giving chapter and par.

Little Windows (from HEINEMANN, 7/6)
Contains twenty-six of his best,
And each without any sensational tricks
Compels you to turn to the rest.

For they're never too slight; hardly one of them fails
In subtlety, vision or strength,
Nor are they just potted editions of tales
Which ought to be told at full length.

The volume has six hundred pages, which shows
That the quantity's ample, and you,
Unless I am wrong (which I cannot suppose),
Will discover there's quality too.

"Of Foch's practical influence on the battle situation at the time there is no evidence," Mr. B. H. LIDDELL HART writes in a sentence that nearly summarises his estimate of the Commander-in-Chief of the Allied Armies. In his brilliant military biography, *Foch, The Man of Orleans* (EYRE AND SPOTTISWOODE, 21/-), he shows the Generalissimo as a furiously energetic, if at times a rather futile co-ordinator of the attack, requiring further offensives in vague general instructions that were obeyed, or amended, or blandly ignored as the local situation demanded, and quite unreasonably associated in public opinion with final victory rather than with earlier catastrophes. As Commandant of the École de Guerre he had laid down the amazing axiom that "any improvement in firearms is bound to add strength to the offensive," and indeed never was a General reputed great so little concerned with accurate knowledge of the mechanical means to battle. The armies of the Allies were led by a mystic—almost a saint—a second saint, as the author sees it, of the city of the Maid—Orleans. FOCH remains, and probably will remain, the personification of that flaming defiance of apparently irretrievable disaster without which, in some leaders both at home and at the Front, the Allied cause must have gone down. To the immense significance of his influence, psychological and spiritual, inspiring, dominating, exasperating, always vivifying, on the actual materialised commanders who did in fact think in terms of men and munitions and barbed wire, Mr. LIDDELL HART does full justice, but his analysis leaves nothing—literally nothing—of a more technical generalship.

As one of the earliest admirers of *Letters from England*, I am sorry I cannot summon up equal enthusiasm over *Letters from Spain* (BLES, 5/-). In Spain you secure, I should have said, a theme after Dr. KAREL ČAPEK's own heart; a country of at least two noble civilisations and a hundred diverse provincialisms, of food which promotes "thirst, talent and eloquence," women still enjoying the compliment of "servitude and homage," gardens, pictures, architecture—all the fun of the fair. Yet the new book is not a patch on its predecessor, which does not, however, imply that Dr. ČAPEK has remained unaffected by Spain, but rather that Spain has gone to his head. A certain lack of balance affects both matter and manner; and, though Mr. PAUL SELVER's translation is as readable as ever, his spelling, when he follows his author's horticultural flights, betrays an inadequate eye on his proofs. Three chapters are lavished on queasy or excited reactions to a bull-fight and the *flamenco*—neither, I gather, a pretty spectacle; and the illustrations have for the most part lost the modest drollery of the English vignettes. That ČAPEK wit and poet is only temporarily submerged, a dozen lyrics in prose and line bear witness. I particularly commend the picture of the family *patio*, which he compares to the



"THAT'S THE NEW MEMORIUM WINDOW TO THE LATE VICAR; BUT, LOR BLESS YER! IT AIN'T A BIT LIKE 'IM."

English fireside, his portrait of *El Escorial*, his wash-drawing of the Barcelona *gendarmerie* at night and his panegyric of streets smelling of garlands and frying oil, streets whose pretty girls are kept like rare birds behind lattices—the panegyric of Seville.

If anyone is fitted to write on the subject of the Soul of the City—*London's Livery Companies*—their Storied Past, their Living Present—it should surely be Colonel ROBERT J. BLACKHAM, C.B., C.M.G., C.I.E., D.S.O., of the Middle Temple and Gray's Inn; Barrister-at-law, who is also, one gathers from a curiously lengthy title-page, Citizen and Liveryman of the Needle-makers' Company and the Apothecaries' Society and Clerk and Liveryman of the Worshipful Company of Glaziers. In forthright military style the gallant Colonel tackles his fascinating theme. He fires at us, his readers, a series of short, sharp, staccato sentences, as it were bullets from a machine-gun. He is careful to avoid (and let us be grateful for that) stodgy fare: it is his considered opinion that the old guildsmen were a convivial crew, not mere dull dogs immersed in civic and commercial pursuits. The older guilds, says he, were not founded merely for the protection of trade; they were generally associations of neighbours engaged in the same craft for the promotion of social and religious intercourse. Colonel BLACKHAM deals with the sixty-five lesser Companies as well as with the twelve major, which hitherto have engaged most of the chronicler's attention, and he has something interesting to say about the least of them. The profession of arms—possibly as a survival from the days of the old train-bands—seems to be popular in the City Companies: the Beadle of the Haberdashers, we are told, went to the Great War and became a brigadier-general and now is back again as a Beadle. Messrs. SAMPSON LOW publish this handsome book of some three-hundred-and-fifty pages, with more than sixty excellently chosen illustrations, at the modest price of 12/6.



Angry little Girl (having been kissed against her will by departing guest). "MUMMY, IF EVER I HAVE A WEDDING I'LL GET MARRIED BY MYSELF. I *HATE* MEN!"

From CONGREVE to HUXLEY, by way of LANDOR, PEACOCK and the WILDE of *Intentions*, it is an elegant and eclectic pedigree. When Mr. RONALD MCNAIR SCOTT produces a progeny authentically his own it may well be as distinguished as his present pastiche is (for the most part) amusing. His trouble for the moment is a plethora of reading and a poverty of invention. Nevertheless *Misogyny over the Week-End* (MACMILLAN, 6/-) is welcome; for the free play of intelligence is always a refreshing change from that free play of the emotions which is the commoner stock-in-trade of the modern novelist. Such temperately emotional passages as Mr. SCOTT permits are handled with discretion and charm. The machinery of the book is simple and time-worn: a week-end party at a country house, where *quicquid agunt homines* comes up for discussion round the dinner-table or on the lawn. If the subject implicit in an arresting title is naturally paramount it by no means excludes others; and a Peacockian prominence is given to good living. Mr. SCOTT has composed his dialogues with deliberate and successful artifice, and, if he has not altogether excluded the bromide, he could furnish sufficient "sayings of the week-end" for a month of Sundays. Perhaps it might be said with the poet that "these are all words, all words, a young man's talk." But the words are nicely chosen and youth is an error which is soon corrected.

Whether Elizabethan romances are to your taste or not you will have to admit that Mr. JEFFERY FARNOL carries *The Jade of Destiny* (SAMPSON LOW, 7/6) through in the spirit and language with which he begins it. On page 2 *Captain Dinwiddie*, a soldier of fortune, is summoned to the aid of a distressed and beautiful damsel and must, I presume, have encouraged her by saying, "Ha, 'sdeath and zounds, Madam, in any small ordinary matter o' blood your ladyship shall find me apt, instant and of charges reasonable." A stout fellow was this *Dinwiddie*, never at a loss for expletives and of undoubted bravery. To my mind this story would have run more smoothly if its action had not so frequently been delayed by deluges of dialogue; but, "Zapperment!" and "Zookers!" (begging Mr. FARNOL's pardon), I vow that for those who delight in highly-coloured romance here is a feast supreme.

With *Death on the Pack Road* (EYRE AND SPOTTISWOODE, 7/6), Mr. HENRY ANDOVER makes a promising *début* as a writer of sensational fiction. A lady is killed, and her nephew is tried for the murder and acquitted. Acquittal, however, was almost worse than death unless the real criminal could be found. And it is in this chase for the murderer that Mr. ANDOVER shows a very engaging skill. The scene of the crime is laid in Western Cumberland and Mr. ANDOVER is fully alive to the beauties of that beautiful part of England; indeed as regards atmosphere his tale rises far above the ruck of detective novels. Mr. ANDOVER has many and expert rivals in the field of fiction which he has entered, but I for one believe that he will hold his own with the best of them.

CHARIVARIA.

THE position of the cook at No. 11, Downing Street, we read, is not affected by changes of Government. This explains the absence of any mention of this functionary in connection with Ministerial appointments.

***

A reader of *The Daily Telegraph* points out that in Thibet asparagus is a weed. On the other hand, in England a yak is a joke.

***

Mr. STEPHEN GRAHAM discloses that STALIN plays the pianola; but we did not need this to show us the Russian Dictator in an unfavourable light.

***

A four-year-old boy who was obsessed by the idea that he was a railway-train has been cured by treatment at a children's clinic. We would like to bring this to the notice of the parents and guardians of the many little boys who collide with us.

***

Grey squirrels, it is alleged, will dig up bulbs and take the heart out of a cabbage. To say nothing about taking the heart out of a gardener.

***

"Can anyone explain why I have become bored with motoring?" asks a *Sunday Express* reader. Our suggestion is that it seems tame in comparison with reading the popular Sunday papers.

***

A complexion specialist points out that a red nose in a ghastly white face is often the result of going suddenly from a warm room into a cold wind. This seems to us a very courteous way of putting it.

***

The departure from the Gold Standard is stated to have been to the advantage of English tanners. We find this difficult to reconcile with the depreciation of the bob.

***

An eminent comedian relates that he gave up sculpture to go on the stage. Mr. EPSTEIN stuck to sculpture.

***

When questioned by London police, the boy of a Russian food exporter did not utter a word. Which proves that a dumb person may be a dumper's son.

The objection raised in Inverness to the teaching of the theory of evolution is understood to be the outcome of a conviction that DARWIN never intended it to apply to Inverness.

***

A famous artists' model has just started skating. From one sitting to another.

***

A centenarian was recently successful in a first application for an Old Age pension. Our admiration goes out to the very sportsmanlike attitude of the officials in granting it.



The Patriot. "I SHOULDN'T OBJECT TO A LITTLE TARIFF ON THIS TINNED MEAT, CLARA."
His Wife. "NEVER MIND, BENJAMIN; HAVE A LITTLE TOMATO SAUCE ON IT INSTEAD."

"Post Office assistants are very polite," says a writer. A girl knows that if she succumbs to the temptation of putting her tongue out at a customer he will probably use it to moisten a stamp.

***

Swordfish in New Zealand have been known to pull their captors into the water. There is keen piscatorial rivalry regarding the girth of anglers who just get away.

***

It is thought that an epidemic of burglaries in Golder's Green is due partly to the fact that the district can be reached so easily by tube. Perhaps it would help if cracksmen were charged extra for the transport of their kits of tools.

***

A London author, it is stated, has had all his house door-frames widened. Evidently a big writer.

***

A racing expert points out that many a good name is wasted on a bad horse. And many a bad name on a good one when it doesn't win.

***

A plumber protested in Bromley Police Court against the facetious remarks concerning his trade made by a solicitor. One explanation is that he had forgotten to bring his sense of humour.

***

It is strongly believed that the carpet-slippers in which Mr. C. A. BUTLER flew to Australia in record time were made from a magic carpet.

***

A man has been summoned for boxing the ears of a messenger-boy because he ran upstairs. It cannot be too strongly stated that it is dangerous to touch an office-boy when he is in motion.

***

Owing to the heavy gales the highest flood-tide known for twenty years has been experienced on the South Coast. But then it must be remembered that everything has gone up since the War.

***

In the opinion of Dr. ANDERSON most people do not fully appreciate the beauty and value of the open window. We can only say that burglars do.

***

The annual dinner of the Photographic Dealers Association took place in London last week. We understand that they all decided to look pleasant.

***

A Bromley Common taxi-cab driver who was fined ten pounds for a motoring offence is reported to have asked for time to search through all the pockets in his overcoat.

***

We read that a mollusc of the Cambrian Age picked up by the researchship *Africana* off Durban is called the *Pleurotomariidæ Trochoidal*. But not very often, we fear.

END OF THE OUTLAWS.

Composed for the mandolino on hearing that French troops are engaged in rounding up the famous Brigands of Corsica.

SIRS, be dutiful!
Dames, attend!
All things beautiful
Must have an end;
Please, then, pity
And sing tra-la
For the poor banditti
Of Corsica!

Everything olden
Flies away;
Pounds were golden
Once on a day;
High hills soften
And tempests roar,
As has been often
Observed before.

Hearts lack patience
And loves go wrong
And the League of Nations
It rolls along;
But what Committee
Shall help, tra-la,
The poor banditti
Of Corsica?

None so gracious
As these in looks,
Nor so rapacious—
The salt of crooks;
Whose vendettas
Shall give such airs
To light operettas
As theirs, as theirs?

Old things scatter
And new things start;
Dead, for that matter,
Is BUONAPARTE.
But, friends, have pity
And sing tra-la
For the poor banditti
Of Corsica! EVOE.

VEILS AND THE MAN.

BY this time the mysterious edict which governs such matters has probably proclaimed either that the modern woman is to wear a veil or that she is not to wear a veil. In neither case do I, in the frank fearless language of the day, care a bean.

What I wish to know is, why there has not been so much as a suggestion, let alone an edict, to the effect that the modern Englishman shall wear a veil over his face. Let the strong vital fellows, the pampered darlings of popular fiction, guffaw at the notion; though for that matter I dare say that, if I were goaded to it, I could name a few strong vital fellows—George, for instance—whose faces would be all the better for a thickish veil. So there.

It is on behalf of the weaker, or at any rate the less bumptious, of my sex that I put up a plea for the veiling of men's faces. It is my belief that if the shops stocked men's veiling, just as they stock nun's veiling, a different race of males would gradually come into being; strength and vitality would cease to be the blatant birthright of a few massive and dominant blighters like George. The nation in the hour of crisis would have no need to cry out for MEN. We should be there—millions of us—standing ready behind our bits of veiling. All we require is a touch of mystery to make us come out strong.

You see, we meek fellows function best when shrouded by an inscrutable glamour—the more inscrutable the better. Deep below the surface we are bold roaring lads, but our tempestuous spirits are intimidated by the horrid consciousness that our faces are exposed to the public gaze for what they are worth. Naturally, the less they are worth the more we suffer.

As is often the case with those whose faces Nature has cast in a mood of indifference, if not actual carelessness, many of us possess a surprisingly stern, manly and resonant voice. Over the telephone we can make almost any princeling of Big Business who happens not to have met us in the flesh feel as unimportant as a tealeaf in the slop-basin. In all probability exchange-girls have pictured us as the sheikhs, Duces or Big Boys of their romantic desires. At a masked ball our second name is Don Juan—until, that is, we unmask, when it becomes, as usual, mud.

It is when we have, as it were, to come into the open that our accursèd face, backed up by our inferiority complex, gets the better of us. Then it is that almost any errand-boy can overawe us. Most errand-boys do.

Put a veil over our face and we should be our fierce masterful telephone-self most of the time. Our inferiority complex would perish of an ingrowing despair. At the sight of our sinister veiled figures buses would pull up sharply and humbly instead of making us run a couple of hundred yards and then starting off with a sneer before we can catch up with them. Even post-office employees might hesitate to ignore us too long lest we turn out to be their favourite film- or football-idol. Sustained by the knowledge that all facial indications of our weak nature were discreetly hidden from the contemptuous perception of the tyrant behind the counter, we should actually be able to walk out of a shop without cravenly buying half-a-dozen things we did not want.

Beautiful girls at teashop tables would gaze at us with baffled yearning instead of, as so often happens, just giggling or blowing their noses violently or moving quietly to another seat. Our gauzy glance would detect in their wonderful eyes the passionate plea that we would unveil for their delight, if only for a moment. We should not, of course, be such idiots as to do so, but it would be very pleasant to see them yearning.

There are innumerable other instances in which the veil would undoubtedly demonstrate its usefulness to mankind, or at least to a certain kind of man. For example, when we are summoned before the income-tax assessors. . . . I think I need go no further. The answer to the momentous question: Should Men Wear Veils, is in the affirmative. D. C.

BOUND IN MOROCCO.

HERE in Morocco we can't complain of our news. To-day, the 28th, pride of place on the front page has been given to the British General Election, to say nothing of the "Dernière Heure" or Stop Press. Numerous and picturesque details of the epic struggle to save the Pound were given, the whole illustrated by portraits of some of our more prominent politicians, not excepting the unfortunate Miss Bonfield, the non-elected of Wall-Send, and the more favoured M. Samuel Herbert, Minister for Internal Affairs.

The distinguished Liberal leader's name seems to have given considerable trouble to our copywriters. One calls him Sir Hubert, whilst another signals as particularly noteworthy the victory gained by Lord Herbert over his adversary, Lord Darwen. The return of Lord Eustache, Minister of Public Instruction at Hating and of Lady Estor and M. Hore-Behsea at Ply-Mouth are also duly recorded, together with that of Sir Samuel Horace at Ghelsea.

One felt a half-guilty glee at learning that M. Poplar-Lansbury (a misprint for Popular, perhaps) had received some recognition for his efforts on behalf of a Brighter London, and, maybe, a tinge of regret that M.M. Clines and Thom Raw were to have their not undistinguished Parliamentary careers for the time interrupted.

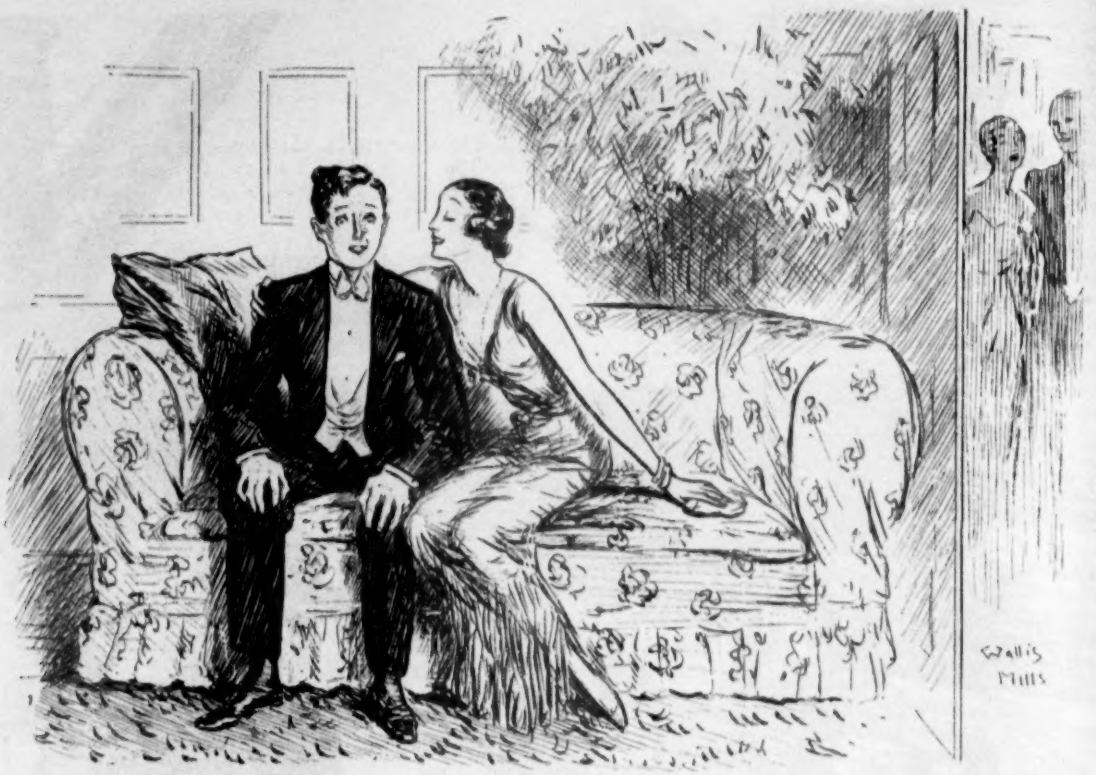
No such qualms assailed one on reading of the convincing majorities obtained by the docker, LAMPSON, and M. Amery at Birmingham-Hands-Worth and Birmingham-Sparbyool respectively.

Some strange names are to appear on the Parliamentary Rolls, but Morocco is at least assured that the Pound is safe.



THE PUZZLE.

MR. PUNCH (*to the* PRIME MINISTER). "QUEER, ISN'T IT? I WONDER WHAT SUPPORTER OF THE NATIONAL PARTY IS BUYING ALL THESE?"



Very shy young Man (to very forward young Woman). "I SAY, WOULD YOU MIND IF I CALLED YOU BY YOUR CHRISTIAN NAME?"

THE MYSTERY OF THE RED ROAD.

THE title attracts your attention, does it not? Well, if you read on, you will be disappointed. And that is an odd thing.

For I am going to write about what is the most popular of all subjects in this cultivated and peaceful time—the subject of violent death. I read that all the films which came from America a week or two ago had murder as their *motif*. Our own literature cannot be said to ignore the theme. We workers of the world ask no sweeter relief from toil than to sit down and read a story in which not one of the characters dies a natural death or has a hope of doing so.

Nor in real life is this topic taboo. Murders and murder-trials are not hushed up by the newspapers. On the contrary, three or four times a year some citizen is murdered in circumstances which cause outspoken comment in public and in private; and the newspapers devote many columns of their valuable space to the story, even though they are compelled to thrust into the background their reports of Parliamentary debates, scientific lectures and other matters in which they are naturally more interested.

It does not matter how humble or unworthy the person murdered may be. Let the victim be an obscure old lady who would have died in the normal course within a few years, a young lady of doubtful character, a banker or a burglar, a viscount, tramp or racing-tout, the same wave of moral indignation sweeps over the country, the same energetic concentration of the forces of justice is seen; and in every club and home is heard the same excited though reluctant discussion of the brutal details. The Big Five mobilise with equal alacrity to pursue the murderer of peer and pauper. We can put our hands on our hearts and say that here at least there is neither snobbery nor class-distinction. On these sad and solemn occasions the whole nation is at one in its determination to unravel the mystery, to bring the miscreant to the gallows, and so to prevent the repetition of such offences. And in most cases the nation successfully solves the gigantic problem and somebody is hanged.

All this shows that in this great and humane country of ours we place an exceptionally high value on human life. But the odd thing is this: Three or four times a year the nation excites itself about the violent death of a single individual, one lonely grain upon the vast sand-hills of humanity, *but every day about twenty citizens die violent deaths on the King's highway, and this causes no national excitement at all.*

Not all the twenty get their names into the papers. Few of the papers even record more than four or five of the daily deaths. Not their fault—these affairs are not regarded as very remarkable and very often are not reported to the London papers. The relatives and neighbours, no doubt, make some passing comment, but the nation turns its attention to the shocking events in Manchuria, where a hundred Chinese soldiers were done to death the other day. A hundred-and-forty Britons were done to death on the roads of this island last week, but they don't matter so much.

Well, here is a mystery for you. Indeed, here are twenty mysteries a day for you. What fun!

Don't misunderstand me. Don't, for goodness' sake, think that I am imputing blame. The late HOME SECRETARY said in the House of Commons that the high mortality on the roads was "regrettable but inevitable" in view of traffic conditions and the increase in

the number of motor-cars. And if a Home Secretary says that it is "inevitable" that twenty citizens should die violent deaths on the roads every day there is nothing more to be said; for he knows best.

But the mystery interest remains. Why, for example, is it "inevitable"? How do these things happen? It is fairly clear why the pedestrians die. They die because they cross the road without due care, that is, without providing themselves with wings or seven-league boots or eyes in the back of their heads, or because they fail to calculate how long it will take a motor-car inevitably going fifty miles an hour to travel a hundred yards, or because they are foolishly walking on the pavement when a motor-car inevitably skids onto it. Their cases are fairly easy. But they do not explain the cases in which motor-cars and motor-coaches and motor-bicycles inevitably engage in head-on collisions. The mystery here is profound. For we know that in no case were any of the vehicles concerned travelling at more than twenty miles an hour, going fast round corners, "cutting-in," or contravening any of the rules of the Highway Code. On the contrary, since the speed-limit was removed, we know that everyone has driven more carefully and well; and why the death-rate has not dropped enormously in consequence is simply, as I say, a mystery. Speed cannot have anything to do with it, for the motor-cars which have the accidents are not going fast; and anyhow we know that the faster everybody drives the safer everybody will be.

What, then, is the solution? I have no idea. But I want to interest the nation in this fascinating problem: all the gangster-fans, all the crime-writers, all the mystery-readers, all the cross-word-puzzlers, all the detectives—nay, the Big Five itself. If we can fever ourselves, as we do, with the question: "*Why did John Smith die?*" surely the question, "*Why did twenty John Smiths die?*" should be twenty times more exciting. At the beginning of the year we were all in a flutter about a case in which a dead body was burned in a motor-car. But *live* bodies are being burned in motor-cars nearly every day, sometimes by twos and threes. How thrilling! "Inevitable," of course. But why?

You see the idea? I want to mobilise the detective mind of this murder-obsessed age in the solution of these mysteries. I am not sure that the League of Nations ought not to step in and stop the slaughter. "Slaughter?" you say. Certainly. Far more Britons were killed on the roads last year than in the two-and-a-half years of the South African war, generally reckoned as a fairly bloody little business. Every year about 100 pedestrians are killed and 2,500 injured by motor vehicles inevitably mounting the pavement: and every three months——

However, I don't want to be serious about this trifling matter. My whole point is that we are missing a great opportunity for excitement and fun.

A. P. H.



Pugilist (telling his wife the result). "O.K.! K.O.!"

"BREATHLESS FOOTBALL."
Sunday Paper.

Why not blow it up with a pump?

"STUDENTS FIGHT FLAMES IN PYJAMAS."
Daily Paper.

That's nothing. Our uncle in Africa once shot a croc. in his night-shirt.

Having it Both Ways.

"GANDHI REFUSES TO SPEAK."
Headline in Evening Paper.

Yet he seizes every opportunity to spin his yarn.

The Hat Trick.

"BRISBANE, Nov. 6th.
A black bowler . . . to-day achieved the feat of getting Don Bradman out for a duck."
Daily Paper.

"CHAMPAGNE TOAST IN PARK LANE.
Evening Paper.

The millionaire's substitute for the humble milk loaf.

"Autumn is nearly over," says a writer, "and very soon we shall be doing up early Christmas parcels for friends overseas." If winter comes, will string be far behind?

THE MAN WHOSE NAME BEGAN WITH Y.

"CHECK!" said my uncle with a flick of his Knight. "You resign? Quite so. There is nothing else for it. You committed an irretrievable error eleven moves ago when you played your Rook to Queen's sixth. You should have moved your Bishop to King's Knight's seventh."

He leaned back in his chair and took out his pouch.

"It was an interesting position, and I was reminded of a game I once played with Van Zilt, the eccentric Levantine millionaire. You may remember the famous jewel robbery at his house a few years ago. It was my luck to be staying with him at the time, having accepted his invitation because of my incurable interest in rogues of every species.

"We used to sit upstairs in his study playing chess until the small hours. One night I got up and left the board while he was puzzling over a position in which I had him tied up, very much as I entangled you just now. I went downstairs to the library to look for my pouch.

"As soon as I entered the room I was seized by the wrist and a young man's voice whispered in my ear, 'If you raise the alarm before I am out of the room I shall shoot.' I waited until I heard the fellow scramble on to the sill. Then I switched on the lights and dashed to the window, but there was no one to be seen. In his haste, however, my young friend had dropped his cigarette-case. I picked it up and set it aside as a clue for the police, though it told them nothing, as afterwards appeared, except that the thief smoked a particularly vile brand of cheap cigarettes.

"When I returned to Van Zilt I saw at a glance that the old rascal had taken advantage of my absence to make a slight readjustment of the pieces, so that the position was more in his favour than in mine. I made no remark at the time, but poured out a stiff whisky for the comic old scoundrel and told him there had been a burglar on the premises. We made a hasty search of the house, and then Van Zilt rang up Scotland Yard and the principal newspapers to announce that he had been robbed of his famous jewel collection, valued at—— I forget the exact sum he mentioned, but it was considerably in excess of the amount for which he afterwards settled with the insurance company.

"When Scotland Yard came I was naturally unable to give them a description of the thief, whom I had met only in the dark. Yet I had made some deductions which I ventured to offer to the Inspector. To begin with, I said with confidence that it might be taken for granted that the young man had attended a public school and Oxford. To be more precise, I mentioned Pol-



THE NEW NECK-LINE.

chester and St. Muriel's. The Inspector laid down his pen and stared.

"'How on earth do you know that?' he said.

"It was a matter of phonetics, I explained. For some time I had been engaged at intervals on a comparative study of English accents. Those were the early days of broadcasting and my curiosity had been stirred by the strange variety of accents I heard over the ether. My investigations had led me to some interesting results.

"'Take the Oxford accent, for example,' I said to the Inspector. 'The vulgar error is to suppose that all Oxford men speak in the same way. That is manifestly absurd. You have only to go from Balliol to Keble to realise how absurd an error it is. A trained ear can learn to distinguish the speech of any one college from the speech of any other. These dialects (if I may call them so for convenience) are in turn influenced by the local idioms of the schools from which the men come.'

"The Inspector gave me a look which said he was a busy man and had a lot of criminals to catch before breakfast. Undaunted, I went on.

"'I need scarcely add,' I added, 'that under this polished superstructure of speech lies a territorial layer. As a student of phonetics I do not hesitate to say, sad though it is to say it, that the young man you want was sprung from a good Worcestershire family. And there is some evidence that since he took his degree he has been living in London.'

"'Bow or Kensington?' asked the Inspector sarcastically.

"'Bloomsbury,' I answered. 'I may add that he has a certain knowledge of old china and has very likely published a book on the subject.'

"'And how——?' said the Inspector.

"I pointed out that Van Zilt's library mantelpiece was littered with trifles, mostly of no value. But, ignoring all the rest, the thief had picked up in passing a little Chinese thing that was worth a considerable sum. Van Zilt eagerly agreed that this was so. As for writing a book on a subject with which he had a certain acquaintance, I asked, what young man from Oxford refrains from doing so?

"'Go on,' said the Inspector. 'This is the romance of criminal investigation which I have read about. Any further deductions?'

"'Only two,' said I. 'His favourite recreation is golf and he is the youngest son of a peer. The youngest son of a peer, because the poor fellow obviously finds it difficult to make ends meet. You noticed the cigarettes he smokes? And I knew he played golf because of the way he gripped my wrist. The overlapping grip, you know.'

"'Very good,' said the Inspector, winking at his colleague and making solemn entries in his notebook. 'This is the description of the wanted man:



Actor. "I'VE JUST BEEN CHATTING TO THAT REPORTER CHAP IN THE WAITING-ROOM. I GAVE HIM A PRETTY GLOWING IDEA OF MY SALARY IN THE NEW PRODUCTION."
Agent. "THAT'S NOT A REPORTER, OLD BOY; THAT'S THE INCOME-TAX MAN."

"Youngest son of a peer. Born in Worcestershire. Educated at Polchester School and St. Muriel's College, Oxford. Author of a book on old china. Favourite recreation, golf. Address: Bloomsbury, London." And now, Sir, perhaps you can tell us how to lay our hands upon him?'

"'I can only suggest,' said I, 'that you get your people to read through *Who's Who* until they find someone whom the cap fits.'"

My uncle, who all this time had been filling his pipe with the most loving care, lit it and smiled at me.

"The odd thing is," he said, "I believe they were sufficiently impressed by my reasoning to follow my suggestion. Nevertheless, since the young man's name began with Y, he was able to get well away before they came across him."

I complimented my uncle on his story and said there was no disgrace in being beaten at chess by so analytical a brain as his.

"But there is one thing you haven't explained. How did you know this fellow would be in *Who's Who*?"

"I looked him up," said my uncle. "He was one of those young men who carry their cards in their cigarette-cases."

I regarded my relative sternly.

"By the way, uncle, you were at Polchester too, were you not?"

"The Headmaster is an old friend of mine," answered my uncle, rearranging the men on the board. "Shall I give you your revenge? It's your turn for Black."

IN PRAISE OF INDUSTRIAL EXPANSION.

[Lines from the notebook of a rambler in the Thames valley who, observing that the growing "industrialisation" of this area is tending to modify its æsthetic amenities, remains patriotically determined to make the best of it.]

As, filled with cheerful *bonhomie*,
I tread the road towards Slough
And note the new economy
So well established now
Where lately meadow, grove and stream
Expressed the decorative scheme,
To me its spreading features seem
Decidedly a wow.

In place of pastoral greenery
Brisk industries arise
Impinging on the scenery
And darkening the skies;
But, since this transformation is
Suggestive of expanding biz,
I utter with poetic fizz
These gratulatory cries:—

"You chimneys, fluent vomiters
Of smoke, whose oily mass
Crowns the sublime gasometers
That store the people's gas;
You stations generating power,
You factories that proudly tower
From what was once a rural bower,
Although inclined to fracture
The gracious contours of the land,
Myself I would not have you banned;
Triumphantly you stand, you stand
Engaged in manufacture!"

* * * * *

What's more, while grave emergency
Confronts the nation's trade
And indicates the urgency
For every sort of aid,
In face of deep financial slumps
I welcome those ubiquitous clumps
Of enterprising petrol-pumps
In Thames's "watery glade."

C. L. M.

"I also saw Mrs. —— ——, who struck me with her red dress."
Gossiper in Daily Paper.

Very ill-mannered of her, wasn't it?

THE MEN.

IT is a commonplace of literary history that *Kubla Khan* would have been a longer poem and might even have been finished but for an interruption. COLERIDGE was in the mid-stream of poetic invention, his eyes in a fine frenzy rolling and everything favourable, when the servant announced that a man from Porlock wished to see him. Farewell to inspiration and the story of the pleasure dome of Xanadu; the Man from Porlock killed them dead.

I am a recent convert to radio. After protesting long and loudly that I ne'er would consent, I have consented. Such recantations have been frequent in my life. I vowed I would never go to the movies, and, at last seeing one, became a convert. I employed abusive terms about the talkies, and every day I find myself disliking them less. I was against the use of petrol-driven vehicles and now prefer them to Shanks's mare. I refused even to go into the air, and have flown much. Where such a tendency to inconsistency will land me I tremble to conjecture; possibly, but it is unthinkable at the moment, I shall end as a devotee of miniature golf or even of greyhound racing.

But although I have taken to wireless—"fallen for it" is the phrase—and have bought a portable set and am a subscriber to *The Radio Times*, I am, owing to various causes, not yet completely blest. The first of these causes is a strange noise of fizzling and crackling and popping, as of thorns under a pot, the fifth of November, a groom at work and a hailstorm on a tin roof, which now and then takes the place of melody or address. The whole business of radio being, of course, magic, there is no reason why a genie or evil spirit should not be imprisoned in this box and be uttering these splutterings, these cries and murmurs of rage and baffled effort; but I wish it had been differently arranged. That these noises are supernatural is made clear by the fact that the machine records only what it hears, and such sounds have never been heard in mingled concentration before.

That is one of the obstacles to my satisfaction as a listener-in. Another is the difficulty I am finding in getting the item in the programme that I most desire. Everything else is simple, but the special *morceau* remains out of reach, either altogether, or for so long that I come in only at the finish.

But compared with my real grievance these are trifles; and my real grievance takes us back to the Man from Porlock. "What man has done man can do," as a sage remarked. It is only too true, for just as COLERIDGE was knocked sideways by the Man from Porlock, so is my portable set made almost useless by the Man from Langenberg. He is not merely a man, he is German, and a very voluble one, and his mission is to talk and talk and talk. I would not mind if he talked only to those odd foreign people who want to hear his astonishing flow of words; my quarrel with him is that his voice forces its way into everything I want to keep distinct and select. No matter what I turn on, whether it is SCHUMANN or FRANZ LEHAR, a funny Uncle or the PRIME MINISTER, the eager informative tones of the Man from Langenberg make an undercurrent sometimes swelling in volume until I can hear nothing else. Indeed, the Man from Langenberg wins every time. But for him, for instance, I should now know all about card-sharping crooks on the Atlantic and how to detect their ways and avoid them; but, although Mr. EDGAR WALLACE did his best to instruct me on these vital matters, the Man from Langenberg would not let him. I got a useful hint here and there, but how can one learn when another man is *unermüdlich* in his *störung*?

Those who know—and the world is full of them—tell me that this defect is called jamming and that it is getting worse every day on account of the multiplicity of stations. So my Teutonic friend is not only the Man from Langenberg but (like the supreme cricketer who rules over Nawanagar) the Jam of Langenberg too. Well, he is not to go on being a Jam for ever, because there is to be a conference at Geneva on the subject. Or so I am told by those who know—and the world is full of them.

E. V. L.

FANCY-DRESS.

"IT's years since I was at a wedding," I said. "What does one do now?"

"One gets another some wedding-cake," said Jane; "and some champagne. You'd better not have any," she added; "your coat is too tight already."

"It's the strange custom of wearing fancy-dress at weddings that's to blame," I grumbled. "It isn't only the bride and the bridesmaids who are in fancy-dress. We all are."

"You are, certainly. It's quite picturesque. . . . Gentleman of 1920, I suppose—or even earlier. The coat worn very tight over the chest, the tails a little creased, with over all a scent of camphor."

"The waistcoat is 1931," I said proudly.

"Yes, I noticed the beige waistcoat. The original black would have looked better, but the beige is thinner, and so perhaps it is safer. We don't want a loud rending sound, with the bride fainting."

"Well, I dare say that even you are bigger than you were ten years ago," I suggested.

"I am, I expect. I was eleven. And anyway I've a new dress."

"So I noticed."

"If you weren't such a boor you'd say, 'And a very charming one too,' or something like that."

"Should I?"

"Yes, whether you thought it or not."

"The world—the wedding world—may roughly be divided into boors and liars then?"

"I don't think weddings suit you."

"It's this fancy-dress business. Why can't the bride trip up the aisle in a three-piece whatever-it-is, while the bridegroom awaits her by the lectern in a lounge-suit?"

"Horrible!" cried Jane. "Even a boor ought to know that the bridegroom shouldn't be lounging by the lectern. He should be on the tiptoe of joyful expectation."

"You needn't lounge because you're in a lounge-suit. At our wedding——"

"Our weddings, you mean."

"No, our wedding," I said firmly. "At our wedding I hope to have 'No Fancy-dress' on the invitation."

Jane considered. "Is this what used to be called a proposal of marriage?" she asked at length.

"More a statement than a proposal, because I am what's called a Yes-man. But that's roughly the idea."

"And suppose I'm a No-woman?"

"In that case——" I began, not knowing exactly how I was going on. But at that moment the best man brought in the bridegroom's sword to cut the cake with.

"In that case," I said, "I should take the sword from the best man and fall upon it."

Jane considered again.

"The bride would certainly faint then," I added.

"And it would ruin the beige waistcoat," said Jane.

"Certainly."

"Not that I care for it much."

"No, but I needn't wear it at our wedding."

"Weddings."

"Wedding. Wedding, or I go for that sword."

I took a step forward, but she put her hand on my arm.

"All right, wedding it is," said Jane. "Anything rather than a scene."

A. W. B.



Mistress, to Charlady (scathingly). "THERE ARE TWO WAYS OF DOING THINGS, MRS. GREEN—A RIGHT WAY AND A WRONG WAY."

Charlady (somewhat piqued). "WELL, IF YER DON'T MIND, MISS, I PREFER DOIN' 'EM ME OWN WAY."

"IN YE GOODE OLDE DAYS."

[There is now a "Ye Olde Wireless Shoppe" in Essex, and, in Hoxton, a "Ye Olde Talkies and Varieties."]

OFT in our travels do we see "Olde Shoppes,"
  And view them with a careless equanimity,
Provided that the fare they offer stops
  At daintiness of diaper or dimity;
At ancient fowling-piece or loving-cup,
  At painting, pewter, poker-work or pottery,
At artificial fruit or china pup,
  At knick, at knack or nondescript what-nottery.

But now (and when we do, our spirits drop)
  The sort of thing we see upon our walk is
Atrocities like "Ye Olde Wireless Shoppe,"
  Or "Ye Olde Cinema" and "Ye Olde Talkies."

And though we are by nature meek and mild,
  It makes us metaphorically fistic
To see a thing that any but a child
  Must realise is damned anachronistic.

Will others stop at such, if such things be,
  Or will they delve into remote antiquity?
That some day on our sojourn we may see
  (A murrain on its rubicund ubiquity)
A petrol-pump or ten or so abreast
  (They seem at beauty-spots to be gregarious),
With over them a legend like: "*Hic est*
  Antiqu-us Romanus Petrolarius."



Small Girl (listening to cat, who has just begun to purr). "OH, MUMMY, I THINK PUSSY'S NUMBER IS ENGAGED!"

CULTURE IN SARAWAK.

Bongkong was the moving spirit of a gang of Dyak coolies who were employed by a museum official to collect specimens of fauna in the backwoods of Sarawak. (It had, of course, been particularly emphasised that heads of hereditary enemies were not to be included.) Bongkong and his mates collected many specimens, of which most were genuine and only a few were painstakingly manufactured by crude surgery so that the white man should not be disappointed with their labour and fail to reward the collectors.

In due course they were rewarded by an interim payment. It was an almost incredible sum and it was in cash, which looks good to a Dyak, whose traditional idea of small change is an enormous pedigree pottery jar. Of course something had to be done with this wealth, and so Bongkong, talking it over with his pals Win and Ki, decided that they would acquire a little Western culture.

Obviously proper clothes, in the shape of European lounge-suits, were the first necessity, and so the band of capitalists sallied into a town where, before they could purchase a ready-made suit each, they fell into the hands of an astute Indian traveller for a cheap tailoring firm in Madras. He persuaded them that the only thing to do to be really cultured was to have their suits actually made for them in white man's style, and he handed them out a self-measurement form each. It was a document of many letters and instructions and possessed a diagram of the human body with lines all across it—a body, as Ki pointed out, which had evidently been dealt with by a master-hand at slicing cuts with a sharp *parang*. Under tuition the Dyaks instantly set to work to measure themselves.

They measured themselves up and down and round about, both along the lines indicated in the diagram and along lines entirely of their own imagination; and to ensure complete success for the suit they measured themselves from unintended places and in odd positions, giving an onlooker the impression of an amateur Laocoön group. They used foot-rulers and bits of surveyors' chains and measures of their own devising, and they filled the answers in in units of measurement which covered all the ground, from Indian *ungul* at ·75 of an inch to the Chinese *ts'un* at double that length. Then they gave the forms to the traveller to be sent off. What the Madras firm thought of the documents will never be known. If ever they worked out the measurements correctly the result must have been intriguing, for the average Indian tailor is not used to cutting for gentlemen who stand no more than four feet but have chest-measurements of nearly fifty inches. Added to which the pattern of cloth they had all chosen was the most opulent-looking they could find, being the same sort of stuff as saddle-numnahs are made of and having a pile nearly half-an-inch thick.

Bongkong and his mates were, however, highly satisfied in anticipation and trooped off to buy shoes. They all selected bright yellow pairs, patterned like a Gruyère and large enough to have been built on the Clyde. Since it was dirty underfoot, they carried these in their hands to keep them clean. They then purchased vividly-coloured Homburg hats, into which they stuffed their long hair till the hats were filled to bursting-point. Thus apparelled and wearing in imagination their wonderful suits they felt, and quite rightly, that they were the cynosure of every eye.

The next emblem of culture to be acquired was Western music as represented by the gramophone. Now you or I might quite reasonably think that one gramophone with a dozen records ought to have provided all the melody Bongkong's gang needed. Not so the Dyak, whose goal is rather a dozen gramophones with one record.

Each man therefore purchased one gramophone and one record, and, having carried these carefully back to their camp, they said joyfully, "We will now have Western music," and, sitting close together so as not to miss any of

it, they each simultaneously played their own record over and over again. They played at maximum speed, because then one had the fun of re-winding more often. They next hid their shoes in various marked caches in the jungle and went to bed with their Homburg hats on.

Next day, after their work was done, Bongkong, as President of the Society for the Propagation of Culture in Sarawak, had a new idea. He and Ki and Win and the other stalwarts rolled up to the tent of the *Tuan-who-collected-and-presumably-ate-little-beetles* and sat respectfully outside. Each had a slate with a pencil and sponge attached, which had taken their fancy the day before, not so much because you could write on the slate and rub it off again, but because the sponge made a beautiful toilet accessory.

"Well, what do you want?" asked the *Tuan*, an earnest spectacled man with a passion, eminently desirable in a museum official, for imparting knowledge to others.

"Oh, *Tuan*," said Bongkong, "we want to be taught."

The *Tuan* responded to this pathetic appeal for light and expressed himself willing. "What do you want to learn?" he asked.

This was a poser for Bongkong, who hadn't yet seen into the matter quite as deeply as all that. He scratched himself with a great deal of noise and then said gracefully, "Anything the *Tuan* is pleased to teach us will be very good for us to learn."

The *Tuan* decided, therefore, to teach them numerals, thinking that they might number cases for him, and they all began to write busily on their slates. Each number as soon as written and learnt had to be rubbed out again; for what was the good of a sponge if you didn't use it? When 9 was at last reached a hitch occurred. Win, who had just inscribed his 9 with great care, dropped his slate. When he picked it up again, curse it! it was 6. Win was considerably startled. This was magic. He moved away from the now dangerous slate and eyed the *Tuan* with a hurt expression. The matter was gravely deliberated, and when Ki discovered that a flourishing 7 had similarly been turned into a 2 the slates were put away with awe, not unmixed with a certain feeling that the *Tuan* was hardly playing the game.

The *Tuan*, anxious to redeem himself, brought out some picture-postcards of London and tried to tell them about the great big village, his home *kampong* (village). The Dyaks gazed very solemnly at Trafalgar Square and the Houses of Parliament, and the *Tuan* felt he was at last improving their minds. He had, however, defeated his own object, and was somewhat startled to discover a minute later that he was now being regarded with great respect, not merely as the perpetrator of the most amazing fake, but as one who was so enthusiastic and thorough about it that he had gone to the trouble of making such fine pictures to support his tales. A new reverence for the *Tuan* took possession of the Dyaks, which deepened to real veneration when in desperation he began to try to describe tube-railways. They laughed with all the respectful heartiness due to such a magnificent romance. They told one another politely they had never heard anything to equal it. Bongkong rather diffidently began a story about a man he had once seen who had two heads and a leg in the middle of his back, but after the *Tuan's* triumph it fell very flat.

One by one with deep obeisances the Dyaks stole out. What with the magic the *Tuan* had put into the slates and the story of the fire-carriages filled with people travelling deep in the earth, they felt they still had a lot to learn before they acquired a full working knowledge of Western culture.

Bongkong and his party went off to their huts and spent the remainder of the evening thoughtfully playing over their solitary records and staring pathetically at their large yellow shoes.

A. A.



Single Thruster. "IN THE ORDINARY WAY OF COURSE I SHOULDN'T THINK OF ASKING YOU TO LET ME COME THROUGH; BUT I'VE JUST HEARD MY WIFE HAS MET WITH A SERIOUS ACCIDENT."

SIMPLE STORIES.

THE INVALID.

Mr. Pendulum was as strong as a horse and had never had a day's illness in his life since German measles when he was about seven, and that didn't count as he had caught it from his sister who went to a school where there was a German governess who gave it to them on purpose because she had a brother who was an officer and he had told her that there was sure to be a war between England and Germany some day.

Well Mr. Pendulum was so proud of never having a day's illness in his life that he was always talking about it, and when Mrs. Pendulum had a cold or a headache or something like that he almost burst with vainglory, because he said nothing of that sort ever happened to him and if it did he shouldn't give in to it. And he was quite a good husband and father in other ways and didn't even play golf because he liked to take his children to the Zoo on Saturday afternoons, and he never grumbled at the housekeeping bills and Mrs. Pendulum quite loved him, but he was so tiresome about never having a day's illness in his life that she grew sick and tired of it and determined that he should have one just to teach him.

Well she tried damp sheets, but she got a frightful cold herself and it only seemed to do him good like a wet compress, and he did his morning exercises in her room when she was lying in bed with a temperature of a hundred and made her feel the muscles of his biceps, and she felt she really couldn't put up with it any longer and if he went on like that she should scream out loud or else divorce him.

Well when she was better she went to do her shopping at the Take-it-or-Leave-it Stores, which were cheaper than other shops because their things weren't quite so good, but they were generally good enough. And they always said that if anything they sold you was really bad and you found it out before you ate it they would give you something much better instead of it at the same price, so they got a lot of custom. And Mrs. Pendulum bought a pot of bloater-paste there which was part of a job lot, and when she got home and opened it she found it was breaking out into spots of green fungus, and at first she thought of taking it back and getting a tin of sardines for it. But then a bright idea struck her and she made some of it into sandwiches for tea, and she told the children they were not to eat any of them as they wouldn't be good for them, and she made one or two for herself out of the non-mossy parts of the bloater-paste which she marked by sticking a clove in them, and she said to herself as she made the sandwiches well we'll see about not having a day's illness now.

Well Mr. Pendulum ate all except one or two of the sandwiches as he was fond of bloater-paste, and the only ones he objected to were those with the cloves in them which he spat out. And that night he woke up with the most awful pain in his inside, and he groaned and said to Mrs. Pendulum get up and telephone for the doctor at once, I am dying.



"SHE WAS LYING IN BED WITH A TEMPERATURE OF A HUNDRED."

So Mrs. Pendulum did that, and she chuckled to herself about it and said that will teach him.

Well the doctor came, and he was rather cross through having to come out in the middle of the night, and he said Mr. Pendulum had been poisoned and asked Mrs. Pendulum if she had been putting weed-killer in his tea or anything like that. And she was very indignant and said do you take me for a murderess? And he said I don't know yet, but if your husband dies and I find some arsenic inside him I shall say so and I dare say you will be had up for murdering him, but that won't have anything to do with me, I am a doctor and not a lawyer.

Well Mrs. Pendulum was rather frightened at that and she said do you think he will die? And Mr. Pendulum who was feeling a little better after taking some hot milk said of course I shan't die, I am as strong as a horse and have never had a day's illness in my life. And the doctor said well you have got one now, and he went back to bed.

Well the next morning Mr. Pendulum felt much better but rather weak, as he had been sick such a lot, which he wasn't used to, but then he wasn't used to eating mouldy bloater-paste either, though he had once eaten some maggots without knowing it in a tin of pressed beef which Mrs. Pendulum had bought at the Take-it-or-Leave-it Stores. But he hadn't got a pain in his inside any more and was quite comfortable lying in bed reading the newspaper and doing crosswords and having a little nap when he felt inclined for it. And Mrs. Pendulum bought a nice sole for his lunch and he said he thought a small bottle of champagne would be good for him, so he had that. And in the afternoon he sent Mrs. Pendulum out to buy him a novel by EDGAR WALLACE and he quite enjoyed reading that because he didn't know who the murderer was till the last chapter and he said that was his idea of literature. And he liked being made a fuss of, and Mrs. Pendulum putting her hand on his brow to see if it was fevered or not, and in the evening he said he had quite enjoyed his day in bed and had missed a lot through never having one before.

Well the next morning Mr. Pendulum was quite well again but grumpy at having to go back to the office, and he began to be rather sorry he couldn't say he had never spent a day in bed in his life any more. And then he began to wonder what had given him the pain, and of course Mrs. Pendulum wasn't going to tell him because she knew if he hadn't been as strong as a horse he might have died through eating bloater-paste rust, and then she would have been a murderess. So when he said it must have been the cloves that

had upset him she let him go on saying so, and she didn't answer him back when he said it was very careless of her to let cloves get into bloater-paste sandwiches.

So it turned out fairly well, but Mr. Pendulum soon began talking of never having a day's illness in his life again except once when he had eaten a clove. And he told anybody that would listen to him that cloves were poison to him, and he soon got rather proud of that, as they didn't seem to be poison to anybody else. And he would never let Mrs. Pendulum have them in apple-tarts, but once when he was having his lunch at a restaurant he had some apple-tart with cloves in it and quite expected to be ill again, but he thought it was worth it so as he could have another day in bed. But he wasn't ill, so he had to leave off talking about cloves being poison to him and didn't get his day in bed either. And then at last he met an old gentleman of ninety who said he owed it to bathing in the Serpentine every morning and having a day in bed every month. So Mr. Pendulum took to that, except the Serpentine part of it, and now he is rather proud of being an invalid. A. M.

THE REJECTED SUITOR AND THE LION.

A FABLE.

A CERTAIN Rejected Suitor went to hunt Big Game as a means of Taking his mind Off his Disappointment; and it happened one morning that a Lion sprang upon him without Warning, pinning him to the Ground.

"I have felt Obliged to resort to this Measure," said the Lion, "because even if your Persistent attempts on my life do not Constitute a very real Peril, you are Disturbing my settled Habits. You are, in Short, a Perfect Nuisance. Have you Anything to say in Reply?"

"I am Very glad," replied the Rejected Suitor, "that you have taken me into your Confidence. I am out here because of the Blighting of my Hopes in my own Country, where a Capricious Beauty had Frowned on my Advances. But as it Happens, I would have Disturbed you no more, for I was about to return At Once in response to an Epistle from the Lady in which, within the limits imposed by Maidenly Modesty, she encourages the Renewal of my Addresses. Therefore, if you can Overlook the annoyances of my little Ambushes, it seems to me that your Proper Course is to Let Me Go."

Readily appreciating the Reasonableness of this Argument the Lion removed his Paw from the Rejected Suitor's chest, and they parted with a brief Exchange of Courtesies.

Now when three full Rounds of the Seasons had passed, the Lion one morning was Grievously stricken from Afar, and presently became Aware that the Rejected Suitor was standing over him, Pulling his Weapon Through.

"Ah," said the Lion bitterly, "I suppose I am to Infer from this that the Lady has Rejected you Again. It is a Strained sense of Justice that Prompts a man when Rebuffed by a Female of his own Species to come and Take it Out of the Lions, and I think, remembering my past Clemency, that you might At Least have had the Decency to Take it Out of some Other Lion. Or do you, by your own System of Logic, blame me that this Beauty has Rejected you Again?"

"What I blame you for," retorted the Rejected Suitor with a Harsh laugh, "is that I am Married to her Now."

Moral: It is best not to Temporize with People who cannot Take a Joke.



Wife. "MY DEAR, HERE'S ANOTHER *BEGGING LETTER* FROM THE INCOME-TAX PEOPLE."



She. "TERRIBLY SMART OF DIANA TO GIVE A COCKTAIL PARTY THESE TIMES, DON'T YOU THINK?"
He. "BUT I THOUGHT COCKTAIL PARTIES WEREN'T SMART NOWADAYS?"
She. "THEY AREN'T. THAT'S WHY IT IS SO TERRIBLY SMART OF DIANA TO GIVE ONE."

A SURVIVAL.

THIS afternoon on easy feet
I passed a drab but classic street
Wherein the Georgian *élite*
  Hung, as men put it, out
(Victorian too, I gather) which
Had long been held a sacred pitch
For persons nobly born or rich
  Or both, for choice, no doubt.

I saw with pain on either hand
Marks of the fallen price of land,
High prices, higher taxes and
  A general social slump;
Gone were the signs of wealth and rank;
The houses looked depressed and blank;
Here was an office, there a bank;
  It gave one quite a hump.

But as I inly mused, "Alas!
Gold is but dross and flesh is grass,"
Before me, as I chanced to pass,
  A door flung open wide,
And in the broad and trying light—
I hardly thought I saw aright—
There loomed that long-unwonted sight,
  A flunkey in his pride.

Radiant in silk and plush he stood,
A sight to do an old maid good,
The flawless type of flunkeyhood
  In high Society's prime;
His noble calves, his lofty mien
Shed quite a glamour on the scene;
I thought such things had vanished clean
  From this unlovely time.

As one who looks on a macaw
And sees—or would have sworn he saw—
Huge vistas that no pen can draw,
  Mad flowers of giant size,
Great beasts in all wild colours clad,
And crumpled elephants, begad,
And long giraffes and, shall we add?
  Enormous butterflies,

So in a flash that street was filled
With bucks and blades of slender build,
With ladies, flowered, flounced and frilled,
  Or whale-boned and severe,
Barouches too, with high C-springs,
Fat coachmen and all sorts of things
That fill a bard's imaginings
  But won't be got in here.

The vision passed. Too soon the door
Was closed, and I could see no more;
The street was as it was before,
  A street without a soul;
I wondered for a fleeting spell
Whether I shouldn't ring the bell;
But, as a fact, it seemed as well
  Not to, upon the whole.

But, flunkey, be you blessed. And may
You, relic of a lordlier day,
Shine still upon a world grown grey;
  And if, as well may be,
Your lord, depressed by rate and tax,
Give all his staff their several sacks,
On you alone be spared the axe;
  You tell him that from me.

DUM-DUM.

Stout Electresses.

"We think that the 'wireless' must also receive a good deal of the credit, this probably contributing largely to the heavy women's vote."—*Financial Paper.*

"Evidence was given that the dogs had attacked a milk-boy, who escaped by climbing a tree, a milkman, a postman, a roadman, and a flock of sheep."—*Daily Paper.*

It is nice in these days to hear of a really energetic milk-boy.



THE HANDS OF THE LEAGUE;

OR, HER FIRST GREAT TEST.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Tuesday, November 10th.—The House of Lords has other work to do on Parliament's opening day besides being the scene of much pomp and ceremony. It too presents a humble Address thanking HIS MAJESTY for the gracious Speech from the Throne, an Address that on this occasion was moved by Lord RADNOR, a bantling (for these tasks are traditionally allotted to the bright young people of political high society) of some sixty-two summers, and seconded by Lord COWDRAY, a mere babe of forty-eight or so.

Enough that they performed in a superior manner their task of saying nothing and saying it very well. Nor is tradition wholly to be blamed for that. *Ex nihilo nihil fit.* You cannot, as the schoolboy said, throw a fit about nothing, and the King's Speech offered but little of substance on which the tooth of eloquence could bite.



THE HEAVENLY TWINS.

MR. A. J. FLINT, RETURNED WITH A MAJORITY OF TWO, AND MR. GEOFFREY LLOYD, YOUNGEST MEMBER FOR LONDON, SECONDER AND MOVER OF THE ADDRESS.

Unfortunately these occasions always afford pitfalls for the unwary. Lord RADNOR did not mean to be cynical, one is sure, when he said that if the League of Nations could not prevent war in the Far East it could at least "limit the evil effects of any trouble that occurred." Lord COWDRAY's plea also that their Lordships should not impatiently press the Government to produce "an undigested panacea" was not perhaps the happiest way of putting it, seeing that the purpose of a panacea is not to be digested but to cure indigestion.

Lord PONSONBY sprang a mild surprise by announcing that, as those two Ancients of Days, Lords PARMOOR and PASSFIELD, had both declined the job of Leader of the Opposition, he had been selected to be Queen, as one might say, of the May. And very nice too. Do not sweet P's always grow three on a stem? Lord PONSONBY, however, regarded the future with apprehension. His fragrance also took on a slightly embittered sweetness when he recalled the "vitriolic outpourings" of his late colleague, Mr. SNOWDEN.

Lord HAILSHAM, who leads the House in succession to Lord READING, talked of a "careful examination of facts," and "a careful weighing up of different suggested solutions" that must precede any attempt to solve the problem of the balance of trade. If dumping in the meanwhile continued—he did not, of course, use that all too expressive word—measures to cope with that also must, if necessary, be continued. One almost expected him to add, "What's a decade or two between political friends who don't happen to agree?" Lord BRENTFORD suggested that while time should be taken to consider tariffs something should be done about dumping at once, and Lord HASTINGS mentioned arable agriculture; and at that the House agreed to the Address and called it a busy day.

Meanwhile the Commons had also been at it, but they too got down to business in due course and gave a First Reading to the Clandestine Outlawries Bill. Nobody seems quite to know what



THE SEASONED ROD.

MR. CHURCHILL PREPARES TO PRACTISE "DISCRIMINATING BENEVOLENCE."

a Clandestine Outlaw is, but, if it is the legal name for a smash-and-grab burglar, the Bill is overdue. The House also reinstated Sir DENNIS HERBERT and Captain BOURNE as Chairman and Deputy-Chairman of Ways and Means.

It fell to Mr. GEOFFREY LLOYD to move the Lower House's humble Address. With a bare thirty summers, the *cachet* of Harrow and Trinity, Cambridge, and a useful apprenticeship as Mr. BALDWIN'S Private Secretary all behind him, Mr. LLOYD is of the green wood that readily ripens into Ministerial timber. And not so green either, if it comes to that. At any rate, Mr. LLOYD, having had one good look at the King's Speech, decided that here was no occasion to indulge in the innocuous sentimentalities customary on such occasions. One must say something, however; why not tell the Government to get on with it? And tell the Government to get on with it Mr. LLOYD did, to the deep satisfaction of all present, who vowed they had never heard the Address moved in a more telling maiden speech.

Mr. FLINT, who seconded the Address, is one of those astonished and even embarrassed young lawyers who tried to get a little political practice by stealth and are now blushing to find it fame. Mr. FLINT won Ilkestone by two votes, and his blushes are the more pronounced because, as he explained to the House, there are only two people responsible for his being there, and nobody can tell which two out of seventeen thousand voters it was. As became one who has ploughed New Zealand with horses, or perhaps tractors, before ploughing the legal sands of Birmingham with *ex parte* summonses, Mr. FLINT sounded the Imperial note. For the rest, his speech was decorous and well delivered.

Mr. LANSBURY'S remarks were vehemently delivered, but they were not decorous. He called the King's Speech "the East Wind of Emptiness," which was partly true at least; but one wonders whether he might not have used the opportunity thus afforded to choose his own theme for some better purpose than to embroider *The Manchester Guardian's* wounded wailings about the Election following the "shortest, the strangest, the most fraudulent election campaign of our time," compared with which "the cry of 'Hang the KAISER' and the Red Letter appeared almost respectable."

Mr. MACDONALD naturally declined to lock horns with the LEADER OF THE OPPOSITION on such a barren inquest and contented himself with praising not only the youthful vigour and enthusiasm of the Mover and Seconder of the Address, but that also of the right hon. gentleman opposite, the embodiment of a man who bears heavy

years but an extraordinarily youthful mind.

Thereafter the PRIME MINISTER got down to the business of saying nothing in particular. Wild horses, let alone the hoarse wildlings of his Tory cohorts, would not wring from his sealed lips any promise but to read, mark, learn, discuss, evert and extrude the problem of tariffs. He hoped the Session would be short, and before it ended the Government, if it thought it necessary, would make recommendations to the House to deal with dumping. After Lady ASTOR had regretted the absence of females in the Cabinet, after Mr. MAXTON had regretted the absence from the King's Speech of any message to the working-class, and Mr. JACK JONES had picturesquely described it as "nothing—with knobs on," and the Duchess of ATHOLL had regretted Russian dumping, the Commons also called it a day.

Wednesday, November 11th.—"What was the cause of the unfortunate quarrel?" asked Mr. WILL THORNE in sympathetic tones, after Sir JOHN SIMON had read a somewhat lengthy statement on the situation in Manchuria. The hon. Member for Plaistow would seem to be just the man the League of Nations is looking for.

Giving up Private Members' time to the Government seems not merely a duty but a positive pleasure when Mr. BALDWIN asks for it. Mr. LANSBURY demurred, as it is his business to do, but his resentment was a mere formality. It was inconsiderate in these circumstances for Sir W. DAVISON to suggest that the motion would be much more agreeable to himself and friends if they were certain that the time thus sacrificed was to be devoted by the Government to deal with the dumping menace.

Nor was anything gained, as far as could be seen, by Mr. BUCHANAN'S insistence that the House divide, seeing that he was only able to take nine objectors into the Lobby with him, as against the Government's 360. For the moment, however, the shortage is not of time, but of something for the House to debate.

Certainly Major ATTLEE, who rose to continue the debate on the King's Speech, had nothing to debate except the circumstances under which his Party had "got it in the neck," as the saying goes, from the electors of the country, a topic of which everybody is heartily tired.



THE YOUTHFUL VETERAN.

"I would warn those keen young Members. . . ."

SIR STAFFORD CRIPPS IN THE DEBATE ON THE ADDRESS.

One might even say that Mr. CHURCHILL had nothing to talk about; but in his case it does not matter. He is still far and away the best debater in the House, and the triple conjunction of all his one-time objectives on the Treasury Bench has made his splendid isolation positively Himalayan.

Clearly he had set himself to show the political minnows what an ex-Ministerial triton could do, and he succeeded. Naturally he began by explaining just why he, who had been in turn a Liberal Free Trader, a Conservative Free Trader and a Conservative Protectionist, and therefore almost constitutes a National Government in himself, was ploughing a lonely furrow. Gently he permitted his polished lightnings to play about all and sundry—about the PRIME MINISTER, but lately urging the re-legalisation of the General Strike and the Political Levy, now the man who "had done more to check the growth of Socialism and for the time being to destroy it" than any other; about Sir HERBERT SAMUEL, who had urged the voters of Epping to turn him (Mr. CHURCHILL) out on the eve of the poll and "when he was quite sure that the Conservative voters of Darwen were going to play the game"; about Mr. BALDWIN, once loudly abhorrent of anything savouring of a coalition, now the arch-coalitionist; about Mr. LANSBURY, that dim Utopian who would "reduce all our civilisation to one vast national soup-kitchen surrounded by innumerable municipal bathing-pools." Even the absent Mr. SNOWDEN, whose "formidable hatreds" had kept the safeguarded industries in a position of cruel and wanton uncertainty, was not spared. For the rest, Mr. CHURCHILL covered all the ground of possible Government action, reminded Mr. MACDONALD and his colleagues that the country wanted not reports but legislation, insisted that the country's mandate was for Protection and wished the Government, whose responsibilities he did not envy but whose opportunities he did, Godspeed on their way.



WAR-PATH AND WIGWAM;

OR, THE VERY AND THE RATHER BRAVE.

MR. MAXTON AND MR. LANSBURY, LEADERS OF THE TWO OPPOSITION TRIBES.

Certainly less exciting but in its way not uninteresting was the speech of Mr. MANDER, who, on behalf of the Free Trade Liberals, intimated that they had implicit faith in the National Government so long as the HOME SECRETARY was in it to see that it remained "genuinely National," by which he presumably meant "genuinely Free-Trade."

Sir JOHN GILMOUR, the new Secretary for Agriculture, gave the



ENTERTAINMENTS AT WHICH WE HAVE NEVER ASSISTED.

SCOTLAND YARD COMBS OUT SOHO.

first tangible indications of the Government's intentions when he pointed out that the proper way to help the arable farmer was by a system of quotas, and that he had appointed a Committee to investigate the question of a ban on imported luxury foodstuffs. Sir HENRY PAGE took the floor as spokesman of the "Do it now" group of Conservatives, pointing out, among other things, that Germany had in five days imported into this country enough fabric gloves to supply the nation's needs for six months. Mr. MORGAN JONES wound up the debate by warning the Conservatives that they had a PRIME MINISTER who would give them "a Committee a day to keep the crisis away" and nothing else.

Thursday, November 12th.—No democratic hands were raised in horror when Sir PHILIP CUNLIFFE-LISTER explained, in answer to Mr. MANDER, that the Legislative Council of Cyprus would cease upon the midnight without pain. The two episcopal arch-agitators are being shipped, he explained, to this country—in advance, unfortunately, of Mr. RUNCIMAN'S expected ban on luxury imports.

Quite a casual little question by Mr. CROOKE as to whether immediate steps would be taken by the Government to stop dumping brought from the PRIME MINISTER the unexpected reply that the Government statement of its intentions would be forthcoming before the conclusion of the debate on the Address. Prolonged cheers greeted the announcement. Action, with a big "A," was in sight.

On, therefore, with the egg dance; and who better to foot it in the footling chorus than Sir STAFFORD CRIPPS, K.C., who moved an Amendment to the Address regretting His Majesty's Government had no mandate for this, that and the other thing? Sir STAFFORD regretted a number of things: the absence of deflation (to the obvious dismay of Colonel WEDGWOOD), the imminence of tariffs, the untrammelled freedom of the Bank of England—in short all the panaceas of *Labour and the Nation*, the Manifesto of the Society for the Promotion of Socialist Propaganda and How to Have an Income without Earning it.

All this was well enough and proper enough, but Sir STAFFORD could not refrain from a few reminiscent wails about the "dirty Election"—wails that brought upon him the full-chested wrath of Mr. J. H. THOMAS. Mr. THOMAS made short work of Sir STAFFORD'S wailings—if there had been any dirty work in the Election, he (J. H. THOMAS) had come in for the lion's share of it—and assured the House that the Government meant business and not talk. This, to judge by subsequent speeches, seemed to be what everybody else wanted too.

TO THE LATEST RECORD-BREAKER.

[Mr. C. A. BUTLER beat the "record time" for a flight from England to Australia, using a Comper-Swift monoplane—said to be the smallest aeroplane in the world—fitted with a 75 h.p. Pobjoy engine.]

FLITTING over lands and seas
To the far Antipodes
In our smallest "baby plane,"
You have done the trick again,
Emphasising Britain's flair
For rapid progress through the air.
Neatly was the record biffed,
Bravely sailed your Comper-Swift
(Well sustained throughout the job
By its engine, Joy of Pob).

C. L. M.

Whoopee Amongst the Kettle-Holders.

"BIENNIAL SALE OF WORK

Will be held in the Liberal Club (Brandon Street), on Saturday, 7th November.

The ALE will be OPENED at 3 p.m."

Scots Paper.

"Apart from steam heating, the L.N.E.R. are experimenting with a controlled temperature apparatus which allows of the control by the passenger of supplies of either farm or cold washed air at will."—*Scots Paper.*

We shall resist the temptation to switch on the pigs.



Burglar (on opening safe discovers policeman inside asleep). "WELL—STRIKE ME PINK! IT 'S COME TER *this*, 'AS IT?"

THE FLAMES.

[An application, with apologies, of the narrative method used by Mrs. VIRGINIA WOOLF in her new novel, *The Waves*, in which, as the dust-cover observes, "each character speaks in soliloquy against the background of the sea."]

The fire had just been lighted. It held no warmth yet, except a pale suggestion of warmth, a timid ghost of heat to come. Little yellow flames rippled over the corners and folds of crumpled white paper, browning it, blackening it, consuming it, and then sliding gaily upwards to lick at the long yellow sticks, leaving behind without a thought that by means of which they rose.

The clear surface of the hearth began to be marred and speckled with dust, with ash, fragments of scorched paper and chips of black wood. The fire settled noisily and the little flames grew and climbed upwards.

"I am sitting in the best chair nearest the hearth," said Mr. Smith. "I am glad they have lighted the fire."

"I am cold," said Mr. Brown; "but they have lighted the fire. I shall soon be warm now."

"I am glad of this fire in a way," said Mr. Jones; "it pleases me in a way. But it is an extravagance. We in the club will be made to pay for this extravagance."

"I like to see the yellow light flickering," said Mr. Robinson, "reflected in the leather chairs."

"Now I am standing up," said Mr. Smith, "and my hands firmly grasp the arms of my chair. I lift it; I pull it as I lift it. Now it moves, its old stiff castors furrowing the carpet. I feel the edge of the seat against the top of my calves and I sit again, puffing; I sit once more, blowing. I am closer to the fire now. The fire is not so far away now. Even though before I had the position nearest the hearth my position was not safe; out of the corner of my eye I observe Brown, who covets my position and hoped to oust me from it. He cannot move me now. I am safe."

"Because I am small and meek," said Mr. Robinson, "and have a pale straggling moustache, I seldom get the best things. Smith has the best position now. Smith's eyes are hard and cold. Brown's are blank and round, like those of dead fish on a slab. Jones's eyes are for ever fixed upon what is tangible, upon what has value. But mine are weak and mild, and people take no notice of them. They are easily pleased. They are pleased now by the sight of the little flames darting up and down."

"I am calculating the cost of this fire," said Mr. Jones, "as I sit gazing at it with my sharp strong eyes. Always I have been interested in money. I like money; I love wealth. It distresses me to see waste. I realise that this fire is not really necessary, and the thought that it must be paid for makes me sad. Though I am glad of this fire and appreciate it because it warms my knees, which were cold, I am a little sad."

"Now that they have lighted the fire," said Mr. Brown, "and the flames have been flickering about it, becoming bigger and bigger, for a moment or two a little warmth is coming from the grate. I can just feel it. If I were able

to get the chair Smith is sitting in I should feel it more. I should be warmer. But I think he has settled there for a time now. His face has the look of a man settled for a time."

The flames grew stronger and greater. The coal above the bars settled; the wood, blazing, settled. With persistence, like the tongues of thirsty dogs, the flames licked the coal and gave heat to it, and the coal, first crackling with newness, abandoned resistance and caught light. The flames curled and shot up, fatter and stronger with their victory. From cracks in the coal oozed bubbles of tar, liberated, celebrating freedom, and the flat, glittering black surface of the lumps began to be veiled by the duller black of soot, as if they were worn and coarsened by the effort of heat-giving. The lively flames fluttered together, parted, joined again, whispered to each other, waving their bright rags.

"They have all gone at last," said Mr. Robinson, "because it is lunch-time. Even Smith has gone. Not one of them has had the effrontery to leave anything on his chair to keep others away from it until he returns. True, I am small and meek, but I am able to wait. I have waited. This is my reward. I rise at my leisure; I am alone in the room; I rise and, walking slowly to Smith's chair, I sit down again. I have Smith's chair. I have the best chair. Smith now will be sitting down at his usual table in the dining-room. He will be giving his order. Jones and Brown were there before him; they have given their orders. They will be eating now. The minds of Smith, of Jones and Brown seldom rise above such things as eating.

"But I am able to see the beauty that is in this fire. For the chance of seeing it I am willing to sacrifice my lunch. There is dinner; there is even tea, if I cannot wait so long. I have a cough-lozenge in my pocket. The flames of exultation leap up in my soul for a brief moment and then die down into the steady glow of content. My mind is at peace.

"I am strong in my position. I have Smith's chair; I have the best chair. I am prepared to hold my position."

The flames shot up and then sank. The fire glowed.

Hills in the Fashion.

"The Chilterns were blanketed in fox on September 12th, when this pack made a start at Whiteleaf."—*Hunting Paper.*

"Self-contained flat, £200 p.n., inclusive of rats."—*Agent's Order to View.*

For that money we should insist on a beetle or two.



Lovesick Waiter (after refusal). "YOU'LL ALWAYS FIND ME WAITIN'. I'LL STICK TO YOU THROUGH THICK AND CLEAR."

Still More Economies.

"Middle-aged Spinster wishes for a pair of people, preferably with children, to share her rather too-large House and garden in country; an occasional game of Bridge and tennis; also for a man, who is a gentleman and willing to put himself away in the garden to work and saw wood, absolute freedom and he willing to contribute two guineas towards the general housekeeping."
Advt. in Provincial Paper.

A baby was recently born going up in a lift at Charing Cross Hospital. So much for the rising generation.

"VALUABLE BOOKS. ORDER NOW.

(1) 520 Every Day Monkey Making Opportunities. By English Economist."
Advt. in Indian Paper.

Many of us would welcome even a pony-making opportunity.

"But the problem of a trade balance is as simple as A, B, C, and the necessity for it is as obvious as Mr. Mantalini's famous dictum of income and expenditure."
Daily Paper.

But it's "demmed unpleasant," as *Mr. Micawber* might have said.

AT THE PLAY.

"MAKE UP YOUR MIND" (CRITERION).

THIS is an altogether queer affair. It has bright lines and a vast amount of mechanical movement, not always discreetly directed. It is based upon the humours incident to people going out of their minds, which is always a dubious theme. It is the work of LEOPOLD MARCHAND, adapted by XENIA LOWINSKY, and seems to have had some of its Gallic ardours mitigated in reconstruction. Hardly necessary nowadays, we should have thought.

Albert Page (Mr. HUBERT HARBEN), a gentleman of independent fortune which has been fast shrinking owing to the rigours of the times, has retired to a lonely coast in Devonshire for the sake of economy and the prawn-fishing—his sole occupation. His second wife (Miss MERCIA SWINBURNE), young, pretty, conventional, is bored but resigned. Her stepson, *Roger* (Mr. WALLACE DOUGLAS), destined by his father (unwisely) for the Bar, and her stepdaughter, *Ruth* (Miss CECILE DIXON), are thoroughly unsatisfactory young people. *Ruth* drives her car into the Bentley of an eccentric American, *Balthazar McConochie* (Mr. BALIOL HOLLOWAY, who has acquired on his tour sufficient of the air and language of a reasonable American to be plausible). He introduces himself simply as *Balthazar*. Whereupon the fun and the noise wax faster and furiouser.

He blows breezily into this calm domestic interior, rearranges the furniture, invites himself to stay the night, buys the adjacent island and castle, commandeers the young playwright (*Sebastien Beynes*) as his secretary (unpaid), dictates code telegrams and begins to show the various characters how to make up their minds. Make up your mind, wrong or right, but make it up—that is the secret of success. If, for instance, you are wooing the wife of your host, he says to the playwright, know precisely what you want and set to work to get it. Don't amble round in this spineless way. Of course the lady is flattered, and being bored—as who would not be with a prawn-fisher of *Albert's* mentality?—she is likely to be reasonably easy. And so forth.

Such a man is either a millionaire or a madman. It is discovered that he is no other than the famous *Balthazar McConochie*, Copper King. All grovel before him, are door-mats for his swift-moving feet, swallow his loud insults and harsh homilies and behave as poor people are supposed to behave in the presence of enormous wealth.

A mild mysterious gentleman (Mr. H. R. HIGNETT) drifts in, a famous



THE SPORTSMAN'S PARADISE—A HOUSE IN DEVONSHIRE WITH SHRIMPING RIGHTS.

Albert Page . . . MR. HUBERT HARBEN.

specialist in mental abnormality. He has, it appears, a little list of distinguished public men whom he is studying—men doomed to end their days under medical control. *McConochie* is on the list. And the fun now consists in the terrors of the *Pages* and the playwright in the presence of this wild American lunatic; the women fear outrage (why, is not clear), the men sudden death by violence. It is for us to guess whether it is the millionaire or the quiet little gentleman who is the lunatic—a point settled by the entrance of an attendant from the neighbouring mental home.

It must be said that Mr. BALIOL HOLLOWAY played his part with enormous gusto and allowed us no time to be critical of the general thinness of the rather mislabelled comedy. There was no call for subtlety, and pace alone saves (if it quite saves) this affair, and furious pace was what the producer (Mr. CAMPBELL GULLAN) sensibly dictated. The part of the young dramatist was played easily and with a quiet humour by Mr. REGINALD GARDINER. He was not a serious playwright, as his reading to the millionaire (an unlikely proceeding and the only occasion which Mr. HOLLOWAY had for a brief rest from his physical labours) definitely disclosed. Mr. HIGNETT gave us one of his quiet subtle little studies of character, and Mr. HARBEN can always be amusing in the part of a foolish old buffer and butt. Miss MERCIA SWINBURNE had only to be pretty and indignant.

We cannot conscientiously say that this business moved us to uproarious hilarity. But that is neither here nor there, as the saying is. T.



A CYCLONE ON THE DEVONSHIRE COAST.

Balthazar McConochie . . . . MR. BALIOL HOLLOWAY.
Sebastien Beynes . . . . . MR. REGINALD GARDINER.
Caroline Page . . . . . MISS MERCIA SWINBURNE.
Albert Page . . . . . MR. HUBERT HARBEN.

Things Which Couldn't Have Been Nicer.

"Owing to a misprint, our account of the explosion at South Shields yesterday stated that Mr. ——, the watchman, 'usually sleeps in a cabin built over the excavation.' The word should have been sits, not sleeps."
North-Country Paper.

"Mrs. —— relieved her coffee-coloured ensemble with touches of cream."
Yorkshire Paper.

Public persons seem to be getting increasingly careless with the refreshments.

"There are still signs that the Dramatic Class will be organised. The inhabitants of Taghmon are complaining about the sewerage system in the town."—*Irish Paper.*

Surely the plays can't be as poisonous as all that.

"MR. GANDHI IN LANCASHIRE.
Subsequently he received a number of pressmen clad in the usual loin cloth and shawls."
Indian Paper.

We are asked to say that there are no signs of this fashion becoming popular in Fleet Street, where top-hats and tartan shorts are still *de rigueur*.



Customer. "WHY DON'T YOU APPLY A PIECE OF STEAK TO IT?"
Waiter. "IT *was* A LUMP O' STEAK THE GENTLEMAN THREW AT ME."

NATURAL HISTORY NOTES.

MOSTLY ABOUT MAMMALS.

THE GNU.—An ugly customer. There is a proverb among the Matabele, whose country is infested with these creatures, "*Imbwali nya ubwali*," "No gnus is good news." (Compare our English expression: "A public gnusance.") Has a head like a buffalo, feet of clay and the manners of a Siberian yak. A popular feature in travelling mnageries.

The TAPIR.—A tapiroid mammal, *i.e.*, belonging to the family of the Tapiridæ. It has a flexible proboscis, and for this reason figures in the crest of the Parker family over the motto, "*Nasum moveo.*"

The OUNCE.—Found in Central Asia. Not to be confused with the Ocelot, which ranges from Arkansas to Patagonia, singing as it goes.

The HIPPOPOTAMUS.—It lives here and there in Africa, feeding on this and that and rarely attacking man. The teeth are large and dentated, the eyes fish-like and the whole appearance nonsensical in the extreme.

Some amusing yarns are told in *The Hippopotamus in History*, by David Bluster, among them that of the hippopatamus which bit ALEXANDER THE GREAT at the Battle of Gaugamela. We have not space to repeat it here.

The IMPOSSUM.—A very difficult creature with a prehensile tail.

The GIRAFFE.—Spelt "jarraffe" by JOHN SANDERSON (1591). PLINY speaks of a giraffe with a neck nine feet long; but nobody pays any attention to him. MANDEVILLE has no mention of the animal, though he speaks of griffins with assurance. Of more recent authorities TODHUNTER is probably the most reliable.

The JAGUAR.—MILLER tells a story of this beast which is worth preserving. While out on *shikari* with his favourite headman, Uledi, and a crowd of native beaters a jaguar was spotted. "They always are," he concludes, amid laughter.

The IBIS.—A mountain goat found in Egypt. Often confused with the Ibex, as here.

The MAMMOTH.—An uncouth quadruped of the Plasticene period, now extinct. It had long tusks which in the process of evolution curved further and further backwards over the head, finally piercing the base of the skull and causing instant death. The survival of the species was thus from the first unlikely. Allied to the Mammoth are the Diphtherium and the Stegosaurus.

The DROMEDARY.—A kind of camel with either one or two humps, but not both. There are two kinds, the Advanced and the Elementary Dromedary.

The SANDWICH RAT.—This totally unexpected animal is not, as its name would seem to imply, one of the rodent family. It more closely resembles the Bear (*Ursus Major*), being bradypodoid, like the Two-toed Sloth, and having rudimentary ears. The male changes his coat in the evening, being brown by day and black by night.

The AMERICAN, or GOLF, LYNX.—A curious creature with a heavy spade-like head and ears laid well back. When in difficulties it buries its head in the sand, like an ostrich.

The RICE-CAT, or WILD SAGO.—A member of the Tapioca family. He is easily recognised by his colouring, brown on top and milky-white underneath. Not dangerous unless attacked.

The FEATHER BOA.—An extremely dangerous snake; probably the original of the winged serpents described by HERODOTUS. It is a member of the Constrictor genus and grows by what it feeds on.

When full-grown this snake reaches a length of twenty feet or more. Bartlett, whose tragic death is still fresh in our memories,* reported a specimen of over thirty feet, and Dreymann claims to have seen one measuring no less

* He bled to death in the Congo Basin, after being savaged by a raccoon.

than forty-six feet from tip to tip. Tales brought back by Belgian explorers of monsters exceeding one hundred and even one-hundred-and-fifty feet are generally regarded as apocryphal. Blutvorste has a monograph on the subject. It is not recommended.

The GIBBON.—One of the apes from which, according to the Darwinians, Man evolved. In *Gibbon's Decline and Fall* the story of this transformation is clearly told.

"There are more fleas in an ape than ever came out of it."—*Russian proverb.*

The FRETFUL PORPENTINE.—I can find no mention of this animal in any book of reference, and must therefore pass rapidly on to—

The TEREBINTH.—This delightful little ungulate lives in desert places and spends its time doing good. Its food is simple and its colouring quiet. In captivity it is amiable, faithful and fond of children. Altogether an admirable animal. Not so—

The SKUNK, which, in common with the BISON, the ELK, the HOOLOCK and the GAUR, need not detain us here.

Too late for classification: The POPINJAY.

LETTERS TO THE SECRETARY OF A GOLF CLUB.

From Ralph Viney, Life-member of the Roughover Golf Club.

13*th November*, 1931.

DEAR MR. SECRETARY,—Don't think I am an interfering old humbug, but I do honestly feel that the new bunker the Green Committee has made at the fourth hole is a mistake. Personally it never worries me, as I rarely play now; but I understand on very good authority that General Forcursue has been in it every day this week.

Yours sincerely,
RALPH VINEY.

P.S.—I saw him myself take seven to get out on Monday.

From Lady Forcursue, wife of Lieut.-General Sir Armstrong D. Forcursue, K.C.B., K.C.M.G. Marked "Private and very confidential."

13*th November*, 1931.

DEAR SIR,—I am not an hysterical woman, for I have unflinchingly weathered a shipwreck and a mutiny by my husband's side. I trust, therefore, that you will take this request of mine in all seriousness, for it is not made on the spur of the moment, but after seven days of sane deliberation. Coming from a woman who has never played golf, it may sound most unwarrantable; but, for God's sake, Sir, have the new bunker at the fourth filled up.

Unless this is done immediately the very foundations of my long and happy married life will be irreparably undermined. Yours faithfully,
MADGE FORCURSUE.

From Julian Square, of Allphlatt and Square, Lawyers, Roughover.

13*th November*, 1931.

DEAR SIR,—George Humpitt, one of your caddies, came to me this afternoon with the request that I should take proceedings on his behalf against the General. The charge is one of assault. As a member of the Club I could not possibly handle the case, and rather than let the matter fall into the hands of one of my unscrupulous competitors it occurred to me that you might be able to use your influence to try to get the trouble smoothed over.

Yours faithfully,
JULIAN SQUARE.

From E. Socket, M.D.

13*th November*, 1931.

DEAR GEORGE,—Sorry I was out when you called. No, the Steward is not seriously hurt, but I had to put a couple of stitches in just behind his left ear. I've always wondered how much damage a niblick could do, and fancy he got off lightly. He should be back at work early next week, turf duly replaced. What about a game on Sunday afternoon?

Yours ever, EDWIN SOCKET.

From Frank Plantain, Greenkeeper to the Roughover Golf Club.

13*th November*, 1931.

DEAR SIR,—Please will you ask the General not for to follow me about and call me names?

Yours respectfully,
F. PLANTAIN.

From General Sir Armstrong D. Forcursue, K.C.B., K.C.M.G.

13*th November*, 1931.

SIR,—Unless that . . . bunker at the fourth is taken away immediately I shall resign from the Club.

Yours faithfully,
ARMSTRONG D. FORCURSUE.

Extract from a hurriedly-convened Green Committee meeting of the Roughover Golf Club, held on the 14*th November*, 1931.

". . . It was unanimously agreed that the fourth hole was well enough bunkered without the recent addition, and that this should be filled up without delay."

"So far the Chinese police has been able to cope with the rouble. . . ."—*Daily Paper.*

Couldn't they cope with the dollar as well?

DAN.

I'M a little Welsh terrier, name of Dan,
I've a thick rough coat and I'm black and tan;
I live in nice house with garden round—
Black cat, dust-bin, bone-buryin' ground.

I've a nice good Missus and Master too,
Little girl-missus, boy-master in blue;
I've got own basket with cushion in,
Own collar with studs of shiny tin,

Own bowl, own plate, own brush and comb,
And think—I was once in the Lost Dogs' Home!
I waited there and people came
Every day, but never the same.

They looked in cages and went away,
Till a lady and boy came along one day.
"Nice dog, that," said Boy in Blue,
And lady said, "I think so too."

So they spoke to lady who cared for us,
And went away—I made no fuss;
And few days after back they came,
"Time 's up," they said, and I said same.

They put on collar and put on lead
And drove me here, which is Home indeed!
Everyone loves me, Cook as well,
And now just listen while I tell.

I belong two clubs—one just outside
In a grassy place, all free and wide,
Where I meet my friends and sniff and chat—
But this medallion you're looking at

Shows I belong to the other one,
Which is serious club, not just for fun;
I help my pals, like it says I do;
I'm a Tail-Wagger dog, and proud of it too!

Jollity in China.

"There was a holiday in Canton and Hong Kong yesterday in memory of the birthday of Confuscius.

The wounded include a Russian Professor. The Government officials are safe."
Malay Paper.

"A young whale swam into the Columbia River at Portland (Oregon), and a crowd of 12,000 gathered. Traffic was brought to a standstill while the whale lodged canoes, speedboats and barges laden with those who wanted a close-up view."—*Evening Paper.*

Well, like JONAH, they got it.

The B.B.C., we understand, is to proceed immediately with the building of a short-wave Empire Broadcasting Station, which will bring British wireless to the Frozen North and to Tropical Africa. Will there be fat stock prices for cannibals?







MA JONG.

ASSIST me, Muse, embarking for the nonce on
A homelier flight, to celebrate in song
A person of the name of Mrs. Johnson;
We called her old Ma Jong.

"No scholarship" she claimed, but she was rich in
The lore of polish, duster, mop and broom;
The lowly craft of cleaning up a kitchen
And turning out a room.

Humbler (and prouder) than the modern maid is
She knew the place of others—and her own;
"Could work," she said, "for them that's proper ladies
Her fingers to the bone."

Droll was her speech; weird words of her own minting,
The priceless coinage of a heart of gold,
Enhanced a service that she gave unstinting
(Eightpence an hour all told).

Through ups and downs of life she'd learnt to rough it,
Met fortune's frown more often than her smile,
Yet kept, uncowed by Fate's severest buffet,
A brave soul free of guile.

Now the allotted span of ten times seven
She's passed—pure salt of our poor mortal race;
And one thing's sure—in any kind of heaven
Ma Jong will find a place.

And somewhere there (if happily our luck it
May be) we'll chance on old Ma Jong once more
Kneeling with some celestial brush and bucket
To scrub the golden floor.









Irate Scotch Gardener. "STOP MAN, STOP! YE'RE RIDIN' ON THE GRASS! I NEVER DID SEE THE LIKE O' THAT."
Whip (lately come to plough country, from the shires). "I DON'T SUPPOSE YOU DID; IT'S ABOUT THE ONLY BIT *I*'VE SEEN MYSELF SINCE I CAME TO THIS MUDDY 'OLE."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(*By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.*)

HUGH TEMPEST SHERINGHAM was a man greatly beloved. He is dead, but his name and his "nightingales" shall endure while rivers run and while men go down to them through the green meadows. This book, *The Book of the Fly-Rod* (SPOTTISWOODE, 45/-), is SHERINGHAM'S memorial. He it was who conceived it; he was jointly to edit it with Mr. JOHN MOORE. His death, in December, 1930, left Mr. MOORE to complete the work alone. And Mr. MOORE has made a beautiful book. He has himself contributed to it with humour and a great charm. He has found fifteen of the friends of H. T. S. to contribute too. They have made a memorial about fly-fishing—the world-wide philosophy of fly-fishing. The poetry of it is here repeated by Mr. ERIC PARKER, but he omits to repeat the dedication of *An Angler's Garland*. Its colour, "from sable on to golden," is painted by Sir CHARLES HOLMES. And its music, crotchet and minim, is made by Mr. PLUNKET GREENE. Mr. SKUES is finely imaginative about how, little by little, man might come, were the art unknown, to fish for trout with fly. But we deal with other fish than the trout and Mr. CALDERWOOD'S salmon. Indeed we rather pointedly ignore Olympian fishes and Olympian streams—"H. T. S. liked to think of the fly-rod as something which all men equally could enjoy." So Mr. MOORE makes much of the chub. And Mr. GUY POLLOCK writes "a memory of HUGH SHERINGHAM," and for that memory I am grateful. The book is quite beautifully illustrated in colour and line by Mr. GEORGE SHERINGHAM. There is a black-and-white study of a weir-pool wherein is the magic of all running water; throughout the whole volume the coloured fishes go swimming lovely and alive.

Mr. COMPTON MACKENZIE is to be congratulated on *Our Street* (CASSELL, 7/6), a distinctly happier performance than *April Fools*. (I may add incidentally that I was not a little entertained to note on the jacket of the new book a laudatory puff constructed with considerable ingenuity out of my extremely qualified appreciation of the old.) *Our Street*, however, is a reversion to romance, a graceful and kindly record in the *Cranford* vein of its supposed narrator's small-boyhood in West Kensington, where, as a migratory visitant to two charming aunts in MORRIS-papered and BURNE-JONES-hung No. 9, he improves the acquaintance, actual or imaginary, of all the other denizens of the row. There is first and foremost *Mr. Lockett*, the Pickwickian singing-master who "made" the street by moving thither from the Royal Borough. There is *Miss Lockett*, the central figure of the book's prettiest piece of *genre*-painting. There is *Dr. Arden*, retired R.A.M.C. There is *General Brackenbury*, the pride of the street, and *Mr. Spink*, its disgrace. There is *Mr. Mellor*, who has a studio at No. 5 and claims kin with the pre-Raphaelites—though he does rehearse the less perfect version of *The Blessed Damosel* with his enraptured chronicler. And there is delightful *Olive Doyle*, who shares the hero's greatest adventure, the exploration of the empty and "To Let" No. 25. Part and parcel of No. 25's somewhat grisly memories is one of the nicest and most cat-like cats in fiction. A picture of feline "low life" at its best, *Mouser* is a portrait to be proud of.

Australia's backwoods
Have furnished a frame
For more than one story
Attached to the name
Of BRENT OF BIN BIN—
Each bright as a pin—
And now comes from BLACKWOODS
One more of the same.

Come, see the Cross glowing
The gum-boughs between!
Come, rake with *Sir Oswald*
And love with *Laleen*!
Come, track the *Mazeres*
Down the length of the years!—
The Mungee is flowing,
The paddocks are green.

Deep drama and laughter
Our author can mix;
An hour with him 's better
Than three at the "flicks."
We commend to the full
Back to Bool Bool,
A book to go after.
(It's seven-and-six.)

Mr. A. C. WRATISLAW's, I think, first novel—by *The Time Machine* out of *A Yankee at the Court of King Arthur*?—has skilfully avoided the main defects of its forebears and is as gay, scholarly and unpretending a piece of historical burlesque as you could wish to encounter. *Robert (Bob) Perkins, Esq.*, inherits from his deceased father a squiredom and a scientific invention. The invention, discreetly handled, sets you back in any period of history you like and restores you to your own era punctually on a pre-arranged date. Having experimented with his aunt's pug-dog (who spends a fortnight in 1666, and returns with a silver collar autographed by the MERRIE MONARCH), *Bob* ultimately decides to tempt his own fortune, and the diverting adventure of *King Charles and Mr. Perkins* (BLACKWOOD, 7/6) is the sensationally chequered result. *Mr. Perkins* avoids the worst snag of archaic comedy by translating all his conversations into a not too modern vernacular; in spite of which his CHARLES, ROCHESTER, BUCKINGHAM and Mr. MILTON (the principal men) are all recognisable Caroleans; and the same may be said for Lady CASTELMAYNE, FRANCES STUART and Mr. MILTON's disgruntled daughters—the "principal girls." *Mr. Perkins* is far too inquisitive to miss the merrier implications of his post as Gentleman of the Bedchamber and far too gentlemanly to enlarge upon them. The only element of his story I could have wished away is what FITZGERALD (who admired it in TACITUS) would have called his "pleasant atrocity." Two public hangings in a dozen chapters is a pretty stiff allowance for a queasy modern stomach.

That most vivacious of all professional historians of the War, Mr. WINSTON S. CHURCHILL, a writer whom future generations no doubt will recollect as having himself mixed in statesmanship, has added to his narrative-series and his reputation yet another triumphant achievement—*The World Crisis: The Eastern Front* (THORNTON BUTTERWORTH, 30/-). With brilliant restraint he has refrained from any but the rarest use of the first person singular, and as its occasional appearance is always associated with the rolling away of clouds of doubt and indecision no one will grudge the introduction. His study, the swaying of the fighting-line that ringed Central Europe from the Baltic to the Adriatic, is grim and tragic to an uttermost degree. If one were able to divide this sum-total of misery into detail of human beings the story would be insupportable, and wisely Mr. CHURCHILL is content to speak mainly in terms of variously shaded caterpillar-lines on a map, that twist and sidle and attempt to curl round one another, or break to fragments and disappear in accordance with the strategic play of a mobile front. The battles not only of Tannenburg and of the BRUSILOV offensive, which somehow are familiar, but also of Lemberg, the Masurian Lakes and Lodz, for instance, become in these pages as concrete as



Bo'sun. "DON'T TAKE IT TO 'EART, BOY. THIS IS GOIN' TO BE THE FUNNIEST STORY EVER TOLD IN THE LIVERPOOL PUBS."

the diagrams of Waterloo and Trafalgar, and the huge amorphous Russian host is seen as a generally well-directed, if woefully ill-supplied, army of invasion. The book is great in its clarity, masterful in its analysis, decorated with effective individual character-studies, but truly terrible in its moments of intensity.

In *S.S. "San Pedro"* (LONGMANS, 6/-) Mr. J. G. COZZENS—I see he has written another novel, but his name is new to me—tells the story of a sea disaster. He does so in very few words; his book is indeed little longer than a "long-short." He resists admirably the temptation inherent in the theme to indulge in over-writing. And he is entirely free from that self-comparison, conscious or otherwise, with CONRAD which is painfully evident in the work of nine out of ten novelists whose concern is with the sea. The tale is one of tragedy stark and unrelieved, a tragedy which the "wise cracks" of the two wireless-operators only serve to intensify. The shadow of doom is on the ship from the start, symbolised by the ill-omened figure of *Doctor Percival*, which passes across the stage in the opening chapter, and every circumstance thereafter—the human factors of age, sickness, incapacity, panic, even a rigid and unreasoning sense of discipline, as well as the blind forces of nature—seems expressly designed to lead up to the inevitable catastrophe. The descriptions are excellent and the characters are drawn with a sure hand. It is a brilliant and unforgettable piece of work, and Mr. COZZENS may be congratulated on having done a difficult thing with notable success.



"I RECKON, GEORGE, YOU'LL NOT RECOGNISE THE OLD PLACE AFTER THAT 'ERE SIGN'S FINISHED."

I well remember the misery with which I went out, a new boy at a prep. school, to play my first game of Soccer. No one had taken the trouble to coach me in the basic facts of the game and it was therefore small wonder that I suffered the everlasting humiliation of picking up the ball in my hands. As a victim of unnecessary ignorance I appeal to those parents who have a spark of affection for their sons not to send them out into the green open spaces without at least a smattering of the rules; and, if they wish them as well to become good footballers, I suggest that they cannot do better than give them as a Christmas present *The Boys' Book of Association Football* (BELL, 5/-), by Mr. JOHN GRAVES, who is himself a most competent player and a schoolmaster-coach. He begins the book by going very lucidly into the rudiments, and then, taking each department of the game in turn, he analyses and instructs by means of numerous photographs and excellent notes, so complete and well-graded that they should be as valuable to the older boy as to his younger brother. I only wish that I myself had had this book in time to avoid disgrace.

The Perfect Murder Case was, I remember, an ably constructed story in which Mr. CHRISTOPHER BUSH gave his readers a difficult problem to solve, but it was far easier than the one with which he confronts us in *Dead Man's Music* (HEINEMANN, 7/6). On the jacket we are informed that with a certain clue at our disposal we ought, "if clever enough," to find the murderer of *Claud Rook*. Frankly I was not clever enough; but without claiming proficiency in spotting the criminals of fiction I protest that anyone who solved this problem would need to be lucky as well as clever. Mr. BUSH writes quietly and well; his detectives suffer from none of the eccentricities and mannerisms which such men in fiction are wont to have, and he neither deafens me by the frequent discharge of firearms nor saturates me in streams of blood. The game, in fact, seems to be in his hands, if only he can refrain from being too elaborate.

If you are looking for a change from detective fiction as provided by Britons, *In Court* (GEOFFREY BLES, (7/6) is worthy of your attention. Excellently translated by Miss WINIFRED RAY, it gives an informing account of legal procedure in Germany, and is distinguished by considerable originality. When *Kaska*, a singer, was on his trial for the murder of *Professor Drau*, we know that his acquittal is certain, because, if driven as it were to death, he can reveal a secret which he has made great sacrifices to keep. This secret concerns the daughter of *Gogart*, the Public Prosecutor, who was conducting the case against *Kaska*. It is a situation sensitive enough, but FRED ANDREAS handles it with real skill. Once or twice I doubted if anyone could be as altruistic as *Kaska*; but even so his trial makes absorbing reading, because the people involved in it are, whether in their wisdom or their folly, essentially human.

Mr. Punch extends a paternal blessing to *Slight Irritations* (METHUEN, 5/-), articles by E. V. KNOX, collected from his pages; *Gun-Dogs* (EYRE AND SPOTTISWOODE, 25/-), by PATRICK R. CHALMERS, verses and prose pieces reprinted respectively by his permission and that of *The Field*, and illustrated by R. WARD BINKS; and *Rhymes of Flood and Field* (EYRE AND SPOTTISWOODE, 15/-), by the same author, many of which he originally sponsored. They are illustrated by FRANK ADAMS.

Thoughts that Occur While Flying to the Cape.

"What Egypt would be without the Nile I dare not imagine."
Miss PEGGY SALAMAN, in Sunday Paper.

CHARIVARIA.

MR. JAMES DOUGLAS admits that after trying for days to draw up ten new Commandments he failed miserably. The Decalogue will therefore have to do.

* * *

The marked decrease in the consumption of beer is attributed in certain quarters to the growing habit of taking a drop too little.

* * *

We see it suggested that only Mr. G. B. SHAW's wit has saved him from the fate of SAVONAROLA. Yet we should have ascribed an aversion for Smithfield to his vegetarianism.

* * *

"When a short man in a dark raincoat and a bowler-hat arrived in Throgmorton Street yesterday morning," we read, "few City men recognised him as Mr. WILLIAM GRAHAM, ex-President of the Board of Trade." Consequently there was little excitement.

* * *

Sir WILLIAM BRAGG estimates that if one-and-a-half million people talked for twelve months the energy generated would be enough to boil a cup of tea. So much for any hope that conversation might serve some useful purpose.

* * *

It is pointed out that we have had ten Postmasters-General in ten years. It speaks well for the department that none of them was lost in the post.

* * *

It is recalled that a famous operator in the Chicago wheat market would even bet on raindrops coursing down a window-pane. In our opinion nothing is more calculated to deepen the gloom of a wet day than the consciousness of having backed an also-trickled.

* * *

Sir ISAAC NEWTON's library contained no humorous books, we are told. Gravity, of course, was more to his taste.

* * *

"Thames Valley Fog Smashes," said a recent headline. It must have been one of the more brittle kind.

* * *

A phrenologist has been sentenced to twelve months' hard labour as an incorrigible rogue. This is probably the biggest bump he has yet come up against.

In America, big films are very often first shown in the prisons. The authorities seem determined to discourage crime.

* * *

A writer opposing an Actors' Union says, "Actors are not bricklayers." That's right. One seldom hears an actor calling for more bricks.

* * *

According to Dr. HENRY FAIRFIELD OSBORNE the first "true" man lived in Sussex more than a million years ago. It is a moving thought that he didn't know he was living in Sussex.



THE IRISH SWEEP.

"BONNE CHANCE" VAINLY SCANS THE RESULT OF THE DRAW.

"In the new waistcoat," says a sartorial expert, "the V is to be less pronounced." Who says "Vaistcoat," anyway?

* * *

Can the Leopard is the title of a new play. We deprecate these new types of tinned food.

* * *

"Every year," says a youthful writer, "a ghost looks me in the face." Our sympathies are entirely with the ghost.

* * *

According to a dietetic expert, meat-eaters are more active than vegetarians. This rather suggests he has never been chased by an infuriated bull.

* * *

In the opinion of Dr. WINIFRED CULLIS skipping is the finest exercise. Absconding slate club secretaries will stoop to concur.

* * *

A Georgia State forester reports that the Swanee River is drying up. Unfortunately the same cannot be said of ballad-singers who croon about this particular river.

* * *

A jockey asserts that the mental picture he forms of his horse taking a jump makes it successful. A case of thinking it over.

* * *

Social observers infer from the result of the General Election and the success of the "Buy British" campaign that many people who had been seeing red are now seeing red, white and blue.

* * *

A Corsican bandit is reported to have received love-letters from an English authoress. These perils, however, are incidental to the life of a bandit.

* * *

A noiseless air-gun which shoots pellets of mud has been invented by a Manchester schoolboy. This is the sort of news that makes carol-singers toss uneasily in their sleep.

* * *

Scientists have discovered that germs always work in groups. This explains why we have never seen a measle knocking about on its own.

* * *

Mr. ST. JOHN ERVINE declares that whenever he has come away from a crowded cinema where a trashy film has been received with applause he has fervently prayed for his country. Our fear is that few film-fans would be deeply affected by the thought that they have brought Mr. ERVINE to his knees.

* * *

The system of collecting the income-tax in instalments is the best method we know of making time pass quickly.

THE TATTOOSIAST.

[There is, we are told, a new craze for tattooing amongst people of all classes, and designs can be removed by running over the tattoo with a needle charged with a flesh-coloured solution. It may be doubted, however, whether apt obliteration's artful aid is completely successful.]

Chloe, before she married, undertook
To read her future husband like a book;
But afterwards, by jealousies oppressed,
Was forced to read him like a palimpsest.

THE IRISH SWEEP AND I.

Is it not time we made a little less fuss about the happy laundress in far-off Abergavenny, who Never Dreamt Her Number could be lucky enough to Come First out of the Great Drum, but was so glad because Mother would be able to have a Nice Treat at last? Is it not time that the photograph of the four wool-weavers waving their looms at Huddersfield when they heard the good news should be given the go-by? I am aweary of these smiling recipients of Fortune's favours.

There had been a war on up till last Wednesday somewhere in Manchuria, about I don't know what. The Government was balancing a Budget or maybe balancing our trade. A Round Table Conference was sitting, trying to churn up political problems in the Indian drum. Suddenly all these things were wiped away. A flood of light was let loose into the obscurest homes of Great Britain tenanted by people otherwise only notorious by being inset during a murder trial or having advocated the use of Jones's Gastric Pills. Their faces obfuscated the news. Their idiotic pseudonyms, their absurd addresses, flowered and rioted through page after page of superfluous print. Collywobbles, of 17, Alma Terrace, triumphed over the fate of Empire, and Ten Little Nigger Boys at "The Pig and Whistle," Padstow, sank the Gold Standard to the bottom of the sea. Am I concerned that Hop-o'-my-Thumb will not marry even if Bower of Roses wins, or Shall Travel Round World and See Life, says Fortunate Doreen?

When I had flung the evening paper aside, sickened by toiling seamstresses who had found the land o' dreams, I fled for consolation to the air. I turned on the wireless. "We will try the Czecho-Slovakian concert in Madrid," I said.

I turned the fateful knob and moved the disc to the lucky number which was supposed to find Madrid or thereabouts.

"Hot Bun," said the deep resonant voice of the announcer. *Crackle! Bang!*

I flew to Berlin. It was in vain. Forget-me-not, living somewhere in Hammersmith, pursued me with Bonny Boy II. I made a dash to Algiers. Again that unctuous voice: "Cat-o'-Nine-Tails has been given to 'Abide with Me' at 29, Myrtle Grove, Nottingham." *Buzz, fizz.* As though I cared.

Every wave-length appeared to have been drowned in the Great Draw. Sopranos at Bucharest contended in vain with Pinch me Tight and A Party of Twelve. Even the announcer at Toulouse was swept protesting down the storm. The Chinese General MA, about to run away, was compelled to linger by his guns whilst I learnt that Land of Hope and Glory had a chance at Child's Hill with Potchim.

And in the morning it all came back again. The nation's activities were suspended. There were practically no letters; at least, not in my road. Far away at the corner two postmen could be seen staggering under an immense bag. They were bearing congratulations to the Professor of Moral Philosophy in Laburnum Terrace who is sharing Rackety Lassie with the inland revenue officer next-door.

I may seem to speak hastily, but remember for a moment how sterile is all this news, how little it means to the average citizen, when the pantomime of the big drum and the musical-comedy chorus of nurses have ended their performance and nothing is left except for the wretched little horses with their shrimp-like jockeys to do their insignificant turn in the Manchester mud. Perhaps if we continued to honour these favourites of fortune and gave them the freedom of their cities, or made them knights and dames or members of the House of Lords under such titles as Viscount Froggie of Ut Majeur, or Baron Hopeon Hopever of Sans Espoir, the whole of this nonsense would be worth while. But they fade away. We never hear their wretched numbers, their intolerable aliases, afterwards. Nobody knows whether the Iron-moulder of Middlesbrough Who Will Continue Quietly At Job breaks or does not break his fatuous vow. "Shall take my Aunt to London to see Westminster Abbey," declares Fortunate Axle-Greaser. But does he? All is silent. Their lives are obscured. Why must I wallow in their sunshine? Why must I wade through column after column of their tedious autobiographies?

Or stay. Let us take an alternative. Is there not something more manly, my friends, ay, more womanly too, in resignation and fortitude than in triumph and success? Should we not rather publish the picture of Melusine, The Nook, Friern Barnet, Who Says Life would have been All Joy if she had drawn Hot Bun, but is going to work as usual? Or Balaclava, of Sydenham, who dares not trust himself to speak, but Will Face up to it and Try Again next year? Or a page of sensational revelations? Surely the Press could worm out these. How many stern statesmen, how many ministers of the Gospel, how many austere bank managers and prim old ladies went frisking round and round together in the great drum? And how many of the unemployed? How looked the face of this or that eminent lady or gentleman after ploughing and ploughing vainly through all those arid tracts of numerals and *noms de jeu*?

Or, again, might we not concentrate on the glad faces of those patients suffering from ague through a life in the Western bogs of Ireland, to whom England's generosity brings all the blest resources of medical skill? November Handicap Cures Mike O'Flaherty's Gout. Prefers Radiant Heat to Potheen. Says He Can Now Buy Pig.

Surely this is a sweeter and more humane method of recording the results of the Great Sweep? Anything—anything to get away from those infernal faces, those awful addresses, those meaningless nicknames, those little tabloid lives of the non-illustrious who happen to have hopped first out of a wretched revolving drum. I am no curmudgeon, but they sicken me.

As a last thought, and a better thought still, *why not publish the names and numbers and addresses of everyone who didn't have a horse?*

EVOE, $\frac{B}{H}$ A 28355, 10, Bouverie Street, E.C.

CHAMPIONSHIP OF THE INTERIOR.

[The Headmaster of Lancing College, speaking at Grosvenor House, November 12, "said that the school's record for crumpets was thirty-two at one sitting."—*Daily Press.*]

WE have rested for long on our laurels,
We have lain for a space on our oars,
Our battalions divided by quarrels
And our champions nursing their sores.

The Antipodes beat us at cricket
(With a BRADMAN to batter the ball,
And a GRIMMETT to shatter the wicket
And to compass our chosen one's fall).

While the Springboks, infrequently bested,
Ha' been victors at Twickenham twice;
We have taken things easy, have rested;
And to-day we are paying the price.

But there's comfort in times of bereavement
And the future shows roseate hues.
Do we seek for a solid achievement,
We may find it enshrined in this news.

And our hopes shall go skipping and dancing,
For the crumpeting record we show,
When a youngster now learning at Lancing
Can devour thirty-two at a go.

The Critic Slips Up.

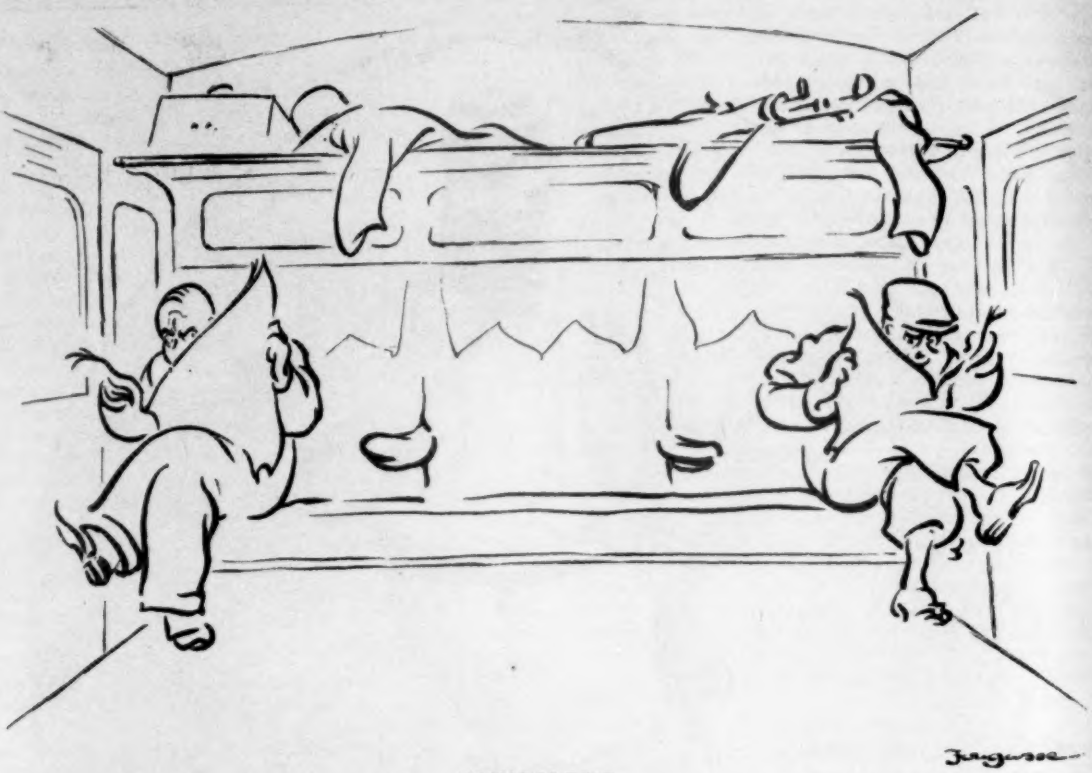
"This is a book one has to read before one really appreciates it."—*Review in Scots Paper.*



GREYCING THE OVAL.

(With Mr. Punch's compliments to the Surrey C.C.C.)

THERE WAS AN OLD MAN WITH A BEARD
WHO SAID, "I SHOULD NEVER HAVE FEARED
THAT GREYHOUNDS WOULD RACE
IN THIS SANCTIFIED PLACE;"
AND EVERY GOOD CRICKETER CHEERED.



CAMARADERIE.

DELIGHT OF FELLOW-TRAVELLERS ON DISCOVERING THAT THEY ARE BOTH WEARING THE SAME OLD BOYS' TIE.

IN OUR INN.

MR. ABEL AGAIN.

I WAS telling you some weeks ago about Mr. Abel of our village shop, and only the other day I happened to meet him on one of his rare excursions into the private bar of the "White Rabbit." Apart from the formality of a small bitter for the good of the house, he was delivering some little handbills to Landlord Willyum, and gave me one too. It read:—

> "*We take pleasure in informing our customers that we are now in a position to supply haberdashery, gents' socks, shirts, ties, etc., and ladies' stockings. We also stock Cami-knickers from* 4/11¾.
>
> (*Signed*) J. ABEL,
>
> *Harstead Stores.*"

It was headed "S. P. Q. R." and I wondered for some while whether Mr. Abel was an unsuspected student of Roman history, though quite what was the connection between the Senate and People of Rome and the Harstead village shop I couldn't follow. Some time later I worked it out correctly as standing for "Small Profits, Quick Returns."

Happening to want a pair of socks in a hurry a day or two ago, I thought of Mr. Abel's Haberdashery Department and so looked in. Mr. Abel was delighted but a trifle nervous. I was apparently the first haberdashery customer he had had from that floating part of the village's population which actually lived in London in the winter and so presumably was familiar with the great haberdashing establishments of the Metropolis.

"Socks?" he began briskly. "Blue woollen socks? Certainly, Sir." He got a step-ladder and went up it to a top shelf where a pile of paper packets was tucked away. Selecting one, at random as far as I could make out, he climbed down with it, laid it on the counter, put on his spectacles and got to grips with the string. After a little trouble he untied it. It contained black cashmere stockings. "Dear, dear!" said Mr. Abel, did it up carefully again and climbed up once more. The next parcel contained grey cashmere stockings: we were evidently still on the ladies' side. With some acumen Mr. Abel selected his third package from the opposite corner of the pile and was delighted to find on his return to earth that at last we had got into sock country. Unfortunately they were orange with blue spots, and I had to say I was on a diet and my doctor had forbidden me things like that. Mr. Abel shook his head wonderingly at me, refastened the nightmares—I had to help in this by holding a finger on the knot for him—and then went up again. This time we got grey socks, whereas I had asked for blue.

"Why don't you label the packets on the outside?" I suggested at last while he was making yet another random choice. "Just as if they were, say, tinned fruit?"

Mr. Abel, much struck, turned and faced me from the ladder, looking over the top of his spectacles. "Now that's a good idea," he said—"a very good idea." He came down. "As though they were tinned fruit, yes. Or even jam, Sir, eh? Ha! ha!" He began to fumble with the string, which on this particular packet had got into an awe-inspiring knot. "You know," he continued, now seeing right into the heart of the matter, "it *would* save time, wouldn't it?" He suddenly stopped and fixed me with his eye. "I suppose now," he queried shrewdly, "they'd be having a dodge like that in the big Lunnon Emporeeums?"

I assured him that in London they

were up to all manner of cute and original devices, and Mr. Abel started round two with the string. Most trustingly too, I could not help thinking, for the chances still seemed even that it would contain ties or stockings or even cami-knickers-from-four-eleven-three.

"Can I help?" I asked after a while, feeling I'd like to know my fate as soon as possible.

"Well, Sir, that would be kind. I suppose in Lunnon their eyes are better for knots and string and suchlike."

With memories of the quick way in which the London shop-assistants pull an end and flip the packet open in ten seconds I murmured tentatively that I believed they took special care to do the packets up with simple knots only.

Mr. Abel looked rather surprised at this. "But I do, Sir," he explained. "I do them up most carefully; first in a plain thumb-knot and then a double bow for safety. Of course this one seems to have got a bit muddled like, but then I think I pulled the wrong end at the start. . . . Oh, I see you've done it, Sir, have you?"

Our luck still held. The packet actually did contain socks, in assorted colours. Nearly all were pretty terrible, but I saw one reasonably silent blue and grabbed at it. "I'll have these, if they're the right size," I said, though I rather felt I ought to apologise for being so fussy as to mention such an immaterial point as that after all Mr. Abel's trouble in ladder-work, knotting and lashing and so on. "Er—by the way, what size are they?"

"Ah! there, Sir, you have me," murmured Mr. Abel, and looked dubiously all over the packet and then all over the sock. "I think they're just all sizes. But"—a bright thought struck him—"we can try it round your fist, can't we?"

We could and did. I clenched my hand and Mr. Abel put the length of the sock foot round it. It failed to meet across the knuckles by well over an inch at first, but with a little stretching and gentle squeezing of my fist Mr. Abel soon made it the right size.

I said I'd take them and was much surprised when after a moment Mr. Abel asked tentatively, "I suppose, Sir, you wouldn't prefer a nice green pair after all?"

"No. Why?"

"Well, Sir, I don't seem able to put my hand on the other sock to this pair. It's not in the package and"—he was by then peering about the counter among tooth-paste, brushes and fly-papers—"in fact I can't think where it's got to."

Keeping a grave face with difficulty, I suggested that Mr. Pelling had recently been a haberdashery customer—Mr. Pelling being a retired mariner with a peg-leg.

Mr. Abel, taking this in all seriousness, said he didn't recollect it, but perhaps Mrs. Abel had served him. He'd go and ask her. . . .

I stopped him, and, after another harassed search on the counter, he suggested that it might have got into one of the other packets. As he seemed prepared to get them all down and go through them I hastily selected green ones and left Mr. Abel much upset, promising to let me know if the sock turned up and to reserve it for me if it did.

As I left he called me back. He still wore a very worried expression. "I suppose, Sir," he said, "that in Lunnon now they wouldn't ever find they had but one sock in a pair?"

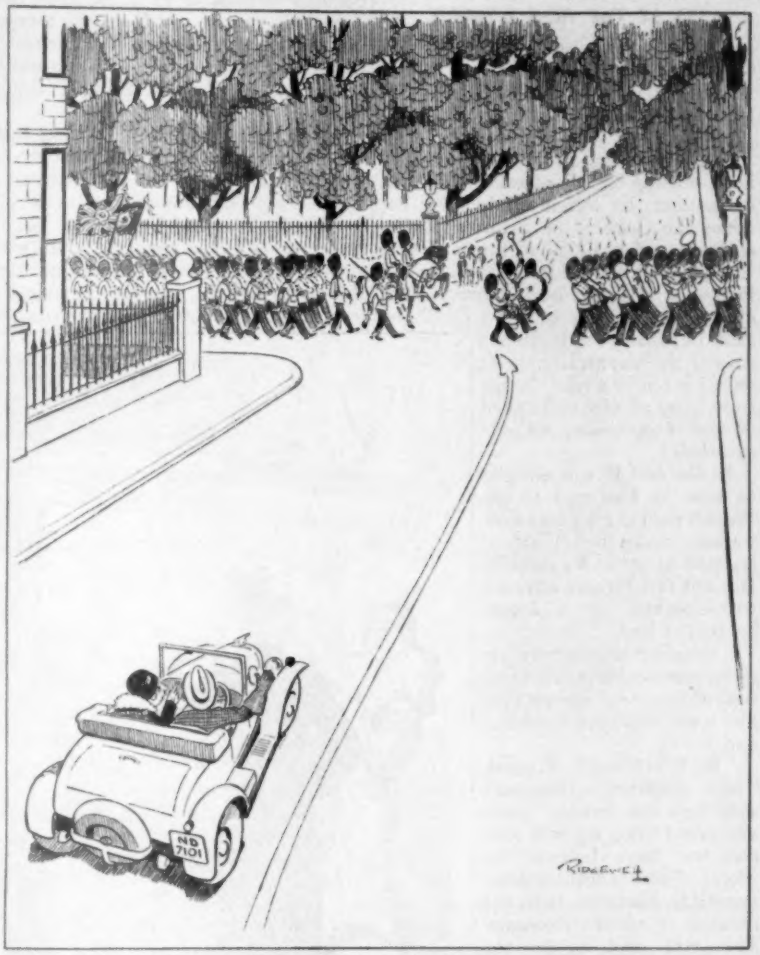
I was touched. "Often and often that happens, Mr. Abel," I assured him. "In fact they can *never* be certain till they *actually count*."

His face brightened. He looked quite perky. "Ah, well, Sir, we're not so backward here in Harstead after all. Now, is there something else you'd want? Candles—soap—matches—boot-polish—apples. . . .?"

"Nothing," I said firmly. "Not even cami-knickers from four-eleven-three. Good-morning."

The sock, by the way, hasn't turned up yet, and I'm wondering whether old Pelling really did have it after all. It's quite possible—in our village.

A. A.



Nervous Lady. "CAREFUL, HAROLD! THERE'S SOMEBODY CROSSING THE ROAD."

"MANY HORSES DRAWN BY LONDONERS."
Daily Paper.

Yet it seems no time since many Londoners were drawn by horses.

"Lady —— —— is leaving Claridge's this morning in the steamship 'Olympic' for New York."—*Daily Paper.*

Thomas, bring the liner round.

TEA AT THE VILLA D'YQUEM.

For Heaven's sake let's sit upon the couch and tell sad stories of the Continong. At least, that's how I'm feeling, and I expect you are too.

* * * * *

If François had not been forced into head-porting by his anæsthetic charm of manner, he would surely have become the Cobbett of France. As he spoke to us fanatically of the garden at the Villa d'Yquem his eye took on the loamy glint of the born pruner. Our chances of getting in were small, he said, but thirty francs might smooth the way and, anyhow, would it not be a nice change from lying all oily and naked on the plage *comme un plat de salade?*

In the end it was simpler to bow to him and to go. We left the car up a lane and, walking down to an imposing pair of gates, we went in. But not far, for our advance was checked by a lodge-keeper, at bay.

"Monsieur le Locataire has given irrevocable instructions that no one——" she rattled, like a small human machine-gun.

"He's arrived," I cried, "how splendid! I haven't seen him for twenty years and now I bring my wife that she too may become his friend. There is nothing more beautiful, Madame, than the reunion of *vieux camarades*. This will lead us to the house?"

"And there's nothing more important to the adventurer," I remarked to Maria as we turned down a path out of sight of the gate, "than to buzz the sordid truth overboard at the first chance."

"A fib doesn't count in a garden like this," said Maria. "Just look at that bank of bergamot, with the sea beyond. I didn't know there were such colours."

It was certainly the best garden in the world. Orange-trees and masses of rock-roses and preposterous cacti and a faint scent of freesias. . . .

"There's the Villa," said Maria. And at that moment, as I turned to gloat over a long and dazzlingly white house with green doors and shutters, a very brown fat man rushed at us round a clump of rhododendrons.

He had that inexplicable air about him which distinguishes so many middle-aged men in the south of France, which makes you guess them either as colonial bishops or ex-admirals of the Tsarist navy, but which usually means in the end that they are only Peruvian newspaper magnates. Something oddly breezy about the eyebrows, I think it is.

"Mon dieu, le locataire," I had just time to murmur before he burst upon us. "This is where our Very Amateur Dramatic Society comes into its own."

"Ha, ha, I'm delighted to see you!" he cried, to our surprise. "It was clever of Célestine to show you the short-cut by the roses. I suppose you've left your luggage at the station and walked up for exercise? I was warned that that was the sort of silly thing you'd do. I'm glad you've come early, for the children have gone over to a tennis-party at Beaulieu and we can have a nice quiet talk. And as you may imagine, Sir Herbert is aching to discuss the technical side of his book with you."

I felt giddy with a sickly apprehension, but I just managed to follow the other two up the white marble steps to the terrace. Dimly I saw a man and a woman at a tea-table.

"Here they are," cried Mr. Locataire, "I met 'em in the garden. We all know too much about each other for introductions, but this is my wife and here's Sir Herbert. Let's have tea straight away."

It was such a good tea that I still regret that I wasn't in a position to enjoy it. But even the grandeur of a pâté-and-mushroom sandwich is sensibly diminished when your hostess assumes that you are someone else who it seems so very nearly married her sister Milly in 1917, and who is going to stay with her for "at *least* three weeks." Especially when you are already knee-deep in good thumping lies.

"Poor old Milly," I said reminiscently. Not much of a remark really, but it was fairly safe.

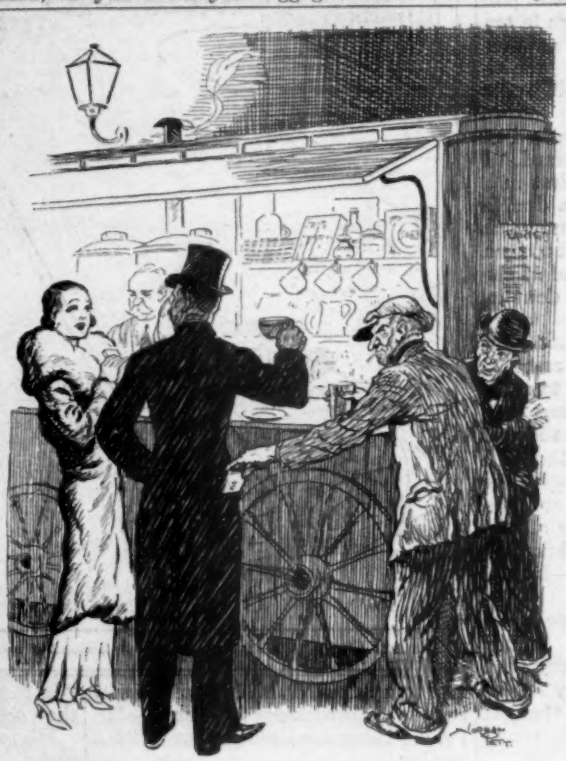
"You weren't awfully suited, were you? It was probably all for the best. Your wife looks such a dear and Milly simply exists for William. You've met him, haven't you?"

"Such a nice fellow," I said. "Oh, yes, I'm really awfully happy about Milly." I was too in a way. It was nice and warming to think of her so devoted to William, who probably drank or was on the Stock Exchange.

My main concern being naturally to fend off Sir Herbert for as long as possible, with his perishing book and its technical side, I amassed between us three large cakes and a hot-plate of buttered buns.

Mrs. Locataire was questioning me gently about the Harbinson family, who lived in Paris (where it appeared that I also lived), when I was suddenly electrified by hearing Maria asking in ringing tones whether our hosts suffered much from casual intrusion. It takes a woman to flirt with death as coldly as that. The answer was firmly in the negative; Célestine was much too sharp.

By a series of unholy flukes we kept afloat, but towards the end of tea I was beginning to feel the pangs of the drowning fawn. The strain of keeping the conversation at a general level was telling on me, and I could see that Sir Herbert, having lit his pipe, was about to loose off a monster technicality about maize irrigation, or asthma, or bimetallism in Bolivia or goodness knows what it was about which I was so expert. I could see that to be any good escape must come quickly. And as I racked my brain, Maria rose and asked if she might use their telephone.



Young Man. "THIS IS BETTER THAN BEING ROBBED IN A RESTAURANT."



Agent. "CAN I INTEREST YOU IN A VACUUM-CLEANER?"
Maid. "NOT 'ERE, SIR. WE DON'T KEEP VACUUMS."

"My godmother's staying up at St. Paul," she said, "and it's her birthday. Might *he* come too for a moment and just say a word to the old lady?"

Mr. Locataire took us to his study, on the other side of the house, and left us. There was a long window. . . .

We said good-bye to Célestine, and as we walked up the lane to the car a taxi passed, piled high with luggage, with a couple inside.

"We've been rather cads," said Maria.

"Sometimes caddery is forced upon one," I answered. "The great thing is never to meet them again." And we drove back thoughtfully to our hotel.

A letter from Maria's mother was on the table, telling us to be certain to go up and see some old friends of hers who had taken the Villa d'Yquem for the summer. But then life is like that.

ERIC.

"An East Grinstead boy was summoned for stealing 7*s.* and a football. . . . The Chairman urged the boy to help himself in the future."—*Local Paper.*

He probably will.

RADIO REGAINED.

[Lines written in eager anticipation of the pleasures of listening-in, renewed after a period of abstinence from the liberal and varied fare provided by the B.B.C.]

WHEN some egregious mutt
Sought to improve my radio's doubtful tone,
With one resentful groan
The thing went *phut.*
I said in sheer disgust,
"Since clearly it is bust,
Throw it away;"
But now at last I own
A brand-new set, installed this very day,
With large loud-speaker (cone).

Now I am reunited to that throng
Who freely, by the twisting of a knob,
Tap the ethereal rivulets of song
Or listen to Professor Thingumbob
Coquetting with the spiral nebulæ;
Once more am free
To hear Big Ben's euphonious voice cry "Bong!"
To learn the Fat Stock Prices
And news of sudden crises,
To share the largess of the B.B.C.
Gaily
The hosts of jazz, with drum and ukelele,
Shall spill their floods of syncopated splurge,
And when I've had enough
A delicate string quintet will next emerge
To do its stuff,
Lofting the soul to planes of rarer joy.
Shrill operatic screeches
And after-dinner speeches
Shall titillate my tympanum. Oh, *boy!*

* * * * *

The night is vibrant with a thousand tongues;
Unseen sopranos exercise their lungs.
Switch on, switch on! Does not the P.M.G.
Possess ten bob that once belonged to me?
Again a fully-licensed listener-in,
I crave my money's-worth
Of melody and mirth.
Switch on, I say! Let the rich feast begin!

C. L. M.

FOR NEW READERS ONLY.

I NOTICE that the title-poem in the POET LAUREATE'S new book is a story which is familiar to a great many people and always has been. Mr. MASEFIELD has retold in verse one of those notorious yarns which can be spun out for ever, or as long as the teller keeps his breath and the hearer his patience. His tale is the time-honoured legend of the great granary which had been filled against a time of famine, and how it was despoiled by the locusts, who came one by one and took away one by one the grains of corn.

Mr. MASEFIELD calls this poem *Minnie Maylow's Story*, but we are not told who Minnie Maylow is. My own theory is that she is one of Mr. MASEFIELD'S little girl-friends and had never heard that yarn before. I like to think Mr. MASEFIELD and I have independently made the same delightful discovery, that a younger generation is coming along on whom we can work off our most ancient chestnuts with a good sporting chance of finding that they are hailed as new.

For myself, I made this discovery the other day when I was entertaining a young nephew who lives near Wakes Colne, in Essex. You would suppose there is no anecdote in the world better known than the one which tells of an unfortunate misadventure befalling a junior clergyman who had the honour of being entertained at an episcopal palace. I happened, while jesting with my nephew, to mention the egg which leaped into fame on the occasion I have just alluded to with so much delicacy. It surprised me to find that my nephew did not understand. He had never heard the story.

In consequence, taking a leaf out of the POET LAUREATE'S book and borrowing his metre and one or two of his past participles, I set down the tale in rhyme and presented the result to my young friend under the title of—

HARRY HAYMOW'S STORY.

A new-fledged Curate, young and diffident,
Received a message by his Bishop sent

Inviting him to come and spend a night.
The Curate came, for he was too polite

To say he'd rather not, although it task't
His slender courage when the Bishop ask't

The bashful youth to stay beneath his roof;
He was so shy and dwelt so much aloof.

The Bishop and his wife were good to him,
But still he found his evening pretty grim,
And stammered when they kindly spoke to him.

At last he 'scaped to bed. When it was lighter
He rose and bathed and fancied he felt brighter.

Alas! the boot was on the other leg,
For, when he came to crack his breakfast egg,

His nose suspected that the servants had
Brought him an egg which, ageing, had gone bad.
He tasted it and knew the egg was bad.

This Curate was so timid and polite,
He dared not say his egg was not quite quite.

As one who strives to hide a secret pain
He gulped a spoonful and he tried again.

Then took a third, and then a fourth he had,
And struggled with a fifth, which tasted bad,
And then a sixth, which tasted just as bad.

He suffered agonies without complaint;
His face turned yellow and he felt quite faint.

The Bishop was behind *The Times* entrench't
And had not noticed how the Curate blench't.

The Bishop had not, but his lady had.
Concerned, she said, "I fear your egg is bad?"

To lie was not among the Curate's arts,
But, as he had the kindliest of hearts,
He hedged. He said, "It's very good in parts."

The Bishop roared with laughter until lunch
And cried, "The jest is good enough for *Punch*."

Punch printed it, first journal so to do,
Though since it has been printed elsewhere too.

Among the classics of our time it's rank't.
And now my tale is ended, Heaven be thank't!

And, Harry, should your father take in hand
Your school-report and say it isn't grand,
But like the Curate's egg, you'll understand.

A PATRIOTIC BRITISHER'S DAY.

BRIGHT and early Br-r-r-r-r went his American alarm-clock and woke him up. Sleepily he stirred himself and, lighting the gas-stove with a Japanese match, made himself a cup of China tea, and, as the milkman had not yet called, added a touch of Swiss milk and a piece of Cuban sugar.

Once out of bed, he shaved with an American safety-razor, brushed his teeth with a German toothbrush and American dental cream, and plunged into his bath, using an Arabian loofah and a Greek sponge to wash off the lather of his French soap.

Down to breakfast in good time, he enjoyed his Danish bacon and Chinese eggs, toast and Russian butter, washed down with a cup of Brazilian coffee sweetened with Cuban sugar.

Lighting an American cigarette with his Swiss lighter he put on his hat and pulled on his Czecho-Slovak gloves, and stepped into his French car, driven with Russian petrol and lubricated with Mexican oil, to the station to catch his train to Town.

Once arrived at his office, he opened the Norwegian door, stepped across the Turkish carpet to his American oak desk and sat down in his Belgian chair. Opening his letters, he telephoned for his Polish secretary, who came in and took down his replies with an Austrian pencil preparatory to writing them on an American machine with foreign carbons for the filing copies.

The morning quickly passed, and about one o'clock he went out to enjoy his Argentine steak, French vegetables and Californian fruit, followed by Dutch cheese, after stimulating his appetite with a glass of Spanish sherry brought to him by an obliging Swiss waiter in a Bohemian glass. After a satisfying meal and a glass of Lisbon port he lit a Havana cigar and started back to his office humming an American jazz tune and thinking out a good illustration of the admirable slogan, "Buy British."

On his way home he bought his wife a spray of flowers from the South of France to match her Parisian costume, as he had promised to take her to an Italian restaurant prior to going on to the Russian Ballet.

On their way home they called in at a Night Club, where they were regaled with an excellent supper beginning with caviare and ending with Californian grape-fruit ice, prepared by a French chef and washed down with German hock, enjoying the while the Cabaret show provided by Italian artistes backed by a Negro band, while smoking Egyptian cigarettes lit with Swedish matches.

And so home to bed, after an enjoyable day, still pondering over the importance of "Buying British."



Enthusiastic House-Agent's Clerk. "NOW THIS IS THE SORT OF PLACE THAT WOULD SUIT A RETIRED EARL, SIR."

SENATORS THREE.

[The Republican leaders in the Senate, including Senators SMOOT, FESS and BORAH, have agreed that increased taxation is "unescapable" in view of the estimate of the Budget deficit at 2,000,000,000 dollars.]

O BLEST Columbia, in your hour of need
Served by three Senators of heroic breed,
Although to meet your monstrous deficit
You 're going to be uncommonly hard hit,
The blow is softened and the pang allayed
When SMOOT and FESS and BORAH, undismayed,
All men of inexactitude incapable,
Declare the burden to be unescapable.

If breezy BORAH stood aloof, alone,
The nation's credit might be overthrown;
But linked with FESS, a sage of high repute,
And Salt Lake City's idol, saintly SMOOT,
He bravely throws into the trembling scale
A weight and influence that must prevail.

For howsoe'er these surnames are combined,
Compelling harmony in them you find.
No soul from Saratoga to Sonora
But leaps to welcome SMOOT and FESS and BORAH;
No genuine patriot can fail to bless
The attitude of BORAH, SMOOT and FESS;
While *Punch* reserves his loudest roo-ti-toot
To hymn the praise of BORAH, FESS and SMOOT.

C. L. G.

"BRITISH LIGHTWEIGHT PURSES."
Headline in Daily Paper.

A movement is now on foot in Westminster to bring back the heavyweight model.

THE CASE OF DOUGH NUT.

PRIOR to acquiring an eighth share in a Polish Sweepstake ticket, Mr. Winterberry of Wimbling was regarded as being a model citizen.

He played his part with dignity in local affairs, was considered, even by his own family, to be a model father, and was understood to control a substantial business in the City.

The first person to notice the change in him was his wife, who observed a certain unaccustomed jauntiness in his demeanour, accompanied by what she could only describe as a "knowing air." She imagined one morning that she detected him in the act of winking at the milkman, but put the thought from her as an unworthy one. When, however, he went to the office wearing for the first time in his life a tie with a large check pattern, she felt it was her duty to remonstrate with him.

"You look positively horsey, my dear," she said.

Mr. Winterberry, however, treated the remark as a great compliment, and on the following morning adorned the tie with a horseshoe pin.

Later he surprised his family by laying six to four that the breakfast bacon was Danish, and, on leaving for the station, suggested gaily that he would have to go a steady hack canter in case he should be left at the post. At night, when questioned on the morning's statement, he volunteered the strange remark that he had got there by a short head, but that he had nearly been disqualified for bumping and boring.

He was eventually persuaded to go to bed early, but on the Wednesday (the morning of the Draw) he left home with the sinister words, "Three cheers for Warsaw!" ringing in the ears of his now terrified family.

He returned from the City at night with a wild look in his eyes and with copies of every known evening newspaper under his arm. "I think I have drawn a horse," he gasped. "If that short-sighted old fool, Brown, has not given me a wrong number for the ticket, I have drawn Dough Nut."

It transpired, moreover, that the owner of the ticket bearing the number B/E/W 43572 had certainly drawn a creature called Dough Nut, and nothing accordingly was said when Mr. Winterberry broke a lifelong habit by pouring himself out a large whisky-and-soda before dinner. The occasion appeared to be one for rejoicing, especially when Mr. Brown telephoned to confirm that the number was in order.

Mr. Winterberry's condition nevertheless continued to give increasing cause for anxiety, and the family medical adviser was asked in casually to dinner. He observed nothing more than a certain air of excitement, accompanied by a few symptoms of mild irritation; he advised Mrs. Winterberry not to worry, but to keep in touch with him in case of further developments.

There followed a sustained period of unusual talkativeness, aggravated by the use of an entirely foreign and, it was felt, a somewhat coarse vocabulary. The family, accustomed as it was to hearing scraps of gossip like, "Old Smithers says that Rios will be up a couple of points to-morrow," or, "Has the plumber been about the sink yet?" was quite unprepared for the new turn taken by his conversation.

"The Shark," he would say, "gives me a twenty-to-one chance, but says if the going's soft I might easily become favourite." Or, "Harry Binks says he is afraid of Mutton Cutlets, especially now that Little Willie hasn't eaten up." Another startling item of news was that somebody had told him that Dough Nut couldn't win with a postage-stamp on her back. (This apparently was all nonsense—a sentiment with which everybody hastily agreed.) Mr. Winterberry's excitement increased as the day of the race drew nearer and as Dough Nut came to be talked about in the papers. Her name was conjured with by all the sporting writers, who hotly debated her form, her pedigree and even her trainer and jockey.

Mr. Winterberry bought a scrap-book and pasted innumerable cuttings and statistics into it. He cut Dough Nut's photograph out of a sporting paper and propped it up on the drawing-room mantelpiece, flanked on either side by alleged likenesses of her owner and trainer.

New symptoms developed on the Wednesday night. Having completely monopolised the conversation at a dinner-party which his wife had organised with the object of taking his mind off racing—his sole topic was the discussion of the best way of "blueing three thousand, seven hundred-and-fifty quid"—he alarmed a guest, who happened to be the Vicar of Wimbling, by slapping him on the back and betting him a monkey that Dough Nut would finish in the first three. "My own opinion is that she will doddle it," he was understood to say.

Even this might have been overlooked but for the unfortunate occurrence which eventually caused his resignation from membership of the church at which he had so long worshipped and, in fact, the complete removal from the district of himself and his family.

As the Vicar's wife explained, they were willing to overlook the disgracefully horsey nature of his attire on the fateful Sunday morning; but they *simply* could *not* forgive his action, when the collection-plate came round, of spinning his coin in the air, winking at the sidesman, and saying: "If it's heads, old boy, keep it for yourself and—put the lot on Dough Nut."



"I WANT A SUITABLE PRESENT FOR TWO TWIN NEPHEWS, WHO ARE SURE TO QUARREL UNLESS THEY BOTH HAVE THE SAME."
"WELL, MADAM, HOW ABOUT A PAIR OF BOXING-GLOVES EACH?"

More Mixed Fruit on the Tree of Metaphor.

"ELECTIONEERING METHODS.

. . . as long as the mass of the people enjoy their present truncated existence, they are forced to grope for the nearest cat-call to pin their faith to, and such distressing methods will continue."—*Scots Paper.*

Last time we groped for a cat-call we fell over a flower-pot, which was more than distressing.



"WHAT A QUEER IDEA, ALBERT—PUTTING HIS WIFE IN TOO!"

THE BIRDIKIN FAMILY.

VIII.—A TALK WITH MAMA.

IT was Mrs. Birdikin's exemplary habit to gather her children around her on Sabbath afternoons and impart to them that moral instruction which can best be impressed upon infant minds by maternal influence. A *father's* instructions were not missing in this happy and united family, and disobedience to them was punished with a strong hand, reinforced by rod, birch or strap, but it is doubtful whether the more persuasive method of a *mother* was not as efficacious in implanting the *desire* to act aright without which correction is of little avail where wills are stubborn and unregenerate natures have still to be purged of moral obliquity.

"I propose for our exercise this afternoon," said Mrs. Birdikin one Sunday when the children had trooped into the parlour in obedience to her summons, "that we should follow the advice given to us by our worthy curate in his discourse this morning. Can any child inform me of the point to which I refer? You, Charles, as the eldest, shall speak first."

But Charles was unable to give a satisfactory reply, and Mrs. Birdikin gently rebuked him for indulging in wandering thoughts, remarking that a clergyman who gave himself the trouble of delivering a discourse of an hour's duration might at least expect some attention on the part of his hearers. "Come, now, Clara," she said, "you, I am sure, will have brought something away with you worthy of engaging our thoughts."



"YOU, CHARLES, AS THE ELDEST, SHALL SPEAK FIRST."

"To my mind," replied Clara, "the most striking utterance that fell from Mr. Guff's lips was his description of the feelings of the prophet JONAH on discovering himself in the whale's belly."

"The word 'belly,'" said Mrs. Birdikin, "though innocuous in the time of the prophet JONAH, is not one that befits the lips of a female child in our more enlightened era. But that was not the passage of Mr. Guff's discourse that I had in mind."

"Was it not, dear Mama," inquired Henry, "that advice of our good curate to contribute of our means with a *willing* spirit when called upon to do so for a charitable object? I confess that it made such an impression on me that, instead of contributing my usual halfpenny to the collection, I deposited twice that amount in the plate."

"And you were very careful that we should all see it," said Fanny. "I conjecture that the passage to which you refer, Mama, was that in which Mr. Guff advised his hearers not to esteem themselves better than they were. I thought at the time that this was particularly applicable to Henry."

The old Adam was sufficiently strong in Henry to cause him to give a tweak to Fanny's hair, in reply to which she put out her tongue at him. But these exchanges were unnoticed by Mrs. Birdikin, who said, "It was the passage *following* that advice which I had in mind. You will remember perhaps that Mr. Guff said that it would be well if we were all to confess to others such misconduct as our consciences might from time to time reproach us with. I propose, therefore, that we shall all in turn search our memories for such lapses and bring them to light."

The children appeared to be turning this suggestion over in their minds, and Fanny inquired, "Will any misconduct of which we make confession be brought to the notice of our Papa?"

Mrs. Birdikin reassured her on this point, and Charles said brightly, "Thank you, dear Mama, for devising so excellent a pastime for a wet Sunday afternoon. I have my own transgression ready, but you must take the lead by recounting one of yours."

It is doubtful whether Mrs. Birdikin had had it in mind to make confession of any lapse from right conduct on her own part, but she made haste to reply, "The faults of childhood, if not repented of at the time, are apt to rise up in judgment against the transgressor when he or she attains maturity. It is because I wish to spare you the pangs of outraged conscience in after life that I will make known to you a misdeed your mother committed in her early youth which has ever weighed upon her and would be well-nigh insupportable if a lifetime of *right* conduct had not withdrawn its sting.

"You must know, then, that when a young child not yet fully awakened to the sacred rights of Property, a regrettable vanity caused me to abstract from my Mama's dressing-table a brooch of considerable value and to pin it on to my frock in the seclusion of my bedchamber. When the brooch was missed I grew frightened and concealed it under a cauliflower in the kitchen-garden. My excuse must be that I knew that it would be discovered there when the gardener cut the vegetables. And so it was, but, alas! the gardener's dishonesty was such that, on finding the trinket, he sold it and retained the proceeds. The crime was eventually brought home to him and the brooch recovered; but you may picture the agony of mind I went through before this happy issue was brought about. Nobody would believe the gardener's story that he had found the brooch under a cauliflower, but until he was safely lodged in gaol I hardly knew a happy moment. Let this recital be a lesson to you, children, never to depart so much as a hair's-breadth from the paths of rectitude, and, if you *are* led astray, to make instant confession. Had I done so in this instance I might, nay, probably *should*, have been punished, but should have escaped such pangs of remorse as even now make me shudder to look back upon."

"Your confession, dear Mama," said Charles, "encourages me to substitute a similar experience of my own for that which I had it in mind to acknowledge. Two days ago I abstracted from my Papa's table a box of lucifer-matches, the half of which I have amused myself with striking. It had not occurred to me to hide the box under a cauliflower, and I shall now be glad to hand it to you,

and thus escape the distress of mind, and possibly of body, which you have so feelingly described."

"The confession I have to make," said Clara, "is that when my Papa summoned us to attend him yesterday for examination in our course of study I was employed in cutting-out paper roses, and so far forgot myself as to exclaim, 'Oh, bother!' "

"My fault, I fear," said Henry, "was a graver one. Two days ago I espied among the letters on the hall-table one addressed in the handwriting of our governess to her aunt, Mrs. Clott, and, knowing that my Papa had forbidden her to involve us in further communication with the wife of an ironmonger, I wished to assure myself that his instructions had been obeyed. I broke the seal of the letter, and, finding that it was free from offence in that respect, though I regret to say that Miss Smith made some complaint of the coldness of her bedchamber, I took wax and sealed up the missive again."

"Then you are a dirty little sneak and tell-tale-tit," broke in Fanny, "and when I grow up I shall not acknowledge you as my brother!"

"Hush, hush, Fanny!" said Mrs. Birdikin. "The fault to which Henry has confessed was a grave one, for it is not permitted to tamper with the correspondence of others, however lowly their position. But his desire to satisfy himself that his father's wishes were carried out was not wholly reprehensible, and he has now confessed his fault. Instead of sitting in judgment on him do you confess one of your own, and let us judge which is most to blame."

Thus adjured, Fanny collected herself and said, "I caught a hedgehog yesterday just before my Papa called us in to him, and put it under a flower-pot, intending to transfer it later on to Henry's bed. But when I went out again the flower-pot was overturned and the hedgehog had escaped."

"There," said Mrs. Birdikin, "you have an instance of an *intended* sin prevented by an interposition of Providence. Would that *all* faults were thus made impossible of achievement!"

"But I didn't *want* to be prevented," said Fanny. "I shall try to find another hedgehog to-morrow."

"In that case," said Mrs. Birdikin, "you will be suitably punished by your father."

"Now that we have all made our confessions," said Charles, "I propose that our dear Mama shall pronounce upon the best one. I should be inclined myself to give the palm to her *own* confession of a fault which involved the punishment of another."



"DO YOU OFTEN GO TO THE TALKIES?"
"FAIRLY FREQUENTLY. YOU SEE IT HELPS US TO UNDERSTAND OUR CHILDREN'S LANGUAGE."

"Indeed, Charles," said Mrs. Birdikin with some indignation, "it ill becomes you to sit thus in judgment upon your mother, who has long since repented of what was after all no very serious fault in a child not yet of an age to estimate the seriousness of *all* faults. No further notice will be taken of the far graver delinquencies to which you have all confessed on this occasion, but look well to it that you mend your ways or trouble will ensue."

This ended the afternoon's instruction, but Mrs. Birdikin did not again invite her children to a confession of faults for which she had promised absolution beforehand, judging it better that they should be discovered and dealt with in the usual way. A. M.

Australia Feels the Servant Shortage.

"BUTLER AT SYDNEY.
GREETED BY 15,000 PEOPLE."
Daily Paper.



Mother. "BETTY, DON'T TALK WITH YOUR MOUTH FULL."
Betty. "BUT, MUMMY, WHAT *am* I TO DO? WHEN I TALK WITH MY MOUTH EMPTY YOU SAY, 'BETTY, GO ON WITH YOUR DINNER.'"

STRANGE NEWS FOR MRS. HEMANS.

THE stately homes of England,
How sinister they stand,
From any moral standpoint
A blot on our fair land!
(Admittedly I know them
From books, at second-hand.)

Our duchesses, for instance,
Love entertaining crooks
From Saturday to Monday
In chosen country nooks.
(I don't know any duchess
But read these things in books.)

Two snake-like Asiatics,
A girl who dopes and dies,
A shady money-lender,
A Lett with shifty eyes,
Illicit diamond buyers
And lovely Russian spies—

It 's strange that any duchess
Deliberately goes
And fills the ducal mansion
With guests as mixed as those.
(Yet so some leading writers
Have led me to suppose.)

And when on Monday morning
The library is decked
With neat arrays of bodies
All dead and blood-beflecked
Beneath the ancestral portraits,
What else can she expect?

Such is one type of party
Her grace may live to curse,
But also there 's another
Of which I am averse
To speak with equal frankness,
For really it is worse.

Though common-sense and tact are
(Or should be) woman's guides,
A geometric complex
In duchesses abides:
They have a perfect passion
For figures with three sides,

And erstwhile happy couples
Are made to play their parts
In triangles (eternal)
Till Monday's train that starts
For stations on the up-line
Is full of broken hearts.

With duchesses I plead, then,
And others who have got
The larger country houses
To exercise a lot
More thoughtfulness in future
And help to stop this rot

In our ancestral mansions,
Which sinisterly stand,
From any moral standpoint
A blot on this fair land.
(Let me repeat, I know them
From books, at second-hand.)

Our Public-Minded Contemporaries.

"This woman Sherlock Holmes . . . has written the story of her life and of her adventures in bringing criminals to justice exclusively for the *Sunday Dispatch*."
Daily Paper.

Things Which Might Have Been Expressed More Luringly.

"The Christmas ——.—In this will be announced the Editor's annual Christmas competition. The number otherwise will be full of interesting matter."—*Technical Paper.*

Hints to Circulation Managers.

". . . it was not until Mr. —— seized a chair and raised it to strike me that I took action."
Sir OSWALD MOSLEY reported in Daily Paper.

And yet on the hoardings Sir OSWALD has been bludgeoning us for weeks to take it.

"GASHOLDER VISITED.

Before leaving the works the party were shown the colour scheme by which it is hoped that the structure will more or less merge into the landscape if viewed from the proper place."—*Harrow Paper.*

It seems to be our fate to view gasometers only from improper places.

"Hartley and Campbell had a hard roe to hoe with White and Thomson."
Golf Article in Daily Paper.

A clear case for a spoon.



A HUNDRED-PER-CENT HERCULES.

THE FIRST LABOUR OF RUNCIMAN.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, November 16th.—With the Round Table Conference drawing to a relatively fruitless close, Sir SAMUEL HOARE finds himself preaching more patience to Members who want to hear the last of it than to Round Table delegates who want to go on conferring. For the moment, however, interest centred in the PRIME MINISTER, who, answering a private notice question by Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL, explained that, if every member of the Minorities Committee agreed in writing to accept his proposals, he had offered to "decide upon a scheme" which could be put into operation temporarily and till such time as the Minorities could agree among themselves.

His offer, he explained, had the approval of the Cabinet, and the "usual Government efforts would be made" to secure Parliament's acceptance of whatever recommendations might be made. Mr. GEORGE BALFOUR urged the PRIME MINISTER not to commit himself in advance of receiving the assent of the House, but had to be content with a reply to the effect that the Government would commit itself to put its recommendations through Parliament or bust. Mr. MACDONALD did not say "bust," but he mentioned a Vote of Censure, which is apt to come to the same thing.

Piquancy is added to any speech in the House that Mr. AMERY may make by the knowledge that he is not in the Government and the absence of accurate knowledge as to why he is not. He is not a lone wolf, like Mr. CHURCHILL, who has definitely split with his former colleagues, but he is sufficiently lone for his criticisms to be frank and his sallies to be ever so slightly barbed.

His speech on this the last day of the debate on the Address was a full-bodied plea for Protection. Mr. AMERY is one of the most formidable champions of tariffs in the House. Tariff walls, as we might expect in one who scales mountains and thinks nothing of being suspended over abysses by the toes, cannot be too high for him. For the moment the House's "pocket Hercules" took his stand on firm ground—the ground that the electors had returned the Government with its huge majority to produce a policy of Protection and to produce it at once.

Mr. AMERY lightly twitted Mr. J. H. THOMAS with the prospect of arriving in Canada on his contemplated tour of the Empire and being asked "How much preference will you give us on butter?" "We haven't gone as far as that," Mr. THOMAS would reply, whereupon they would say, "Then it is no use your coming as far as this." In conclusion Mr. AMERY returned to



"EL DRACO," OF DEVONPORT, DEFIES THE ARMADA OF ABNORMAL IMPORTATIONS.
MR. HORE-BELISHA.

his first theme. Temporising, as the PRIME MINISTER had said at the Guildhall, meant ruin.

> "But at my back I always hear
> Time's wingéd chariot hurrying near"

the poet had written. They too must hurry if a new England and a new Empire were to be built on the crumbling fragments of the old.

Mr. RHYS DAVIES invited the PRESIDENT OF THE BOARD OF TRADE to explain his statement at Election-time about the loan of Post-Office Savings Bank deposits to the Unemployment Fund. It was ancient history, but Mr. RUNCIMAN promptly obliged with an answer that brought roars of futile protest from Mr. LANSBURY and left Mr. DAVIES looking like a cat that has walked on wet paint.



MAJOR GWILYM LLOYD GEORGE, IN THE ABSENCE OF MOST OF IT, RESERVES FULL FRONT BENCH ACCOMMODATION FOR THE INDEPENDENT LIBERAL PARTY.

Once started, Mr. RUNCIMAN got on with it. He always talks to the House as if it were a board meeting. They had done with the Election, he said, but not with the crisis. They could no longer deal with theories, but must adapt their views to changed conditions, the chief of which was that unless tremendous efforts were made next year would be one of the worst in the history of British industry.

Having briefly surveyed the economic position, Mr. RUNCIMAN got down to business. The Government proposed to vest in the Board of Trade the power to clap duties of up to a hundred per cent on wholly or substantially manufactured articles brought into the country in excess of normal quantities. It would be an emergency measure for six months only, and the Board of Trade's decisions would be submitted to the House as they were made. It would be a Bill to deal with forestalling, not an anti-dumping measure, and was not concerned with the price of the goods or the circumstances of their production.

There followed, as usual, many speeches—some congratulatory, some the reverse, some interesting, some long and tedious. Enough for our purpose to refer briefly to the maiden utterances of certain newcomers—of Mr. DINGLE FOOT, who, like father ISAAC, dangles a most unwilling foot over the tangle-foot morasses of Protection; of Miss CAZALET, first of the new lady Members to address the House and a charming exponent of that lucid brevity for which the SPEAKER sighs in vain; of Sir J. WALKER SMITH, more eager to comb out the Civil Service to-day than he will be when (if ever) the cares of office are laid upon his shoulders.

We have so far only sipped the new wine of political eloquence that the House of Commons cask will in due course mature. It is early to say, but it would seem that the vintage is good as well as plentiful.

Tuesday, November 17th.—Like the soaring eagle, the House of Lords can spot very small deer from very high altitudes. It transpired to-day that Lord BERTIE OF THAME has spotted one NICHOLAS KLYSHKO, one of Moscow's energetic fomenters of trouble. He was deported in 1923. Had he been allowed to return, and if so, why?

Lord LUCAN said that NICHOLAS had bobbed back a time or two as a purchaser of machinery for the Soviet Government. He was not now in this country. Well and good, but one feels that there may still be a sequel written to *The Clicking of Nicky Klyshko.*

Mr. BALDWIN having cleared the way with an appropriate "hurry-up" Resolution, which even the slightly Pecksniffian opposition of Mr. HARRIS of Bethnal Green failed to stem, Mr. RUNCIMAN moved the Ways and Means Resolution of the Abnormal Imports Bill. Major ATTLEE, opposing, thought it all very revolutionary; Sir H. PAGE-CROFT found it very inadequate; Major LLOYD GEORGE felt sure that Mr. RUNCIMAN would much prefer to be making the kind of speech he (Major LLOYD GEORGE) was making—a doubtful compliment; Mr. A. M. SAMUEL, who likes figures, thought that the Bill might adjust from £70,000,000 to £100,000,000 of the adverse balance of trade that ought to be adjusted to the tune of £210,000,000 to £260,000,000.

Mr. HORE-BELISHA reminded Major LLOYD GEORGE that his unqualified Free Trade worship would not commend itself to his distinguished parent, who has stated in the House that "Free Trade was not bound to carry the monster Dumping on its back." Mr. AMERY sought an interpretation of the word "abnormal" as applied to imports in the Bill and was informed by Mr. RUNCIMAN that it meant in effect, "Trust the Board of Trade." Mr. BUCHANAN complained that the Bill "transferred to the privacy of the Cabinet the wrangles that ought to take place on the floor of the House"—a remark that might have been true of the National Government but could not possibly apply to a Bill which transfers the wrangling from the floor of the House to the less disputatious atmosphere of the Board of Trade.

At last the end of a decorous debate hove in sight, and by midnight the PRESIDENT OF THE BOARD OF TRADE had got his Resolution and the Bill was introduced.

Wednesday, November 18th.—Sir CHARLES OMAN, who is something of a mathematician as well as an historian, asked the P.M.G. why American letters bearing a four-cent stamp were surcharged a penny, seeing that four cents were now worth twopence-halfpenny. Mr. WHITE said it was the usual surcharge. Why, then, demanded Sir CHARLES, had he received another such letter with no surcharge at all? "I should like to have particulars of that letter," replied Mr. WHITE. Evidently he fails to understand the academic mind.

Mr. HORE-BELISHA, the Board of Trade's new Parliamentary Secretary, moved the Second Reading of the Abnormal Importations Bill (commonly called the Anti-dumping Bill because it



"I am an Agricultural Member."
LORD WOLMER.

has nothing to do with dumping) with the same attractive clarity of thought that always secured him a good hearing as a Liberal back-bencher. He began by pointing out that it was no good crying, "What about British



THE CLIMBER.

"Fearless minds climb some day unto crowns."—*SHAKESPEARE (modified).*
SIR MARTIN CONWAY.

shipping?" because the figures (he gave them) showed that the whole volume of excess imports had been brought here in a precisely corresponding increase of foreign ships. The measure was conceived in realism and its purpose was not to get revenue but to keep the goods in question out of the country.

Mr. HORE-BELISHA, adequate in exposition, was less fortunate in interjection. Mr. COVE was presently complaining that ten days was not enough time to test the question of abnormality. "I would remind the hon. gentleman," interposed Mr. HORE-BELISHA, "that the whole world was made in seven days." "Yes," retorted Mr. COVE, "but you have not yet acquired the qualities of the Deity."

Miss HORSBRUGH, in an agreeable maiden speech, pleaded for the Scottish textile industries, and Mr. MASON secured the distinction of being the first Liberal to "rat" from the Nationalist Government by announcing in a lengthy speech, in which he declared that "there was no such thing as an adverse balance of trade," that he intended to vote against the Bill. Sir STAFFORD CRIPPS envisaged the British merchant as going to bed at night not knowing whether the PRESIDENT OF THE BOARD OF TRADE would visit him as a good fairy and put a dollop of gold in his stocking or as an evil sprite and steal away his one ewe lamb. Mr. RUNCIMAN, in reply, explained at length to Sir STAFFORD that the Bill meant exactly what it said and to the Opposition generally that even the Board of Trade might be trusted to know such elementary things as that you must not ruin your bootmaker by putting an abnormal price on boot-leather.

The Bill was read a second time and committed to a Committee of the whole House.

Thursday, November 19th.—Questions as to the hardships likely to arise from the collection of three quarters of next year's income-tax in one fell lump wrung from Mr. MAXTON a supplementary query as to what machinery would be adopted to investigate cases of hardship. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN replied that none would be necessary. Persons with a grievance were always ready to provide their own machinery for airing it.

The remaining stages of the Abnormal Imports Bill provoked no heated argument or virgin eloquence. On the Third Reading Mr. RUNCIMAN congratulated the House on the smooth passage of the Bill; Mr. MAXTON thought action under the Bill would soon demonstrate its futility, and Vice-Admiral TAYLOR, optimistic as ever, welcomed it as a first step towards Empire Free Trade.

Mr. Punch much regrets that in last week's Essence Lord RADNOR's age was incorrectly stated to be sixty-two instead of thirty-five, an error which only time can amend.



Beachcomber (to animal-dealer about to return to England with a fine specimen of a striped and spotted wow). "IT'S NO GOOD, MATE. THEM NIGGERS HAVE SOLD YOU A PUP. NOBODY IN ENGLAND WOULD BUY IT."

Animal-Dealer. "WHY NOT?"

Beachcomber. "WELL, IN THE FIRST PLACE, IT AIN'T BRITISH."

THE HEEL OF A KILLGRIEF.

WHAT holds our country together in periods of stress is the existence in our midst of people like my friend Stibley.

Stibley is a persister and an endurer; his moral effect is tremendous. He is to be found at Lord's during all the wet days of summer and at Gatwick on raw days of 'chasing when most sportsmen are unwilling to leave the fireside.

The profession of football-supporter is well established. On Census rolls and among witnesses in courts of law football-supporting is a recognised occupation. But the chief cup-ties cannot be played in Stibley's absence—at least, they never are.

If halma threatens to die out as a family game, Stibley is to be found giving progressive halma-parties. If the interest in dominoes languishes Stibley is sure to offer a challenge cup in solid silver to be fought for by the domino leagues of North London.

So, a few weeks ago when the pound crashed, Stibley was a tower of strength. He simply disregarded the whole affair. He enjoyed his golf as usual. His enthusiasm for ludo was undiminished.

The inhabitants of his suburb saw him unmoved and the sight gave them heart. Instead of burning their pens and their attaché-cases and abandoning themselves to a Russian orgy of self-pity, they continued to catch the 9.5. Instead of weeping over the spectacle of a dismembered world they took a look at Stibley and turned on the wireless. Stibley's simple faith translated into action set an example in the true NELSON style and the populace turned its blind eye to the catastrophe.

As the pound drooped towards fifteen shillings Stibley encouraged the local hockey team from the touch-line. During the Election, when his fellows were just a little overcome by fears of approaching Communism, Stibley attempted to instill into their minds the cardinal principles of reversi.

One can hardly exaggerate the importance of Stibley's *rôle* as an upholder and a continuer. Though not himself a producer, he was the cause of production in other men. There is always room for an effective Stibley.

If tariffs really involve a rise in prices it will be easier to endure the pinch if only Stibley will continue to ignore happenings and by his example compel us to do the same. I like to think that when pestilence and riot become rife I shall find Stibley seated among the ruins of the Houses of Parliament solving a chess-problem.

But, to tell the truth, I am a little uneasy. I fear that in some sudden crisis perhaps even Stibley may fail. Everybody has his breaking-point, and Stibley's was nearly reached last week.

When I met him in the road I scarcely recognised him. He was pale and haggard; he staggered in his steps like a man whose double at Sandown has come unstuck.

I naturally supposed that the Prospective Downfall of Civilisation had reached and touched his brain, that he was overcome by the Slide from the Gold Standard or the Threatened Disruption of the Empire.

"What is it, man?" I asked, clutching his arm to save him from falling.

His reply came in a low sobbing voice: "They—they're going to race dogs at the Oval." And he buried his face in his hands. E. P. W.

AT THE PICTURES.

TWO HAPPY ENDINGS.

APART from telling a good story, the WARNER film, *The Star Witness*, brings home to the mind a risk to which those living under gangster rule are liable, and to which I personally had not given much thought. I refer to the perilous position of such innocent beings as, when the lords of the underworld are out to kill, are so unfortunate as to see it and thus to become valuable to the police. Here greatness is thrust upon one with a vengeance, for in the endeavour to silence incriminating evidence, the guilty gunman stops at nothing. People, therefore, who see *The Star Witness* at the Regal are likely to think more than twice before they visit Chicago.

When in this play *Campo Maxey* shoots a cop the murder is seen not by a single spy but by a battalion; in fact by the whole *Leeds* family; by *Mr. Leeds*, *Mrs. Leeds*, the eldest son, the daughter, the two small sons, and, not least, by *Grandpa*, so that *Maxey's* friends, if they can suppress so much evidence, must work hard. Well, they do; and they would win were it not that two of these onlookers are not to be terrorised.

The film is memorable by reason of the intensity of WALTER HUSTON, that fine and versatile actor, as the *District Attorney* pledged to bring *Campo* to the chair, and the wayward engaging humour, dashed with indignation, of *Grandpa*, played with the greatest acceptability by CHARLES (CHIC) SALE. I was intending not to divulge who the star witness was, so that readers might have a surprise; but I may as well say here and now that it is this undefeatable old man, whose method of discovering the place where his grandchild is being held prisoner in this most modern of new world cities is precisely the same as that adopted by the troubadour BLONDEL when tracking down RICHARD of the Lion Heart somewhere in France in the twelfth century.

The more desperate and repulsive the villainies of *Campo's* unscrupulous allies, the more radiant is the triumph of *Grandpa* when, hip-bottle and all, he comes to judgment, and we leave the theatre in that glow of satisfaction which it is the privilege of dramatists to confer.

London has become a pleasanter place since HERBERT MARSHALL took to the talkies, because one can escape from its discords by listening to the music of his comforting voice, which, proceeding from the screen *viâ* machinery, is hardly inferior to the real thing, as it may be heard in that attractive and amusing comedy at the Apollo, *There's always Juliet*. In that play he has EDNA BEST with him to complete the harmony, while in *Michael and Mary* the two name-parts are theirs, and there are glimpses of Miss BEST in *The Calendar*; but in *The Secrets of a Secretary* he is alone. There's always MARSHALL, you see.



GOING FOR THE GANGSTERS.
Grandpa Summerill . . MR. CHARLES (CHIC) SALE.

Michael and Mary, when it was first produced as a play, although full of the true MILNE touches, was found to be a little hard to swallow. Bigamy and domestic banter are not too reconcilable. In its film form it is not less handicapped, so that, for all its charm and with so striking an example of poetic justice as the death of the blackmailer to cheer us on our way, we are still incredulous. "Not Proven" remains the verdict. As, however, HERBERT MARSHALL and EDNA BEST are constantly with us, perhaps the end may be said to be served, while the returning unwanted husband becomes amazingly real in the hands of D. A. CLARKE SMITH, who makes the character one as well worth killing by intention as by chance. E. V. L.



BOUND FOR BIGAMY.
Mary . . MISS EDNA BEST.
Michael . . MR. HERBERT MARSHALL.

RHYME OF THE PATRIOTIC PURCHASER.

OR, REVENUE AND TRADE.

OH, England is the market
To please an Englishman!
I'll buy a car and park it
In any place I can,
And buy for beauty's pleasure
And buy for all my pals,
I will not waste my treasure
On foreign-made fallals.

I saw a ship a-sailing,
A-sailing on the sea,
Filled high up to the railing
With awful things for me.
The captain was a Tartar
And when he cried "Quack, quack!"
I said, "I will not barter,"
And turned him rudely back.

Oh, English wools are woolly
And sharp are English steels,
And men eat beautifully
Who eat imperial meals,
And girls are gay and skittish
And radiant is their mien
Who dress entirely British
(So far as can be seen).

Confound the foreign caitiff
Who brings me when I dine
One thing that is not native,
Except cigars and wine!
We'll face the stormy weather
With downright English oaths,
And boots of English leather
And English underclothes.

Oh, English goods are handsome,
I'll buy no other stuff,
But first I have to ransom
My envelope of buff!
For home sweet home declaring
I'll buy and buy again,
When I have found my fairing,
For Mr. CHAMBERLAIN! EVOE.

Squaring the Circle.
"ROUND TABLE'S END."
Poster of Daily Paper.

THE GARDENING POETS.

ALL this year I have been jeered at and taunted by a Poet's Calendar. Just as my bulb-crop had finally succumbed to the sparrows I tore off February and found under March that—

"All at once I saw a cloud,
A host of golden daffodils."
WORDSWORTH.

Frost and hail together having ruined my apple-buds I tore off March and found—

"Proud-pied April, dress'd in all his trim,
Hath put a spirit of youth in everything."
SHAKESPEARE.

That trouble being over, my herbaceous border was the next to expire, and straightaway my Calendar informed me it was the time when—

"Daisies pied and violets blue
And lady-smocks all silver-white
And cuckoo-buds of yellow hue
Do paint the meadows with delight."
SHAKESPEARE.

While no sooner had my last rose been replaced by a cluster of greenfly than—

"Of the rose, the lovely rose,
Of a rose,"

was all its song.

Now I am not one of those material people for whom a primrose is a yellow primrose and nothing more. On the contrary, mine, if it flowers, generally proves to be a dandelion or a buttercup; but I do think we gardeners need a more understanding kind of Calendar if we have one at all. It is not that the poets are short of the kind of quotations I mean. Far from it. To judge from their poetry their gardens must have looked just like mine after a drought. I found no difficulty in collecting a number of lines essentially applicable to my (and possibly your) circumstances. To begin with, those daffodils. Taking the first line from my Calendar gives a good idea of February, but the rest is so exaggerated.

"Fair daffodils, I weep to see you . . ."

is generally more applicable to mine (if they come up to be looked at at all).

Then WILLIAM DUNBAR provides a good line for the apple-blossom:—

"I doubt that Merche with his cauld blastis keyne
Hath slain this gentle herb."

And for the later fruit, SHAKESPEARE provides:—

"Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May."

My herbaceous border is admirably described in *Richard III.*:—

"Sweet flowers are slow, but weeds make haste."



Young Intellectual. "NO, I DON'T GO IN FOR ANY GAMES MYSELF, BUT I HAVE A YOUNGER BROTHER WHO RATS."

And for the roses every poet has produced his little moan on that subject.

"Oh, rose, thou art sick, the invisible worm . . ."

from BLAKE, rather suits my Gloire de Dijon; but—

"The rose was sick, and smiling died"

is better for my Shot Silk.

"I left the dead rose where it lay,"

as O'SHAUGHNESSY puts it, is true for the whole garden, as is that touching verse by poor WILLIAM BROWNE:—

"But well-a-day, the gardener careless grew,
The maids and fairies both were kept away,
And in a drought the caterpillars threw
Themselves upon the bud and every spray."

Though, to be honest, this year they came in the rain.

But as a matter of fact there is no need for more than one motto for the whole year in my case, and it is BROWNE again who supplies it.

"In thee all flowers and roses spring;
Mine only died,"

he says. Poor BROWNE! When I look over the fences round about me I feel just the same.

"It is not generally known that the American grey squirrel (our doomed alien friend of London parks) make excellent eating. I have shot hundreds and eaten many when living in Western America."
Daily Paper.

We prefer our food to sit still.

AT THE PLAY.

"LITTLE CATHERINE" (PHŒNIX).

M. ALFRED SAVOIR's comedy, translated by VIRGINIA and FRANK VERNON, opened with promise. The scene was brilliantly set; Mr. AUBREY HAMMOND has perhaps done nothing as good as this, and contrived an atmosphere of splendour by the adroit use of low-toned colour, pleasantly contrasting with the crude polychromatic flames of pigment which are commonly employed to present the Russian scene. His backgrounds remained backgrounds and were the appropriate foil for GONTCHAROWA's admirable costumes.

Our interest was held through the preliminary conversations of the young *Grand Duke Peter* (Mr. HAROLD HUTH) and his loyal equerry, *Lanskoi* (Mr. W. GRAHAM BROWNE). Mr. HUTH sketches in an interesting portrait of his vacillations, his childish drill-sergeant's passion for playing at soldiers with his grenadiers, his unstable mentality, his flashes of generosity. Mr. GRAHAM BROWNE makes *Lanskoi* a discreetly romantic and interesting figure.

Miss MARIE TEMPEST now enters to present us with an *Empress Elizabeth* who is little more than a whimsical coarse old lady, with her clowns and her favourite of the moment, without a trace of the genius of her great father.

We were evidently mistaken. This is not going to be at all serious.



NOTHING TO DO WITH THE WATERLOO CUP.

The Favourite . . MR. AUBREY DEXTER.

As a mere afterthought, it would seem, the *Empress* announces her intention of marrying her nephew and heir to the young *Princess of Anhalt*. Violently protesting, he resigns himself only when ordered by *Elizabeth* not as an aunt and empress but as Colonel-in-Chief of the Guard. "One two—one two," and the puppet marches stiffly to his doom.



O MATRE PULCHRA FILIA PULCHRIOR!

Princess of Anhalt . . MISS BARBARA GOTT.
Catherine . . . . . MISS MADELEINE CARROLL.

His doom should be a pleasant one, we realise, when Miss MADELEINE CARROLL introduces us to the young *Sophie*, to be later the Great *Catherine*. She is, it seems, in love with her prince, whom she has never seen—a demure romantic maiden.

We learn a little more of M. SAVOIR's version of the *Grand Duke's* reluctance. He has no fancy to be murdered in the Russian manner by an ambitious consort or cuckolded by the free-mannered gentlemen, even the very sentries, of the Court. He is wedded to his Guard, and there is a pretty hunchback for recreative dalliance.

The young *Princess* is received by *Elizabeth* with honour, by *Peter* with a studied brutal discourtesy. She begins to show her spirit. The bridegroom is finally persuaded to the performance of his official duties to the sound of salvoes of cannon and merry general laughter.

After two years of neglect and brutality, following a brief period of happiness, the *Little Catherine* puts aside her priceless jewels (promptly seized by her mother (Miss BARBARA GOTT), who has also many other valuables, including the boudoir clock, concealed upon her person)—we have clearly travelled a long way down musical-comedy avenues. She announces her determination to return to Anhalt. But no, on reflection, or rather "all of a sudden," she will do nothing of the kind. She will remain; she will take a thousand lovers, like the *Empress*. She will stay to rule in due time the great Empire with an iron hand, removing, if necessary, her ungallant husband with the help of the wooden sentry (Mr. WEGUELIN) and his fellows of the Guard, who are her devoted slaves, and so forth.

It is hard for Miss CARROLL to make plausible the flashing eyes, the vision of great days to come, the adamant resolution, in the midst of the buffooneries and trivialities which are their background.

I am afraid we have definitely lost our way. And the interpolated tragic episode of the *Empress's* dying moments and the final tragedy of the *Grand Duke's* arrest and the pitiful collapse of the brave façade of his courage (well as both these things were done by Miss TEMPEST and Mr. HUTH) fail to move us, for we are hopelessly out of the mood for such dark embroideries of what has become a trivial pattern. Never was a play, surely, so obviously shipwrecked on the rocks of various and incompatible moods. T.

"THE RED LIGHT" (NEW).

The Red Light introduces us to a nice old gentleman, *Sir Herbert Lawrence*,



SENTRY-GO!

The Sentry (*Mr. THOMAS WEGUELIN*), COMMANDED BY *Peter* (*Mr. HAROLD HUTH*) TO WALK OUT OF AN UPPER STOREY WINDOW.

with a large bee buzzing in his bonnet. The bee was the "Red Light." He was the only person in the home of the *Lawrences*, perhaps in the whole of the nation, who saw the light coming (although another general strike was imminent)—except his chauffeur, who was all for putting a match to it.

Sir Herbert was convinced that there was no way of ensuring that all men should have the same ration of brains, all women an equal share of beauty (a proposition which the maddest revolutionary wouldn't be concerned to deny). But I will say the authors contrived that, so far as the men in their play were concerned, this proposition should stand denied. The brainless oafs on the revolutionary side and the brainless nincompoops on the other were as fairly balanced as human ingenuity and a nice sense of justice could demand.

It is only fair to say that this is all presented as a dream. I ought perhaps to have guessed, seeing Mr. BASIL GILL sitting mazed in the very becoming red spot-light at the close of the first scene, that what was to follow was not to be taken as a transcript of life. But the authors didn't play quite fair with us in their presentation. If this affair had the incoherence it had not the texture, the speed or the fine insanity of dreams. So that it came as a shock to us when *Sir Herbert* woke up and the babblers of his household came back into the drawing-room and poor *Perry*, the chauffeur, slunk in with a glum face to fetch his cap and admit that the strike had failed.

And as for the dream, I am afraid it betrays *Sir Herbert* as one of those unfortunate men who suffer, as our Viennese experts have instructed us, from sex repressions. The dream is almost exclusively preoccupied with the inordinate desires of the questing male; and (as is well known, of course, in Riga) all Russian men are living with all Russian women, and when in positions of authority use their power primarily to extract favours from their mates' ladies on penalty of said mates being promptly outed from their jobs. Any idea of anybody doing any work beyond building a few perfunctory wooden partitions in the larger rooms of the more expensive houses is definitely precluded. No wonder the community cigarettes are unsmokable (as poor *Perry* found, and went round the docks to scrounge a few pre-Revolution "stinkers"); no wonder the community sausages were inedible. No wonder that foreign gentlemen of gross aspect from countries still under the old *régime* could play the gay Lothario at the price of an old brandy or a silken undergarment, duly displayed for our ready, silly, knowing laughter. No, I am afraid that *Sir Herbert* had not at all a nice mind, if he had a mind at all. And I have rarely seen such a medley of bald vulgarities crammed into a play of its length.

We blush to hear in imagination the loud indecorous laughter of those energetic unscrupulous gentlemen in Moscow, who *do* know something about the sinister arts of propaganda, if they get hold of a copy of this specimen of how we do the business on our side. A most unfortunate affair. T.



Customer. "I SAY, YOUR LOTION ISN'T DOING MY BALDNESS MUCH GOOD."
Barber. "I'M SORRY TO HEAR IT, SIR. BUT I SHOULD GO ON USING IT. I'M SURE YOU WILL FIND THAT YOU PREFER TO GO BALD IN SPITE OF THAT THAN IN SPITE OF ANY OTHER PREPARATION."

". . . as I have already been daubed the Hannan Swaffer of the Gramophone Industry, I feel fully justified in living up to my reputation."—*Dancing Paper.*

We hope that Mr. HANNEN SWAFFER won't feel too snaubed by this.

An Impending Apology.

"Mr. Richard —— —— is founder of a society of free-lovers who are trying to keep the world beautiful. . . . He has recently returned from a world tour in the interest of forestry."—*Manchester Paper.*

"SANCTUARIES FOR GORILLAS. . . .
TOURISTS BARRED."
Sunday Paper.

A pity, when you think of some of them.

"JAPAN DEMANDS CHINESE TROOPS' WITHDRAWAL.
MA'S REPORTED DEFIANCE OF ULTIMATUM."
Headlines in Daily Paper.

The League should try to get round Pa.

"The surroundings of the dental chair," says a contemporary, "are nowadays often a dream of delight." Anæsthetically speaking, of course.

HOME-MADE.

MANY of our neighbours I dislike, but the Wilkinson Smiths I detest. This statement exposes me to conviction by any reasonable jury. But I do not care and, if necessary, will reiterate it.

Last Wednesday Margery had an all-day engagement in Town and left me to deal as requisite with the exigencies of life in the cottage. I admit that she gave me an outline, quite incomplete, of my day.

She said: "Let out the ducks at ten o'clock and pick up their eggs; then turn the calves into the lower meadow and see they have water; and drive the store-pigs into the upper field in case the calves worry them. After that just run down to the village and pick up this order" (she handed me the list) "at Veal's. When you get back light up the oil-cooker for Augustine, as she doesn't understand it. After lunch see that the oil-cooker has been properly extinguished and then go down to the lower meadow to see that the calves haven't broken through the fence of Bugden's garden. Then pick up the eggs in the hen-houses and give them to Augustine to wash. And whatever you do, don't let anything interfere with your work."

You may think this is a mere bagatelle. Have you ever tried to drive five calves into a meadow and fourteen store-pigs out of it? I had never realised how matey these animals can be until I attempted to separate them. Eventually I got four calves and one pig in the lower meadow and thirteen pigs and one calf in the upper one. That was my best. I left it at that and, omitting the journey to the village, took a cold lunch at three P.M. with all the hens'-eggs still staring me in the face. At four P.M. the Wilkinson Smiths arrived—two parents and two children. This wasn't on Margery's programme, but it was up to me to make the best of it.

For half-an-hour we talked on subjects which interested the Wilkinson Smiths intensely and me not at all. At the same time the children quarrelled in various parts of the room. At last the moment came when I had to say, with, I hope, an unreluctant voice, "You'll have some tea, won't you?"

"That will be very nice," replied Mrs. Wilkinson Smith. "You would love some tea, children, wouldn't you?"

As Matilda, or it may have been Martha, had just been hit in the eye by Arthur (I am certain about Arthur), the reply was not unanimous, but the eye of Mrs. Wilkinson Smith denoted that tea was a certainty.

I excused myself and sought Augustine. I lighted the lying contraption which calls itself a "five-minute-kettle-boiler" and hunted down the food. I found some cakes; some with sticky things inside and others with sticky things outside. Pretty deadly, I thought—and hoped. Then, O glorious chance! I found a pot of undeniable blackberry jelly. I knew it was blackberry because, as it was unlabelled, I smelt it. In the meantime Augustine had cut some Swiss bread-and-butter, which is after the pattern of the outer covers of a German sandwich.

Quite unexpectedly tea was a great success—in the cases of Martha (or Matilda) and Arthur a *succès fou*. The blackberry jelly did it.

"Most delightful," said Mr. Wilkinson Smith; "that slight bitter taste just counteracts the cloying sweetness of the blackberry. You must let us have the recipe of this. Don't you agree, my dear?"

Mrs. Wilkinson Smith nodded as she scraped out the last spoonful from the pot.

They went, and I, with a body reluctant, crept into many hen-houses and picked up many eggs.

Margery returned at eight P.M.

"Did you have a good day?" she said.

"Splendid!" I replied. "I was able to work without interruption. In fact my work was ceaseless."

At 10.30 on the following morning, when I was really working, Margery came into my room.

"A most extraordinary thing!" she said. "I made a pot of blackberry-and-aloe jelly and put it on the pantry shelf, and now it simply isn't there. You know it's the only way Joan will take aloes. What can have happened to it?"

"Would it," I said, "have a slightly bitter taste which counteracts the cloying sweetness of the blackberry? If so, the Wilkinson Smiths will, when you meet them, probably tell you more about it than I can tell you. Ask them. I never touch jam and I'm frightfully busy."

TYPES OF BEAUTY.

["Do wives approve of pretty typists?"—*Daily Press.*]

John Jeremiah Smithson is a bachelor, young and prosperous,
Reputed in the City to be comfortably rich;
I fancy that he makes manures from nitrogen or phosphorus,
But cannot, 'tis a pity, tell you definitely which.

John Jeremiah's office staff included two stenographers,
And one of them was beautiful, and one of them was *not*
Quite the type that is pursued about by artists and photographers,
But as they both were dutiful it mattered not a jot.

Yet Phyllida, the pretty one, had eyes like dewy violets,
Her smile (J. J. confessed it) was a sheer enchantment, such
As a fellow seeks to celebrate in sonnets or in triolets,
Although completely destitute of all poetic touch.

And very soon propinquity made John so sentimental, he
Developed indigestion and sartorial distress,
Then, having diagnosed the cause and smiling rather dentally,
He popped the fatal question, and the lady murmured "Yes."

Now of course the Seventh Heaven is the place he's been translated to,
Although he finds the table has been definitely turned,
For Phyllida is teaching him how men should be dictated to
(As manager she's able, though her gift was undiscerned).

So that is why at present he is not disposed to sigh at his
Beloved's most amusing but eccentric little whim
With regard to her successor, for the very latest fiat is
That *she* insists on choosing what is suitable for him.

And when the girl's appointed, one may confidently prophesy
That she will be the pinnacle of stenographic skill;
But will she be a siren who can captivate the office? I
Suspect (this may be cynical) the danger's simply *nil*.

English Furs for Film Stars.

"Miss Konstam who wore a gown of 'Bunny' in a game of deck tennis."—*Evening Paper.*

The Indian Conference Goes On.

"TO-DAY'S CAUSE LIST.

Judicial Committee of the Privy Council.

FIRST DIVISION.—10.30.—Mohammad Ejaz Husain and another v. Mohammad Iftikhar Husain and ors.—Sri Sri Sri Krishna Chendra Gajapati Narayana Deo Maharajulungaru, Zamindar of Parlakimedi v. Challa Ramanna and ors.—Kadiyala Venkata Subbamma and another v. Katreddi Ramayya, since decd., and ors. SECOND DIVISION.—10.30.—Shiva Prosad Singh v. Rani Prayag Kumari Debi and ors."—*Daily Paper.*

TAKING A BUS.



YESTERDAY.



TO-DAY.



THE WINDOW-DRESSER RETIRES FOR THE NIGHT.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(*By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.*)

MR. CLIVE BELL has not perhaps the manner of the ideal cicerone. He is too self-conscious to get going on the merits and demerits even of French painting without a little preliminary badinage about the merits and demerits of Mr. CLIVE BELL. "But don't let that upset you," as the old witch said of the dog with eyes as big as mill-wheels. You will find enough genuine gold in *An Account of French Painting* (CHATTO AND WINDUS, 7/6) to make abundant amends for the disquieting aspect of its guardian. Rightly premising that there is nothing particularly French about French painting before POUSSIN, Mr. BELL uses his preliminary chapter to introduce the cosmopolitan craftsmen who worked in mediæval France and to determine with sensitive accuracy what constitutes the French genius. There is a family resemblance about the best French painting; and, unlike the more "universal" Italian, French art exacts a knowledge of social history for its appreciation. This background is deftly suggested throughout. The critic is not as a rule at his best when his sympathies and antipathies are controversially engaged. He allows the brilliance of Impressionist performance to blind him to the essential narrowness of Impressionist aspiration; and he is not sufficiently thankful that the DAVID of declamatory Romans was also the DAVID of "M. Sériziat," and the MILLET of too virtuous peasants the MILLET of "Solitude." He excels with less provocative material—with CHARDIN, for instance, and with COROT; and with such comparatively little known figures as BLANCHARD, whose "Angélique et Médor" is perhaps the most interesting of thirty-two admirable illustrations.

"My noble friends," said Lord CAVE on one memorable occasion, "are really rather difficult to satisfy." This is the harshest recorded utterance of a Lord Chancellor who has been described as "the man with the luminous mind." In *Lord Cave: A Memoir* (MURRAY, 15/-), Sir CHARLES MALLET piles testimony on testimony to show how generous and lovable was this champion of a political faith different from his own, and, although in a biography in which the chapters move evenly and inevitably from well-deserved success at school to well-deserved success at college, from triumphs as a barrister to triumphs as a Law Officer of the Crown, from achievement in local politics to achievement as a leader in Parliament, there must necessarily be included elements of literary quietude that no art can overcome, yet here is something that a headlong generation might well pause to consider. The matters that came before Lord CAVE for adjudication varied from the patent rights in a safety-razor to a colony's claim to a hundred thousand miles of interior Labrador, and were beyond question of intense interest to the adjudicator. The charm for the reader rests not in the things that he did—the Acts that he drafted and the speeches he made—but in the manner of man that he was. The author portrays an Englishman as finely typical as one would wish to meet between Chancery Lane and Richmond Hill, laborious without narrowness, brilliant without pretension, strong without noise and unfailing in human kindness.

Most of us like a circus,
But most of us do not know
The things we 'd find
If we went behind
Before or after the show;
Some would, I fancy, irk us,
Others, I 'm sure, would not,
But, boring or bad,
Jolly or sad,
PAUL EIPPER he knows the lot.

He has roamed the world as a gleaner
Of ring-life fact and fun,
And those who share
In its wear and tear,
He knows them every one,
From the boss to the lowest cleaner,
From the clown and the juggling gent,
The equestrienne
And the orchestra men,
To the gang who erect the tent.

He knows what profits are netted
Wherever a showman plies,
He is bosom pals
With the animals
Whatever their shape or size;
He knows how they 're fed and vetted,
He knows how they learn their tricks,
And all of it 's told
In *Circus* (sold
By ROUTLEDGE at 10/6).

Ever since his wedding-day in 1906 the world has admired the high courage which the King of SPAIN has unfortunately been so often called upon to display in moments of danger. Hence one is hardly surprised to find in the portrait of *Don Alfonso XIII.* (MURRAY, 21/-), which has been drawn by his first cousin, Princess PILAR of BAVARIA, in collaboration with Major CHAPMAN-HUSTON with a sureness of touch born of intimate knowledge of the subject, traces of a "slightly malicious humour" accompanying a strength of will as unbreakable as the "finest Toledo steel," and a very marked flair for politics. At the time of the first attempt upon his life on the occasion of a State visit to Paris in 1905, when a bomb was thrown at the carriage containing the KING and President LOUBET and killed three bystanders, the nineteen-year-old DON ALFONSO put his head out of the carriage-window immediately after the explosion to cry to the crowd: "*Vive la France!*" It was indeed an ironic fate which decreed that so brave a monarch should become the scapegoat for his country's military disasters in Morocco—an episode, by the way, in the KING's life which I feel has been somewhat inadequately treated by the authors, whom I suspect of knowing a great deal more than they choose to tell of that sorry story. Every Spaniard is a mixture of *Don Quixote* and *Sancho Panza*. Perhaps that is the ultimate explanation of the success and failure of the most Spanish of Spaniards, DON ALFONSO XIII., whose striking personality is as vividly revealed in these pages as it is on LASZLO's brilliant canvas in Madrid.



Motor Cyclist. "THIS BIKE NOISY?. BLIMEY, THE ONLY WAY TO PLEASE SOME O' YOU BLOKES IS TO TURN AHT ON A KNITTED BIKE WIF A COTTON-WOOL EXHAUST."

I note that Mrs. DOROTHY CANFIELD shares the Basque conviction that man is greater than his masterpieces—a sentiment on which her compatriot EMERSON was, you remember, equally sound. This does not prevent her short stories from being exceptionally attractive ones. In fact I am beginning to think that no one writes good short stories except the keen craftsman who does not put stories, as stories, too high in the scheme of things. Relief-work during the War brought Mrs. CANFIELD into Basque territory—the French flank, that is, for Basques are Basques on both sides of the Pyrenees. And a close friendship with a village schoolmistress shed unique, if perhaps rather eccentric, light on her reserved and inflexible neighbours. It is a schoolmistress who furnishes the tragi-comedy of "The Three Daughters" and the illuminating legend of "The Saint of the Old Seminary." It was the schoolmistress who played Providence to the lovers of "The Course of True Love" and "Not a Pennyworth to Choose." "*Vive Guignol*" is Mrs. CANFIELD's own little piece of

HANS ANDERSEN; "Gold from Argentina" her merriest adventure into farce; and "An Ancestral Home," I fancy, her own imaginary Odyssey. She is not at her best in "The Majesty of the Law," a hark-back to the witchcraft trials of the Renaissance. Recent opinion is, I gather, inclined to consider the case for the prosecution, if not with sympathy, at least with seriousness. Apart from this excursion into the obviously alien department of historical evidence, *Basque People* (CAPE, 7/6) is a performance of exceptional grace, insight and buoyancy.

During that spell of Anglomania prevalent in France before the outbreak of the Revolution, gardens in the English fashion became all the vogue among the nobility; and for the designing of English gardens one must clearly have a Scot. Hence some of the remarkable adventures of Mr. THOMAS BLAIKIE, whose diary, edited by Mr. FRANCIS BIRRELL as the *Diary of a Scotch Gardener* (ROUTLEDGE, 10/6), will interest others besides horticulturists. THOMAS CARLYLE would have rejoiced to discover it when he was wrestling with the dry records of the French Revolution; for BLAIKIE, a Scottish botanist, born near Edinburgh in 1750, settled in France at the age of twenty-five and remained there to carry on his profession of landscape gardener in the English style for the rest of his life. In that capacity he was employed first by the Comte DE LAURAGUAIS, then by the Comte D'ARTOIS, and finally by the notorious PHILIPPE EGALITÉ. And he had adventures enough, even before heads began to fall under the guillotine. A stolid man, he seems only to have been seriously concerned for his safety once, when the "hogstie" where he had meant to sleep was burned by a band of fanatical villagers. He seems to have been perhaps the worst speller of his age; perhaps this enhances the charm of his account of the stormy days before the crash. He is severe on the "mobe" and justly contemptuous of the "rable." Twenty good fellows with sticks, he maintains, could have accounted for SANTERRE and his formidable army, the "riff raff of the faubg St. Antoin." But one stout Scot was not enough, and the "great catostrophe" of August 10 rings down the curtain on a fascinating book.



"CAN I GIVE YOU A LIFT SOMEWHERE?"
"NO, THANK YOU, SIR. AN AMBULANCE IS COMING FOR MY FRIEND, AND THE POLICE FOR ME."

Any who despair of our pampered manhood should find comfort in *Tramping Through Wales* (DENT, 6/-), when they learn that Mr. JOHN C. MOORE set out on his journey literally with his house on his back—a rucksack bulging with tent, sleeping-bag, ground-sheet, change of clothes and cooking-stove—which weighed altogether about thirty-five pounds. Knowing how unutterably leaden even twenty pounds can become, I waited rather cynically for Mr. MOORE to visit a post-office and send the tent home; but when he refrained from doing so until page 97 I felt it was time to remove the hat. Mr. MOORE has more than the spice of adventure in him, and this story of his casual wanderings across the Border, guided only by chance and fancy, makes very pleasant reading. As a normal human being with an honest tramper's thirst and an occasional craving for society, the bleak asceticism of the Welsh towns irritated and dismayed him; but as a naturalist he was enchanted by the exquisite beauty of the countryside, though the filling-station and the crude advertisement have tempered it in many places. If you like to be told of fairs and gipsies and little fishing-inns, of the wind and the weather, of twenty-mile walks and the fine philosophy of tired and well-fed men, this is your book.

The prevalent mania for attempting to get rich without the slightest mental or physical exertion was bound sooner or later to attract the attention of sensational novelists, and in *The Sweepstake Murders* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON, 7/6) Mr. J. J. CONNINGTON has made ample and clever use of it. A syndicate of nine drew a horse that finished second in the Derby, and by certain provisions the prize (some £240,000) was to be divided equally among those who were still alive when the cash was available for distribution. Before signing such conditions as these it is wise, Mr. CONNINGTON persuades me, to be quite sure of your company. For, quite obviously, the fewer there are to share the loot the bigger will it be for those who live long enough to share it. And members of this syndicate soon began rather rapidly to die. It is an exceptionally well-devised yarn, in which the criminal is not a jot less ingenious than the detectives.

Margaret Douglas (ST. DOMINIC'S PRESS, 30/-), a volume, compiled from her own writings and appreciations by those who were near and dear to her, reveals a woman to whom genuine tribute is due. Perhaps to the outside world she is remembered chiefly through the glorious work she did in the War. Then, as the organiser and the life and soul of the Children's Aid Committee, she gained the eternal gratitude of those for whom she worked, and the affection and admiration of those who helped her in this wonderful undertaking. Her genius for "getting things done" with a minimum of fuss and friction is undoubted, and in her writings one finds the charm that was peculiarly her own. Whether her theme is "Lost Fairylands," "The Right to be Bad" or "The Chilean Farm," she is in every case delightful because she is always sincere and always alive to the humours of the world. Very happily her husband mentions "her lively wit ever abreast of the world, her social talents, her dislike of false sentiment and her strong individuality." And later he speaks of her unflinching determination "to defend the liberty of the individual and the privacy of the poor." A fruitful and varied life ended on New Year's Day of this year, and how irreparable a loss her passing was to all sorts and conditions of people is shown clearly and beautifully in this admirable book of remembrance. It seems a pity that its publication should be confined to a small limited edition.

CHARIVARIA.

A NEWSPAPER reader's father shook hands with Marshal BLUCHER. We ourselves would have done the same.

* * *

Mr. Justice MEREDITH described the lawsuit over the first prize in the Irish Sweepstake on the Grand National as a case of Greek meeting Greek. We had been under the impression that the parties were Italians.

* * *

Post-Office workers in Manchester are said to have adopted a "go-slow" movement. It will therefore probably be the day after to-morrow before London is able to think what Manchester thinks to-day.

* * *

It is suggested that if China and Japan treat the League of Nations with contempt they will have to be relegated to the Second League.

* * *

We are reminded that GLADSTONE could carry four of his children on his back. Can any modern statesman do this?

* * *

A journalist has written to a contemporary to say he paid his income-tax in advance. It is said that the collector who took the money is going on as well as can be expected.

* * *

An itinerant Scottish musician has asserted that playing the bagpipes is harder than work. This confirms us in our advocacy of shorter hours for pipers.

* * *

There are said still to be people in Scotland who believe that it is unlucky to be photographed. No musical composition descriptive of life in the Highlands, however, would be complete without the "March of the Camera Men."

* * *

The parents of a seventeen-months-old boy decided that he couldn't walk well enough to act as a page at a Society wedding. Yet a familiar sight at weddings is the tottering bridegroom.

* * *

A toy jazz set, consisting of two drums, a trumpet, a triangle and various whistles and squeakers, can be purchased for a few shillings. And the trouble is it probably will.

If the ten million rivets of the monster liner which is being built on the Clyde were placed end to end, we are told, they would reach from London to Newcastle. This arrangement, however, would involve delay.

* * *

In declining to enforce an old Act against a butcher who killed a calf on Sunday, the Bench expressed the hope that he would refrain from this in future, except in case of necessity, such as the return of a prodigal son.

* * *

Mr. J. B. PRIESTLEY gives notice that if at any public dinner or meeting he is referred to as a "good companion" he will leave the building. We feel confident that every care will be taken to avoid this contretemps.

* * *

Experiments have proved that the favourite colour of mosquitoes is navy blue, and it is anticipated that this will receive the consideration of the Admiralty.

* * *

An essayist has remarked that we cannot be born when we like. At the same time it is good to know that it isn't illegal to be born after eight o'clock at night.

* * *

An architect who is stone deaf says he enjoys British talkies as he can tell by their lips what the performers are saying. Whereas, we suppose, American films necessitate a very wide experience of nose-reading.

* * *

Mr. CHRYSLER says he built his thousand-feet metal skyscraper because he enjoys doing things no one had thought of doing before. So many people, of course, would much prefer not to think about it.

* * *

The development of skyscrapers is said to have made New Yorkers vertical rather than horizontal in their travelling habits. We consider that a visit might prove beneficial to some of our heavyweight boxers.

* * *

Our admiration goes out to the burglars in Sydney who ingeniously took the precaution of ensuring the absence of householders by sending them complimentary theatre-tickets.

* * *

We read that an engine recently invented by a Swiss engineer has been called the "Hochdruckkondensationsdampflokomotive." It is said that Wales is annoyed because she didn't think of this for a railway-station.

* * *

A freak musical entertainer plays tunes on the piano with his nose. His efforts are said to be more successful than those of a good many people who play by ear.

* * *

A university for crooks is said to exist in the East End. Sort of college for plundergraduates.

* * *

The summit of a French mountain is for sale. It is rumoured that it may be purchased by an unusually considerate man who is learning the saxophone.

* * *

A man in court said that he could tell people's fortunes very accurately. The income-tax authorities should be glad of his assistance.

An Exhibition will be held at The Sporting Gallery, 32, King Street, Covent Garden, W.C.2, from November 30th to December 19th, of illustrations by ERNEST H. SHEPARD for a new edition of KENNETH GRAHAME'S delightful book, *The Wind in the Willows*. Mr. Punch extends to it his hearty good wishes.



Musician. "EXCUSE ME, SIR, BUT WHAT KIND OF INSTRUMENT IS THAT, MIGHT I ASK?"
Scotch Comedian. "OH, THAT'S MY FUNNY WALKING-STICK."

ATAVISM IN ARCADY.

WHEN my paper told me that the impeccable speech of the B.B.C. announcers was murdering English dialect my thoughts turned at once to Wottleton-cum-Bigsbee and my feet turned towards the garage.

Wottleton-cum-Bigsbee belongs to the years before the War. I first beheld the village in the summer of 1912, and the memory of it lay crystallised in my mind with straw-hats, aspidistras, diabolo and suffragettes, things that once were and now are not.

In particular I remembered the bar-parlour of the "Cock and Cauliflower" and the old man who sat in the seat by the fire drinking slowly from a tankard.

"Stands Wottleton - cum - Bigsbee where it did?" I asked of the two-seater, but she was throbbing impatiently so I let in the clutch and departed. It was one of those days in late November when a repentant sun shone wholeheartedly on a grateful world. For mile after mile I bowled along in peace, until I came to the well-remembered county town. Outside the town, at the second on the left past the jail, I turned down a little lane and went past a farm.

There are no sign-posts to Wottleton-cum-Bigsbee, but since the lane leads nowhere else nobody minds at all.

At the entrance to the village I looked eagerly around for signs of change. There were none. At the far end of the tiny main street I saw outlined the squat tower of the church. From somewhere on my left the sound of children's voices floated in a soothing drone from the open windows of the school. After nineteen years the "Cock and Cauliflower" still smiled upon the village green. Not so surprising that, since it has similarly smiled for the last two hundred years.

I noted with a sentimental sigh an old man seated at the trestle table outside the inn, surveying the distance in silence and alone. "Here," I thought, "is a little bit of old England left over from the War. Here is a spot fit for that journalist johnny who goes about in search of places; here is a son of the English soil, unchanging and unchanged; he will give the lie to Fleet Street."

Unobtrusively parking my car, I walked towards the "Cock and Cauliflower."

"Good-afternoon," said a pleasant voice; "might I suggest that your car is missing slightly on one cylinder?" I spun round in surprise, since I could have sworn that there was no one in sight save the Ancient and myself, then stared hard as I realised that it was indeed the Ancient who had spoken. He was dressed in worn corduroy clothing and hob-nailed boots; round his neck was a red handkerchief; his hands were horny with toil. He smiled at me from out of his beard and chuckled wisely.

"A small matter," he said; "but 'for want of a nail the shoe was lost'—you know the rest?" he challenged.

"I know the rest," I agreed, and sat down heavily as the landlord appeared. Interpreting my glance aright, he retired and re-emerged with two pots of beer. The old man grabbed his tankard with an accustomed hand. In this at least Wottleton was unchanged.

"Your very good health," he murmured; "or perhaps one might say 'Bung Ho!' I prefer the colloquialism," he explained.

I gaped, a little stupidly no doubt, and said, "Not at all, not at all."

A true opportunist, he took advantage of my momentary confusion to signal to the landlord, who came running to obey. I paid, and listened as the old man spoke again.

"Are you on holiday, and do you intend to honour us with an extended visit?" he inquired. "I fear that we have little to offer you except some excellent beer, a wealth of antiquarian interest and, of course, the wireless."

The word stung me to recollection. I nodded. "My paper suggests," I said, "that dialect is rapidly disappearing before the unseen influence of the B.B.C. Naturally I thought at once of Wottleton-cum-Bigsbee and came to see if it were true. I——"

"Exactly," interrupted the Ancient. "In common with others you expected to find here a form of speech which survives now only in pantomime—a crude dialect, of the earth earthy. People appear to forget that the times move and we with them."

"Er—quite," I agreed. "One can hardly expect the world to stand still. Yet this village has stood in my mind for all that was best in England. It comes as rather a shock——"

"'Other times—other manners.' I avoid the French in order to avert any suspicion of affectation," he said. "Not yet are buses running from the Bank to Mandalay, yet this village of Wottleton-cum-Bigsbee is become, so to speak, a suburb of Savoy Hill. You were saying——?"

"I was saying that it came as a shock," I ventured feebly. "I miss the —the——"

"The 'tender grace of a day that is dead'?" he suggested. "TENNYSON, rescued from Edwardian oblivion, is again a fashion," he explained. "There was, I suppose, a certain charm in rural dialect as such, yet it had its limitations. It is now dead; we have outgrown it," he declaimed largely.

He paused in his speech to raise his tankard, and as he did so a passing labourer tripped clumsily, fell against the old man's elbow and sent the pot spinning from his grasp. For a moment the old man surveyed the last of his beer as it trickled slowly off the table-top, then, with a roar of rage, he arose and turned on the shamefaced lad with wrath in his ancient eyes.

"Be danged to 'ee, Tom Turner, for a girt big gumblesome vule!" he shouted. "Yew do zurely be so okkard as a pig among the chickuns. Now 'ee can paay for another pint so quick as mebbe. Beggin' yer pardon, Zur," he added, turning humbly towards me.

I smiled. "It's all right, Dad," I said; "but let me pay for beer for you both."

With a light heart I flung down half-a-crown and strode back to my car. I had found Achilles' heel.

FORBIDDEN SWEETS.

LET Midas titillate his throttle
With costly viands when he dines,
Decanting from a cobwebbed bottle
The nectar of Burgundian vines.

From these luxurious paths of pleasure
My frugal soul discreetly swerves;
I find delight in ample measure
In the consumption of preserves.

Jam is my joy; I simply love it—
Plum, greengage, strawberry or quince—
And for that style and title covet
The status of an Indian prince.

But now my lot inspires compassion,
With debts and taxes still unpaid,
Forced matutinally to ration
Spoonfuls of cheapest marmalade.

I miss the joys that breakfast brought me,
And yet my steadfast soul is steeled,
Mindful, as PLUNKET GREENE has taught me,
That "more was lost on Mohacs field."

I'm luckier than Prometheus Vinctus,
Bound to his rock with cruel chains
Without a liniment or linctus
To ease his dire hepatic pains.

So when my palate grows rebellious
With cravings that I mayn't assuage
I turn to good old AULUS GELLIUS,
That juicy and judicious sage.

C. L. G.

"DUMPED FISH HITS FLEETWOOD."
Irish Paper.

We hope it was only a little tiddler.



THE TREASURE-SEEKERS.

Mr. Neville Chamberlain. "NOW, JIM, I HOPE YOU 'LL DO AS WELL WITH YOUR FAMOUS TACT AS I SHALL WITH MY FORMIDABLE TAXATION."



Ultra-modern Niece. "SO SWEET OF YOU TO LOOK ME UP, UNCLE! TAKE THE EASY-CHAIR."

LETTERS, LTD.

SHALL we have a new Post Office? Lord WOLMER and many others would like to hand it over to a public utility company, like the B.B.C. Or perhaps make it a private concern. Myself, I favour a private concern.

There would seem to be infinite possibilities before a Post Office conducted on the lines of an ordinary business firm with something to sell to the public and a determination to put the goods over by means of happy phrases and attractive ideas.

But I prophesy great changes in these days of strenuous publicity if the firm is to get the most out of the timorous consumer and declare a handsome dividend. Even the Post Office personnel, I think, will alter.

Even as it is the Home Office uses rather stern-looking policewomen. The lovely postwoman will certainly be one of the first reforms of the commercialised care-free Post Office. But there will be no maidens, I think, shut up behind wires and grilles, like bank-cashiers or animals at the Zoo. Mere office-work of that kind will be given by the new Post Office to men, who will do it, I venture to think, more effectively. Smart salesmanship, of stamp-books in particular, will be the essential here.

A good deal can be done, no doubt, and will be done, with telegrams and dog-licences. They do not go off as they ought to go. I have managed to get a chair and a writing-table put into my bank in order that I may compose my cheques with more abandon and fluency, but there is no comfort of any kind in the telegraph bureaux of our present post-offices. One simply stands like a cow in a byre chewing an old pencil stalk. And a notice which said

REMEMBER PONTO

and offered a few ounces of dog-biscuits with every licence sold would certainly help absent-minded people at the time of the New Year.

Must I recur to telephones? I suppose I must.

The attempt to make the telephone a popular hobby is at present ridiculous. It remains a foible of the idle rich. Such advertisements as may be found reveal hardly any of the elements of true business "push." They are not vital. They do not grip. They lack the emotional appeal.

A POSTCARD A DAY KEEPS THE BAILIFF AWAY.

LET THE TRIPPIES TAKE YOUR ORDER!

—NEAT—EFFICIENT—EAGER—

BREAKFAST? CERTAINLY, AND HOW MUCH MORE DELIGHTFUL WHEN ONE OF OUR SLIM GIRL-MESSENGERS BRINGS A BUFF ENVELOPE TO PUT BY EVERY PLATE!

Watch her as she walks down the street with her dainty bag.

BUY YOUR STAMP-BOOK *NOW.*
(*In vellum, half-morocco, or plain red and blue boards.*)

THE SUCCESS OF THE PUBLISHING SEASON!

PROFUSELY ILLUSTRATED THROUGHOUT WITH PORTRAITS OF

HIS MAJESTY KING GEORGE V.

IN THREE DIFFERENT COLOURS.

"There never were made so many volumes which contained so much good and so little harm, which gave so much cause for innocent pleasure and so little for blushing, which brought, finally, so much joy into so many different homes."—*Punch.*

"This fascinating volume."—*Bookman.*

"Delightful engravings."—*Connoisseur.*

"The mucilage alone is worth the money."
Mr. GERALD GOULD.

ONLY FOUR MORE FULL SHOPPING DAYS TILL XMAS!

BUY NOW!

HE was bashful,
SHE was shy;
A TELEPHONE RING—AND
THE CLOUD PASSED BY.

LOVED ONES FAR AWAY!
DON'T YOU WANT TO TALK TO HER TO-NIGHT?
"It's Gerard speaking, dearest."

YOU CAN HAVE ONE OF THESE DELIGHTFUL INSTRUMENTS PUT INTO YOUR OWN HOUSE AT ONCE AND PAY WHAT YOU LIKE WHEN YOU PLEASE.

ASK FOR 3555.
THE REST IS SILENCE AND—
THREE NINES.

I have spoken somewhere already of the National Savings Stamp Department and the poetical appeal it makes to lovers of elegiac verse. I may have been too harsh when I compared its rhythms unfavourably with those of the minor poet to-day. But however this may be, in a commercial Post Office all rhymed advertisements would undoubtedly be written by the Poet Laureate and by the Poet Laureate alone. Mere prose panegyrics could be safely left to countesses and film-stars and members of international football teams.

These are but a few minor points. I forbear to mention the lamentable façades of our post-offices, the sameness of our pillar-boxes, which might here and there be sarcophagi hewn from rough blocks of stone, with bas-reliefs by EPSTEIN; in other places pedestals surmounted by a poised Mercury carrying a metal suit-case with a slit at the top. Reductions on writing a quantity of letters all at once, and company's own sealing-wax supplied on the premises for registered parcels are amongst the many other new amenities which I foresee.

POSTAL ORDERS IN ALL RANGES. MONEY RETURNED IF NOT SATISFIED.

The communications of this country are a tangle of red tape. Service and salesmanship are what we need.

EVOE.

"Winter Sports.—French family, spending winter at Megève, near Chamonix (31,300 ft.), would accept Paying Guests."
Advt. in Daily Paper.

They would be well advised to put an oxygen-cylinder in their trunk.

"Foulden, four miles from Berwick, has been sold by private treaty. At Foulden, Queen Elizabeth's Commissioners met those of James VI. to vindicate the execution of Mary, Queen of Scots. The negotiations were carried through by Messrs. Walker, Fraser and Steele."—*Monthly Paper.*

Only the last, surely.



Furrier (to Assistant). "DON'T FORGET, MISS SHEDLOCK, THAT LAPINS ARE NOW RABBITS!"

LETTER FROM AN OLD FULL BLUE.

The Bunkers,
Mudley-in-the-Rough,
Surrey,

25th November, 1931.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—It is with great feeling that I write to you, Sir, on a subject that is engaging the minds of all true sportsmen. To-day a momentous change in the policy of that great seat of learning, namely Oxford, is announced in the daily Press. I appeal to you, Sir, on behalf of all sportsmen, and in particular golfers, to use all that influence for which you are famous to induce at once that august University to adopt that policy, endorsed by men and women in all parts of the Globe, and thereby ensuring that they, like us, shall in future REPLACE THEIR DIVVERS. I remain,

My dear Mr. PUNCH,
Your most obedient Servant,
S. T. YMIE.

Things About Which the Historians Keep Quiet.

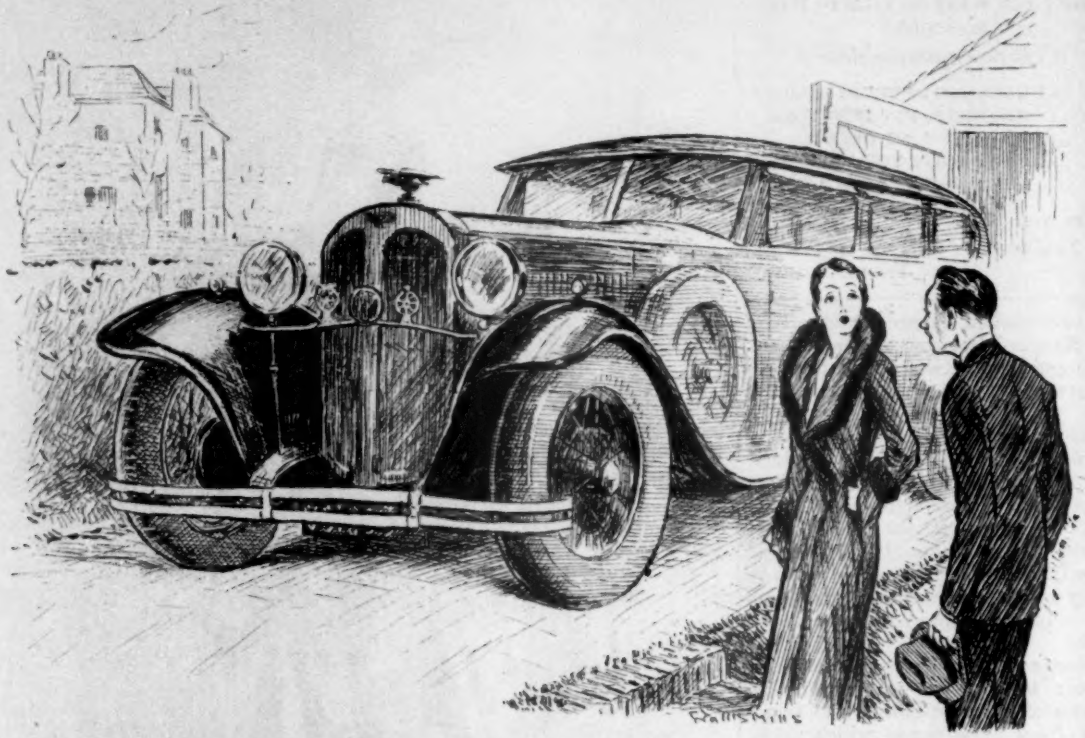
"CHARLES II. AND THE Y.W.C.A."
Manchester Paper.

"NEWBURY BOY FILLS PARISH CHURCH."
Berkshire Paper.

He ought to knock off fat and potatoes.

"EMPRESS ELIZABETH OF RUSSIA.
'LITTLE CATHERINE' FALLS FLAT."
Daily Paper.

Those nasty Russian steppes again!



Lady (to applicant for chauffeur's situation). "THIS IS THE CAR. HAVE YOU HAD ANY EXPERIENCE OF A SUPER-SPAGHETTI?"
Applicant. "NO, MADAM, CAN'T SAY AS I HAVE, BUT I DESSAY I'D SOON FIND MY WAY ABOUT IT."

NATURAL HISTORY NOTES.

CREATURES OF THE DEEP.

THE ANCHOVY.—Easily the most salt thing in the sea. Begins life in the Mediterranean and ends it under peculiarly distressing circumstances all over the world.

The DOLPHIN.—A popular name for public-houses.

The WHALE.—Surely you all know about this? The Whale has cavernous jaws and is composed largely of blubber. The stomach is very capacious though the gullet is small: an interesting illustration of the old adage, "The little maw, and how much it is!" The Common or Right Whale abounds to a great height in the North Atlantic, and so offers an easy mark to the skilled harpooner. It may be of interest in passing to describe the manner in which these monsters are hunted to their death. In the bows of the whaler is a small and inexpensive gun charged with grape-nut and loaded with a sharp spear or harpoon (by asyndeton from the Esquimo *He nappoo—i.e.*, "She blows"). When the quarry has been sighted and brought within range the gun is fired and the stricken creature, obeying the dimly understood promptings of its own nature, makes off at a great speed due south. Arrived at the warmer waters of the Gulf Stream, it breaks into a profuse perspiration, which is the signal for the cry, "There she puffs and blows!" to be raised on board the pursuing vessel. Finally the temperature of the surrounding sea causes the poor animal to expand and rise to the surface (Boyle's Law), where it is lassoed, drawn up on deck and throttled. The whole business is slightly nauseating. Besides the Right Whale we may notice Rorquals, Narwhals, Killers, Spouters, Pinheads and the Shabby Caribbean. Some are bigger than others; others not so big—biggest of all, perhaps, the Cachalot, the prince of whales. Whales lay no eggs.

The LING.—*See* under COD.

The COD.—*See* under CODLING.

The CODLING.—A small effeminate cod of little intrinsic worth, but a favourite food of *Piscis hyperborealis* (the North Sea Hake).

The ARQUEBUS.—Regarded with grave suspicion by sailors, as it has the reputation of being ill-omened. Everyone knows the famous couplet:—

"To make it wuss, an Arquebus
About his neck was hung,"

which has been variously explained.

The SPRAT.—A jejune fish.

The WHITING.—An example to us all. This fish can make both ends meet. Why not you?

The BLUE-NOSED or BOTTLE SHARK.—A poor fish which is scarcely ever seen near the surface, preferring to remain half-seas under. Like the Hammer-Toed Shark, it has the mouth on the under-side to prevent water getting in. "Nature's loving care for her creatures extends even to the most grotesque, the most fantastic, among them."—*Brock.* The bark of the Dog-fish, one of the smaller sharks, resembles that of the holm-oak.

The OCTOPUS.—Bergmann describes a thrilling encounter with one of these denizens (if the term be permitted) of the deep. While pearl-diving off the coast of Cochin-China he was horrified to find himself gripped below the knee by the suckers or tabernacles of a giant octopus. He did not lose his presence of mind even in face of this emergency, but at once drew and opened the mother-of-pearl penknife, without which he never dived, and hacked furiously at the liana-like feelers that shackled him. As well might he try to break down the Forth Bridge with a poker (a feat never yet attempted) as hope to sever those

tough arms with so puny (albeit valuable) a weapon. It was just (you will have guessed) as he was abandoning all hope that there was a sudden swirl in the water above him, the flash of a long lithe body that seemed to hurl itself straight at his opponent, and an instant lessening of the terrible constriction about his lower limbs. Followed the sound, audible even beneath the water, of rending flesh and snapping tendon, and he was free. "It was only as he was making off that I recognised my liberator," Bergmann relates. "He was without a doubt that self-same swordfish I had befriended many years before come to me, like the lion of Damocles, in my hour of need. It was in the spring of 1867 that I found him stranded on the beach at Brighton and took him in the nick of time to the Aquarium. Here he soon became, by virtue of his pretty ways and gentle disposition, a prime favourite with the children. Eventually he hacked his way out and got safely away to sea. But he never forgot, fortunately for me as it proved, the strange being who once took pity on his plight."

The whole story stands self-convicted as a tissue of lies. Every schoolboy knows that there are no pearls in the Cochin-China seas; and swordfish at Brighton are so rare as to be practically non-existent.

But what of the CUTTLE-FISH, better known to some as the SQUIB? Perhaps this is a subject best left alone:—

"Were it not better done as others use,
To strictly meditate the thankless Mews,
Than fly to others that we know not of?"

I think it were.

The SEA-MEW (*Felis ingrata*).—The fiercest and most morose of the Catfish. Known to mariners as the Dudgeon. The only useful service it performs is to prey on its own kind. "Truly the ways of Nature are inscrutable."—*Brock.*

The SEA ELEPHANT.—A common sight at any seaside resort during the summer months.

The LOBSTER.—Makes excellent polonaise. In the natural state the lobster is black or some similar colour, only turning red under stress of great emotion.

The SEA KALE.—A whiskered monster of eccentric habits.

The TUNNEY.—I cannot resist telling again the story of DOMITIAN and the tunney. A very large specimen of this fine fish had been sent to the Emperor and he had assembled his Ministers to advise him on the serious matter of its preparation for the table, when to their alarm and astonishment the fish suddenly exclaimed, "*Moribundus te saluto*," or more simply, "In spite of my present anæmic condition—greetings." DOMITIAN promptly stunned it with a blow of the imperial fasces, opened its stomach and discovered therein a ring belonging to POLYCRATES of Samos. But that is another story.

The BASS (*by special request*).



Barber. "GETTING A BIT THIN ON TOP, SIR."
Fat Client. "HUH! THAT'S BETTER THAN NOWHERE."

"AUSTRIAN ECONOMY CUTS.
. . . the total savings demanded by the League are maintained in the new Finance Bill, but the cuts in State employees, which were the chief stumbling-block, are adjusted."
Daily Paper.

The *Shylock* idea never did go down very well.

A SOLUTION.

["A mysterious disease, which broke out recently in Trinidad, has now been found to be a new type of rabies, conveyed by bats."
"*The Times*," *November 17th.*]

SINCE storks convey babies
And bats convey rabies,
Were storks bit by bats
There'd be far fewer brats.

And if storks gobbled bats up
(Without or with catsup),
Results would be splendid:
Two horrid pests ended!

"THE PRETTY SISTERS."

[The Cunard liners, *Carmania* and *Caronia*, known for their handsome lines as the "Pretty Sisters," and formerly great favourites with regular voyagers across the Atlantic, are about to be broken up, having exceeded by one year a passenger liner's normal span of twenty-five years.]

WHAT creaks and clatterings are these
That thus disturb the Western Seas
From Maine to Caledonia?
The Pretty Sisters' funeral knell
Clangs out the doleful dirge, "Farewell,
Carmania, Caronia."

Among contemporaries there
Were few, if any, judged so fair;
Their grace surpassed normality;
No heed to compliments they paid,
And, what is strange for sisters, made
A point of punctuality.

The timid heart whose journey lay
Over the seas and far away
Would turn to them to stem his fear,
And, turning, quit his native shore
Imbued with reassurance for
The East or Western Hemisphere.

All classes (fixed by them as three)
Enjoyed their hospitality,
From dukes to proletarians;
They toiled unceasingly for Man
And, passing the allotted span,
Retired as vigintarians.

Clang out the dirge. What matters it
That harsh cacophonies should split
The people's pericrania?
Play on, and let the seas reply,
"We knew the sisters well; good-bye,
Caronia, Carmania." C. B.

THE HOUSE OF SILENCE.

OUTSIDE my club an electric drill was tearing at the road with the noise of ten thousand devils. I got up and shut the window.

"Had such a curious experience the other day," said Plover, dropping into a chair beside me. "I happened to be in the suburbs when I passed a cinema that had a notice on it, 'Silent House.'

"Thinking that it might be rather a change from the talkies and having an hour to spare, I went in.

"I said to the girl in the box-office, 'A stall, please.' She handed me a list of prices without a word, so I gave her two bob and went inside, where an attendant led me to a seat.

"The first thing that struck me was that there wasn't any music. The picture was flicking away with no kind of accompaniment, not even a piano. You can't imagine how uncanny it seemed. The audience too seemed to be under some kind of a spell. Not a murmur or a cough.

"It wasn't a bad picture, but the interval came almost as a relief. 'What a queer crowd!' I thought. 'Perhaps someone will start talking now.' Not a bit of it. The lights went up, but still the same weird silence.

"A girl with chocolates meandered down the aisles. I saw a man beckon to her. He took a box, looked at the price and handed her some money and she gave him change. Not a word was said.

"The lights went out again and the picture resumed its story.

"I remarked to an old lady sitting next to me, 'Funny, isn't it, not having an orchestra?' She took not the slightest notice; I might not have spoken.

"I really felt I couldn't stand it any longer so I got up and went out. I tell you it was quite a relief to get away.

"Outside there was a man changing the posters. He was whistling.

"'Well, of all the queer places!' I remarked to him chattily. 'They seem to be under some kind of a spell in there.'

"'Yes, that's a rum go, that is,' he replied. 'I went in once, but I couldn't stand it. Fair gave me the creeps, it did. Felt I wanted to stand up and shout. Not that it wouldn't 'ave made no difference.'

"'No difference,' I repeated. 'Good lord, I should think they would have had you thrown out. It felt like it.'

"He looked surprised.

"'What, didn't you know, Guv'nor?' he said. 'That there place was put up by a gent what lost his hearing. All the people they have in there, attendants, operators and all the rest, they're all stone deaf. Can't hear a blooming word.'"

I gave Plover a suspicious look as he got up to open the window.

"I say, old man, is this true? Is there really such a place?" I asked, shouting above the appalling din outside.

"Not yet," he yelled in reply, "but there soon will be."

"Mix thoroughly. Make sure that the mixture is fairly stiff. . . . It is best to take off the cloth before eating it."—*Cooking Hints in Daily Paper.*

It is better still to lose the cloth before eating it.

"Miss B. —— was successful in a crossword puzzle organised by a London contemporary, receiving a pair of silver solvers."
Devonshire Paper.

She should try them out on TORQUEMADA.

THE CHARLOTTEAN AGE.

LORD CREWE records in his Life of Lord ROSEBERY that HER MAJESTY QUEEN VICTORIA narrowly escaped being called Charlotte or Georgina. So the Victorians, he points out, might have been Charlotteans or Georginians. It is perhaps not always appreciated that there are other perils of this nature which the Victorian Age all unconsciously avoided.

John Dickens might have joined John Kingsley and John Reade in denouncing the evils of encroaching industrialism, and, though the idea is a little shocking, they might all have written none the worse in consequence; but can anyone imagine a Wilkie Thackeray or a William Makepeace Trollope? Could the *Idylls* ever have trailed their languorous moon-music for the sighing of, say, an Archibald, Lord Tennyson? Or the reincarnated ghosts of sun-drenched Italy have writhed their souls in naked print for the summoning of a Cuthbert Browning? Could Percy Peel have been the unimpeachable statue with a blameless Lancashire accent or Algernon Disraeli have lived down his jewels and his perfumes?

The human ear is an adaptable organ, and it may even be that these things could have come to pass; yet the parents of the Victorians loved to turn to their Old Testaments in search of the perfect name. On that authority children have been called Obadiah, Abednego and Nebuchadnezzar, Leviticus and Wonderful. Well, then, what of Obadiah Darwin, Abednego Arnold, NebuchadnezzarWhistler and Leviticus Ewart Gladstone?

Among those later prophets that the Victorian Age has transmitted to the Georgians, Wonderful Wells comes not amiss, but what if that fabulous famous hero, Nosmo King Smith—christened from the two halves of a waiting-room door—had actually sprung to life and celebrity as Nosmo King Drinkwater? Finally one might suggest that the greatest escape of all occurred from an even deadlier alphabetical vogue, when the maker of epochs himself missed being for ever labelled Arminius Belshazzar Clarendon Dan Everett Ferdinand Gregory Shaw.

Ulster Bants No More.

"MORE BANGOR BATHERS.
BIG INCREASE IN THE SEASON'S FIGURES."
Belfast Paper.

The present House of Commons, says a contemporary, is a good team. If it isn't, we can't, for once, blame the Selection Committee.



Doctor. "YOU WOULD PROBABLY FEEL MUCH BETTER IF YOU HAD ALL YOUR TEETH OUT."
Patient. "YES, I SHOULD, DOCTOR. THIS LOT NEVER FITTED FROM THE DAY THEY WERE PUT IN."

THE NEW WOODS.

(Written after reading an article in a Decorating Magazine.)

THE tables and chairs of us old-fashioned folk
Are made of mahogany, walnut and oak,
For old-fashioned merchants did not catalogue any
Woods except walnut and oak and mahogany;
But modern young brides and their modern young spouses
Who set out to furnish their modernist houses
Can use, if they please,
For their beds and settees,
Their wardrobes and sideboards and items like these
The wood of a dozen delectable trees.

If I were still young and intending to marry
I'd furnish my bedroom in curly-grained karri,
And all the fine linen I'd brought in my dowry
Should live in a chest made of squirrel-brown kauri;
My maple-and-sycamore hall should adjoin a
Long dining-room panelled in mottled amboyna,
Where table and chairs would surprisingly ring a
Gay change with the delicate pink of bubinga;
Then up a wide staircase you'd idly meander,
And there in a boudoir of rich palisander
You'd see me, in front of a handsome piano
Of sombre padouk or exotic zebrano,
Performing the works of PUCCINI or HANDEL
On a stool of mabur—or perhaps coromandel.

So I think it's as well,
If the truth I must tell,
That we'd nothing to tempt us—we old-fashioned folk—
Excepting mahogany, walnut and oak. . . . JAN.

LETTERS TO AN EXILE.

DEAR ROONA,—In any survey of the origin and history of newspapers the investigator, I imagine, would eventually reach the wall and a piece of chalk. I mention this because a new kind of screever has arisen in London who, instead of drawing pictures—portraits, landscapes or salmon—provides comments on the affairs of the moment.

Unless he is snapped up by an editor, you will find him, when you return, on the City-side pavement of Trafalgar Square, under, at night, the biggest illuminated sign that London has yet seen: "BUY BRITISH." He is a witty fellow, and, just as the screever who makes pictures says, "All my own work," so does this satirist repudiate any assistance. The word "screever," by the way, which I cannot find in my dictionary, seems to describe one who scribbles in chalk more closely than one who sketches: an association with screed, I suppose.

This newcomer ought to do well, because, although to glance at a row of pavement pastels, which one takes in one's stride, so to speak, and to bestow no coin, is simple, it is indecent to stop and read all these stings and flings and then give nothing—unless, of course, one is oneself a humorous journalist, so-called, when jealousy has its rights.

As to buying British, there are problems. How will the French Polishers fare? May we eat French Beans or Swiss Rolls or provide ourselves with the source of Dutch Courage? What are those redolent shops called Italian Warehouses to do?

Meanwhile, shall we make it our new oath as well? "By British!" sounds more patriotic than "By Jingo!"

A propos of words and their meaning, I have just come upon an amusing misspelling of English in a French newspaper, which is, of course, the first place to look for such things. The writer, in giving a summary of the events which led to the formation of the National Party, said that the crisis began when the KING was hunting at "Malmoral." Did you ever see so much harm done by a change of initial letter? All the innocence of Deeside disappears and something very sinister takes its place. Malmoral! Malmaison is bad enough; but Malmoral goes deeper far into depravity.

As it chanced I was looking at the same time through a new French historical work by PIERRE DE LUZ, entitled *Henri V.*; HENRI V. being not the Roman Emperor of that style and not the English King and victor of Agincourt, but the son of CHARLES X. of France. He was born in 1820 and died in 1883, and was generally known as the Comte DE CHAMBORD. Well, in the course of his chequered career he came, in 1843, to England, with CHATEAUBRIAND as philosopher in attendance, and in a furnished house at 35, Belgrave Square, held what Court he could. He had first been to Edinburgh; and it is another mis-spelling of a Scotch name, due either to author or compositor, that I wish to point out.



THE ONLY HORIZONTAL.

"The length of his sojourn in this damp and depressing capitol was probably due," says the biographer, "to negotiations with Windsor"—as to the illustrious but rather embarrassing visitor's regal status. But where do you think the poor King lodged? "Close to the lugubrious Hollywood."

There is a fatality which mis-shapes the ends of all Englishmen who write about French men and places hardly less than that which dogs French authors; but at the moment I am concerned only with the French. The royal traveller, according to M. DE LUZ, visited also Drumlanrick and Glascow.

Another glimpse of France, more modern, I saw on the films the other evening, in one of the news gazettes: a scene which again turned the thoughts towards the continually recurring theme of inequality. It represented ST. HUBERT'S Day celebrations on the opening of the hunting season. Amid all the agitated animation of the meet stood the ecclesiastic and his fellow-ministrants calling down the blessing of Heaven on the hounds. But what, one could not help asking oneself—what of the deer? And more especially so since an antlered stag is ST. HUBERT'S emblem.

I know of nothing more difficult for an ageing man than to gauge the possibilities and probabilities of precocity. The farther one recedes from childhood the less can one estimate what children can do. Someone has sent me a letter written by a Scotch boy of twelve as a school exercise, the subject being remonstrance to a next-door neighbour on the tendency of his chickens to trespass. The boy in question began his communication thus:—

"I beg to inform you that your fowls are very energetic gardeners, and I also know from experience that their talons are fully developed, and they can with ease reduce a decent flower plot to a ploughed potato field. You must be in a state of unstable equilibrium mentally to allow such underfed specimens of poultry to roam about and ravage other people's gardens."

And this is the end:—

"The next time when I chase them, if they do not return in peace, they shall return in pieces."

It would be interesting to know how this infant will write when he is sixty.

I heard the other day a true story which throws a vivid ray of light on the collecting mania. "I have in my possession," wrote a lady to a well-known bibliographer, "a copy of the new illustrated edition of Mr. Kipling's stories. Two of the plates are upside down. Please tell me if, as I am told, this adds to the value of the book."

Yours, E. V. L.

Is Yugo-Slavia Over-Populated?

"An aeroplane has been chartered to carry a stork from Europe to Africa, says Reuter from Belgrade."—*Sunday Paper.*

"Exactly twelve months ago I offered my congratulations to Miss Katherine Plunket on her 110th birthday. To-day this lady is 111."—*Sir SIDNEY LOW in Sunday Paper.*

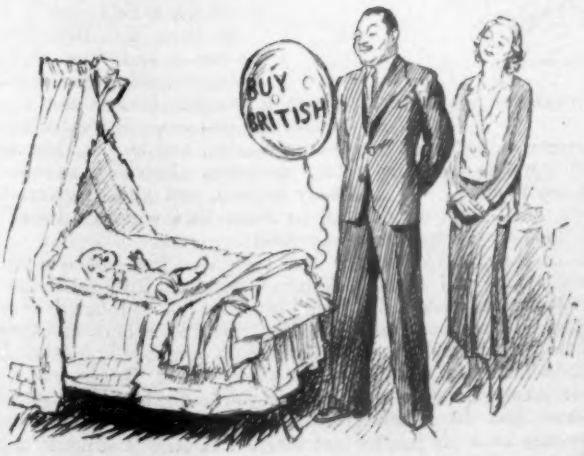
This statement should pass unchallenged by the mathematicians.













GETTING A KICK INTO THE MOVEMENT.

SIMPLE STORIES.

THE LIAR.

ONCE there was a young man called John Bitt who fell off a ladder through one of the rungs breaking while he was tying up a clematis for his aunt Mrs. Bitt. And it didn't seem to do him much harm and he ate quite a good lunch after it of steak-and-kidney pie and apple-dumpling and drank two glasses of lager beer which he and his aunt both liked, but after that he seemed to go all queer, and Mrs. Bitt was alarmed about it and thought it was her fault because of having a ladder with a rotten rung. So she called in the doctor, and he said he had never met a case like that before and didn't really know what to do about it, but John Bitt had better go to bed, which couldn't do him any harm, and they would hope for the best.

Well he did that, and after two days he seemed to be quite well again and went back to do his work in a bank, where they all liked him very much and the customers of the bank were quite fond of him because he always had something nice to say to them when they came to draw out their money, and if they wanted to draw out more than they had got he was never nasty about it but said better luck next time or something like that. And at first everything seemed to go all right, but that afternoon a hat and cap merchant called Mr. Figg came in and wanted to draw out twenty pounds, and as he only had about three pounds in the bank he didn't think there was any chance of getting away with it, as he had tried it on before and John Bitt had always been one too many for him.



"BUT AFTER THAT HE SEEMED TO GO ALL QUEER."

But this time John Bitt said oh certainly Mr. Figg, I was talking to the manager about you only this morning and he said you were to have as much money as you wanted so as to encourage the hat and cap trade, will you have it in large notes or small ones?

Well Mr. Figg was so surprised at this that he told his friend Mr. Streamline, who sold cheeses, and Mr. Streamline went to the bank and asked for thirty pounds, and John Bitt said certainly Mr. Streamline, I was talking to the manager about you only this morning and he said that you couldn't encourage a man who sold such good cheeses as you do too much. And he gave Mr. Cribble who came in soon afterwards fifty pounds because he said he had been talking to the manager about how well his suits fitted and the bank wished to mark its appreciation of having such a good tailor in the town.

Well of course it couldn't go on like that, and when the manager found out about it he was angry with John Bitt and asked him what on earth had come over him to tell so many lies.

And John Bitt said well I believe in being kind to people, it doesn't do you any harm and the bank has got plenty of money, even if you didn't say all the things I told them you did they have a much higher opinion of you than they had before.

And the manager said oh you are barmy and you can't go on being a bank-clerk here any more.

And John Bitt said I don't mind, I shall get just as good a job somewhere else, more in the open air, and he went to the Dominion Garage and said he knew how to drive a car and mend it if it went wrong and would they like to take him on? And they did take him on, because everybody liked him, but he had never driven a car in his life and didn't even know how to mend a puncture, so he only kept his job for about half-an-hour, and then he said well that is enough for one day, now I will go and look up Auntie.

So he did that, and Mrs. Bitt had already heard about his goings-on from the bank manager who often called in to have tea with her and would have liked to marry her if he hadn't had a wife of his own. So she said to John Bitt you do seem rather barmy and I think you had better come and live with me for the present as I have got enough money for both of us, you can feed the chickens and take the dog for walks and we can have nice evenings together listening to the wireless.

And John Bitt said thank you very much Auntie, I should like to do that for about a fortnight, it will be more comfortable than living in lodgings, but I have arranged to marry an heiress so I am afraid I shan't be able to stay with you longer than that.

And Mrs. Bitt said but I thought you were engaged to Mollie Convex, and he said so I am, an uncle of hers has just died in Australia and left her a million pounds.

Well it was an absolute lie, because Mollie Convex only had one uncle and he was a rather poor clergyman who had never been to Australia in his life, and besides he wasn't dead, so it was really about four lies in one, and Mrs. Bitt was quite horrified that John Bitt seemed to have lost all his moral sense. And she told him so, and he said I don't see it like that Auntie, I have been much happier since I took to telling what you call lies, and the fact is that I don't know the difference between truth and lies now unless somebody tells me, it all seems pretty much the same to me.

So then Mrs. Bitt thought he was a bad case and the doctor couldn't do anything about it because he was not a good doctor, he was more interested in collecting moths, and he only had about four medicines which he gave to everybody in turn, and he had given them all to John Bitt without doing him any good.

And then Mrs. Bitt talked to Mollie Convex about John Bitt and Mollie said well I love him just as much as ever, he is so thoughtful for others, and the sort of lies he tells don't really matter, as he is not a clergyman. By-the-by he told me that you had promised to give him a thousand pounds a year and we could get married at once, I suppose it isn't true is it?

And Mrs. Bitt said true? why I haven't *got* a thousand pounds a year.

And Mollie said no I thought not or you wouldn't live in the mingy way you do. Still it makes him happy to think it, and I dare say we shall be able to get married some time or other.

Well that was all very well, but the question was how John Bitt was to make enough money to get married on when all he was really good at was telling lies. And at first there didn't seem to be any way out of it, but presently a friend of Mrs. Bitt's who was the editor of a newspaper said to her I'll tell you what, I can't give him a job myself because my newspaper only tells the truth, but the editor of the opposite newspaper is a friend of mine in private life though we pretend not to be when we write about each other, I should think your nephew would just suit him and I will ask him if you like.

So he did that, and the other editor said they wanted new blood on his newspaper and he would be glad to give John Bitt a trial as a writer. And John Bitt was quite good at writing and enjoyed doing it. And people liked to read what he wrote because it was so interesting, and if it wasn't true they forgot all about it the next day and went on to something else.

So John Bitt earned plenty of money and married Mollie Convex and they were very happy together. And presently he learnt to tell the truth fairly well at home, as he could always work off his lies in the newspaper. And they were never nasty lies that he wrote, but what people liked reading, and he didn't know they were lies himself so he was very useful to the newspaper and they all prospered together. A. M.

THE NEW PERIL.

[Steps are to be taken by the Ministry of Agriculture to protect this country from the ravages of the Colorado Beetle—*Leptinotarsa decemlineata*—which has already made rapid advance over France and is "once more rousing anxiety in England."]

Up, Britons! Guard your native coast.
  Old England is in danger
Through the attentions of a most
  Unwelcome little stranger.
If you would serve your country well,
  Now is the time to aid her
While she takes counsel to repel
  This pitiless invader.

O'er the fair fertile fields of France,
  Through helpless dykes and hedges
His armies even now advance
  And tuck in to her veges.
To Calais he is drawing near,
  This Colorado rover;
And woe betide the farmer here
  If he arrives at Dover.

Picture the tearful onion's lot,
  The tender turnip's fate. Oh,
Think of the carrot; and, Great Scott!
  Pity the poor potato.
What pangs will grocers (green) endure
  If he our land should ravage;
There's not a plot will be secure
  From this relentless savage.

So, Britons, back the experts up
  Who take the rascal's measure
That you may lunch and dine and sup
  With your accustomed pleasure;
Who to this Bolshie set a bar,
  And fend off from our mat a
Low leveller, viz., *Leptinotarsa decemlineata*.

A. K.



"WHAT HAVEN'T YOU GOT?—BECAUSE I WANT SOME OF THAT."

Things Which Might Have Been Expressed Less Suggestively.

"The house of Commander J. F. —— was gutted by fire in the early hours of yesterday morning.

. . . Staying in the house at the time was Mr. ——, of the —— Match Supply Co."
Straits Paper.

"PLAY IN AID OF UTTOXETER GRAMMAR SCHOOL FUNDS.

. . . Miss —— made a roughish 'Kitty.'"
Staffordshire Paper.

Amateurs nearly always put on too much.



FELINE AMENITIES.

"DARLING, WHAT A CHARMING FROCK! BUT HAVEN'T YOU BEEN SITTING ON ONE OF YOUR HIPS?"

PROTECTION FOR PHYLLIS.

[Amongst the scheduled articles on which a fifty-per-cent anti-dumping duty is being levied are enumerated lipstick, rouge, grease-paint, lotions, shampoo-powder, powder-puffs, perfumery, cosmetics, etc., etc.]

Now praise we much the practised touch
  Of RUNCIMAN, whose bar
Descends on strings of various things
  Imported from afar;
On goods of glass and goods of brass
  And pottery of a tribe
That I for one am far too un-
  Domestic to describe.

But most of all that seem to call
  For my melodious songs
I count the ban that this good man
  Has placed on curling-tongs,
On cream and lard and paint and fard,
  On lipstick and on comb,
That, sent by fraud from spots abroad,
  Despoil our trade at home.

For now no rouge nor bright gamboge
  Shall make my Phyllis fair,
Nor one green tint that lacks the print
  Of England everywhere;
The livelier rose that comes and goes
  With each succeeding week
Shall issue not from alien pot
  To bloom upon her cheek.

Now more divine shall be the line
  Her darkened eyebrows trace
When they've been put with English
  soot
  On her most lovely face;
Britannia's care shampoos her hair,
  Dear heart! and when she braves
The heat that twirls her golden curls
  Britannia rules the waves!

So fair for me shall Phyllis be,
  My blue-eyed shepherdess,
Her carmine pout home-grown throughout,
  And now we'll turn not less
To save from harm her father's farm
  Which everyone admits
Requires a deal more active zeal
  Than toilet requisites. EVOE.

In a Good Cause.

Eighty-seven years ago, in 1844, the Shaftesbury Society (Ragged School Union) was founded by that great philanthropist, the seventh Earl of SHAFTESBURY. As early as 1846, when Mr. Punch was himself only a toddler of five years, he published an article in warm support of Lord SHAFTESBURY'S schemes for easing the hardships of the slum children of London. In the intervening years these schemes have been translated, by the efforts of many thousand workers and teachers, into a Society to which in Greater London 160 Missions are affiliated, varying in size from single rooms to large and well-equipped institutes.

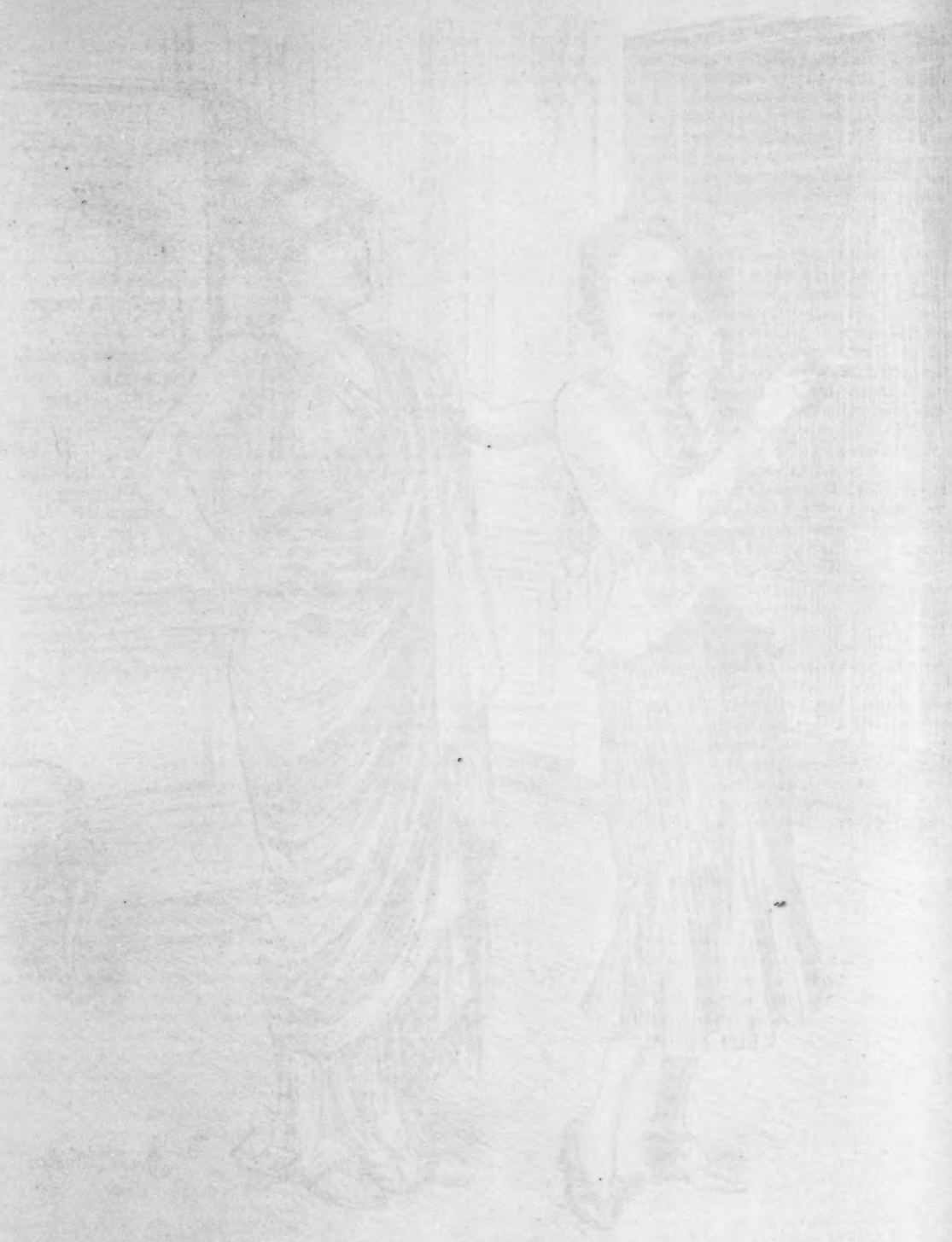
For over fifty years the Society has been responsible for taking children from the City for a sea or country holiday, and this movement has grown so much that as many as 11,000 holidays are now arranged each year. Other excellent aspects of its work are welfare branches for over 9,000 crippled children and young people; the Barefoot Mission, which provides huge quantities of boots and clothing; soup-kitchens for destitute children in times of exceptional distress; and the distribution of Christmas presents.

His abiding respect for Lord SHAFTESBURY and the knowledge that during the coming winter the calls upon the Society will be greater than ever make Mr. Punch feel certain that his readers will be glad to give it their support. Gifts in money or in kind and offers of service should be sent to the General Secretary, Mr. ARTHUR BLACK, John Kirk House, 32, John Street, Theobald's Road, London, W.C.1.



VANITY BEGINS AT HOME.

BRITANNIA. "WELL, MY DEAR, YOU CAN STILL LOOK BEAUTIFUL; BUT, IF YOU *MUST* USE THOSE AIDS TO LOVELINESS, BUY THEM BRITISH MADE."



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, November 23rd.—The House, ever ready to recognise sterling worth, cheered heartily when the new Vice-Chamberlain of the Household, Sir GEORGE PENNY, arrived, bringing the KING's thanks for the Address. Let us hope that Sir GEORGE, though by no means a bad PENNY, will keep turning up again.

Sir SAMUEL HOARE was able to assure various questioners that alike in Burma and Kashmir peace is beginning to resume her ancient melancholy reign. In both cases, he explained, new constitutions are a-budding, or at any rate under discussion.

Sir FREDERICK HALL wanted to know what was going to be done about the League of Nations' members that have not paid up. Sir FREDERICK'S front name, one gathers, would be Marble if *he* had the collecting of those missing dibs, but Mr. EDEN (not to be distinguished in spirit from that "other Eden, demi-Paradise") insisted that the position was "improving slightly." "I think for the moment we might leave it there," he added soothingly. In this Eden apparently no serpent rears its head.

The PRIME MINISTER reassured the fluttered Conservative dovecotes by telling Mr. BERNAYS that he hoped the House would have a chance to debate the work of the Indian Round Table Conference before it rose. Major ELLIOT, on the other hand, had no reassuring reply to make to Mr. LAMBERT, who disclosed that four or five hundred officials had been appointed under Part III. of the Finance Act, 1931 (the Land Tax provisions), and asked if the Government intended to suspend its operation.

Lieut.-Colonel FREMANTLE is not the only person who has missed the somewhat dilapidated but still useful pictures by which visitors to St. James's Park have for so long been enabled to identify the ornamental ducks. Mr. ORMSBY-GORE replied that the pictures had been removed to make room for superior duck portraits on glazed tiles, adding, however, that, unless some public benefactor stepped forward, the tiles could not be proceeded with. He did not explain why the Office of Works had gone off with the old pictures without getting on with the new.

The Expiring Laws Continuance Bill provided no topics for very acidulated discussion, though it gave Miss MARY PICKFORD the chance to make an excellent maiden speech on the subject of the employment of women and young persons in factories.

Major ATTLEE moved to omit the Dyestuffs Act, 1920, from the Bill—a formal gesture of internationalism that the Labour Party seems now to be committed to on all such occasions—and was supported by the still COBDEN-true Mr. HARRIS, of Bethnal Green. Mr. HORE-BELISHA tersely reminded the House that the Act had increased our production of synthetic dyes from nine to forty-two-and-a-half million pounds and decreased our imports from thirty-three to four million pounds.



"THE GOVERNMENT IS CONSIDERING . . ."
(*After* ROUIS'S "*Le Grand Penseur.*")



THE UNDER-SECRETARY BIRD SWOOPS DOWN ON THE INDIAN SNAKE.
LORD LOTHIAN.

Rent Restriction provided a more congenial topic. Mr. MAXTON'S Amendment to abolish the increase of Rent and Mortgage Interest (Restriction) Act of 1920 was the signal for a mild debate on Housing, in which Lord EUSTACE PERCY pointed out that the root of the evil was that high wages and profits exacted by the building industry were out of all proportion to the incomes of the people who had to live in the houses.

On Adjournment Mr. BUCHANAN raised the question of the recent dismissal of certain Naval ratings. Sir B. EYRES-MONSELL, in reply, made an eloquent appeal to the House of Commons and the country to "leave the Navy alone to deal with its own domestic difficulties."

Tuesday, November 24th.—Helm orders are helm orders, no matter what Party's hand controls the helm of State, and if foreign nations don't like our helm orders we have got to change them. Such was the gist of Lord STANHOPE'S remarks on moving the Second Reading of the Merchant Shipping (Safety and Load Line Conventions) Bill. Lord MERRIVALE vainly moved the rejection of the Bill, which, he said, involved mortal risks to a large number of men in the Merchant Service (whose views had, it was needless to say, been ignored).

A debate on terrorism in India initiated by Lord BRENTFORD was the occasion for some pretty plain speaking, and nobody spoke more plainly than Lord LOTHIAN, UNDER-SECRETARY FOR INDIA, who replied for the Government.

Lord LOTHIAN said moral pressure was all very well, but they could not rely on that alone when the lives of Indian officials were in daily danger. In the past three years one hundred-and-fifty terrorist crimes had been committed, and it was the duty of a civilised Government to take the most resolute action to protect its servants and the public against murder. While the police and officials went about their duties in danger of their lives the vernacular Press kept up a stream of incitement to violence, lauding murderers like BHAGAT SINGH as national heroes and exhorting others to follow their example.

Lord LOTHIAN assured the House that the Government would take all necessary measures to deal with the terrorist movement, and Lord BRENTFORD withdrew his motion, at the same time expressing the hope that before the House rose the UNDER-SECRETARY might be able to give them some further particulars.

The new House of Commons is slower on the uptake than some of its

predecessors. The PRESIDENT OF THE BOARD OF TRADE, answering Mr. LOUIS SMITH, said that his attention *had* been called to the importation into this country of Czecho-Slovakian and other gravestones. Several supplementaries followed, but no bright spirit thought of asking whether the gravestone of the Labour Party was not of foreign origin. Mr. TRAIN—Glasgow's only Parliamentary Train—nearly went off the rails through pressing a question about Scotland's contribution to the national revenue and its allocated share thereof. "I must warn my hon. friend," said the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, "that further investigations might not produce the result he desires." Evidently it behoves Glasgow to keep an eye on Aberdeen.

The Committee stage of what Mr. THOMAS calls the "Statue of Westminster" brought the lawyers into action, Mr. MARJORIBANKS and Sir THOMAS INSKIP both refraining with difficulty from saying "Me Lud" instead of "Mr. Speaker." Colonel GRETTON's attempt to amend the Bill so as to preclude by actual words the right of the Irish Free State to alter or amend the Irish Treaty, as it is called, was strongly opposed by Mr. THOMAS, who read a letter from President COSGRAVE affirming that they in Ireland regarded the Treaty as only alterable by consent. No amendment of the Statute, Mr. THOMAS justly pointed out, would make it more difficult for DE VALERA, if he came into power, to repudiate the Treaty.

Formidable arguments to the contrary, advanced by Mr. CHURCHILL, Lord HUGH CECIL and Colonel MOORE, were met by arguments equally cogent from Sir AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN, Mr. BOOTHBY and Mr. BALDWIN, and the House, accepting the sound advice of Mr. LOGAN, Labour Member for the Scotland Division of Liverpool, to follow Mr. BALDWIN'S statesmanlike lead, rejected the amendment by a majority of 300. The Bill was subsequently read a third time.

Wednesday, November 25th.—The great crowd of Peers and Commoners that gathered to witness the ceremony of introducing the LORD PRIVY SEAL, formerly Mr. PHILIP SNOWDEN but now Viscount SNOWDEN OF ICKORNSHAW, into the House of Lords was a more striking tribute to the achievements of that great little Yorkshireman than the mere fact of his ennoblement. Indeed, one could not help wondering, while watching the ceremony, how it all struck Lord SNOWDEN'S simple democratic fancy. Possibly he would still be plain Mr. SNOWDEN had not his last great political fight in the service of his country exhausted him to the point of leaving circumstances, and not his own vigorous personality, to dominate the last and least interesting phase of a career that has already made its contribution to history.



QUITE LIKE THE GOOD OLD TIMES.
ANOTHER INJUSTICE TO IRELAND.
MR. DEVLIN HAS A FLING.

Lord SNOWDEN did not remain to participate in a rather vague debate on Empire Economic Unity initiated by Lord ELIBANK and replied to for the Government by Lord STRATHCONA, with Lord PONSONBY in the rôle of inquisitive sceptic better convinced of Mr. THOMAS's powers of entertaining



JOSEPH TELLETH HIS DREAM.
SIR JOHN GILMOUR (Minister of Agriculture.)

the Canadians than of any good coming of his projected visit.

Questions about Manchuria in the Commons enabled the FOREIGN SECRETARY to chasten the ebullient Mr. BEVAN with the reminder that the Council of the League of Nations would "proceed on the basis of hearing both sides."

Debate on the Indian Pay (Temporary Abatements) Bill did not promise much, but it was the occasion for an extremely able speech by Sir REGINALD CRADDOCK, in which he opposed the Bill on the ground that while the Services in India were suffering pay cuts in addition to paying income-tax to the last penny many wealthy landowners in India paid neither income nor super-tax, and countless traders and others found means to evade the taxes that were due from them.

Mr. MAXTON moved that the Bill be read again in six months' time. Referring to the Rugby boy who had described Dr. TEMPLE as "a beast, but a just beast," he declared that this Bill was beastly and unjust to boot. Just or unjust, the House realised that here was one of those unpleasant measures that was not to be avoided, and on a Division Mr. MAXTON could only muster four stalwarts prepared to push their opposition to extremes.

Thursday, November 26th.—Second reading of the Statute of Westminster gave the Lords ample occasion alike to exercise their legal ingenuity and to proclaim their faith in mutual interest and goodwill as the best foundation for a commonwealth of British nations. Lords LLOYD and DANESFORT expressed some academic doubts in respect of the Irish Free State, but there was nothing that could be called opposition to the measure.

In the Commons there was a numerous attendance to hear what Sir JOHN GILMOUR, the Minister of Agriculture, had to say about the wheat quota and the proposed tax on luxury flowers, fruit and veges. Somehow Sir JOHN does not look like the sort of man one would expect to meet going down to posterity as the Farmer's Friend, but that is undoubtedly his fate.

The Labour Party had a little innings of its own on a motion of Mr. LAWSON, Labour Member for Chester-le-Street, calling for the annulment of the Regulations governing Transitional Benefit. The amenities of the occasion were somewhat marred by Mr. BEVAN, who roundly charged the PERCY family with having "thriven on brigandage." Captain BOURNE ruled such remarks as out of order, and humour was restored by Mr. LANSBURY recalling the "great precedent" of the allegations made on a memorable but distant occasion by Mr. LLOYD GEORGE against the CECILS.



FANCY PICTURE OF AN EMINENT POLITICIAN IN SEARCH OF A FORMULA, LEAVING NO STONE UNTURNED WHILE EXPLORING EVERY AVENUE.

THIS FREEDOM.

[To Daphne, with the sincerest sympathy, on the refusal of a hard-hearted County Council to grant her the permission for which she had apparently though unwittingly applied, to drive a steam-roller.]

How hard the modern maiden's lot,
What inhibitions crib and cabin it!
How oft what looks a wow has got,
When closely viewed, some hidden crab in it,
And in her sweetest cup, poor kid,
Surgit amari aliquid!

She seems, I grant it, to possess
Of liberty a certain measure,
And in deportment, speech and dress
To do her sovereign will and pleasure;
Yet many a path she fain would choose
Is barred by fatuous taboos.

On level terms all down the line
She's met the male and soundly licked him,
But chained and fettered still must pine,
Of man-made laws the unwilling victim;
And youth must still with helpless rage
Endure the tyranny of age.

She sows at will the wildest oats,
She swims the Bosphorus or the Channel,
Steers racing-cars or motor-boats,
Or hikes in shorts of purple flannel;
And, if she's nothing else to do,
She flies to China or Peru.

Yet nought her wounded pride can heal,
Nor trifles such as these console her:
Forbidden still to take the wheel
Of the impetuous steam-roller,
Freedom that such restrictions maim
Is nothing but an empty name.

FIRE FOR THE GENERAL.

GENERALS are not what they were. I mean, in the old days, when a rare and valuable officer like a General decided to inspect our barracks, we could usually ascertain whether he was the kind who wanted to find everything just right, or who wanted to find something just wrong, or wanted to see soldiers at work or at play, or not to see soldiers at all; and we could lay our plans accordingly. But nowadays we never know what they're going to do next. They're modern. They have inhibitions, complexes and repressions. Most difficult people.

We were inspected the other day by General Sir Spurde Feele-Boote. He, we at once found, possessed a fire-complex of such virulence that he should have been under treatment by a pyro-psycho-analyst. He buzzed round and round the barrack fire-station like a fan round a film-star and patted lengths of hose and insisted on having "C" Block's hydrant tested (total bag: a quart of rusty water, three dead newts and what looked like one of Private Barrel's socks), with the result that by the time we had got to the Headquarter Offices we were all on the jump if anyone struck a match fifty yards away.

The Headquarter Offices is a big block, full of offices, officers, office-clerks, orderlies and enough military documents and files to organise a paper-chase from Havershot to John o' Groats—which wouldn't have been a bad thing to do with them either. Here the General went into the matter of Fire Orders. He looked all round the Adjutant's office and said suddenly, "What would you do if you had a fire here now?"

"Try to put it out, Sir?" replied the Adjutant briskly.

For a moment it looked like being a pretty close thing for the Adjutant. Luckily he was able to explain that all instructions about fires began with that exhortation—ever since Private Butt, who is not so bright, spent a precious ten minutes trying to get through to the barrack fire-brigade office on a defective telephone, while what had begun as a small smoulder developed into a big bright blaze.

"In the event of fire in this building," began the General again slowly, with the air of one using two-syllable words

to a backward child, "in what manner do you warn others?"

The Adjutant cast a helpless glance round to see if he could see any Fire Orders anywhere, then pulled himself together and showed a flash of those qualities that had enabled him to remain for two years as Adjutant to a human detonation like Colonel Howitzer.

"I instantly tell the orderly officer to deal with the situation, Sir, while"—he coughed modestly—"I save the confidential files."

At this point Lieutenant Holster began to sidle out of the door. Lieutenant Holster was orderly officer. He too soon gave us reason to be proud of what the manual calls the resource and initiative of junior officers; for, detected by the Adjutant and questioned by the General, he explained that the Orderly Officer at once informed the R.S.M. (who at the moment was just outside the door) to take the necessary steps.

"What steps?" asked the General.

Holster choked back the obvious answer, "Pretty quick ones," and said, "Steps to warn those in the building to get out, Sir."

"Well, man, what steps are those?" pursued the General, who, had it been a round game and he not a General, would have been considered to be losing all along the line. "Have them taken now."

With a sigh of relief Holster summoned the R.S.M., who entered, saluted like a whole march past and, as good R.S.M.'s will, practically took charge of the proceedings.

"The alarm, Sir," he said benignly, "is given by blowing a whistle kept handy in the office." He half-closed his eyes and adopted a recitative tone. "On - hearing - repeated - loud - shrill - blasts - on - a - whistle - indicative - of - a - discovery-of-fire-all - troops-within-ear-shot . . . ."

When I tell you that at this point the General interjected, "Where is the whistle?" you 'll see what we were up against.

The R.S.M., however, is a great man. With the air of one humouring a child he unhooked a whistle from a nail on the wall, saluted and handed it to Holster, who saluted and handed it to the Adjutant, who, to tell the truth, had often wondered what the blazes it was there for anyway. He displayed it to the General, and that, we thought, should have settled the matter.

Unfortunately it didn't. As I said, you never know where you are with the modern General. He reached across, took it and blew into it. . . .

Nothing happened. Not even—unfortunately—to the whistle. He blew again. Still nothing, except a slight reddening of the imperial face. The whistle seemed to be merely a blank, possibly for ceremonial purposes. The Adjutant had a go and then passed it to Holster. Holster, however, with the simple faith of a young subaltern in an experienced warrant-officer, simply handed it to the R.S.M.



The Professor. "WELL, I THINK THAT SHOULD BE OF CONSIDERABLE INTEREST TO THE ARCHÆOLOGICAL SOCIETY."

The R.S.M. blew sharply into it. It gave an eerie sort of death-rattle, which was an advance on its previous form, but as a warning signal just a mess. Anyone within earshot would have been more frightened of the whistle than the fire. But an R.S.M. is of course unconquerable. He took it from his mouth, gave it a look before which even sergeants have quailed and put it back. This time he didn't just blow; he BLEW.

The death-rattle broke to a gurgle, what appeared to be a plug of army blanket shot out of the whistle and cracked a picture on the wall, and a blast like the Penzance Express passing a wayside station lifted our caps from our heads and burst open the windows. The Adjutant grabbed at the papers on his desk; Holster nearly burst into tears. The General said something in Hindustani. The R.S.M. shook the whistle, wiped it on a khaki silk handkerchief and returned it modestly to the General.

"It seems all right now, Sir," he said simply.

The whistle may have been all right. Nothing else was. For where the General had expected a rush of feet, bugle-calls and all the well-organised *ra et vient* of a false fire-alarm, nothing but a deathly silence still pervaded the office block, broken at last by Private O'Jector's voice from the orderlies' room next-door remarking to Private Pullthrough, "And what the divil was that?"

The Adjutant took the whistle and blew a commanding series of what the R.S.M. would have called "repeated-loud-shrill-blasts." A few repeated loud blasts answered him from the orderlies' room, coupled with a malediction on "them kids playing in the road outside."

The R.S.M., about to sally forth and uphold the honour of the regiment, was restrained by the General, who in ominous tones asked, "And if the whistle is unheeded, what further steps are taken?"

The Adjutant now recollected the gist of the orders he had drafted some two years before and said, "One calls 'Fire!' Sir."

"Fire!" called the General, determined to get to the bottom of this. He repeated it; then he went to the door and again shouted "Fire!" very loudly several times, just as if he were repelling a hostile attack in the trenches. Nothing happened. We felt miserably that perhaps he ought to have waited till he could see the whites of their eyes.

We did not think the situation could possibly have become worse, but it did.

From the orderlies' room next-door appeared suddenly Private Pullthrough. In one hand he held some crumpled newspaper and a bundle of kindling, in the other a coal-scuttle.

"Just coming, Sir," he said affably. "I'll have it relaid and going in a minute."

True, it had been a chilly spring day, but after that it got very hot. If the General keeps a black list of battalions in his command we must now be so high up as to be somewhere on the preceding page.

A. A.



"GREAT INTEREST WAS SHOWN AT THE OPENING OF THE NEW VILLAGE INSTITUTE AT LITTLE ISSEY, WHICH HAS BEEN BUILT AND PRESENTED BY SIR TIMOTHY WEAZEL, M.P., IN THE FRESCOES REPRESENTING 'RURAL LIFE,' CARRIED OUT BY HIS DAUGHTER, MISS WINIFRED WEAZEL."

AT THE PLAY.

"THE UNQUIET SPIRIT"
(WESTMINSTER).

THIS is a variation on a theme of MAETERLINCK'S—two souls sundered by fate restlessly groping after each other. It is a translation by JOHN LESLIE FRITH of JEAN-JACQUES BERNARD'S *L'Ame en peine*. The Maeterlinckian pale wan mysticism always, I am afraid, rouses my worst instincts; but I summon my fairmindedness to give it unprejudiced attention.

The play is interesting, almost moving, and I think a certain lack of conviction is due rather to not very discreet casting than to M. BERNARD'S material. The translator too has chosen rather over-conscientiously to employ a robust Anglo-Saxom idiom which doesn't fit very easily the obviously Latin psychology of the characters.

Marceline (Miss GILLIAN SCAIFE) has chosen to drag her husband, *Philip* (Mr. P. KYNASTON REEVES), a distinguished and (*ex hypothesi*) dull engineer, to St. Jean de Luz towards the end of their honeymoon. "Why?" asks he. "I don't know; something compelled me." "Is it not the memory of some former romance?" asks her sympathetic brother, *Robert* (Mr. DENYS BLAKELOCK), who knows a thing or two about her. "And are you happy? You know you always liked dark men. Philip is a blonde." . . . And towards the end of the scene a dark gentleman in a dark uniform arrives to bury himself in the *Echo de Paris* before giving us time to realise whether he was the hall-porter, the man from COOK'S or an under-lieutenant of the Navy. His name (the programme informs us) was *Antoine*. The curtain falls.

Information gathered: *Philip* is worthy and kind, and Mr. REEVES most conscientiously makes him unattractive enough to be quite infuriating to a highly temperamental heroine.

Two years later, in a public garden in Paris with a vague Maeterlinckian background of trees (an attractive setting by Miss MOLLY MACARTHUR), *Antoine* is discussing his unsatisfactory career with his friend *Lemesle* (Mr. GEOFFREY TOONE). He has just got the sack from the Crédit Lyonnais. He has no savings and no prospects. But his heart is filled with a great hope. He is also about to break with his mistress. Two months with her is as much as he has been able to bear—which surprises us rather when we see the young woman (most charmingly played by Miss CATHERINA FERRAZ, who has both fire and repose). *Marceline* enters to talk to her baby's nurse. She is (as usual) conscious of some compelling force. But she and *Antoine*, naturally, do not recognise each other, nor do we as yet fully grasp the pattern of the piece. Enters a beautifully-dressed young man who proposes an opium-party *à deux* to the unhappy *Marceline*, which she accepts among other things.



IN DARKEST PARIS.

Lemesle (*Mr. GEOFFREY TOONE*) *to Marceline* (*Miss GILLIAN SCAIFE*). "WHAT ABOUT A SPOT OF OPIUM TO DISPEL THE GENERAL GLOOM?"

Several years later. *Philip's* flat. A separation between patient husband and distracted wife is impending. Brother *Robert* is called in to hear the not unexpected news that *Marceline* has been progressively unfaithful and



THE UNQUIET WIFE.

Philip . . . . Mr. P. KYNASTON REEVES.
Marceline . . Miss GILLIAN SCAIFE.

difficult, and agrees that the separation is inevitable.

In this scene the fourth wall of the house is supposed to be solid but transparent. A figure passes, tottering, tattered, emaciated by hunger and cold. He leans wearily against the wall. From within *Marceline* is drawn irresistibly towards the wall at the place where the doomed figure stands without. No illumination is vouchsafed to the suffering woman; she only feels the mysterious influence that has been so long pursuing her, that has broken her life in pieces. She bids her husband open the door and across the threshold falls the tortured wanderer—dead.

This, then, at last is the moment of illumination. And with a cry *Marceline* dies in the arms of her long-suffering husband. It is a strange obscure tragedy, with danger-points which the discretion of the players contrived to pass. But the burden of the part of *Marceline* seemed too heavy for Miss GILLIAN SCAIFE. It was difficult for us not to be a little impatient with the sufferer, as no doubt it would have been difficult in real life for anyone who had not the key to her fate. But it was her business to make us agonise with her without criticism, to make us understand her as a soul tortured by fate rather than as the uncontrolled and tiresome invalid she appeared. It wasn't exactly depth that was lacking—but tact.

Mr. RICHARD SOUTHERN'S *Antoine* was a tragic figure, imaginatively interpreted, but he had the easier task. An interesting if not entirely satisfactory presentation of a difficult and delicate essay in intangibles. T.

THE UNEARNED INCOME.

A SUGGESTION FROM INDIA.

THE following letter, which I have just received from my old bearer, Fusaldar, in India, will, I am sure, be read with interest by elderly citizens subsisting, like myself, on so-called unearned incomes. Fusaldar writes as follows:—

"I am grieved and pained to depth of heart with tale of taxation of unearned income that Babu is telling me. Here in this place there is much trouble with political wallah and other bad business, but nothing like same story of torture of Babu is telling me of goings on in Blighty. I am hearing of Master and all other poor old Sahib for Blighty reduced to misery and terror on account of Chancellor of Exchequer Sahib doing the fearful draw on his unearned income. Every day Chancellor of Exchequer Sahib is screwing more taxation and more taxation and leaving victim bereft of all hope for making the ends meet with all that is left of the unearned income.

"His old Fusaldar is well knowing Master will obey it the law unto last gasp of his unearned income for benefit of country. But this sort of thing cannot go on. Day and night there will be more screw and fewer income. I am therefore racking the brain for finding method for salvation of Master. Now I am presenting for consideration result of painful cogitation. I am assuring



Plumber (with dignity, as the lady of the house interrupts his work). "AFORE YOU SPEAKS, MUM, I'LL TELL YOU I KNOWS ALL THE JOKES CONCERNIN' MY PERFESSION. I'VE GOT ALL ME TOOLS 'ERE—I REMAINS TILL I'VE LOCATED THE LEAKAGE —I AIN'T GOIN' BACK FER NOTHIN' AND I AIN'T GOT NO MATE."

Lady. "BUT THERE'S NOTHING THE MATTER HERE. YOU'VE COME TO THE WRONG HOUSE."

Master this is last hope for preserving comfort of life without doing absolute illegal bunk.

"I am proposing Master will forthwith collect complete remainder of all unearned income and put it in a bag. Then Master will engage big lawyer Babu for prepare it the grand petition. Here will be set down awful legal words of solemn agreement same like as follows:—'I am herewith handing over plain and visible bag of inside of which is all my earthly money that will be for ever and ever property of Chancellor of Exchequer Sahib. This I am do in sober senses in consideration of Chancellor of Exchequer Sahib will take full charge of future life of me and all appertaining requirement for maintaining peace and comfort and warm clothes for cold weather. And after these things are accomplished all profit left over will remain for Chancellor of Exchequer Sahib for benefit of country. And I am attaching full list of all things needful for health of body and peace of customary life to be taken as part and parcel of herewith petition.'

"Now I am warning Master for make it full complete list of all body necessity. I am reminding there is warm drawer for cold old legs of Master and small whisky peg for make it sleep, with many more small detail thing, same like hot-water-bottle for cold weather bed. Plenty shirt must have Master for place of such that will never come back from washer man.

"When all will be ready Master will hire the tumtum and make track for bungalow of Chancellor of Exchequer Sahib and will plump on table with bag and petition and await helpful consequence. And I am always praying for Master."

It is interesting to speculate on what would happen if I should walk into the Treasury some fine morning and "plump on table with bag and petition."

THE SCOTTISH SEASON.

SOCIETY has sworn to play
This winter in its native islands
And charm superfluous flesh away
By exercising in the Highlands.
What shall we think in Corrie Dhu
Of beauties through the birches bounding,
While red and blue
And every hue
The jerseys light the Larig Gru
And yodels on Ben More are sounding?

Yet Sassenachs must pay their bills;
And, though at first we may be nervous
At having our eternal hills
Devoted to this social service,
We'll suffer anything you please
If those who steer the swift toboggan
And glide on skis
Will bring bawbees
And spend them on our village teas
At Inverbreeks and Kinlochlogan.

W. H. O.

BLURBS.

BLURBS are the brief indications of the contents of books which you usually find printed on the flap of the jacket tucked inside the front cover. Sometimes they are written by the author, but more often by the publisher. Publishers have great faith in blurbs, and it certainly is true that a great many more books are sold now than in the days when there were no book-jackets and therefore no blurbs.

I do not know who first called blurbs blurbs, but he was incontestably a person of sound judgment, because obviously that is what they are, and it would be unthinkable to call them anything else. Blurbs are blurbs.

It is interesting to watch the development of blurbs, which are continually changing in style owing to evolution and the growth of competition among publishers. In dealing with this branch of the subject it is necessary to give examples. For obvious reasons I cannot quote real blurbs of real books, still less real blurbs of imaginary books. I am therefore obliged to offer the reader imaginary blurbs of real books, which he may (if need be) identify from the footnotes. He knows them all.

There is, for instance, the Blurb Conservative, which is still to some extent in use, especially among the older houses and at the University Presses:—

"The author was a pioneer in this branch of knowledge and his work has been carefully revised and brought thoroughly up to date. In addition to all that the reader will expect to find in a manual of this kind, the book includes a unique and invaluable collection of notes, which no student can afford to ignore, except at his peril. 'Anyone who makes himself master of this work,' said a famous professor to his students, 'will go far.'"[1]

But that was not good enough for an age of popular journalism with its stress on "human interest," and we soon had in all its glowing fervour the Blurb Emotional, which is still common enough:—

"Here we have the true fecundity of genius—a work more crowded with portraits than FRITH'S famous picture of 'Derby Day,' and yet every character in it is a human document. Not since the days of DICKENS, perhaps not even then, has such a living gallery of extraordinary people been presented within the covers of a single book. With marvellous economy of words are they sketched for us, but such is the power of the portraiture that we feel we know all about each one, even to his haunts as a child and his recreations as a man."[2]

Came (as they used to say in the sub-titles, those blurbs of the silent film)—came the stupendous vogue of the detective story and the renaissance of the spirit of inquiry. With it arrived the Blurb Enigmatical:—

"Not in the least the sort of person to be involved in the clutches of the law! So you would say of the central figure of this book—really the last man you would suspect! Yet what was this note that he had written in an unguarded moment: four words only, looking innocent enough, but shown (in a tense trial scene) to be of most sinister import? It was a slip of the kind which has hanged many criminals. You will follow with bated breath his progress to prison walls. Was he really guilty? This is a thriller of a really original kind."[3]

Lately the blurb has shown signs of going full circle. It is returning to brevity, but (under the influence of American cinema publicity) brevity with a punch. We have the Blurb Ejaculatory:—

"Amazing blend of broad comedy—desperate thrills—quaint types—religious fervour!

"There's red blood in this racy rough-hewn epic of a passionate adventure!"[4]

I should like to add that the blurb on the jacket of my own forthcoming book was not written by me: it was written by the publisher. It belongs to Class Three.

[1] *Bradshaw's Railway Guide.*
[2] *Who's Who.*
[3] *Pickwick.*
[4] *Pilgrim's Progress.*

THE MUFFIN-MAN.

[The entire or partial disappearance of muffins and the muffin-man is a matter of present discussion.]

DULL was the afternoon, the time November;
I sat alone and let my fancies brood
While murmuring, "I remember, I remember,"
As people do when in that kind of mood;
I dreamed of catches that I hadn't caught, of
Old stabbing snubs, of legacies I'd missed,
Of repartees, alas, too lately thought of,
And girls who'd turned me down, a lengthy list.

Though at my best a cheerful soul and sprightly,
As you'll have gathered, things were far from well,
When round the corner—did I hear it rightly?—
Floated the tinkle of a tiny bell;
And there, in all his old half-ghostly splendour,
O pale survivor of an earlier day—
Came ringing down the street a muffin vendor,
White, with miraculously-balanced tray.

O muffin-man, clad all in snowy cotton,
Whose angel shape stole on us like a song
Out of the dusk in days well-nigh forgotten
On Thursday afternoons, unless I'm wrong;
O dear to adults and by children cherished,
Autumnal visitant of that glad past,
I thought that you and all your kind had perished,
And here you are again. Are you the last?

Are you unique, a thing without a rival,
Like the last dodo left to moult alone?
Are you the herald of a new revival?
Will others follow when the way is shown?
Our winter streets have long been dull without you;
Our winter teas are something drear and cold;
There was romance in those old days about you;
Men shun the muffin nowadays, I'm told.

Listen, O people, while I sound the trumpet
For this good man and his attractive ware;
Not that I bother much about the crumpet;
That you can do without, for all I care;
But for his pride, the crisp and crusted muffin,
Hot, ay, but easy—buttered, but genteel—
Long were the day for one to say enough in
Praise of that adjunct to our lighter meal.

So, friend, pass on. And may your tray be emptied
With expedition; may you come again;
In me you see a man remote, untempted;
I know not butter, wherefore I refrain.
Mine is a life of stern unbending rigour;
Oh, man of muffins, what it is to be
Keen, as I am just now, about one's figure;
I may not yield—well, at the outside, three.

DUM-DUM.



THE CHARLEY WATCHES;

OR, THE C.I.D. IN 1830 BEFORE FLOOD-LIGHTING.



ONE o'clock and a frosty night!
And the blue coke-flame in the cresset quivers,
And a homeless man would be glad to light
On any bed—were it but the river's;
For jobs are few and the sinews slack
And hope as numb as the heart is chilly;
Will it end with a leap that 'll break, alack!
The pool that 's black and the water stilly?



Two o'clock and the ice is come!
And the dandy topers too full of tipple
In a hackney-carriage go roaring home
Beyond the bridge and the river's ripple;
Small heed they give to a man's accost,
Too soon to fill with their own remorses—
The love of a woman they snatched and lost,
Or a fiver tost to the fickle horses.



Three o'clock and the pools are froze!
And the blind street-hawker goes homeward tapping,
And the wheels are still and the lamplight shows
Against the wharfage the waters lapping;
And thieves are busy where no light flares,
And silent rovers beset the thievers
About the wharves and the river-stairs
To rake the lairs of the inland reivers.

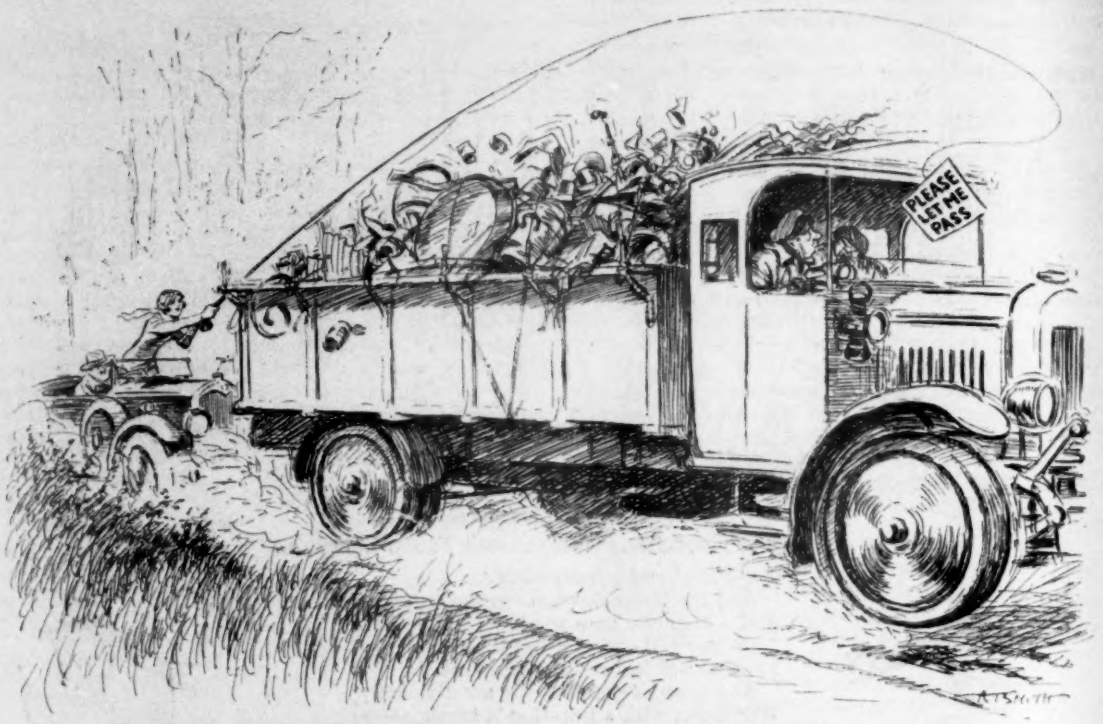


Four o'clock and the pools are set!
As the waggons rumble to Covent Garden,
With horses steaming from coats of sweat
And wheels that splinter the pools that harden.
Some rustic woman now wakes to rue
The home she left and the straw-wove litter
For gauds and guineas and men untrue—
A moth that flew to the London glitter.



Five o'clock and the frost is black!
And a thief goes by and a Charley follows
With a noiseless foot on the felon's track
As wave dogs wave in the dark arch-hollows;
And cocks awake as the day steals in,
While, unrelenting and unforgiving,
At peep of day must the fight begin
For man to win or to lose his living.

Ernest H. Shepard



OUR COMPLEAT MOTORIST MAKES A HAPPY CAST.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

FROM ERRAND-BOY TO ARTIST.

MR. R. H. MOTTRAM'S delightful and original study of *John Crome of Norwich* (LANE, 12/6) is at once more and less than a critical biography. Seldom has a famous painter been treated to less appraisement of the auctioneering cast; still more seldom has the atmosphere in which he became what he was been more sensitively discerned. The book's omissions are striking. There is only one reproduction of a picture by CROME, and that is reproduced because by unique exception it contains groups of figures. Instead we have four portraits of the artist (OPIE'S and COTMAN'S among them) and views of his Norwich ranging from a contemporary oil-painting of his birthplace to a modern photograph of his windmill. Mr. MOTTRAM is out to prove that CROME is important because he was provincial, the perfectly contented citizen of eighteenth-century Norwich—a city extraordinarily isolated in space and temper, yet a city so cultivated that its painter never sold or needed to sell many pictures outside it in his lifetime. Undoubtedly he bartered his canvases against a wine-bill or so and supplemented his income by teaching the young GURNEYS—ELIZABETH FRY among them. But his career as an artist was short. Surgeon's errand-boy, coach-painter, sign-painter, he was still painting signs in 1803, and he died in 1821. Mr. MOTTRAM sees in CROME'S immunity from "education," an advantage only just less great than his inheritance of Norwich—thatched inns, wherries, Mousehold Heath and all. And I think Mr. MOTTRAM is right.

SEA BATTLES.

His subject being the work of the destroyers in the War, "TAFFRAIL"—himself a distinguished destroyer officer—could scarcely have chosen a better title than *Endless Story* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON, 21/-). For the material from which his admirable book is drawn is a continuation of the gallant deeds of that long line of sea captains of the past who have so arduously, so devotedly built up the traditions of the Royal Navy. All the glamour, all the high adventure of war is between its covers, as well as its monotony and its irremediable wreckage. Those urgent, stabbing night actions in the Dover Straits, that desperate game of blind man's buff which was the destroyers' share of Jutland, the almost incredible mixture of cool precision and frightful hazard which made Zeebrugge the finest feat of arms in Naval history, are all recorded, together with the icy misery of winter gales and the imminence of death from mine, torpedo or shipwreck. The Navy's work at the Dardanelles, its never-ceasing war with the U-boat, every activity in the Seven Seas are described with a clarity as valuable as it is rare. An appendix gives the name and a short specification of all destroyers that were afloat during the War, arranged in their various classes. It is a pity that the line drawings in the text fall so far below the standard set by Mr. CHARLES PEARS in his excellent frontispiece.

THE PRIMROSE WAY.

Between the days of that first Ladas, who started in the Derby of 1869 at odds of 66 to 1 and finished last, incidentally occasioning his ambitious owner's being sent down from Oxford, and the second Ladas, who won the same classic event amid scenes of unexampled enthusiasm, there stretched twenty-five years of rough-and-tumble politics—Home Rule and Egypt and again Home Rule—which had, surprisingly as it seemed, turned the adventurous undergraduate into an incidental Prime Minister. In his very brilliant biography, *Lord Rosebery* (MURRAY, 42/-), the

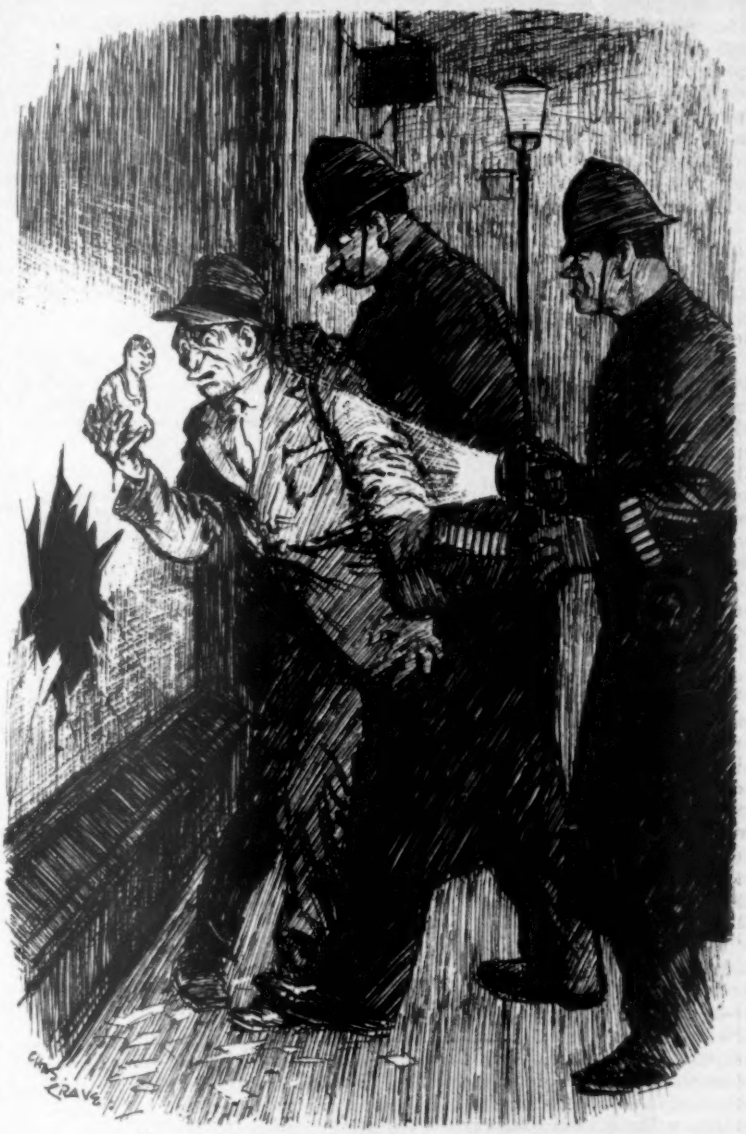
Marquess of CREWE tries hard, with skill and sympathy and not a little help from Mr. Punch, to render the most enigmatic figure of modern English Parliamentary history into terms that may be understood by readers of newspapers who think without too much refining that a politician should either be a politician or not. In the end he makes his hero brilliant, versatile, witty, literary, spiritual, sporting—almost any good thing you please—and far more lovable than has been ordinarily conceived, but certainly not intelligible. The possession of almost unequalled powers of oratory in conjunction with a sense of humour and a natural distaste for political life remains insufficient to explain his silences and his withdrawals. Perhaps after all the times were out of joint and he cursedly spited. Lord CREWE'S book, though it places Lord ROSEBERY high in statesmanship and patriotic wisdom, most of all in the sphere of sane Imperial development, falls short (gaining, I think, in literary value for the failure) of a complete solution of the personal problem.

A POISON CASE.

There is no clinching reason why Mr. STEPHEN MCKENNA should not introduce a working scheme for the abolition of capital punishment as the motive of a "thriller." Yet *Beyond Hell* (CHAPMAN AND HALL, 7/6) is unsatisfactory precisely for this reason—that it seems to promise genuine if incidental light on a genuine problem and ends by sacrificing the problem to its sensational apparatus. The trouble with murderers when you come to classify and dispose of them is that some are professionals and some the merest amateurs. *Tony Druid* (I never got quite hardened to his patronymic's suggestion of mistletoe) was of the latter class. True, he poisoned the seducer of his one-time *fiancée*, *Clare Frensham*, with considerable dexterity. But he was a medical student and his use of a poison unknown to the average *répertoire* was his undoing. He found himself on Sunday Island, that pleasant if remote spot in the South Seas to which the international humanity of 1940 consigned its murderers; and shortly afterwards his old tutor, *Professor Dixon*, accompanied by *Clare* herself, turned up to investigate the working of the system. It is the obvious absurdity of the system that queers Mr. MCKENNA'S pitch; a large measure of ostensible liberty, with scientific surveillance *à la* JULES VERNE and brutal punishments for the recalcitrant. The inevitable mutiny, taken by itself, is as exciting a page of fiction as I could wish to encounter. The prologue and epilogue are considerably enlivened by clever characterisation; but the one strikes me as promising too much and the other as performing too little.

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF MIRIAM.

I wish I had had the pleasure of reading the whole of Miss DOROTHY RICHARDSON'S "Pilgrimage" series, of which *Dawn's Left Hand* (DUCKWORTH, 7/6) is the latest "Chapter-volume." I might then have been able to give a clearer idea of *Miriam*; but I am not very sure about this, for I fancy it would in any case be as difficult to describe her as it is to tell the character of one's most intimate friends to acquaintances. To me (I stress the pronoun, because I am writing in ignorance of the earlier books) she is a mysterious and elusive person, and yet the author has so quickened her that I never, from the first opening of the covers, felt that I was reading a book, but rather that I was an intruder in the presence of someone remote only by reason of her private affairs, intimate because of her awareness of life and her capacity for clarifying and sharing her thoughts about it. There are scarcely any events in the chapter,



Patriotic Smash-and-Grab Man. "WELL, I'VE CUT ME 'AND; I'M PINCHED—AN' THE BUDDY THING AIN'T EVEN BRITISH!"

which is purely an adventure in thought. *Miriam* meets a few people, talks to a few people, remembers a few people and many places, but all her recollections are true and lovely, as, for instance, this: "It was strange to have no childhood memory of spring; nothing in memory but summer in full blaze, so that even the remembered sight of anemones in woods and of cowslip balls tossed from sister to sister, crushed, giving out their small warm scent, were surrounded not by a spring scene but by summer in full bloom." The book is one to read with thankfulness over and over again.

SIXTEEN TELLERS, ONE TALE.

In the introduction to *The Fothergill Omnibus* (EYRE AND SPOTTISWOODE, 8/6) the editor writes: "Some years ago a plot came into my head, and it became a habit of mine to ask authors to write it into a story." Here is the plot: "A man gets into correspondence with a woman he doesn't know and finds romance in it. Then he sees a girl, falls in love with her in the ordinary way, marries her and drops the academic correspondence. Happiness, then friction. He writes again to the unknown woman and finds consolation till by an accident it is discovered that the married couple are writing to one another." Now, as Mr. GERALD GOULD points out in the preface, "technical difficulties leap to the eye," but in spite of this and although most of the correspondents are allowed to have typewriters or to be ambidextrous, Mr. FOTHERGILL's collection is free from monotony. Mr. GERALD BULLETT has written a story of Xanadu; Miss MARGARET KENNEDY in avoiding the present also avoids mechanical aid, and Miss REBECCA WEST leaves the plot alone until she is nearly at the end of her long story. I think the best in the book, possibly because it is happier than most of the others, is Mr. EDWARD SHANKS' "Variation," but his level is nearly reached by Miss HELEN SIMPSON, Mr. G. K. CHESTERTON and Mr. J. C. SQUIRE. Undergraduates, schoolboys, mediums, clerks and agents are among the heroes of a book which is interesting not only as an experiment but because it contains at least sixteen really first-class stories.



Mr. Bullion. "YES, I THINK IT'S QUITE GOOD OF ME; BUT OF COURSE IT'S TOO SMALL. NOW CAN YOU TELL ME A GOOD PLACE WHERE I CAN GET IT ENLARGED?"

A DEAF HEROINE.

It is perhaps worth noting, as one of the minor curiosities of literature, that whereas the novelists and dramatists always accord to blindness its proper tragic status, they most often treat the deaf as figures of fun. Yet it is a moot point which of the two afflictions is the more grievous. Mrs. LORNA REA does not subscribe to that heartless anomaly; nevertheless it is not as tragedy that she envisages the deafness of her charming young *Clare Pembridge, The Happy Prisoner* (HEINEMANN, 5/-). Losing her hearing at the age of thirteen, *Clare* withdraws into an ideal world of her own where everything is *couleur de rose*. The friends of her family are all, to her, brilliant, wise and high-minded; such fragments of their talk as come to her are beautifully translated. She is content, and it is not until, at nineteen, she meets *Noel Carstairs*, a young politician with a future, that she begins to desire more actual contacts. *Noel* also desires them for her and, being accustomed to his own way, accomplishes her cure and marries her out of hand. Then comes *Clare's* disillusionment. She discovers that there are basenesses and stupidities in the world of which she had not dreamed, and that even her wonderful *Noel* has feet of clay. When, after a year, with the coming of her baby comes a renewal of deafness, she is quite happy to return to her old fairyland. Mrs. REA has written a singularly delicate and appealing little story.

DELICATE ESSAYS.

Offerings to Friends (COUNTRY LIFE, 7/6) is happily named, for all of these essays are dedicated either to the memory of Mr. ANTONIO DE NAVARRO's friends or to those who are living. In selection of subject Mr. DE NAVARRO has spread his net so far and wide that it is no easy task to pick out the gems of his collection. But to my mind "Keep My Memory Green," which is dedicated to LEONARD BORWICK, is perfect both in its reticence and its revelation. Over and over again, however, Mr. DE NAVARRO shows a delicate discrimination in his choice of words and a real sense of form. Whether he is giving us samples of his humorous observation, such as "Venice" and "The Air-Gun," or defending Oberammergau against ill-considered accusations, or—in a delightful essay—writing of "Wild-Flowers," he is first, last and all the time an artist who is intensely alive to the beauty of the English language.

A LADY LEGIONARY.

Sowing Glory (JOHN MURRAY, 7/6) is, we are informed, based on the anonymous memoirs and diary of an Englishwoman who served in the French Foreign Legion. This material has been edited by Mr. P. C. WREN, but "the actual facts, incidents, adventures, memories, descriptions, tales and stories are those of 'MARY AMBREE.'" Of course I accept these statements as true, but what seems to me of at least equal importance is the fact that Mr. WREN has made a most readable story from the data provided for him. Without being particularly interested in the girl who masqueraded as a man I was richly entertained by the stories told by some of her companions, especially by *Père Cocteau*. The book brings us to the day when the girl and *Terence Hogan*, who knew and respected her sex, had served two-and-a-half years in the Legion. "'Half-time!'" quoth *Hogan*. "'*Vive la France!*'" So presumably we may expect a further instalment of these adventures from the pen of an editor so excellently equipped for the task.

CHARIVARIA.

PUBLIC bathing facilities in Leningrad are officially reported to be disgraceful. The question arises: Does Leningrad need a Lansbury?

* * *

The mysterious explosions and vibrations which were heard in Holland are now attributed to the reactions of the Dutch growers to the news that the British Government was imposing a tariff on bulbs.

* * *

A daily paper has stated that foreign States are in default to us to the tune of £3,000,000,000. Such astronomical figures should be given the monetary value of "light-pounds," at the present rate of exchange.

* * *

Mr. J. A. SPENDER recalls that in the 'forties frequent Cobdenite meetings packed a London Opera House with an audience that was never bored or lukewarm. Lord and Lady SNOWDEN are believed to be convinced, however, that present-day audiences prefer opera.

* * *

The flat which Mr. JOHN MASEFIELD has taken in Bloomsbury is described as a *pied-à-terre*. We should never have suspected our POET LAUREATE of having even one foot on the ground.

* * *

Balloonists who are preparing to explore the stratosphere hope to obtain data which will determine whether the Universe is in course of construction or demolition. In the meantime it has been decided to take the risk of proceeding with building operations at the Marble Arch.

* * *

Mr. Justice MEREDITH having envisaged the day when roulette will be played by wireless, it is felt that it will not be long now before our heavy-weight boxing champions will do their fighting through the post.

* * *

It is hoped that the statement of Dr. T. E. LAWSON, that man contains enough fat to make seven bars of soap, will not lead to women having their husbands melted down on washing-days.

* * *

America's latest contribution to a great game is a musical golf-ball which whistles, thus enabling a player to find it when lost. At the same time we should hate to have a ball which, just when it was resting on the tee, started singing "I Wonder if You'll Miss Me Sometimes?"

* * *

We understand that the sponsors of the recently-inaugurated Under Forty Movement have envisaged the possibility of having an overwhelming majority of women-members.

* * *

A gossip-writer says he meets a lot of well-known people who never dream for one moment who he really is. It is comforting to know that celebrities *do* enjoy peaceful sleep.



"YOU LEAD A SECLUDED LIFE, AUNT?"
"YES, I HAVEN'T BEEN ANYWHERE FOR YEARS. I'VE NEVER EVEN SEEN *CHEW BITTER SWEET CHOW*."

A famous German chemist hopes to be able to make synthetic meat out of wood. This should be a great improvement on the old-fashioned boarding-house-keeper's method of making steaks out of leather.

* * *

Certain Irish educationists disapprove of "foreign games," such as football and cricket. Pupils will now have to be rebuked on the grounds that their action "isn't hurley."

* * *

A doctor has stated in giving evidence that the fumes of alcohol from hot paint would be very slow in producing intoxication. This accounts for the rarity of hot-paint addicts.

* * *

Lady ——— ———, we are told, is taking the unusual course of bringing out a book without a title. It is, of course, quite enough that the authoress has one.

A contemporary urges that there should be an end of jokes about the meanness of Scotsmen. In view of the economic situation we suggest a moratorium.

* * *

Wooden turkeys, we learn, are used in demonstrations of the art of carving. We ourselves have had experience of wooden "drum-sticks."

* * *

"Waits have different methods," says a writer. The most profitable, perhaps, is to knock at a door and then, for a consideration, offer not to sing.

* * *

English rabbit farms produce about one hundred and fifty thousand skins a year. This must be a comforting thought for nervous seals.

* * *

It is said that many jazz refrains are directly inspired by the songs of the American negro cotton-pickers. Kindly Nature provides an antidote in the form of cotton-wool.

* * *

A Hampstead cat has returned home after an absence of three years. We advocate the charitable assumption that the creature was suffering from loss of memory.

* * *

Orange-red is recommended as the best colour for the face in a fog. Our suggestion is that complexion specialists should introduce the luminous dial.

* * *

It appears from an American writer that it is not true that sailors have a sweetheart in every port. In these hard times of course they can only afford to have one in every other port.

* * *

A certain high-spirited girl has the habit of using her friends' names temporarily. The only cure seems to be for her to take a man's permanently.

* * *

Members of a Kent choir have sung carols for twenty years running. This is the safest way to sing them.

* * *

We read of a bishop who is an expert amateur conjurer. We should like to see him produce rabbits from his mitre.

* * *

"Criminal Buys Plane." He will be up to no good.

LOW FINANCE.

"THE pound has fallen again," I said gloomily.

"Why?" asked Monica.

I was ready for that; I had asked Bannister the same question.

"Foreign bears," I answered. Bannister had explained at somewhat greater length, but that was the salient point.

"What fun!" said Monica. "What have the foreign bears been doing?"

"They've been selling sterling. When a commodity"—I paused to recollect Bannister's exact words—"when a commodity is no longer in demand, when in fact people wish to get rid of it, naturally its value drops."

"But why," asked Monica, "should the horrid foreign bears want to get rid of our nice pounds?"

"Ah!" I answered, quoting rashly, "they are reckoning on the pound sinking even lower, and so they are selling sterling they don't possess so as to be able to buy it back later at a cheaper rate and profit by the difference."

"In that case," said Monica, eagerly seizing her opportunity, "the pound goes down because people are selling it and they're selling it because it's going down?"

Now I am sure Bannister would have had some answer to that. He would have talked about "equities" and "bears rushing to cover," which must be a thrilling sight, but to me Monica's remark seemed perfectly justified. I would have to ask Bannister the next day in the club-house. In the meantime, however, I could not allow my prestige to be undermined in this manner.

"My dear," I said loftily, "you can't expect me to explain the whole system of banking and finance in a few minutes."

"I don't," answered Monica rudely. "As a matter of fact I don't think anyone really knows how or why the pound behaves as it does. I expect that there's some little man in a black coat whose job is to push it up and down so as to cause excitement and give you and Bannister something to talk about in the bar besides golf. I wonder if he's paid for it? He can't be paid in pounds or he wouldn't let them go down."

"You seem unaware," I said coldly, "of the seriousness of the situation. Things are very bad indeed."

"They always are. I wonder how low the pound will actually go?"

"That depends," I said as Bannisterially as I could, "on the balance of trade and—er—things."

And then Monica, though remaining as disrespectfully flippant as ever, accidentally hit upon what, I feel certain, is the key to the whole position.

"Perhaps," she remarked thoughtfully, "the pound will eventually go down to nothing."

For a moment I did not realise the full significance of this suggestion; then with a hoarse cry I bounded from my chair.

"*Eureka!*" I cried—"or rather *you* reka. We will save England!"

"What in the name of——?" began Monica; but I silenced her with a lordly gesture.

"When other currencies fell," I continued, "the thing was not carried to its logical extreme. When the mark stood at billions the Germans should have let it drop still lower. Do you remember that thing one learnt in 'maths' that looked like an '8' on its side? It was called 'infinity,' and one was assured that it was both larger than the largest number in existence and smaller than the smallest. If only we can get the pound down to infinity we shall be the richest nation in the world."

I strode to my desk and extracted pen, ink and paper.

"What are you going to do?" asked Monica, her voice hushed with awe.

"I am going to write to the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER," I replied, "and point out that the only chance for England is for the pound to be brought down, or up, for it is the same thing, to infinity. It will be the duty of every patriotic Englishman to sell sterling until not a penny is left. We must inaugurate a great 'Buy Foreign' campaign. We must insist on goods being dumped in all our ports and we must export absolutely nothing. Only by these drastic measures can the pound be saved."

My eyes shone, for I foresaw now an amazing revival of England's prosperity, and I envisaged the wonderful day when, taking up my evening newspaper, I would read:—

HOW THE POUND IS FARING TO-DAY.

	Par.	Previous Close.	To-day.
New York .	4.86 2/3	0.0034	∞
Paris . . .	124.21	0.3/97	∞
Berlin . .	20.43	0.015	∞

"In the meantime," said Monica, "I don't mind helping you to do your bit by buying up all your pounds at ten shillings apiece."

"There is a great deal of very ill-organized Chinese banditry in the neighbourhood."
Daily Paper.

This slur on Oriental methods may do a little to relieve the depression in Corsica.

A LAY.

["A British hen is just as capable of business as a Danish, Russian or Chinese hen."—*Sir HENRY PAGE CROFT as reported in Sunday Paper.*]

Now then,
You British hen!
Let the lean Cochins and the Dane-birds scuffle
In dusty débris; let the Soviets ruffle
Dishonoured feathers. Up! you British fowl,
Don't be an owl!
Big Business begs
For bigger brighter eggs
For us to tackle.
Don't cut the cackle—
Sweet lay, succeeding lay—
And do not lay away.
This is your hour! Now shall the world extol
And anxious curates praise your perfect whole.
Daily
Gaily
Seek out your nest among the all-British hay
And lay and lay and lay and lay and lay!

Brave bird,
Be not deterred
Though the unpatriotic grocer juggles
With Eastern ovals, only fit for struggles—
Electioneering bombs, not good for food.
So do not brood
Nor do a moult,
Dear egg-producing poult!
But back our gamble;
Lay us eggs to scramble,
And we will also lay
Long odds that you can pay.
Now you shall lay fit food for us to eat,
Not foreign eggs that know not when they're beat.
Sweetly,
Meetly
Greet the nest-egg in your accustomed way,
And lay and lay and lay and lay and LAY!

Stay in Britain!

"WINTER AT WHIPSNADE."
Daily Paper.

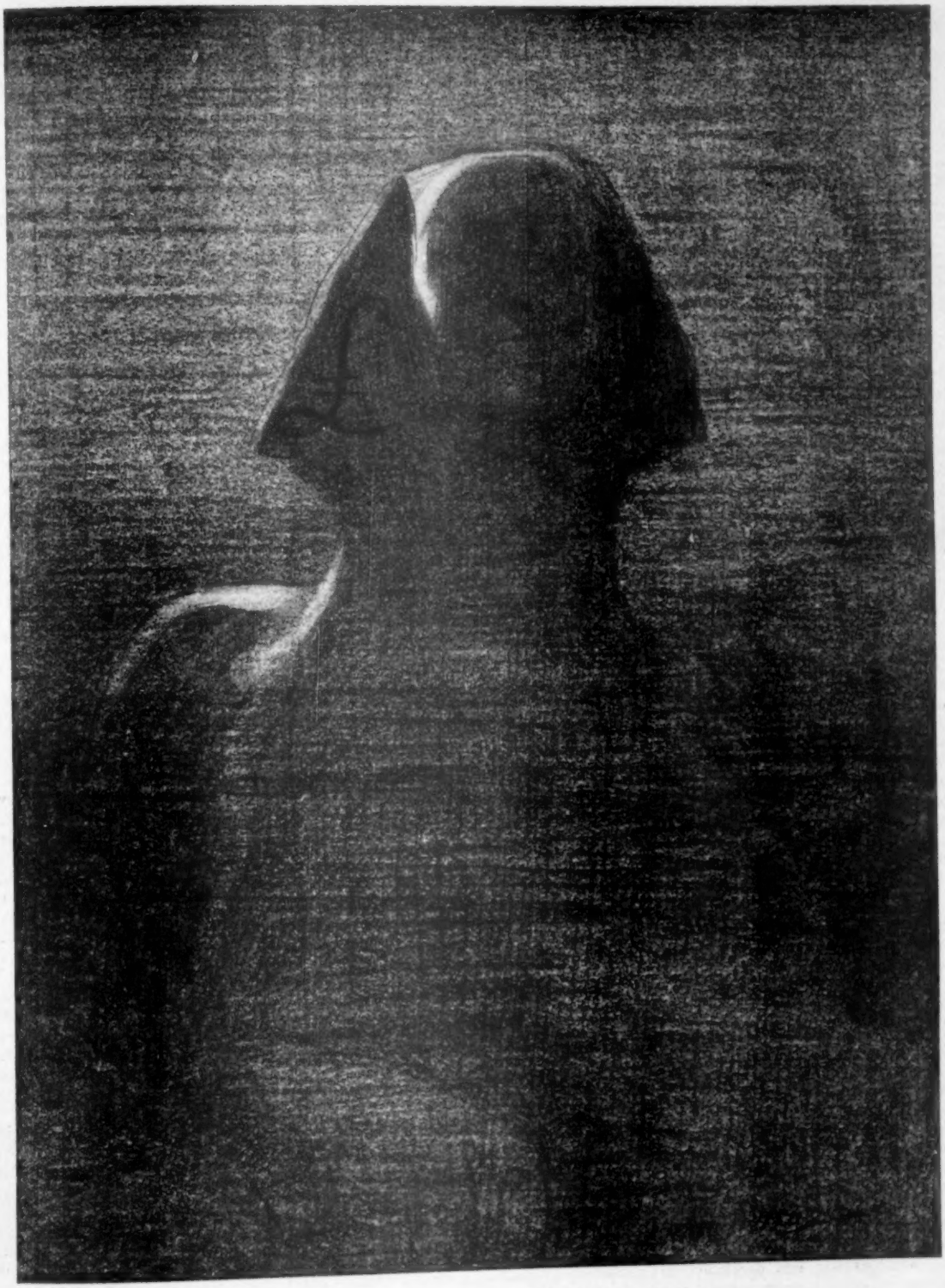
So far our offer of masquerading as a duck-billed platypus has been coldly received by the authorities.

From Bad to Worse?

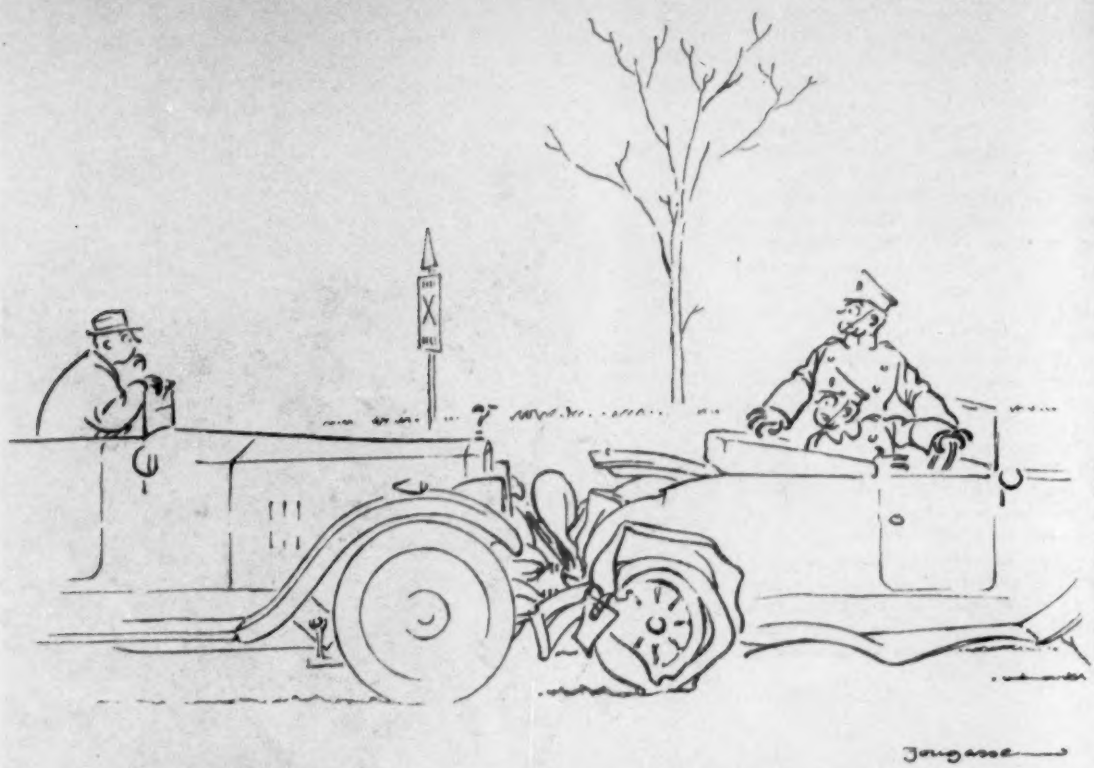
"TRADE FOLLOWS THE PHONE."
Post Office Obliteration.

". . . the Countess of ——, who was with a merry party, wore nothing to indicate that she is the holder of four Scottish titles."
Daily Paper.

How would you show it if you had five Scottish titles?



THE RIDDLE OF THE HOUR.



"I SAY, I'M MOST AWFULLY SORRY—HONESTLY, I QUITE THOUGHT YOU WERE CHAUFFEURS."

GRUMBY'S BOOK.

Grumby wrote a book. It was a big book. A long book. A book about baths. He called it *The Bath Habit*. A man of ingenious and fertile mind, he could have written easily enough a very different book. He might have written the sort of book which begins—

> "My first recollection is the stiff rustling of my Aunt Marion's bombazine gown and the jet bugles with which it was so lavishly sewn. How I hated that gown! And yet there was fascination as well as repulsion in playing with the jet beads. . . ."

and thus working on through various complexes, fixations and repressions somehow gives the reader the impression that Aunt Marion's black bombazine gown formed a dark motive throughout his strange erotic career.

Or he might have written yet one more war-book, from the point of view of a member of the sanitary squad. Or a book whitewashing the EMPEROR DOMITIAN and showing that his foibles (much exaggerated but described in considerable detail) were merely the playful impulses of a likeable and in many ways pure-minded man.

But he preferred to tackle baths.

His work took him five years to prepare. He traced the bath from its earliest Phœnician origins in the ruins of Baalbek to its existence as a flourishing institution in the home of the humblest American artisan. He dealt with the Homeric baths which revived Ulysses after his toil on the sea, and with the influence of the bath on the decline and fall of the Roman Empire. He challenged the conclusions of previous historians on the origin of the Order of the Bath, admitting the symbolic ceremony to be the only occasion on which a mediæval knight underwent the process of cleansing, but denying that any form of soap was used. He was eloquent on the great bathless period of English history which apparently existed, save for the ceremony described above, from the time of the departure of the Romans till the beginning of the reign of QUEEN VICTORIA. He showed how many of our noblest and most manly qualities had been built up during a period, probably by reason of a period, of continued abstention from the tub.

It was, you see, a provocative book. He showed how Italy, where the bath had never been popular since the Roman Empire, and was even now in abeyance, was beginning to recover her former prestige, while the great Nordic centres of bath-worship were plunged into moral and possibly even into financial decay. There were chapters on famous baths of history: on the bath given by Andromache to her husband, Hector, on his return from battle; on the less agreeable bath given by Clytemnestra to Agamemnon; on the great bath of ARCHIMEDES, from which the scientist left shouting "*Eureka!*" and ran dripping, without his peplos, through the town, sure that he had discovered for all time the secret principles of hydrostatics; on the bath of MARAT and on NAPOLEON'S passion for the bath. He wrote of the strigil, the loofah and the sponge.

There were many excellent plates in the book, showing, for instance, Venus arising from the foam, Hylas and the nymphs, Narcissus, Poppæa bathing in the milk of asses, the interior of the pump-room at Harrogate, the façade of the municipal baths at Hoxton, portraits of eminent modern persons undergoing Turkish baths, mud-baths and pine-baths, together with diagrams of the action of the shower, the spray, the waste-pipe and the plug. There were

notes on the vapour baths of the ancient Scythians, which caused them to cry aloud for joy, and on the electric and sun-ray baths of the latter-day English, which cause them to cry aloud for pain. There were psycho-analytical notes also on melody in the morning bath, or bath-song.

Little was omitted from the book which could possibly have been called germane to its mighty theme. It cost thirty shillings. It would be, Grumby hoped, the publishing event of the season. It contained a witty yet dignified preface written by the Chairman of the Metropolitan Water Board.

At the end of two months Grumby had received the following correspondence on the subject of his sensational work:—

DEAR SIR,—Forgive my inquiring, but aren't you the O. H. Grumby who was in the Lower Fourth with me at Barchester? I saw your name in a publisher's advertising list and thought it must be the same. If it is, you may like to know that The Stinker is still alive. I saw him down at Bognor last summer looking as fat and as funny as ever. Yours faithfully,
J. C. BAYNES.

DEAR SIR,—Now is the time of year when leaves, twigs, feathers and other detritus are apt to choke pipes and gutters and seriously interfere with the free play of the drainage system in general. If you will sign the attached form we shall be happy to send our skilled representatives with long ladders to make a thorough overhaul of your roof and waste drainage, etc.
We are, Sir,
Yours obediently,
BLOTTO AND BROWN.

MY DEAR ORLANDO,—Your aunt tells me that you have written a book. I have not seen it, but I am glad to have this evidence that you are devoting your time to more serious work than mere journalism.
Your ever affectionate
UNCLE GEORGE.

Lady Martlet would be very grateful if Mr. O. H. Humfry would send an autographed copy of his new book, *Bath and its Environs*, to be sold at the Monster Bazaar which she is organising in aid of the Gloucestershire Mental Home. Many other well-known authors have promised to co-operate, and help is most urgently required for this great cause.

SIR,—On turning over the pages of *The Bath Habit* in my bookseller's the other day, I noticed on p. 347 that you fall into the vulgar error of spelling "*forgo*" in the sense of "abandon," or "relinquish," with an *e* after the *r*, as though it were "*forego*," in the sense of "precede." And that too at a time when the purity of the English language should be paramount.

I hope this grave error will be corrected in subsequent editions.
Yours truly,
AUGUSTUS RATCHETT, O.B.E.

From The Imperial Press-Cutting Agency.

THE SCRUTATOR.

"We have received also *The Bath Habit*, by O. H. GRUBBY (Doulton and Clay, pp. 640. 30/- net)."
But that was all. EVOE.



First Player. "MY WIFE THREATENS TO LEAVE ME IF I DON'T CHUCK GOLF."
Second Player. "THAT SOUNDS SERIOUS."
First Player. "IT *IS* SERIOUS. I SHALL MISS HER."

The New Dialling System in Sussex.

"The cubhunting season has been good with the East Sussex. Cubs seem to be plentiful and most of last season's followers have turned out, with some new faces among them."—*Weekly Paper.*

"GIRL WHO SWAM BOSPHORUS TO MARRY DIPLOMAT."
Daily Paper.

She might have got to the ceremony more comfortably in a speed-boat.

"*Fish* similar to the haddock which have received the same preparation as haddocks are to be dutiable as haddocks."
French Customs Decision in Official Paper.

Mr. Albert Haddock has been duly warned.

IN SANTA RICA.

I.—THE SURVEY SHIP.

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The Englishman gravely explained that a beacon of this sort was not a pile of brushwood and tar, such as is lit to announce the arrival of either an Armada or a son and heir up at The Hall, but an affair of bunting and poles mounted on a floating platform and so designed as to be visible to the naked theodolites of the inland hills. Once placed in the required position, weights and sea-anchors were to be employed to make absolutely certain that it did not drift. Privately he had determined after the first interview that nothing would induce him to rely on any beacon that the *Santa Miranda* might put out.

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The Japs and Chinese
She strove to appease
With the lullaby, "Hey Nonni Nonni."

WHAT IS MAN?

["The chemical constituents of a man's body are, etc., etc. The whole, at present prices, could be bought for five shillings."—*A recent Lecture.*]

O MAN, how great you are,
How fair in form and limb;
The last how muscular,
The first (with luck) how slim;
How wondrously designed
To suit all tastes; and what
Supremacy of mind—
* * * * *
Five bob the lot!

This is the way a scientific gent
Evaluates your chemical content.

A man of slender habit (as my reader is, I hope)
Has fats enough for seven bars of common household soap;
Lead for nine thousand pencils from his carbon might be wrought;
His salts would yield a matutinal dose (a solemn thought);
In lime he'd wash a hen-coop, and in phosphorus provide
(O brain!) two thousand match-heads, which is not a source of pride;
A nail exhausts his iron, and one has to add to these
A modicum of sulphur to relieve a dog of fleas.

The rest, we learn, is water. All the rest
Mere ordinary water. Well, I'm blest.

O man, how poor you are,
How paltry and how cheap;
This is a nasty jar;
This is a trifle steep;
Lord of the listening earth,
Nature's unrivalled job,
Is this your boasted worth,
The lot—five bob?

Recall with shame the household soap; ponder the homely brad;
Muse on the dose of morning salts; the pencils aren't so bad;
Think of the coop, the matches (brain); and, when you've worked these round,
With due abasement meditate the flea-infested hound.

And yet, what finally puts on the lid
Is that five bob. They might have said a quid.

DUM-DUM.

THE MUG.

WE met in a garage. He was the driver of a colossal petrol-lorry and I was there waiting while a small boy with only a sketchy knowledge of the job mended a punctured tyre. At first I could not place the figure wearing blue overalls and peaked cap, and yet I knew that at some time or other I had known the man quite well. Suddenly a little trick of the inward eye changed the cap to one of the shape favoured by convicts and the overalls to a double-breasted tunic, breeches and puttees.

Eureka! My batman in Z Squadron, Royal Air Force, British Expeditionary Force, France.

To my shame I had forgotten all about him, and he was so well worth remembering. He was the Army's worst batman. To sleep in a bed of his making was almost a physical impossibility; the simplest job of work had to be explained to him slowly and carefully, with much reiteration of the finer details, and even then the result was often disappointing in the extreme. It was not that he was careless. He was most anxious to do his work well, but his very anxiety made him flustered and his fingers turned to thumbs. He had a childlike mind which meandered gently along tortuous mental byways. It would have taken a Dr. CYRIL BURT to retrace his steps from effects to causes.

But I would not have you think that he was all bad, because that would be to wrong him. His saving graces were his kindliness and his cheerfulness; nothing was too much trouble and nothing upset him. That perhaps is misleading; one thing did upset him—the War, especially when it came too close. His face on these occasions wore an expression of petulant resentment and the War became a personal matter between him and the enemy. Once during an air-raid he dived into the nearest dug-out for shelter in spite of the fact that he knew it was the squadron bomb-store. I told him he had chosen an unhealthy place, but he replied, "It's a' recht, Sir; I've nae matches in ma pockets." In spite of his many shortcomings I loved him well; he made good coffee, so I forgave him much.

I remembered all these things as I watched him now locking up the underground petrol-tank at the garage; but mostly I remembered his coffee. I went out and re-introduced myself. He was obviously shocked to see me again.

"But were you no' killed in March, '18?" he asked; and his tone was one of genuine inquiry.

"No," I replied; "not quite."

"Eh, Sir, but I'm glad tae see ye again!" He looked at me for a time with a happy boyish smile, and then his brow clouded with disappointment. "It 's no' that I'm carin'—in fact I'm real gled," he added hastily, "but I'm afraid ma souvenir 'll be nae good noo. Ye see, when ony o' ma officers was killed I aye kept a wee something jist tae keep them in mind, like. I've a rare collection; ye should see it—buttons, photies, a pencil, twa-three hankies, a bootlace—och, a' sorts o' things."

"You rascal! What did you scrounge from my kit?"

"Oh, it was naething o' ony consequence. Dae ye mind ye hed a wee enamelled mug for cleanin' your teeth? Weel, that 's it. Mony 's the time I've told ma cronies aboot hoo ye were killed that mornin'; but I doot it was jist a pack o' lies. Ah, weel, I'm gled, onyway."

He spoke as one who would persuade himself. I would like to hear that story, now happily (or unhappily) spoiled. But is it spoiled? I may be wrong, but I've a feeling in my bones that in a short time, after a decent interval, I shall be promoted again in Macdonald's mind to the Elysian fields and the story will live. It 's hard to lose a good story.

As he spoke I remembered another example of his complex reasoning. I had an oil-stain on my tunic and I sent him to get petrol in the only vessel I had—my tooth-mug.

"Petrol?" he asked. "My! but yon 's dangerous stuff. Ye 'll need tae be awfu' careful no' tae be smokin' next time ye 're cleanin' your teeth."

We chatted pleasantly for a time of the old days. He stood leaning against the rear mudguard of his lorry, with goodness knows how many hundreds of gallons of petrol at his back, and before my fascinated eyes he produced a pipe, lit it, and dropped the still burning match on the ground at his feet.

No, nothing happened; but it 's funny, isn't it?

"Philip Snowden, lord privy seal in the national government and former chancellor of the exchequer, has been created a discount, it was announced officially to-day."—*Canadian Paper.*

The title he has taken is Lord Five-per-Cent of Ickornshaw.

"That is what happened to Greta Nissen. Nobody could deny that she was pretty; she had a superabundance of good looks. But could she act, could she register a poisonality?"—*Film Notes.*

This sort of talk only goes to show the necessity for more disinfectant in our cinemas.



Optimistic Outfitter (to gentleman trying on a second-hand suit). "OF COURSE YOU WILL WEAR THE TROUSERS TURNED UP, SIR?"

A SQUARE PEG.

THE chief of the troubles that irk us
Is our gardener, out of his sphere;
Of our mowing-machine he has ruined the steel
By spinning the whole on a single wheel.
He ought to be starred in a circus,
He's wasting his talent here.

He has come to an unsought harbour,
Like a sailor crazed with beer;
He scythes the grass for all he is worth
Till the lawn is a patch of dry brown earth;
He ought to succeed as a barber,
He's wasting his talent here.

As severe as a Senior Proctor,
He holds all the plants in fear,
For one and all abandon their hopes
When they see him mixing chemical dopes;
He ought to dispense for a doctor,
He's wasting his talent here.

I shall sack this man, for he rouses
Thunder where all was clear
By selling me bulbs at a ruinous rate,
Bulbs which are rarely floreate;
He ought to be Agent of Houses,
He's wasting his talent here.

I shall send this man on his journey
And cease to employ on a mere
Strip of a garden a rogue who explains
His failures with such extravagant pains;
He is doomed to become an attorney,
He's wasting his talent here. E. P. W.

YOU AND ME AND SCIENCE.

CHEMISTRY.

IN planning these little heart-to-heart attempts to assist you in coming to grips with the scientific world I was rather worried as to which branch of science I could deal with first without appearing horribly invidious and hurting the feelings of goodness knows how many distinguished men. I eventually decided in favour of Chemistry, because (*a*) as a boy I was rather keen on a chemist's daughter, and (*b*) because I consider Chemistry to be in many ways the most sweetly helpful of all the sciences. Ordinary plain (and even partly plain) people find Chemistry so much more homely and easier to get on with than, say, Astronomy, which, though awfully nice when you know it, is inclined to be a little austere.

The lovely thing about chemistry is that it comes into our homes in the form of—er—gripewater or permanganate of potash or other things, and helps us in the little problems of everyday life. Sometimes too it will go out of our homes (and maybe take us with it) in the form of a gas explosion; anyway, there it is, popping in and out, so to speak, and *so* understandable.

Before you can begin to appreciate all that Chemistry means to us you must first have a satisfactory answer to the vitally fundamental question: What exactly is Chemistry? This can best be made clear to the average intellect by a quite simple example.

Let us suppose (only, of course, for the sake of illustration) that you want a drink of cold water. Very well. If by means of the flame of a Bunsen burner (Fig. 1) you heat the water in a glass retort affair (Fig. 2) sufficiently to bring about evaporation and permit the steam or vapour to pass along into an empty and cooler glass retort affair (Fig. 3), the vapour will condense into water again, which you can drink.

Note: If you are very thirsty the condensation process may be hastened quite a lot by the application to Fig. 3 of a block of ice (Fig. 4) from the fishmonger's (Fig. 5). Naturally I cannot go to the expense of producing all these Figs. here, but I shall be pleased to show them to you if you care to call.

Maybe you will exclaim at this point, "Ah, but cannot I get a drink of cold water equally well by going to the bathroom or the nearest railway buffet and obtaining it from a tap or jug?" I daresay you can, but that would not be Chemistry. I hope you grasp the difference, because it is an important one. It is in fact the essence of Chemistry, which consists in performing a simple action in a very complicated and perfectly marvellous way.

Chemistry is fairly alive with amazing processes such as the above. The average man or woman suddenly confronted by the problem of how to turn a bit of red litmus paper blue would probably be prompted by ignorance to dye the thing or dab a lot of blue paint on it; whereas the subtle chemical process would be to dip it in alkali. By this scientific means you not only turn the red litmus paper blue fairly quickly (which may be of incalculable service should visitors call unexpectedly when you are short of blue litmus), but you have the additional satisfaction of proving that the alkali is alkali and not—er—just any old thing.

You will discover as, thanks to the impetus I have given, you come to closer and closer grips with this jolly science, that Chemistry can beautify your life not only by providing you, or rather your offspring, with gripewater, but also by helping you to see—well, nearly everything in a different light.

For example, once a man has become chemically minded the tears which his wife may shed by way of *finale* to her exasperation cease to perturb him as they would perturb a male of more ordinary mentality. He sees them not as tears, but as excretions of the lachrymatory gland set in motion by quite natural chemical actions and reactions controlled by the lady's complex nervous system. He does not worry, because his scientific knowledge tells him there is nothing to worry about; he just slips out of the room as quietly and quickly as possible and records his observations, as a scientist should, behind the locked door of his study. You see how helpful it all is?

In addition to being so cute and jolly and all that, Chemistry does help us, don't you think, by giving a dash of mystery to modern civilisation? I mean, when you give an order to a butcher or a greengrocer you have a fair idea of what you will get, but when you hand a prescription to a retail chemist you can only hope for the best.

The retail chemist, who may, I think, be technically described as the most imposing and the least stained and unkempt of the Chemist fraternity, occupies an aloof necromantic niche in the world of commerce. To begin with, he sticks up in his window three Gargantuan bottles, the strange coloured contents of which he never sells, never gives away and never even (unless at some secret orgy) drinks himself. He performs over the smallest article leisurely rites with a special kind of wrapping-paper, gummed labels and sealing-wax. The mystery of sealing is over everything; the sombre governing principle apparently being that once you have broken the dread seal the responsibility is yours.

The retail chemist keeps a poison-book. He is often invited to attend inquests. I regret lack of space forbids my enlarging further on the possibilities attending a sound knowledge of Chemistry which I have been privileged to assist you to obtain.

D. C.



Lady of House (*impressively*). "I SHALL BE TAKING MY DINNER OUT TO-NIGHT, ANNIE."

Annie. "RIGHT-O, MUM. AN' WHAT'LL I PACK THE STEW IN?"



IF IN THESE ENGAGED-COUPLE PHOTOGRAPHS THE MALE INSET MUST BE SMALL—



SURELY—



OF MAKING THEM MORE ATTRACTIVE?



THEY CAN DEVISE SOME OTHER METHOD—







RUNNING A DRAG.

HAD it not been for the evil influence of Gerald I should be living within the sheltered precincts of Kensington instead of enduring the sparse cover of a bungalow on a blasted heath. Therefore he is entirely responsible for all that follows.

Gerald is my brother-in-law and pursues or is pursued by (according to market prices) the occupation of what used to be called a gentleman farmer. Now, as the word "gentleman" has become (most unjustifiably) synonymous with incompetence and bankruptcy, he prefers to be called just an ordinary farmer. I think without prejudice that "ordinary farmer" states his farming qualities in a most exact manner. His latest idea is to start a pack of harriers and hunt them himself. To that end he has gathered three-and-a-half couples of hounds, drafted from the kennels of the local Hunt. Last week he brought them round to see me.

"Look here," he said, after the preliminaries of whipping the pack off the goats and chickens had been accomplished, "I want you to help me to run a drag."

"Yes," I replied. "What for? If it's merely to refresh your memory of all you ever learnt at the Staff College I shall decline."

"No," he said; "it's for Mrs. Tompkins. She's never had a really good view of hounds running, and I've promised her to put that right. Besides it will be very good schooling for the—er—pack."

Mrs. Tompkins I knew only as a rich, elderly and rheumatic lady who had recently taken a large house in the district. She was an old friend of Gerald's, and sometimes it appeared to me that he had inveigled her to leave Surbiton or wherever it was to provide a local dumping-ground for his surplus products. Anyhow it was solely for his interests that I agreed to assist him in running a drag.

Gerald must have been fairly confident of my assistance as he had the organisation suspiciously well taped. I was to be the runner and the line would start just clear of his farm, and after a pleasant little run of about a mile-and-a-half over grass I was to lay it down the length of Mrs. Tompkins' spacious lawn up to the foot of her bath-chair and then lift the drag and disappear into the stables. Mrs. Tompkins would thus be able to view hounds running and, armed with a shin of beef, reward them suitably at the end of the run. It appeared after all to be quite a simple method of entertaining an elderly lady.

On the advertised day I pulled on a sweater and a pair of ancient shorts and made my way to Gerald's farm. He was quite *point-device* for the occasion: hard hat, butcher boots and spurs and the cob looking as though half-a-peck of dust had been groomed out of him. He handed me the drag—the usual canvas bag on the end of two yards of sash-cord—and assured me that the dope was in perfect order . . . "And for goodness' sake don't muck it," he concluded after final instructions. His anxiety led me to think that between



"AN AVALANCHE OVERWHELMED THE BATH-CHAIR."

himself and Mrs. Tompkins there was pending a deal of exceptional magnitude.

Fifteen minutes is usually sufficient start for the runner of a drag, but I, having slightly dissipated the fleetness of youth, stipulated for the elapse of half-an-hour before he laid on, as I had no desire to be treed by three-and-a-half couple of hounds.

I kept strictly to the pre-arranged line, with one or two glaring exceptions in which Gerald would be involved with unexpected fences. I felt I owed him this for making me the runner. I was, however, most scrupulous in laying the line down the entire length of Mrs. Tompkins' lawn to the foot of her bath-chair. When I reached that haven Mrs. Tompkins, fortified by two Pekes and a maid, was already in residence. We exchanged a few pleasant words and she showed me the shin of beef. Then I fled on to the stables with the drag held high. I slung the accursed canvas bag in a manger and mounted into the security of the loft to observe from there the fulfilment of my endeavour.

After a few minutes' watching I heard an outburst of hound music which would have dimmed the strongest efforts of a military band. I was mystified, but not for long. Out of the far shrubberies there broke some twenty couple of hounds towling and yowling along full cry on a red-hot scent. They raced down the length of the lawn and as an avalanche overwhelmed the bath-chair. I was so astounded at the rapidity of events that my recollection of the affair is not exactly complete, but I have a vivid impression of the decamping maid and of Mrs. Tompkins heroically hurling the shin of beef at the advancing phalanx. What happened to the Pekes I cannot say and dread to think. I also noted the gleam of a scarlet coat and heard a horn continuously and furiously blown. I felt then that my further presence was superfluous, and, suspecting that the perfume of the drag was still heavy upon me, I made a stealthy escape for home by way of the backyard.

I have not seen Gerald since the adventure, but I am intensely curious to know: (A 1) Whether Gerald came up with the Hunt before it withdrew from Mrs. Tompkins' desmesne; (A 2) If so, what the M.F.H. said to him; (A 3) The nature of Gerald's reply; (B 1) Gerald's explanation of the event to Mrs. Tompkins (or her executors); (B 2) Mrs. Tompkins' (or her executors') retort; (C) What happened to the Pekes.

People Who Live in Short Trouses . . .

"GANDHI SHOCKED AT ENGLISHWOMEN. 'HALF-NUDE IN THE STREETS.'"
Manchester Paper.

"After lunch Bradman, in an attempt to hook McMillan, missed the ball and knocked himself out temporarily with his own hat, which swung round and struck him on the head."—*Daily Paper.*

Ours doesn't do this now that we have wedged blotting-paper in the lining.

"Much concern is felt in industrial circles in Rome (says Reuter) at the possible effects on Italian trade of the new British Customs duties. The articles chiefly affected here are woollen goods, gloves and poetry . . ."
Belfast Paper.

Could anything make D'ANNUNZIO dearer?

PUBLIC SCHOOL COSTS.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—This question has been the cause of some agitated correspondence in your contemporaries. It is not an easy one. There is a consensus of opinion in Common Rooms that schoolmasters' salaries do not permit of the further application of the axe, and governing bodies are generally agreed that tuition fees cannot be lowered. Economies must therefore be sought in other directions.

Suggestions already made include the adoption of shorts and shirts as the standard school dress; the suspension of "long-distance" matches; feeding the boys in common instead of at individual housemasters' tables; the curtailing of pocket-money; the setting-up of an exchange-bureau for second-hand text-books; and so on. These proposals are admirable in themselves, but they do not go far enough.

I would urge the conversion of part (at least) of the many acres of public school playing-fields to agricultural purposes. For the necessary labour there is splendid material available in the shape of the boys. As to the direction and management, some of the masters have sufficient scientific training to be entrusted with these tasks. Their classical colleagues, nurtured on the *Georgics*, would be at hand to see that the farming was carried on with the right blend of conservatism and experiment. The keenness of the boys might (if necessary) be stimulated by diverting the existent house trophies to agricultural competition, and perhaps it would be wise to award School colours for ploughing and hoeing or reaping and mowing instead of for cricket and football.

As a substitute for the abandoned inter-school matches, I can envisage one annual comprehensive Public Schools Agricultural Show; and I feel sure that Winchester or Rugby, for example, would take as much pride in carrying off the Public Schools Fat Stock Championship as in defeating their rivals at Lord's.

Not the least valuable feature of my plan is that, in addition to rendering the schools self-supporting (and therefore less expensive to run), it would give a fillip to agriculture at a time when it is most important that as much food as possible should be produced at home. What a proud day it will be for the public schools when it can be written in the history-books that the battle of British farming was won upon Agar's Plough and the playing-fields of Harrow!

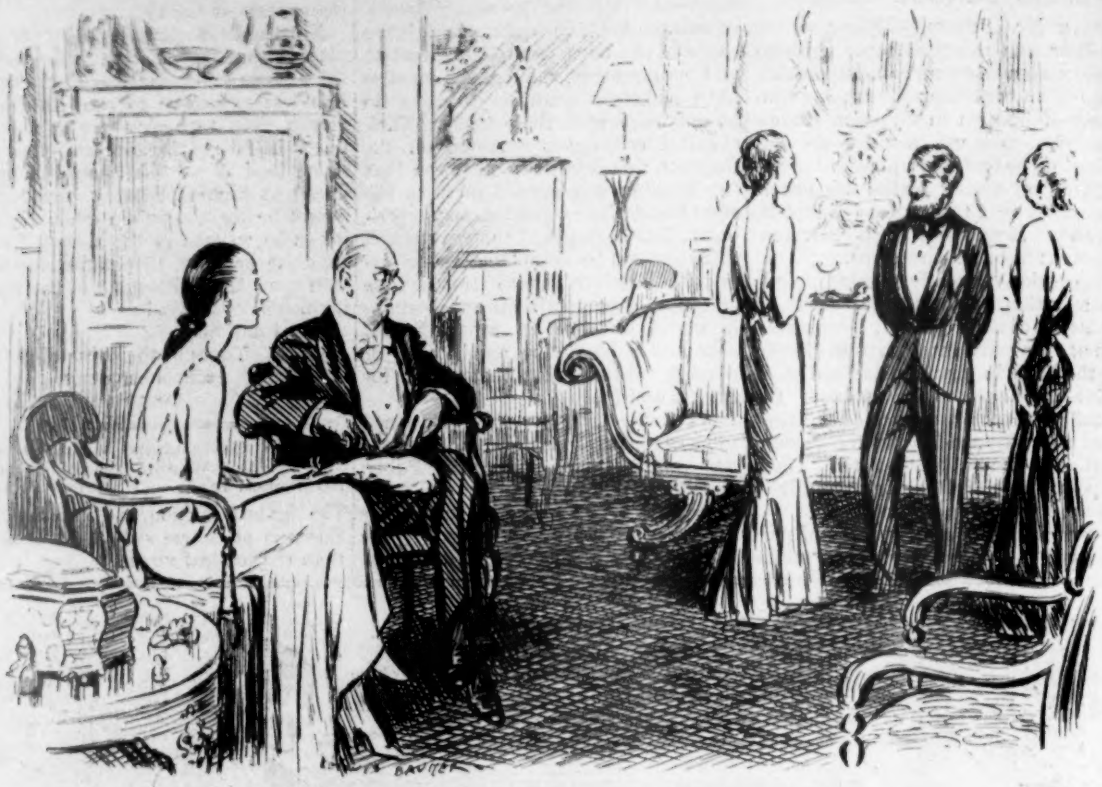
I am, Sir,
Yours in the cause of public school economy,
ONE WHO HAS LEFT.

"Large Consignments of Ladies' and Gent's Left-off Wearing Apparel, including 100 lbs. good Tea."—*Advt. in Scots Paper.*

The fig-leaf fashion, as practised in Eden, is of course still more démodé than the tea-leaf vogue.



"THIS SEEMS A VERY OLD GRATE, MISS."
"YES, MARY, IT IS. IT'S ADAM'S."
"FANCY! IT COULDN'T BE MUCH OLDER THAN THAT, COULD IT?"



He. "HE'S GOT TOGETHER SOME PRETTY GOOD PERIOD STUFF, HASN'T HE?"
She. "YES. RATHER A NICE LITTLE PERIOD PIECE HIMSELF, ISN'T HE?"

ORDEAL BY SMOKE.

I KNOW my Uncle James is rich,
And certain of my friends there are
Who think I was a fool to pitch
It quite so strong about his Trich-
inopoly cigar.

But I maintain that I was right
In saying to my Uncle James
Exactly what I said that night:
They did not see the thing alight,
They did not smell the flames.

We dined particularly well
(Considering the state of trade)
Not half-a-furlong from Pall Mall,
And, as he owns "United Jell,"
He naturally paid.

The conversation that took place,
Although it interested him,
Has left upon my mind no trace—
But this has always been the case
With me and Uncle Jim—

Except that now and then he praised
The excellence of British food,
Roasted or boiled or grilled or braised,
And I obediently grazed
And cheered him while he chewed.

He said that British meals no doubt
Had made us Britons what we were;
He had some whisky for his gout;
He crossed the title "MENU" out
And wrote in "BILL OF FARE."

But what was quite beyond a joke
And sent my heart into my boots
Was when he simply *made* me smoke—
Ah, how I trembled as he spoke!—
One of his strange cheroots.

Too giddy and too dazed for thought,
I blew the awful thing, while he,
Apparently observing nought,
Explained that every patriot ought
To smoke imperially.

We then went out into the fog,
Which seemed to give my uncle croup;
And, after barking like a frog,
He spoke a sparkling epilogue
Describing it as soup.

"But *English* soup," I said, "I think,"
Inhaling draughts of it with greed
(For I had thrown away the stink);
"And, Uncle, how *divine* to drink
After your loathly weed!"

He turned in anger at my wit,
His face transfigured by a frown;
I think he would have pardoned it
Had not just then a lamp-post hit
His head and knocked him down.

And this he took extremely ill,
Although his wounds were mostly slight;
And now they say he's changed his will;
But *I've* the consolation still
Of feeling I was right.

EVOE.

Modern Scottish Martyrs.

"MONTROSE BURNS CLUB OFFICIALS. 'SMOKER' FOLLOWS ANNUAL MEETING."
Dundee Paper.

"The bridegroom's gifts to the bridesmaids were white bags to match their dresses."
Berkshire Paper.

A singularly pretty thought.

"Every note of music has a colour, says Blanc-Gatti, painter of 'colour symphonies.' His pictures are labelled Beethoven's 'Ninth Symphony,' Liszt's 'Third Nocturne' and Debussy's 'Prelude.' To the unmusical eye they resemble eclipses or cones."
Daily Paper.

CHOPIN'S "Funeral March" would, of course, be a total eclipse.



THE MAN WHO DARED TO PUT UP HIS UMBRELLA TOO.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, November 30th.—Members are of course fully entitled to prod the MINISTER OF AGRICULTURE on to further feats of well-doing, but it *was* going a bit too far for Sir WILLIAM DAVISON to expect the MINISTER to be aware that twenty children in the South of England had fallen sick after eating butter of unknown origin. Children are always falling sick after eating butter. It was also pressing the search for useful knowledge a bit too far for Mr. TOM WILLIAMS to ask the MINISTER for the quantities of cherries, currants and gooseberries imported into this country in the first four months of 1931, the answer in each case being "*Nil.*" Even Mr. TOM WILLIAMS, who poses as the Labour Party oracle on horticulture, ought to know that the vegetables in question do not fruit in the spring, tra, la!

"Buy my English posies! Kent and Surrey may;
Violets from the undercliff wet with Channel spray."

Thus the poet, but unfortunately Kent and Surrey don't; and, as everybody knows, the only Channel spray the violets encounter is what finds its way into the hold of the Calais mail-boat. But all that is to be changed, as Sir JOHN GILMOUR explained, in moving the Resolution on the Fruit, Vegetables and Horticultural Products (Emergency Customs Duties) Bill.

Mrs. WARD, Cannock's new Unionist Member, made a maiden speech and, following the admirable precedent of her sex, showed that she knew her subject, as indeed she should, for she is the wife of a tenant-farmer. Colonel WEDGWOOD dwelt on potatoes, but to no great purpose, as he had clearly persuaded himself that the exclusion of unseasonable fruits and veges grown in foreign glass-houses or sultrier climes is somehow going to jeopardise the cottager's Saturday stew.

Mr. AMERY in merry vein derided the gallant JOSH's forebodings of bribery and corruption—"bribed by broccoli, corrupted by cauliflower!"—and his visions of "Lobbies thronged with the agitated advocates of the asparagus industry." Equally he derided the scope of the measure—a tiddler fished up after a month's reflection by a Government vessel fitted out to bring home a cargo of whales. The Government's professed passion for agriculture amounted to no more than

"An affection *à la* PLATO for a bashful young potato,
Or a not too French French bean."

The Resolution affected at most two per cent of our imported foodstuffs and one per cent of our total imports. How could it affect the balance of trade or the value of the pound?



"STRAWBERRIES."
(*After the old Engraving.*)

"I represent a district which grows strawberries."
SIR THOMAS INSKIP (Solicitor-General).

Tuesday, December 1st.—Certain of their Lordships have all along been obsessed with the idea that the Irish Free State Government will take advantage of the Statute of Westminster



AUNT SALLY SURVIVES A VOLLEY.
MR. RUNCIMAN.

to repudiate the clause in the Irish Treaty, as the Acts thereunto appertaining are jointly called, giving Irish subjects the right of appeal to the Privy Council. The obsession materialised to-day in an Amendment to the Statute of Westminster proposed by Lord DANESFORT, expressly forbidding that very thing. Lord HAILSHAM opposed the Amendment, which he said was repugnant to all the Dominions, not to the Free State alone, in that it amounted to an assertion of paramount right by the British Parliament and not merely to a declaration, which required no making, that the Irish Free State could not alter the Irish Treaty by unilateral enactment.

To this view Lord BRENTFORD seemingly assented, and Lord DANESFORT accordingly withdrew his amendment, whereupon, after a few well-chosen words from Lord MIDLETON, the Bill was reported.

In the House Mr. RUNCIMAN gave Mr. PERKINS an assurance that no preference would be given to any foreign country till after the Imperial Conference. This disposes of the rumour that Mr. RUNCIMAN has been scheming to give Nicaragua a preferential rate on stuffed rattlesnakes.

The PRESIDENT OF THE BOARD OF TRADE had already suffered a heavy bombardment from questioners all intent on suggesting that this, that or t'other manufactured article—cotton piece goods, foreign yarns, iron and steel, woollen goods, chrome-tanned dressed upper leather—ought to be taxed under the Abnormal Imports Bill. When the question of fish was introduced by Sir F. HALL, who, it will be remembered, represents Dulwich, the Mecca, as it has been called, of the boneless kipper, Mr. HORE-BELISHA explained that the balance of trade in fish as between ourselves and France was considerably in our favour.

It all depends, of course, upon whether the succulent *escargot* is classed as a shellfish or as fancy goods. When the cross-examination of Ministers showed signs of getting out of bounds, as it did when Mr. MANDER suggested that only Empire wines should be supplied in the House, Sir R. HUTCHISON, the genial Vice-Chairman of the Kitchen Committee, replied tersely that the answer was in the negative. The House clearly approved this intransigence.

The House showed no less satisfaction when Mr. DUFF-COOPER informed Mr. MARJORIBANKS that the Government, reversing the policy of the late Socialist Government, had decided to extend official recognition to the British National Cadet Association. It could not extend any dibs, but that in the present state of stringency was only to be expected.

At the end of Question time the SPEAKER refused Mr. MAXTON's proffered motion that the House adjourn

to consider a matter of urgent definite national importance, to wit the sharp fall in value of the £. The SPEAKER's ruling was presumably based upon the information that the City professes to regard the fall of the £ with equanimity.

The House then proceeded to a further discussion of the premature potato and the anticipatory artichoke. Like the Horatian philosophers in CALVERLEY's lines—

> "The tender sprout, the early pea
> By such, if there, are freely taken;
> If not they munch with equal glee
> Their bit of bacon"—

the House seemed quite reconciled to munch its bit of Danish pig-meat in lieu of its whack of French peas (green), but agreed with Mr. ATTLEE (though not with his Amendment) that protection from the foreigner must be supplemented by organisation at home. Sir THOMAS INSKIP denounced the alien strawberry. Mr. MAXTON declared that he had approved Free Trade because KARL MARX thought it would bring about the speediest collapse of the capitalist system. He thought that if MARX still lived he would now prefer Protection for the same reason.

Wednesday, December 2nd.—A question by Lord BANBURY about the appointment of Land Tax valuers under Part III. of the Finance Act, 1931, gave Lord TEMPLEMORE the opportunity of congratulating the noble lord on his eighty-first birthday and on the fact that he seemed to grow younger every year. A critic—sometimes an annoying one—of all Governments, the House could ill afford to lose his services.

The Commons debated the White Paper on India. While he was dwelling upon the good work done by the Round Table Conference the PRIME MINISTER, though vague, was adequate. He was still on firm ground—rather alarmingly so—when he intimated that failure by the parties concerned to reach agreement on the communal question would not prevent the Government from initialling a draft agreement for an Indian Constitution. Then he fell into the joint clutches of Mr. CHURCHILL and Mr. MAXTON. The task of appeasing alternately the former's Imperial qualms and the latter's democratic apprehensions rather cramped an otherwise attractive style.

Mr. ATTLEE thought the Round Table Conference had built a half-way house from which they must make a fresh start. Colonel WEDGWOOD, more plain-spoken, said the Conference had failed and, as no agreement among the parties concerned was likely, the Government must devise a scheme themselves. Sir SAMUEL HOARE said that the question was no longer whether India should have responsible government, but when and under what conditions.

To all these moving utterances the



THE AUTOCRAT FOR ALL THE INDIAS.

MR. CHURCHILL ASSERTS THAT THE IDEA OF DEMOCRATIC GOVERNMENT FOR INDIA WOULD BE PREPOSTEROUS.

diminished House lent an apathetic ear. Three Liberal Members were seen to slumber. One of them—a Minister at that—was heard to snore.

Thursday, December 3rd.—A House crowded to the gunwales with Members,



BORROWED PLUMES.

MR. BUCHANAN BLOSSOMS OUT IN UNWONTED HEADWEAR.

many of them newcomers, could ask no better Parliamentary entertainment than a full-dress debate between Mr. CHURCHILL, the master of dialectic, and Sir JOHN SIMON, the embodiment of logic. It is likely that neither convinced the other, or indeed anybody, for while Mr. CHURCHILL was arguing that in this White Paper on the Indian Round Table Conference the PRIME MINISTER said more than the Government (which had spoken with much more restraint through the mouth of the SECRETARY FOR INDIA on the previous day) meant, Sir JOHN was insisting that the White Paper was the authentic and carefully pitched voice of the Government, and said nothing more than Mr. CHURCHILL seemed to have wished it to mean. If the verbal combatants at any point reached down to the bare bones of the issue it was over the words "only a transitional period." Sir JOHN's argument that everything is transitional and his reference to the "long, long time the world shall last," when he and the right hon. Member for Epping have passed behind the Veil, can hardly be described as an envisagement of Indian self-determination in GANDHI's time.

The combatants having parted, with no great damage to each other, it only remained for Mr. BALDWIN, in a speech full of gentle raillery, to assure the onlookers that the hard knocks of the protagonists must not be taken as an indication of hard feelings. As to the Government's intentions, there could be no real opposition to these, though there might be misunderstandings as to their scope. The Government asked for a mandate to go forward with the most difficult task anyone in the Empire had ever tried.

That seemed to dispose of the matter, except for Mr. BUCHANAN, who asked the SPEAKER if his name could be recorded against the motion without his having to go into the Lobby. The plea, proffered by Mr. BUCHANAN from underneath Mr. DE ROTHSCHILD's class-conscious top-hat, left the SPEAKER cold.

A Case for a Dental-Psychologist.

"And because the faint suspicion that he had let her down was still there, like an aching tooth at the back of his mind, he blundered on. . . ."—*Story in Daily Paper.*

Sad goings-on in Scotland.

"NEW VICE-CONVENER FOR KINCARDINESHIRE."
Evening Paper.

Bullseyes in the Dark.

"A film-actress cannot succeed without 'S.A.,' which means 'Self-Advertisement.'"
Schoolgirl's Essay.

We are asked to deny the rumour, which has been causing apprehension among housewives that the pound has slumped in certain provision shops to fourteen ounces.



UNDER A MINISTRY OF PUBLIC TASTE.

CANDIDATES HAVING THEIR VOICES TESTED IN ORDER TO QUALIFY FOR PERMISSION TO SING CAROLS FROM DOOR TO DOOR AT CHRISTMAS.

FACING THE FACTS.

THERE is no doubt about it: our dance-music, or rather the "lyrics" which go with it, are not what they ought to be. "Lyric" is the name given to that collection of commonplaces about the state of my, her or your heart with which a rather tired tenor usually interrupts a dance-tune, while the orchestra, after the first few laps of the music, drops to a deferential stutter.

"Skies and eyes," "moon and soon," "baby and maybe"—such is the dismal vocabulary which goes to the writing of our dance-lyrics. Surely there is something about them which suggests that their composers do not face the facts, that they ignore the realities of existence; and what is poetry if it is not, as MATTHEW ARNOLD used to say, "a criticism of life"?

Of course it is possible that our dances themselves are not as fact-facing as they might be; our fox-trots are a mockery, our waltzes sheer defeatism, and we can have too much even of the "mumba" and the "gumba," "the rage of Paris and Buenos Ayres." Before long, let us hope, our ballrooms will rock to the rhythms of the "slump" and the "dump" and away to the seductions of the "bankers' ramp."

But for the most part it is not our dances that are at fault, it is our dance-lyrics; and it is in the belief that they do not reflect sufficiently the realities of our national life that I have here attempted to suggest lines along which our lyrists ought to work.

The difficulties, I know, are great. First lines are easy enough; anybody can start a lyric in the ecstatic vein—"You are my gold-standard" or "They can't put a tariff on love"—or in the self-denying vein which our tenors prefer, "She's one of my cuts." But having said, "You are my gold-standard," it only remains to say, "And I wanna go back to you," and one seems to have exhausted the possibilities of the theme.

Supposing, though, we leave the rather debatable ground of economic theory and attempt to face the facts which our teeming millions have to face daily. Has any lyrist lyricised in words that will go home to every heart upon the emotions of our countless stenographers and clerks and secretaries, for instance? With what, in fact, do our millions teem? Let me try to show you:—

Dear Madam, be so good as to inform me
The reason why to terms we can't agree;
Don't you remember still the days when
Your company was limited to me?
I assured you of my personal attention,
You told me you were ever in my debt,
We kissed upon the twenty-second instant
After the instant that we met.

A little heavy perhaps; hardly snappy enough. Still, there you have it, packed with romance and, as WORDSWORTH put it, "written in a selection of the language really used by men." And the refrain at least has the authentic yearning note:—

Won't you believe we love you dearly?
Won't you comply with our demands?
Won't you believe us yours sincerely,
And place yourself entirely in our hands?

This rhythm being such an expressive medium for the strong and simple emotions, I can find none better for a lyric of telephone life, to be called "I'm dialling O." I will resist the temptation to give the whole of it and confine myself to the chorus, which goes like this:—

Love is the number you forgot, dear!
Love is the name you couldn't say!
Love is the twopence in the slot, dear,
After you've pressed the button A!

There—"simple, sensuous and impassioned," as we are told that poetry ought to be. And as for criticism of life. . . . I mustn't overdo it, but compare it with those ones about "honey-bees." You see what I mean?

AT THE PICTURES.

DISPLAY AND LAUGHTER.

PLAYS about doubles are rarely satisfactory; not a little because none of us in real life have ever seen indistinguishable twins. The double in the new German film at the Tivoli, *Congress Dances*, is even less credible than most, for the component parts are (1) the TSAR ALEXANDER I. on a visit to the Congress of Vienna in 1814 to decide the fate of NAPOLEON, then at Elba, and (2), lest he be wearied of diplomacy and State gatherings, a man named *Uralski*, exactly like him, who can attend them in his stead and thus leave time for the



BRIGHTER BREAKFASTS.
LISTENING-IN TO THE SERVANTS' HALL.
Prince Metternich . . MR. CONRAD VEIDT.

genuine article to engage in the love-making for which the Austrian capital was so justly famous. A simple plot, and carried out with extraordinary simplicity; for, although they have differences conspicuous to every member of the Tivoli audience, not even could the astute and crafty *Prince Metternich*, with all his spies at work, discover the cheat; and the theatre authorities themselves seem to be so little impressed that they have left *Uralski*, the spurious Emperor, out of the programme altogether. The plot, however, of this extravaganza matters little; its claim to notice is its pageantry, its music and the sparkling vivaciousness of the heroine, surely the most innocent and radiant light-o'-love that ever broke a moral law: the little glove-seller, *Christel*, with whom the true *Alexander*, without any attempt at disguise, sits and drinks in beer-houses and pays in Russian gold. You see that it is wise for any sceptical tendency to be left with our coats at the cloak-room.

An additional strain on our credulity is achieved when BORODIN'S *Prince Igor*, which was not written till long after, and never produced till the eighteen-eighties, is found to be an



BOX-APPEAL AT THE OPERA.
The Countess . . MISS LIL DAGOVER.
Uralski . . . . . MR. HENRY GARAT.

item of the gala performance for the *Tsar* at the Vienna Opera House.

Congress Dances is very loyally acted by an international cast, chiefly German, but speaking intelligible English, and including, as a portly mayor



WAITING TO SAY IT WITH FLOWERS.
Christel . . . . . MISS LILIAN HARVEY.

with almost nothing to do, our own Mr. THOMAS WEGUELIN. HENRY GARAT makes a handsome and charming *Tsar* and an almost equally handsome but less attractive *Uralski*, whose tastes run not in the least to impersonating rulers, but to needlework. CONRAD VEIDT is interesting as *Metternich*, looking cleverer than he is, and GIBB MCLOUGHLIN works hard as the *Tsar's* adjutant. The *Tsar* and *Christel* (LILIAN HARVEY) are, however, all that matter; the play centres in them and revolves around them, and they are pleasing enough.

Playgoers whose memory takes them back to the German pantomime, *Sumurun* (which I wish could be revived), will remember the procession of characters that, half-way through, frolicked across the stage to an intoxicating tune. Well, there is something similar in *Congress Dances*, when



"FALLING" FOR PHILANTHROPY.
Harmon . . . . . MR. BUSTER KEATON.

Christel, having become the darling of the *Tsar*, passes in her carriage victoriously through the streets of Vienna and out into the country beyond to her villa, singing as she goes and being joined in her song by everyone who sees her, all of whom by a happy chance have the words and the air. I don't know if these processions are a German speciality, but they are very effective, and long after the rest of the absurdities of *Congress Dances* are forgotten this triumphal progress of the little merry glove-seller will strike upon the inward eye and inward ear.

At the time when the talkies superseded the movies BUSTER KEATON was at the height of his popularity, and he must have had many searchings of the heart before he took to speech, which no comedian needed less than he: his words, his eloquent words, being his lugubrious looks, his astonishing acrobatics. At first he was cramped by the new medium, but he has now accomplished a compromise, and in his latest



Rather deaf Tyro (who has imperfectly heard his mentor's exhortation to "throw his heart over"). "I'VE THROWN MY HAT OVER AND MY WHIP TOO, BUT IT'S DONE ME NO GOOD."

picture, *Sidewalks of New York*, makes a complete return. *Congress Dances* is all gaiety and splendour; *Sidewalks of New York* is nothing but farce. And very ingenious farce too, for the inventors of the story have contrived to make use of the gangster motive. But, wild as the improbabilities of this piece of nonsense are, the odd thing is that you can, if you like, believe in them: a result due, I suppose, to the unconquerable seriousness with which the leading actor goes through his idiocies and the convincing performance of a new boy-actor, NORMAN PHILLIPS, junr., as a real character. Never can there have been in one film so many things flung, so many blows struck, so many resounding falls. BUSTER KEATON is rarely on his feet; CLIFF EDWARDS seldom has his jovial features unobscured by a well-aimed missile. To anyone in the blues this riot of nonsense, now being played at the Empire, is strongly recommended. I am not sure it is not the funniest film I have ever seen.

E. V. L.

"Wanted Clear Expressive close-up Photograph of head of bellowing buffalo for outright purchase."—*Advt. in Indian Paper.*

We have a fair snap of Uncle George as his fancy led the field at Newmarket. Any offers?

DULCE LOQUENTEM.

[The Women's Hockey Association is reported once more to be exercised over the question of bad language in representative matches.]

"Swear me, Kate, like the lady that thou art,
A round, mouth-filling oath."—*Hotspur.*

WHEN Julia speaks a rapture thrills
The circumambient airs;
Sweet are her notes as murmuring rills
Or chocolate éclairs.
The various fauna that infest
The countryside draw nearer;
The tortoise breaks his winter rest,
When Julia speaks, to hear her.

When Julia sings the feathered quires
With jealousy are mute;
The nightingale from pique expires,
The owl forbears to hoot;
And in the toughest subject's eye
A tear is seen to glisten;
The gangster lays his shot-gun by,
When Julia sings, to listen.

But when at hockey o'er the plain
My Julia nimbly flits,
How very different a strain
That dulcet voice emits!
The affrighted referee turns tail,
His eyes with horror staring,
Bargees who chance to pass go pale
To hear my Julia swearing.

THE TWO-SHILLING PIECE.

THE inside of the bus was empty save for two well-fed ladies in foolish hats and tightly-fitting coats with fur collars. Both had that air of grim determination which presages a day's shopping. They were talking as I got in.

". . . and just as I was coming out of the door there was a two-shilling piece right in front of me, and I said to myself, 'Someone must have dropped it;' but there it was, and I couldn't help thinking 'why not me as well as anyone else?'"

"Reely? Someone must have dropped it."

"Yes, but I said to myself there it was, and why not me as well as anyone else?"

"Well, someone *must* have dropped it."

"Yes, but there it was, and as I said I couldn't help thinking 'why not me as well as anybody else?'"

"Well, *someone must have dropped it.*"

"Yes, of course someone *must* have dropped it, but——"

The conductor was on top collecting fares; we entered a traffic block; I seized my chance and dropped off.

AT THE PLAY.

"HENRY V." (OLD VIC).

I TOOK the leaden road to Waterloo with special intent to see what Mr. RALPH RICHARDSON, who had so admirably presented *The Bastard* in *King John*, would make of noble *Harry*. He did in fact make a very fine thing indeed of it. Here was a real man, such as might well in hot youth have consorted with the Fat Knight and other men about Town—a man to whom the anointing had brought conversion and grace without destroying his sense of comradeship and sense of humour—a man of kingly presence—a leader whom men would follow to the death, just and merciful by habit of mind but a realist in the crises of war and statecraft. The fine hackneyed passages, mouthed to death by budding elocutionists and ultra-romantic actors in the spot-light, came alive again with a conviction of being deeply felt, not merely competently uttered. Particularly good were the Crispin speech and the God of Battles prayer. And the whole colour and variety of a complex human character emerged, instead of the mere gallant prancing puppet that is sometimes offered us. I think it a pity that Bardolatrous traditions of the Old Vic prevented substantial cuts. Here is a fine welter of good, bad, indifferent and glorious lines, and we could well spare the absolute integrity of the text in exchange for a less headlong and sometimes, I am afraid, inaudible breathlessness of utterance.

There were many good things besides this fine performance of the part of the *King*. The general march of the action was well presented and made intelligible, and Mr. HARCOURT WILLIAMS may always be counted on for some ingenious and imaginative touches. (His own portrait of the distracted, half-mad, old French King was an instance.) It would be as well, in so self-conscious a school of the theatre as the Old Vic, if the supers were better drilled to follow and react to the things said and done in their presence, if indeed drilling can effect this desirable end. Their blank indifference to lines that stirred our blood was a thing to be seen to be believed. And I think the effective tableau before the breach was "held" a little too long to sustain the illusion. A glimpse would have been much more effective. Perhaps too the battle-weary English might have looked a little less spick-and-span at the end of the arduous day. No doubt there is precedent for the immaculate appearance of staffs, but I still think the experiment would be worth trying and give point to much of the text. While as for *Harry*, from whom we rightly expect kingly *panache*, he might well have taken spare kit from the neatly-packed, intensely modern baggage (apparently from F*RTN*M AND M*SS*N) which startled our eyes in the English camp.



A WELSH RARE-BIT.

Pistol . . . . . MR. GEORGE ZUCCO.
Fluellen . . . . . MR. ROBERT SPEAIGHT.



AFTER THE FIGHT.

HENRY CONTINUES TO CONQUER THE FRENCH.
Katharine . . . . MISS PHYLLIS THOMAS.
Henry V. . . . . MR. RALPH RICHARDSON.

Mr. ROBERT SPEAIGHT'S *Fluellen* was the best I have seen. He did not fool away the worthiness and gallantry of that admirable little bore even in the comic exchanges with *Macmorris* and the egregious *Pistol*.

Mr. ZUCCO'S *Pistol* was a fine piece of jolly roguery and braggadocio. Miss MARY RUSSELL deserves the highest praise for her *Mistress Quickly*, and in the "a babbled o' green fields" passage gave us the suggestion of real human feeling behind the flat coarse mask of this naughty drab.

Mr. RICHARD RIDDLE doubled the parts of the militant *Primate* and the impetuous *Dauphin*. He speaks his lines admirably and his characterisation is intelligently studied and sustained. To Mr. ROBERT HARRIS fell the part of the *Chorus*. He is an excellent elocutionist and gave the argument with fire and varied emphasis. I could not quite decide whether a lower-toned more conventionalised rendering would not have been more effective. I am inclined to think so.

Perhaps the best compliment one can pay to the performance as a whole was that we had the sense almost of attending a first-night of a splendid new play, and that is a notable achievement. T.

THE CAMARGO SOCIETY (SAVOY).

The Camargo Society is a worthy if, as a whole, not a punctual body of citizens. Many of its members (or perhaps deputies for members putting too little value on their privilege) strolled in at intervals during the performance, gaily greeting their friends (they were mostly of what we used to call tender years) and blotting out the stage from the less assured and more conventional. The dancers deserve better than this, and there seems no reason why the Society should not keep late-comers penned in the foyer and release them in the intervals. I feel sure they would meanwhile find plenty to talk about. Candour compels me to state, by way of mitigating the malice of this comment, that in spite of heroic efforts I was a late-comer myself! But very slightly late and, as a sign of grace, very much ashamed of myself.

Our first item was a queer little

invention of Miss TRUDL DUBSKY's, inspired by music of HANDEL, orchestrated by Sir THOMAS BEECHAM and Mr. HENRY GIBSON, and brilliantly conducted by the former, who was for the occasion the guest of the Society. A lively if, choreographically, somewhat obscure affair, concerning a bride, bridegroom, bridegroom's friend and bride's friend, with comic aunts, against a background by EDNA GINESI. This was of the free rather than the disciplined school of dancing. Miss TRUDL DUBSKY (the *Bride*) is a graceful *poseuse* in the technical, not the unflattering, sense, and Miss JEANNETTE RUTHERSTON and Messrs. STANLEY JUDSON and HAROLD TURNER were in tactful support. Why the *Bride* wore so grave an aspect in such a scene of hectic gaiety I do not know.

The Vic-Wells Ballet presented a charming variation by Miss NINETTE DE VALOIS of a traditional form—*Fête Polonaise* to music by GLINKA. Here the dancing was of a character to stress the value of formal discipline. The *Pas de six*, danced by Mlles. URSULA MORETON, MARIE NIELSON, SHEILA MCCARTHY, FREDA BAMFORD, DOREEN ADAMS and GWYNETH MATTHEWS, was a very attractive design carried out by this promising team of native young ladies with graceful ease of accomplishment.

The pleasing pattern of the Mazurka was outlined with spirit by a fresh mixed team of eight, of whom at least one of the young men seemed a little doubtful about his intentions. Miss PHYLLIS BEDELLS danced gracefully a *pas seul*, and again partnered by Mr. STANLEY JUDSON.

A dance after the general and admirable *Sylphides* formula (produced by Miss BEDELLS), to the galloping-horse Ballade in A flat of CHOPIN, was no mere piece of pastiche. There were charming variations of established technical movements, and the real grace and beauty of the long-limbed young women (out-sizes in *Sylphides*) proved—for here again was a fresh team of eight—that we have abundant material here in England to carry on a dancing tradition not altogether unworthy of our Russian exemplar, of which the essential secret is hard work and rigorous gymnastic discipline.

Rio Grande, a ballet designed by our brilliant and precocious choreographer, Mr. FREDERICK ASHTON, for CONSTANT LAMBERT'S setting of SACHEVERELL SITWELL'S exotic poem, was unquestionably the most successful of the four pieces. Mr. ASHTON, entitling his ballet "A Day in a Southern Port," has extravagantly embroidered the poet's theme. Certainly his ladies of the town and his questing sailors "dance no saraband on level lawns." Instead, against one of those desperately unsophisticated backgrounds of crooked chimneys, toy boats and cardboard vegetation now so fashionable, with a naïve portrait on a hoarding which might be, for all we could tell, meant to represent Mr. SACHEVERELL SITWELL, fourteen free-mannered young girls assiduously compete for the attentions of eight young sailor-men. It is a frank scene, redeemed from offensiveness by a discretion which occasionally threatens to withdraw, but in fact does not. And with the admirable LYDIA LOPOKOVA to express with delightful



THERE OR THEREABOUTS.
MISS PHYLLIS BEDELLS AND MR. HAROLD TURNER.

extravagance the emotions of the *Queen of the Port*, the talented Miss ALICIA MARKOVA to expose the crude psychology of an ardent Creole girl, with Mr. WILLIAM CHAPPELL and Mr. WALTER GORE to heighten the bizarre quality of the affair, with the New English Singers to sing the spirited snatches in Mr. CONSTANT LAMBERT'S exciting invention, and the composer to conduct with a passionate bâton—the whole was carried to an adequate climax which raised our spirits and extorted our admiration.

T.

Statements which we Refuse to Believe.

"PRINCE ARTHUR SHOOTS DUKE OF WESTMINSTER'S LLANGOLLEN PARTY."—*Manchester Paper.*

"GOAL FOR ELLESMERE PORT BIGAMIST."
Local Paper.

This raises the question, would BRIGHAM YOUNG have been a great forward?

LIGHT GRAY.

[The theory is advanced that GRAY wrote the *Elegy*, not at Stoke Poges, but at Upton-cum-Chalvey. The name of Stoke Poges, however, is in harmony with the quiet dignity of the *Elegy*. The lilt of Upton-cum-Chalvey could only have evoked something like the following.]

In Upton-cum-Chalvey the curfew is sounding;
The herd, lowing loudly, cavorts o'er the lea;
The lively young ploughman from labour is bounding
And Stoke with its Poges means nothing to me.

The darkness comes down with a rush on Creation;
The air's solemn stillness—a moment at most—
The beetle disturbs with his shrill stridulation,
And tinklings remind me of tea and of toast.

At Upton-cum-Chalvey the owlet, distracted,
Makes vocal the tower ivied over with green
(At Chorlton-cum-Hardy, you'll find, is enacted
In Lancashire accents a similar scene).

In Upton's dim churchyard, unconscious in slumber,
Each writer is pressed 'neath a ponderous tomb;
I can only rejoice I am not of their number,
And linger no longer to muse in the gloom.

An Impending Apology.

"TO-NIGHT AT 8.10.
EXCLUSIVE PICTURES OF THE ARRIVAL OF PEGGY SALAMAN.
THE FLYING FOOL."
Cinema Advt. in South African Paper.

"According to 'The Evening News,' Sir Austen Chamberlain has declined the offer of a beerage."—*Indian Paper.*

Perhaps a rather sweeping definition of the Upper House.

"It will be at the Mont St. Michel, on the Breton coast, where the late Mme. Poulard's famed omelette is to be immortalised in granite or marble."—*Daily Paper.*

It is likely to continue to be similarly immortalised in many English restaurants.

"The present level, however, had been an economic one in view of the depressed conditions of trade and consequently the decreased shipment of gods by sea."
Sunday Paper.

Does this mean that as a nation we shall have more little tin ones than ever?

MORE BIG CHANCES.

IN Tumby-over-Tussock, where Maria and I usually go to repair the ravages of the working week, they are making great efforts just now to balance the Budget of the Village Institute. It is thought that the difficulties would have proved insuperable had not the Adhesive Conservatives on the Right Wing of the Committee come unstuck before the vigorous personality of the Vicar's son, newly returned from the East, who stampeded them into accepting his suggestion of a Gift Lottery. From the excitement which this decision has caused in village circles it is clear that the books of the Institute will not only be balanced, but that the Committee is likely to meet the coming year with a surplus so embarrassingly large that they may be forced into all kinds of unforeseen activities.

Offers of gifts are pouring in, and while this unusual spirit prevails Maria and I have been asked to draft out a suitable list, on the lines of the various London Charity lotteries—the things in which, before you can say No, you are stung with a 12-seater Steam-heated Monoplane for Two Days, with Caramels for All and a Prawn Lunch in the First-Class Buffet at Bootle Station, or a Pint of McSlosh's Gruel every Thursday Night for Three Years.

We have done our best. One or two of these suggestions may have to be revised a bit before we hand them to the Committee next week-end:—

(*a*) A two-hour monologue (private audition) on the hardships undergone by members of the Harpooner Campaign in '87, of whom he was one, with additional remarks on the best way to roast a parakeet on a fire of coconut shells, by *Colonel Huffsnort*.

(*b*) Three-and-a-half feet of the recipient's favourite tooth-paste, to be measured out publicly at the next village concert.—*Mr. Flush*, the chemist.

(*c*) Five miles across country on his motor-plough, all claims paid.—*Farmer Spludge*.

(*d*) A pint of "Dog's-Nose" every day in 1932 on which the temperature as shown on Mr. Flush's big thermometer falls below 40 degrees.—*Mrs. Barley*, "The Shoved Ha'penny."

(*e*) A pair of braces or a belt in the colours of the Dart team.—*Mr. Studd*, our hosier.

(*f*) The manuscript, now somewhat tattered, of his celebrated sermon on "The Young People of To-day," from *The Vicar*. (By special request of his family, who declare that they cannot face it again.)

(*g*) A super-charged cornet solo for any number of persons.—*Mr. Timson*.

(*h*) Twelve times round the Village Green in a bath-chair for two every Sunday afternoon for six months.—*Mr. Gaskett*, of the Garage.

(*i*) Pink crochet-work egg-muffs for a party of eight.—*Miss Tripp*.

(*j*) A day's poaching at The Manor, with leave to shoot any of the Lower Organisms, including the Head Gardener, whom everyone loathes.—*Admiral Groundswell*.

(*k*) Giblets for six.—*Mr. Prime*, the butcher.

(*l*) Permission to throw ten bricks at her greenhouses, *or* half-a-gross of eggs at some given target. Eggs, permission and targets to be supplied by *Lady Rhomboid-Perks*.

Of course, as I said, this is only in the nature of a rough draft. The donors themselves will have the final say.

ERIC.

A QUESTION OF TRANSPORT.

UNTIL recently I was content to make the best of local means of transport when moving about our Colony, but now Charles has made me wonder if the old methods of *safari* are quite good enough.

For a river-voyage I merely insist that the dug-out canoe be large enough to take my extended camp-bed and that a palm canopy is rigged to keep the sun off me. I really do not care then how adverse the current may be, though of course if it *is* against us, when I wake up and give orders for the pitching of my tent on shore, the relays of paddlers have not propelled me so far as they otherwise would.

Nor do I worry much when a journey is to be made on foot. My boys are told that I must not be wakened, that's all. They know how to carry on. By the time I have had my sleep out the day's march is over and while the porters hold my hammock steady I get out of it.

Charles arrived in a motor-car one afternoon. I was rather sleepy and could not take in all the points of this car, but I gather that it is the last word in British manufacture and is called a "Polar Locust." Apparently one hasn't to steer or anything. One turns a knob on a dial and when the car comes to a corner it turns it, sounding its horn loudly and giving the correct traffic-signal. I forget what heights it can clear standing and with a short run.

When Charles had explained the engine (I wasn't following closely, but no doubt it could be adapted for cooking) he asked me how big my *safari* usually was. Now I rarely need more than fifty porters, rather priding myself, as a matter of fact, on travelling light, and I said as much.

That led to the next demonstration, right at the far end of the machine. The rear portion can be used as a box-room, it seems, and there Charles packs his fly-whisk, though he gets everywhere and back again so quickly that so much kit is not really necessary.

Finally I was taken for a ride. As he set the car at the anthill which blocks the path from my house Charles remarked how surprisingly good the local tracks were. "I can get anywhere with this bus," he went on, driving down a sand-spit into the river. "Absolutely anywhere," he repeated, raising his voice above the rush of water over the floor-boards.

Noting how the crocodiles looked at us before sidling closer, I felt it was not for me to contradict him.

"Of course," Charles continued, speeding over the hippo-tracks in the mud of the far bank, "we don't go fast and we keep our eyes open"—here we dashed into elephant-grass—"but"—the passage of the rice-swamp claimed his attention for a moment—"nothing defeats us."

In Kalele village, as the natives rushed headlong for their huts, a lot of children fell over each other in front of the wheels, but Charles easily avoided them by driving through a bead booth and two cotton-plots, and he had no difficulty in keeping behind the goats, sheep and fowls for hundreds of yards beyond the village.

I am not quite clear about all that happened later. Perhaps it is only my fancy that the car bolted; that lion put their tails between their legs and fled before us yelping; that rhino blanched and cowered in the dust, and that mere buck are probably running yet. I seem to remember, however, that Charles used what he called "the silent third" when he thought we might be close to elephant.

What gave me even greater pleasure was recognising my usual camping-sites as we passed them. "Just here," I recalled, "I used to say, 'Only eight days from home now!'" and the next minute I found myself thinking, "I've been walking hard for a fortnight—that was 'No Chicken Camp.'" And once, when we approached the river bank, I saw a tree under which I remembered having pitched my tent after I had paddled upstream for three weeks. And so it went on.

When, after an hour's outing, we got back to the bungalow I pulled myself together and remembered my manners. "Thanks very much," I said; "I enjoyed that."

Then Charles spoke the words which are robbing me of my peace of mind. "*You* ought to get a car," he said.

Ought I?



THE TEAM SPIRIT IN AFTER-DINNER SPEECHES.

A SUGGESTION TO BRIGHTEN OUR "OLD BOYS'" GATHERINGS.



TRYING SITUATION FOR CLOAK-ROOM ATTENDANT AT THE CONJURERS' CONVENTION.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

Soviet Labour.

I CONGRATULATE the Duchess of ATHOLL, M.P., on the quiet competence of her handbook on the Russian problem. That *The Conscription of a People* (PHILIP ALLAN, 7/6) is a businesslike indictment makes it none the less poignant; and the poignancy is by no means limited to the thirteen chapters that depict the rivetting of Russia's shackles. Neither party feeling nor personal indolence should absolve any man or woman of intelligence from going carefully into the statistics summarised here, and from learning as far as possible what the Soviets set out to do and precisely how they did and do it. The terrible figures of mortality in the labour camps should be noted, and the intimate detail of conditions: the picture, for instance, of the workers of the day-shift stripping off their only clothing to cover the workers of the night-shift at the fall of an Arctic winter. Throughout there is the amazing sight of an agricultural country deliberately transforming itself into an industrial one, and this in a world satiated with industrialism already. Finally there is the spectacle of that world's continued connivance—the hired experts—German, French, American, Italian and British—under whom the Russian proletariat toils; the financial credits of similar derivation. Thirty per cent of Russia's exports are estimated ultimately to arrive here; and we are particularly active in supplying her, I note, with armaments. An England which was once the conscience of Europe has allowed herself to be outblushed by America. A change of face no less than a change of mind and heart is plainly overdue.

Poor Old Cranmer.

The difficulty of framing into the shape of a reasonably consistent and plausible human being the leading figure in a great religious revolution, while at the same time weighting every event and aspect of the conflict to serve the purpose of a particular party therein, has proved too much for even the most versatile of writers. In his challenging, controversial and altogether virulent, bracing, delightful and exasperating study—*Cranmer* (CASSELL, 15/-)—Mr. HILAIRE BELLOC is really concerned, of course, to demonstrate the divine sanction for his own dearly-held faith, while attacking that Protest which was for him a Bolshevism of the spirit; but finding CRANMER a fairly convenient stalking-horse from behind which to hurl jovial abuse, provocative dogma and what would be, if Mr. BELLOC were anybody but Mr. BELLOC, an occasional almost unpleasant sneer, he develops almost automatically a study of the Archbishop himself. CRANMER'S master-craftsmanship in painting perfect miniatures in English prose is wrenched away from the rest of his supposed character to do duty in explaining the annoying persistency of the exquisite Anglican Liturgy, which as a mere incidental weapon in a conspiracy should have disappeared long ago; and CRANMER'S consent, while already perhaps secretly a Protestant, to the execution by fire of some of the early

reformers, is utilised to lessen the onus of later, more abundant burnings of martyrs—himself for one. Mr. BELLOC wrestles gallantly in the face of odds to alter a verdict established for nearly four hundred years. I would not have missed reading his book for anything—but remain a heretic.

The Tate.

Art critics, their detractors say,
Not only get a careless way
Of viewing pictures,
But use a jargon of their own
To common readers quite unknown
Writing their strictures.

Not so our "Keeper of the Tate,"
D. S. MACCOLL, whom happy Fate
Permitted kindly
To write in several Reviews,
Teaching the public to enthuse,
But not too blindly.

Well we remember now and then
The way he punctured with his pen
The sides of Folly,
Pinking them neatly, without gall—
So neatly that we found it all
Extremely jolly.

These papers, sage but not too mild,
Confessions of a Keeper styled,
Were worth collecting
At twelve-and-six. The public owes
A debt to Messrs. MACLEHOSE;
May they recover at the close
All they're expecting!

An Abyssinian Comedy.

I imagine that I am not alone in hoping that Mr. EVELYN WAUGH has not cast aside for good the mantle of frivolity; yet, when as a traveller and commentator he offers us such good fare as his new book, *Remote People* (DUCKWORTH, 10/6), we can hardly complain. He began his African tour last year at Addis Ababa with the coronation of H.I.M. HAILE SELASSIE THE FIRST, King of the Kings of Ethiopia. An auspicious start. We all wondered ourselves about the exact significance of this event, which was attended by representatives of most of the Powers; perhaps rather unkindly Mr. WAUGH suggests that its importance originated in the minds of the resident European ladies, who felt that it was time they had a party. In any case it was worth going to. The preparations were delightfully casual. Uncertainty prevailed until the last moment as to where the coronation itself would take place, and as most of the journalists had zealously despatched their descriptions of it the day before, they had every excuse for the minor inaccuracies which their papers gave to the world. And when to everyone's amazement the celebrations were actually gone through, both they and the subsequent festivities were good enough to rank with the best of comic opera. Afterwards Mr. WAUGH wandered observantly through Southern Arabia, approving greatly of Aden; and visited Zanzibar, Kenya, the Congo, Rhodesia and Cape Town. With Kenya he was particularly delighted, for it was surprising, he says, "to find a community of English squires established on the Equator." *Remote People* is to me what a travelogue should be, for it contains absurdity and information blended with such skill and penetration that they are indivisible.



Skipper. "AN' LET ME KNOW WHEN YOU PICK UP THE LIGHTHOUSE."
Temporary Hand. "PICK UP THE LIGHT'OUSE? LUMMY—YOU AIN'T 'ALF ASKIN' SOMETHINK!"

Literary Criticism.

If it is one of the excellences of literary criticism to suggest more problems than it solves, Mr. R. A. SCOTT-JAMES is to be doubly congratulated on his second collection of essays. The scope of *Personality in Literature* (SECKER, 7/6) is roughly threefold. The book revives its author's pre-War estimates of men like SHAW and WELLS on the plea that, though their fame may have increased, their achievement reached high-water mark in 1913. It discusses why these Victorians still hold the centre of the

stage, unrivalled by the more finicking talents of modern youth. Finally a series of admirable essays—"To-day and Yesterday" and "Literature and Fine Art" in particular—resume those general principles which (it was forcibly borne in on me) should have enabled their holder to deal a trifle more firmly with WELLS, SHAW, BENNETT, CHESTERTON and the rest. Mr. SCOTT-JAMES laments the vociferousness of the Marthas of letters with their strident propaganda and their divorcement from traditional learning; but he does not, perhaps, sufficiently connect the stridency and illiteracy of their more renowned elders with modern youth's comparative lack of enterprise. The literary opportunist who makes a stir in his own day is often a break, not a link, in the chain of historic culture; and he is apt to leave but a disordered heritage to a bewildered posterity. In time youth should find its way back to more generous sources. Meanwhile such knowledgeable and distinguished essays as those Mr. SCOTT-JAMES keeps as "daintiest last" should prove both serviceable and inspiring.

Truth at Death's Door.

Miss CICELY HAMILTON'S hero in *Full Stop* (DENT, 6/-), *John Royle, M.P.*, who is just about to become Prime Minister as the result of a pretty little intrigue of his own making, is suddenly stricken down with an affection of the heart which leaves him, so say his physician and a famous heart specialist, but a few short weeks to live. He faces the inevitable with courage, refuses to prolong his life (for a week or two at most) by taking care of himself, and makes a speech to his constituents which, to say the least, surprises them, outwits the blackmailing wife of his rival, and generally behaves with such candour and charity as only a doomed man could afford to indulge in. Miss HAMILTON stifles a twinge of conscience by saying impenitently in her preface that, if she has invented a new disease, well, she invented the M.P., why shouldn't she invent the kind of heart he has? It seems to me a very proper observation (there's a good deal too much mugging-up of symptoms and other technicalities of all sorts nowadays). The central idea is interesting if grim, and thoughtfully worked out.

A Graceful Style.

On the wrapper of *The Winters* (GOLLANCZ, 7/6) you will find a warm eulogy from BEATRICE KEAN SEYMOUR in which she speaks of a "talent, delicious in itself, already highly wrought and brought near to perfection," and so forth. Incited by this praise I opened Miss ELIZABETH JENKINS' story of the *Winter* family with the highest expectations, and frankly I am unable to endorse Miss SEYMOUR'S estimate of it. To my mind Miss JENKINS' work is of real interest to those of us who seriously regard novel-writing as an art, because her style is both gracious and graceful and she is bountifully equipped with humour. Her women, and especially *Lady Winter*, are alive and entirely delightful, but I found the *Winter* brethren far too shadowy and anæmic. Even in his love-affairs *Henry Winter* seemed to me more glacial than ardent. Evidence enough, however, exists to convince me that distinction awaits Miss JENKINS when she turns her real powers of observation upon men and learns thoroughly to understand them.

United Families.

Aunt Becky Began It (HODDER AND STOUGHTON, 7/6) suffers, as *Magic for Marigold* suffered, from an overcrowded stage, but Miss L. M. MONTGOMERY writes so pleasantly and intimately that her tales, despite their handicaps, are always easy to read. Here she relates the fortunes of two families in Prince Edward Island, the *Darks* and the *Penhallows*. These families were enough, and in a sense more than enough, in themselves; if you happened to be born a *Dark* you married either another *Dark* or a *Penhallow*, and if you were a girl and born a *Penhallow* you either remained one at your marriage or became a *Dark*. And over these exclusive people *Aunt Becky* ruled, and at her death left an inheritance that, for better or worse, assuredly perpetuated her memory. *Aunt Becky* is a creation to be proud of, and indeed I have no word to say against these very human *Darks* and *Penhallows* except that there seemed to me too many of them.



ECONOMY AT THE CLUB.

Calendars.

Mr. Punch would like to remind his readers that, as in previous years, there will be two calendars this Christmas which bear his mark. One, published at 3/6 by G. DELGADO, LTD., 53–55, East Road, City Road, London, N.1, contains a selection of illustrated jokes from these pages; and the other, a tear-off calendar of *Punch* paragraphs, is published by M'CAW, STEVENSON & ORR, LTD., 329, High Holborn, London, W.C.2, at 2/-.

ON A FAMOUS GANGSTER.

["Al Capone is killing time in prison."—*Daily Paper.*]

THEY say he's killing time while he's "inside";
A game of skill, and surely no one's got
A fitter brain than his to play and win it.
He takes the tedious hours for a ride,
Puts the unwanted seconds on the spot
And skilfully bumps off each weary minute;
Yet in the end, like humbler men, he'll writhe
And drop his "gat" before his victim's scythe. JAN.

"There has been no marked change in the situation, and there have been no important collusion between Government forces and rebels during the week."—*Burmese Paper.*

There may still, however, be a collision between an editor and a policeman.

CHARIVARIA.

THE MINISTER OF AGRICULTURE states that the term "new laid" as applied to an egg has not been defined by statute. Ever since the Addled Parliament legislators have been sensitive on this subject.

***

A political writer regards Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL as the CLEMENCEAU of this Parliament, and observes that he has CLEMENCEAU'S tremendous knowledge, CLEMENCEAU'S ruthlessness, CLEMENCEAU'S "guts" and CLEMENCEAU'S burning patriotism. We doubt whether he has a hat like CLEMENCEAU'S.

***

In Germany hundreds of Alsatian dogs are being trained to accompany and protect postmen delivering money-orders. Nothing could be more appropriate to the season of peace and goodwill than a reconciliation between the dog and the postman.

***

Switzerland is said to be so hard-hit by the absence of British visitors that many of the inhabitants have decided not to yodel this winter.

***

Dean INGE has stated that if he was a Dictator he would abolish lipsticks. We feel sure that this would almost certainly be put forward as an argument against his being offered the appointment.

***

With reference to the report of the activities of the Royal Mint issued the other day there is still no suggestion that people might write for free samples.

***

SIAH KHAN, an eighteen-year-old youth of Teheran, Persia, is nearly twelve feet tall, but can neither walk nor eat without assistance. Local orchard-owners must be thankful for his disability.

***

At the request of many children, manufacturers now supply a father to complete the dolls'-house family. His continued absence had given rise to comment.

***

Engagement-rings are now being bought on the instalment plan. In our opinion the consciousness that there is something owing on the ring is calculated to put a strain on the affections.

***

A library assistant tells of women who read three novels a day, or more than a thousand a year. That's as many as some authors could write in the time.

***

Those who are on the look-out for gift-books with a sporting appeal should be careful to note that the recently-published *Confessions of a Keeper* is by a curator of picture-galleries.

***

Experiments at the Zoo have proved that hibernation can be induced artificially. We have been unable to ascertain, however, whether any Fellows have been put to sleep for the winter.

***

Thistles were served as a vegetable at a gastronome's banquet; but there is no truth in the cruel rumour that the dish was damned with faint brays.

***

We are informed that the ancient Grecks played a game very like football. So no doubt when Achilles sulked in his tent he had been ordered off by the referee.

***

Mr. WILL FYFFE says that twenty-three years ago he was glad to carry a traveller's bag to the station at Newcastle for a shilling. The comedian must shudder when he thinks that it might have been Aberdeen.

***

We read of a bank-manager who is an expert photographer. Ours isn't, or we should ask him for a nice enlargement of our overdraft.

***

A golf professional has used a girl's forehead as a tee. Care should be taken not to select too high a brow for this purpose.

***

It is stated that a Detroit man crawled eleven miles on his hands and knees. It is not said whether he found his collar-stud after all.

***

A motor-bandit was observed to be wearing buff spats, probably with the object of distracting attention from his face.

***

Mr. E. G. BOULENGER tells of a snail at the Natural History Museum which began to crawl away after having been gummed to a card for two years. The wonder is that the creature stuck it so long.

***

KREISLER says he never practises. It's a pity the young lady next-door doesn't try to become a great violinist in the same way.

***

A man claims to have invented a silencer for noisy gramophones. We doubt if it is any more effective than a good coal-hammer.

***

A Peterborough pianist has only one hand. This is nothing, however. We know several singers who have no voice at all.

***

"Appropriate Gems," reads a jeweller's advertisement. Burglars, we have noticed, frequently do.



Modern Wine Merchant (dictating catalogue for the Christmas trade). "A BIZARRE WINE, WITH CAMARADERIE, BUT NOT OF THE EXTREME LEFT."

CURTAILED GENEROSITY.

How tactful of the shops to make it pleasant
To exercise obligatory thrift;
If money's lacking for a Christmas present
We can afford (*see* Ads.) "an Xmas gift."

Is this Inside Information?

". . . some children from the Waifs and trays Home were watching 'The Vagabond King' . . . the Rev. C. H. L. ——, who was also in the audience, bought them a big box of chocolates. They left half-way through the play."—*Kettering Paper.*

THE MODERN ORPHEUS.

A FRENCH POET, so 'tis said, goes into a cage of African lions at the Cirque de Paris every night and reads his odes to them. The idea is commoner than might be supposed. The author of the following lines, as will be seen, has felt the longing, when no human recognition of his genius was forthcoming, to pour out his soul in ecstasy to the dumb beasts at the Zoo.

I am sick of the slightings that come to my writings,
And why should it thus befall
That critics with curses bedevil my verses?
A sorrow upon them all!
I will go to the cages and read out these pages
To the animals that are there,
And have some notice from the rhinocerotes
And a blurb from the big white bear.

For 'tis idle hymnin' to men and women,
And the lyre is dumb, they say,
But the creatures like it when poets strike it
As they did in the old Greek day;
The bright cats and yellow pards, gentle camelopards
Cluster around in a ring,
None of the elephants see much irrelevance
In any of the songs I sing.

And I have a measure that gives much pleasure
To the Barbary sheep and the yak,
And I have great dramas to comfort the llamas
And tickle the ant-bear's back;
For the sloth and the tapir, they don't read the paper,
Nor the nilghais nor the gnus;
No hippopotami ever ask what am I,
Like the men in the grand reviews.

I am weary of blindness and men's unkindness,
I will go down to the seals
With their tender faces, and stand in places
Where the penguins have their meals.
And the emus and ostriches, full of men's lost riches,*
Will listen to my wild words,
And joy shall awake in the heart of the takin
And the secretary-birds.

The keepers shall find me, but they shall not mind me
As I sit by the puma's bars,
And I have a licence to keen to the bisons,
With their eyes like golden stars,
Till their great hearts soften, and often and often
The vulture will send soft looks—
And be damned to the flunkeys, far lower than monkeys,
Who never will read my books! EVOE.

"AFTER-MATHS."

ORDINARILY, I hope and trust, we Old Public School Men have more sense of what is decent and right—in fact, what is done (if I may coin a phrase)—than to attempt to palm off rejected MSS. on to unsuspecting Editors—or do they always suspect? Since, however, the following letter was so ignominiously spurned by the great organ of Public Opinion which has been inquiring of late into the question of expenses incurred at Public Schools, I feel that the time has come to entrust it, not merely to an evanescent periodical, but to a National Institution whose Editor (who has already welcomed one pertinent article on the subject) will appreciate its fundamental importance in like measure as his readers must applaud its outspoken and fearless exposures. Here, then, is the letter:—

Woodhead House, The Cloisters, The Close,
The Precincts, St. Osbert's, Ashmere.

To the Editor of "The Daily Post."

KIND SIR,—As an Old Public School Man I should like to add my quota to the quorum of quidnuncs who have been writing about the expenses incurred at Public Schools. I refer to the able letters of "Floreat," "Lariat" (Mrs. Annie Noose), "Wili Nili Nisi Desperandum," "Pro Bono Parente" and "Another Animal-Lover."

It seems to me that your correspondents have all missed one essential point in connection with this important matter, and that is the question of what I perhaps may call After-expense—an expense which even the privilege of pretending to be on familiar terms with a Bishop or a distinguished Politician at those dinners where, as you may know, we Old Public School men congregate from time to time, can only compensate in very small measure. I append a statement of my After-expenses for the past year. In some years they are more, in some less, but the following will give a very fair impression of the average amount involved:—

	£	s.	d.
Annual subscription to the Old Ashmerian Club . . .		10	6
To attending Branch Dinners of the Club at Liverpool, Edinburgh, Birmingham, Ealing and Houndsditch (exclusive of wines)	5	5	0
Wines (I won the toss every time, except at Houndsditch, where some of the others had double-headed pennies as well)		7	6
To ever so many Old Ashmerian ties (argent and azure—the argent is the part that goes black, festers away and invariably comes right across the knot) . . .	1	2	6
To completing the Old School's chapel	2	2	0
To pulling the Old School's chapel down again and putting another bit on, "owing to inadequate accommodation due to the increased numbers of the school." (This will teach them to be more careful with the next two guineas that I send them)		2	6
Presentation to my old House Master, the Rev. H. J. Whistlepont, on his retirement after thirty-five years' devoted service. (That old swine "Squeaker" gone at last!—worth a guinea to get rid of him.)	1	1	0
Estimated expenditure of standing drinks in all sorts of repellent places to all sorts of revolting people wearing argent and azure ties (or, after the second round, any similar tie)	2	2	0
Subscription towards the Old Boys' Cup for Organ Music, and Backgammon		10	6
To helping to finance the production of *Two Hundred Years of Ashmere* by that old fool "Wuffer" . . .		10	6
To being allowed to buy copy of same		10	6
	£14	4	6

ASSETS.

Received from the Sub-Bursar on account of the sale of my *Liddell and Scott* to some poor new simp, after ten years, during which time the volume seems to have depreciated, in sympathy with general financial conditions to		1	6
Debit Balance . . .	£14	3	0

Trusting that you will give my letter the publicity it deserves, Yours most enthusiastically,

PHILIP AMBROSE APRICOT
(1909-14, being the only Ashmerian in the Lower Fourth old enough to join up at the outbreak of the War).

That is the letter that was so shamefully and inconsequently rejected: but now that it is in the right hands I trust that I may be able to make a little *addendum* (How the Classics will out with us Old Public School Men!) on the assets side:—

	s.	d.
To profits accruing from publication of powerful article	2	4?

* An ostrich that died recently in the Zoological Gardens (according to Mr. E. G. BOULENGER) contained two handkerchiefs, three gloves, a Kodak film spool, a comb, a key, a gold necklace, two collar-studs and fivepence in coppers. See *Animal Ways*.



TO BUY OR NOT TO BUY.

JOHN BULL (*doubtfully*). "TO BUY OR NOT TO BUY—THAT IS THE QUESTION—
WHETHER 'TIS BETTER IN THE BANKS TO BURY
THE MEAGRE REMNANTS OF MY FORMER FORTUNE
OR TO GIVE ALMS TO INDUSTRY IN TROUBLE
AND PURCHASE CHRISTMAS PRESENTS."

(*Mr. Punch modestly advises the second course of action.*)



Pupil. "HOW MANY LESSONS D'YOU THINK I SHALL WANT BEFORE I CAN GET A REAL SKATING COSTUME?"

IN SANTA RICA.

II.—THE MUTINY.

THE Republic of Santa Rica runs at about the same number of revolutions per minute as any other Central American State, but it doesn't take them so seriously. There is a sort of joyous Latin abandon about the whole business that makes the Saxon onlooker wonder why he ever wastes money on a theatre. Take, for instance, the recent mutiny in their Navy. It was all over before it could even get in the papers, but while it lasted it was good.

It began apparently on the flagship of the Santa Rican fleet at the start of the annual manœuvres. Intense excitement had reigned for days because these manœuvres, though annual and figuring annually in the Naval Estimates at enormous expense to the country, actually hadn't been held for five years owing to what the Secretary of the Navy called the exigencies of State, meaning the exigencies of the Secretary of the Navy. This year, however, the new Secretary happened to be also brother-in-law to the Admiral of the Fleet and had put family before finance, with the result that the Admiral of the Fleet was getting his longed-for manœuvres and a brand-new uniform, designed apparently for an Admiral of Several Fleets.

On the morning of the first day the Santa Rican Navy's full battle-cruiser strength (both of them) put happily to sea, the flagship *Santa Ignacia de la Moderacion* leading by a short head at the harbour mouth and thus winning a small bet for her captain. They were accompanied by a number of smaller boats, which, owing (as far as could be later ascertained) to arguments developing on board about navigation, lost their way before mid-day and weren't seen again till the manœuvres and the mutiny were over.

The mutiny began in the afternoon before the ship had been got under way again after the mid-day siesta. The chief cause appeared to be that the crew were nervous at being so far out of sight of land—for your Santa Rican has not the tang of the sea in his veins. He may be a good guerilla soldier, but as any sort of sailor he is just a mess. A contributory cause might have been the fact that they hadn't yet *had* a mutiny that year. Talking and gesticulating wildly, they surged aft and demanded to see the Admiral, rudely jostling such officers as (*a*) deliberately got in their way or (*b*) weren't quick enough to get out of it.

The Admiral refused to see the men, who thereupon began to shout their little troubles at him from where they were. Most seemed to want more pay—a number of them wanted just *some* pay—and all stated they were tired and wanted to go home. Others complained of the motion of the ship; while a small party, who had only been recruited a short time ago, had apparently been under the impression till that morning that they had joined the Army. . . . Well, anyway, they had a variety of grievances. In default of satisfaction they proposed to throw the Admiral overboard, where he could manœuvre to his heart's content while they went back to port.

After this had gone on for a while the Admiral appeared in his second-best uniform and made a speech. The crew listened with polite interest that soon changed to rapt attention, for it was a good speech. At the end they broke into loud applause. Every true Santa Rican understands and appreciates the finer points of speech-making. Next to revolutions, it is the country's basic industry.

After the Admiral's speech a sailor made a speech, then an officer took the floor. While this was going on, however, some other officers on the bridge

sent a signal to the rest of the Navy that a bloodthirsty mutiny had broken out on board. At this the rest of the Navy, the *Santa Catharina*, promptly trained her guns on the *Santa Ignacia*; and the whole proceedings were held up while excited signals were jointly sent by the Admiral, the officers and the sailors of the *Santa Ignacia*, the gist of which was to point those damn things somewhere else.

After this interlude another sailor made a speech, then the Admiral again. Each speech was now being greeted with terrific applause; and the scene must have given the impression of a friendly meeting of a literary society in a local town-hall. No one, therefore, would have been more surprised than an onlooker when, as the loud acclamation died down, the crew surged forward and did as they had originally threatened—threw the Admiral overboard.

Then, a little aghast—who would not be at having thrown a full Admiral of the Fleet in full uniform into the sea?—they clustered round the ship's side, and several shouted out to ask him if he were all right. The Admiral, swimming round in a dignified manner, *was* quite all right. Moreover, after a fierce fight on the far side of the ship, which nearly came to blows, a party of officers and loyal sailors lowered a boat and rowed after their superior.

A dripping but still dignified figure, the Admiral stood up in the bow of the boat and at once made another speech. No one seemed to think there was anything unusual in the spectacle of a very moist admiral addressing a large battleship from a row-boat in mid-ocean. But the Admiral knew what he was doing. He had not reached that rank for nothing in the Santa Rican Navy. He began by intimating that he was now proposing to row across to the rest of his fleet. He then issued an emergency order making the *Santa Catharina* the flagship, with effect from that minute. And in a fine peroration he pointed out that in the small boat with him there happened to be all those officers who knew how to navigate the *Santa Ignacia*. Let her now go home as best she might. *Adios!* . . .

In ten minutes the mutiny was over. The rush to lower boats and catch the Admiral and his officers before they could reach the *Santa Catharina* was such that at one point there could hardly have been more than a score of people left on board the *Santa Ignacia*.

On his triumphant return the Admiral issued a stupendous order terminating the annual manœuvres forthwith. He then wrote a letter to his Admiralty suggesting that the money so saved should, in view of the prompt and resolute action displayed by himself and his officers in quelling a mutiny, be employed in some suitable form of appreciation—say, cash presents. A. A.



Wedding Usher. "FRIEND OF THE BRIDE OR BRIDEGROOM?"
Rejected Suitor. "DETEST 'EM BOTH!"

THE MAN WHO LOATHES CHRISTMAS.

He mouths the modern curses,
  He sneers the modern sneers,
And vows that nothing worse is
  Or brings him nearer tears
Than Xmas with its humbug
  And false romantic glow,
He only hopes that some bug
  (Or germ) will lay him low.

The sight of Xmas numbers,
  He groans, quite makes him sick;
The waits who break his slumbers
  He swears he'd love to kick;
The brisk and gay caboodle
  Of shops evokes a grunt;
To him it's all flapdoodle—
  A mere commercial stunt.

He wakes on Xmas morning
  Prepared to spend the day
Contemptuously scorning
  Whate'er may come his way;
But no one ever minds him
  (It's really quite a lark),
And so the evening finds him
  A pretty gay old spark. D. C.

"KING CAROL MYSTERY."—*Daily Paper.*
The WENCESLAS legend, we suppose.

LETTERS TO AN EXILE.

DEAR ROONA,—I am minded to write to you again about dogs—for dogs are enjoying a period of triumph such as never have they known before. Sirius is in the ascendant. Every dog has his day and every day is the dog's. Not to own a dog is to be outside the pale, and to own one is more than simple since the breeding of them is rapidly becoming one of our leading industries. The preparation of teas for the traveller is, of course, the first, as any trip into the country will show; but the notice boards advertising kennels are numerically not far behind. Should any further evidence be needed you have but to read the advertisements in the periodicals devoted to the new cult, which every week get increasingly bulky and mention so many kennels, each producing puppies of equal beauty or excellence, that I don't know how the would-be purchaser ever makes his choice. Perhaps he chooses the nearest.

Me, to whom a dog is a dog and not a prize-winner; me, to whom a dog-show is a form of inferno, these illustrated advertisements leave cold. I read them, but no feeling of envy inhabits my breast. I would not exchange a faithful understanding mongrel for any of them.

Shall we, I wonder, ever have a paper called *Our Mongrels*? Unlikely; but dogs, who can do most things, and even, as I was telling you recently, have in America become actors in the talkies, might very easily take to journalism and bring out a paper called *Our Men and Women*. Here the balance could be adjusted in the photographs, and owners, who are merely hucksterers, will no longer, as now, be dominant and big and proudly possessive in looks, but reduced in size in the right inferior relationship to the magnificent specimens of dog upon whose merits they batten, whether Saluki or Alsatian, red setters or Blue Kerrys, black cockers or dachshunds, sealyhams or collies, bull-terriers or Labradors, Papillons or Cairns, Irish wolf-hounds or Welsh Corgis, Schnauzers or Pomeranians, golden retrievers or wire-haired terriers, Dandies or Pekinese. But for dogs, these retired officers, these complacent wives and overalled virgins would never get their often exceedingly plain features into the papers at all. In *Our Men and Women*, should they be included, they will be mere details of each group.



Bewildered Attendant (in crowded vestibule after concert has suddenly been cancelled owing to indisposition of famous singer). "THERE WOULDN'T HAVE BEEN ALL THIS PANDEMONIUM, SIR, IF HE'D SIMPLY TURNED UP AND LET 'EM HEAR HIM COUGH."

I have just had a letter from a friend in Germany about the ceremonies connected with dog-worship there. It seems that in Hamburg a Dog-Day has now been celebrated each October for five years, fostered by the zeal of the League of Dog-lovers.

It was brought into existence by the hostile attitude of the police, who view dogs as a nuisance, and by the high taxes put upon those animals by way of a deterrent to keeping them. These taxes, I understand, have so far justified their purpose as to have caused the disappearance of my friend the mongrel.

This last October, Hanover and Frankfort-on-the-Main came into line with Hamburg, and there were processions of dog-owners and dogs in all these cities, and this in the face of notices forbidding them. At Hamburg it even fell out that when the time arrived the police actually assisted to keep order: a sign of grace. Last year there were eight hundred dogs in the procession; this year a thousand; and in the evening there was a banquet, in which I hope the dogs participated.

I don't know that I want to see a thousand dog-owners, walking at a slow pace through Hyde Park with bands and banners, leading a thousand dogs; but it would be a sight I should endeavour not to miss should it come off, if only to collect information as to the most popular breeds and to conjecture as to which of them NOAH took into the Ark. A nice question, that. And I should like to hear a debate among Themselves as to which came first and was necessary to perpetuate.

Meanwhile, if this dog-fancying continues to increase, where shall we all be? England will become only a larger Isle of Dogs, and such few and eccentric persons as do not keep a dog will have to move to the Isle of Man.

Yours, E. V. L.

An Impending Splash.

"HUMBER BRIDGE MAY BE DROPPED."—*Yorkshire Paper.*

Smith Minor Again.

"A jointure is a set of false teeth used by both husband and wife."—*Schoolboy's Answer.*

"The official appointed by the Newcastle Corporation Special Rentals Committee to hear complaints of the charging of excessive rents for houses, will not be able to sit to-morrow and Saturday."—*Newcastle Paper.*

It would seem as if a landlord turned.

"France and the French colonies (usually left out of the reckoning) buy from England as much as England sells to them. . . ."
Letter to Daily Paper.

We have decided not to dispute this statement.



"SOUND YER 'ORN!"
"SOUND YOUR AITCHES!"

"E. M."

["Miss E. M. DELAFIELD, whose novels about sheikhs have fanned many a maiden's desire to be abducted on a camel."
Mr. Gossip in "The Daily Sketch."]

THREE authors in one happy era born
Our circulating libraries adorn,
Their various personalities concealed
By *noms de guerre*, DELL, HULL and DELAFIELD.
(To Dr. SPOONER, so historians tell,
The former two were known as Dull and Hell.)

The first depicts with rapt ecstatic pen
The race of red-corpuscled stern he-men,
Whose words are few and rude, whose cold eyes snap,
Who do their wooing mainly with a strap,
Till in the final chapter they unfold
Beneath a jaw of steel a heart of gold.

The second's more voluptuous art displays
The dashing sheikh's peculiar little ways,
And deftly blends in captivating fashion
The stock ingredients of Eastern passion—
Damsels grown weary of convention's trammels,
Sunsets and sand, burnouses, palms and camels.
(Although in point of fact the desert's lord
To-day more often does the job by Ford.)

The third to no such lofty themes aspires
Nor lights a farthing dip at passion's fires;
In her prosaic page in vain we seek
The horse-whipped heroine or the amorous sheikh;
She owns besides, more thoroughly to damn her,
A sense of humour and an ear for grammar
And irony, least welcome gift of all
In villa drawing-room and servants'-hall.

A trio so diverse might surely claim
Three separate niches in the Hall of Fame.
Yet all too oft they view with keen distress
Their names confounded by a careless Press;
Too oft the scribe, to nice distinctions blind,
In what appears to serve him for a mind
In one insulting hotch-potch jumbles them
Beneath the common label of "E. M."

Our Cruel Contemporaries.

"WHERE CHRISTMAS IS DREADED.
'DAILY SKETCH' HAMPERS THE ONLY PROSPECT OF GOOD CHEER."
Daily Sketch.

"When the signal has been hoisted over the number board, the bets go to the horses officially shown on the board, and no objection made subsequent to the hoisting of such signal shall disturb the destination of the pets."—*Yorkshire Paper.*

Which it is hoped will be the winning-post.

BIG GAME IN LONDON.

THE news that there is now a Ski-ing School in London, where novices may practise before enjoying the real thing in Scotzerland (as the Economy winter sports-country will doubtless be called), makes me feel that my London School of Big-Game Hunting should receive a little editorial publicity.

This School, already attracting countless wealthy patrons, fills a long-felt want amongst sporting neophytes who, about to set off for the first time for *shikar* in tropical jungles, feel that they would like to familiarise themselves a little with the conditions and attendant dangers. No expense has been spared by me in my efforts to provide a thorough course of instruction under conditions closely resembling those obtaining on the actual hunt. Any pupil completing my course and gaining Certificate "A" may regard himself as fully qualified to cope with the denizens of the jungle, though naturally any sportsman being trodden on by an elephant or sampled by a hungry tiger during subsequent *shikar* has no claim on the School, not even if he is found with the certificate on him.

Let us assume that you are considering a tiger-shoot in India for the near future, and feel that you would like to get to know the ropes a bit before risking the venture. After enrolment with me you first visit the Liner Room. The floor, laid out in deal-planks like a ship's deck, is set at an angle of thirty degrees to the horizontal, representing a list to starboard. Deck-chairs on swivels are provided, so that while resting you can swing round the other way and get the effect of a list to port. (If you prefer a list relating to something stronger, ring for the steward; the School is fully licensed.) At the end of the room, leaning against the rail with a far-away look in her eyes, is a girl. All in the best tradition. When you have broken the ice you find that she is reading a book on Hindustani. Quite easy and natural, yet instructive. She will tell you all you want to know (about Hindustani, of course). The correct rendering in colloquial Urdu of a few phrases, such as, "What a pity the Maharajah is dead!" or, "Damme! I didn't know it was loaded," are all that are necessary.

This part of the training is intended to accustom you to the idea of being away from England. You may skip it if you wish, but most patrons rather like it. My liner girls are, of course, recruited from the ranks of Society.

The next step towards the jungle is the Indian Bazaar Room. It is night (a piece of forethought on my part, saving you the cost of a pith-helmet). In the distance can be heard the sound of tom-tom beating, wife-beating, etc., and a little gnashing of teeth. You feel dimly the presence of a mosque and, not so dimly, the presence of a mosquito. A beggar squats in the corner. Do not pity him, he is artificial; and in any case all gratuities should be handed direct to me. A pariah dog (obtained at enormous expense from Battersea) approaches you on three legs from the *maidan*, and a lizard falls into the gutter with a dull thud. Heavy on the air is the indescribable odour of the East. No expense has been spared in getting the right atmosphere.

All this is to get you acclimatised and to prepare you for the dangers of the Unknown. You may, if you like, before proceeding any further, make your will. There is, of course, no actual danger, but a little morbidness gives the right touch of realism.

Now for Part Three. You are in the jungle, impenetrable, mysterious. The moon is shining faintly through the branches of a tree (actually it is shining through a hole in the roof, but you do not realise that). All seems strange at first, but gradually you begin to pick things up. Be sure to pick up the large piece of meat which you will find at the edge of the jungle (on the left as you go in). This is the bait for the tiger. A native "boy" will join you and guide you to a tree. You climb this (with the aid of a step-ladder, to save time), leaving the meat toothsomely displayed below. All around you is the incessant chatter of the apes and the howls of the jackals, and occasionally a hyena will burst out laughing. (This is all cunningly arranged by means of amplifiers and bits of the talkie-film, *India Squeaks*.) So realistic is the effect that patrons have been known to turn faint and call for a whisky-and-soda. This at once disqualifies you for Certificate "A."

See if your rifle is loaded. Don't do this by pressing the trigger, because then it won't be in either case. Remember your Hindustani. Presently your native boy in a thrilling undertone will say, "*Dekhiye, Sahib; sher ata hai!*" If in his excitement he forgets himself and says, "Look aht, Guv'nor; 'ere comes the bloomin' tiger!" report him to me afterwards. I pay my staff to say the right thing.

The tiger is drawn towards the meat. Not by scent, but by a piece of rope because for reasons of safety and economy it is artificial. Therefore you needn't mind hitting it. You needn't mind not hitting it either with the rifles at present supplied, but I hope to get some straighter ones shortly.

That, anyhow, isn't the idea. You are there primarily to gain confidence and experience and to get a rough working knowledge of *shikar* conditions, so that when you arrive at the actual jungle you will not be liable to attacks of hunter's gaucherie, the results of which are often so very depressing.

Testimonials as to the efficacy of my course are beginning to pour in from native bearers, *shikaris*, etc., in remote parts of the world; and I have an entirely unsolicited letter addressed from the Orthopœdic Hospital, Cawnpore, which is particularly affecting.

Full particulars of the course can be had on application to the London School of Big-Game Hunting. Mark your envelope "Tiger," "Bear," "Camel," etc., according to taste.

THE BURGLARY.

I HAD persuaded my friend Sir Frank ffolliott to go up to town with me for a week-end. It was surprising that he had agreed because usually he was so scared at thieves breaking into his charming little Elizabethan country cottage and stealing his wonderful furniture and china that he wouldn't leave it for an hour unless it were filled with people. So I asked him for an explanation.

"When you return you will probably find that they have cleared you out lock, stock and barrel—mantelpieces and all," I remarked.

"Not now," he replied. "Perfectly impossible. The first attempt to force an entrance would start an alarm-bell which would waken the neighbourhood; the police would be notified and various portions of the cottage interior would be electrified with a voltage sufficient to render the intruder unconscious. No, I have no fear of burglars now."

"Then I will wire my confederates to abandon the attempt," I said.

* * * * *

It happened that I drove the car when we returned from town on the following Tuesday. We had passed through the lodge-gates, and as we swept round the bend where one gets the first view of the building I heard a curious noise coming from my companion. I glanced at him and immediately stopped the car. He had fainted.

And looking before me I saw the reason. The cottage had been stolen.

"RAILWAYS ON THEIR METAL."
Daily Paper.

They are little use, of course, when they are not.



Vicar (calling on Parishioner). "ARE YOU ANY RELATION TO THE MRS. SMITH WHO LIVES JUST OPPOSITE?"
Mrs. Smith. "NOT A RELATIVE, SIR, BUT A SORT OF CONNECTION. YOU SEE, HER CAT IS AN ELDER BROTHER OF MINE."

PARIS PROTESTS.

["The leading couturiers of Paris, in order to put an end to what is known as 'fashion piracy,' contemplate the protection of fashions by a copyright similar to that which protects authors and artists."—*Daily Press.*]

No longer shall we feast our English eyes
  On "classic" clothes when clapped they are on Clarice,
Nor peep at Poppy with a wild surmise
  In panoply imputable to Paris:
No more will Freda frock nor Hilda hat
  Nor Rita robe nor Clara cloak nor Betty coat
In "duds" designed by Maison This or That,
  Imported by our Pirates of the Petticoat.

For Paris has declared, it would appear,
  In accents adamant though not abusive,
That she will make the dress designers here
  Respect the spirit of the word "Exclusive."
Full powers doubtless will be given 'tecs
  Quickly to question Clarice or put Poppy right
If either of the darlings, daring, decks
  Herself in frock infringing Paris copyright.

Our hearts go out to Geraldine and Joan,
  For in the future, when the dears their hatters see,
They may be in the circumstances shown
  "The most bewitching bowler; built in Battersea"
(For knowing Paris as we feel we do,
  We're pretty sure that for her rights she stickle would);
And Court costumiers will coyly coo:
  "The latest model, Moddom; straight from Cricklewood."

NATURAL HISTORY NOTES.

FACTS WORTH KNOWING.

How does a Grasshopper chirp? By rubbing its back legs together. To save trouble let me say at once that an elephant trumpets through its nose, snakes hiss with their teeth, and the Great White Ox of Patagonia makes its peculiar hunting-cry by banging its tonsils together. Of the teetering noise made by the Mexican Eagle I am not qualified to speak.

Are Badgers fierce? My word, yes! Take the advice of one who was severely bitten as a boy and don't badger badgers till badgers badger you. Similarly polecats, weasels, stoats and otters are best left alone.

Why has a Cow four stomachs? To introduce a spice of variety into the dismal process of digestion.

What are Cephalopods? The name, from the Greek *kephale*—a head, and *pous*—a foot, is self-explanatory. They walk on their heads, or, as some authorities hold, think with their feet. It makes no difference.

Do Lobsters think? The presence or absence of reasoning powers in the average crustacean is a question that has long divided the world of science. Scheftel's experiment intended to prove that lobsters do in fact think is now famous. In a circle about a small wooden see-saw he ranged twelve mature specimens, and upon one end of the see-saw he fixed a piece of macaroni, of which the lobster is inordinately fond. The apparatus was so constructed that any body of medium weight (to be frank, a lobster) proceeding up the slope in search of the morsel would, after passing the centre of balance, be precipitated into a pot of boiling water. One after another the poor creatures went gaily to their doom; none seemed to profit, as Scheftel had hoped, from witnessing his precursors' ruin. But at the last there was a change. The twelfth, when set upon the incline, made no sign; he was apparently impervious to the attractions of the bait. Convinced that here at last was definite proof of observation and deduction, Scheftel hurried away to wire the news of his success to the Editor of *Mind*. When he returned his first care was for the personal welfare of this intellectual creature. On examination, however, it proved to be dead, indeed in some parts even decayed. On the whole, then, the question must still be regarded as an open one.

Is it true that the Tibetan Llama has the vertebral centra incompletely ossified, as in Archegosauridæ? No, it is a despicable lie.

What are the Six Deadly Pests?



"I JUST THOUGHT I'D TRUNK-CALL YOU, DARLING, TO ASK IF YOU THINK IT'S ALL RIGHT FOR THESE SAUSAGES TO MAKE THIS ANGRY HISSING NOISE?"

Mites, termites, eremites, slugs, bugs and harridans.

Why are Tigers striped? Look at it this way. Suppose the black stripes were removed, the animal would be very like a puma, apart from its whiskers. If the yellow were taken away it would be black, which is absurd; tigers are never black. So Nature, in her all-seeing wisdom (the phrase is Brock's) has made the thing striped.

Do Plants feel pain? Almost certainly, yes. Take an endive or some japonica—any flower will do—and dip it in boiling oil. The plant will at once exhibit signs of the liveliest displeasure, writhing and twisting, shaking its anthers and turning its sepals inside out. At times the corolla is disturbed. Marrowby's story of a larkspur which used to cry out when short of water should not, however, be accepted without reservation.

Do Pigs smell? Yes.

What are Wattles? A wickerwork structure suspended from the head and neck of certain fowls as a protection against the cold.

Who says so? I do.

What is the most curious of all creatures? Undoubtedly the Headless Troglodyte, which lives in the Carpathians, several feet below ground, in a state of continual apprehension. At the early age of eight months it emerges and rolls rapidly downhill, doing itself a bit of no good in the process. Arrived at the bottom of the declivity it awaits death with a stoicism which has been noticeably absent during the subterranean period of its existence. To some the end comes in strange shapes; but most die of pure inertia. It is a fine sight to see a bevy of full-grown troglodytes hurtling down the mountain-side on a sunny morning in spring.

Are there any Dabs in the Dead Sea? Yes, seven.

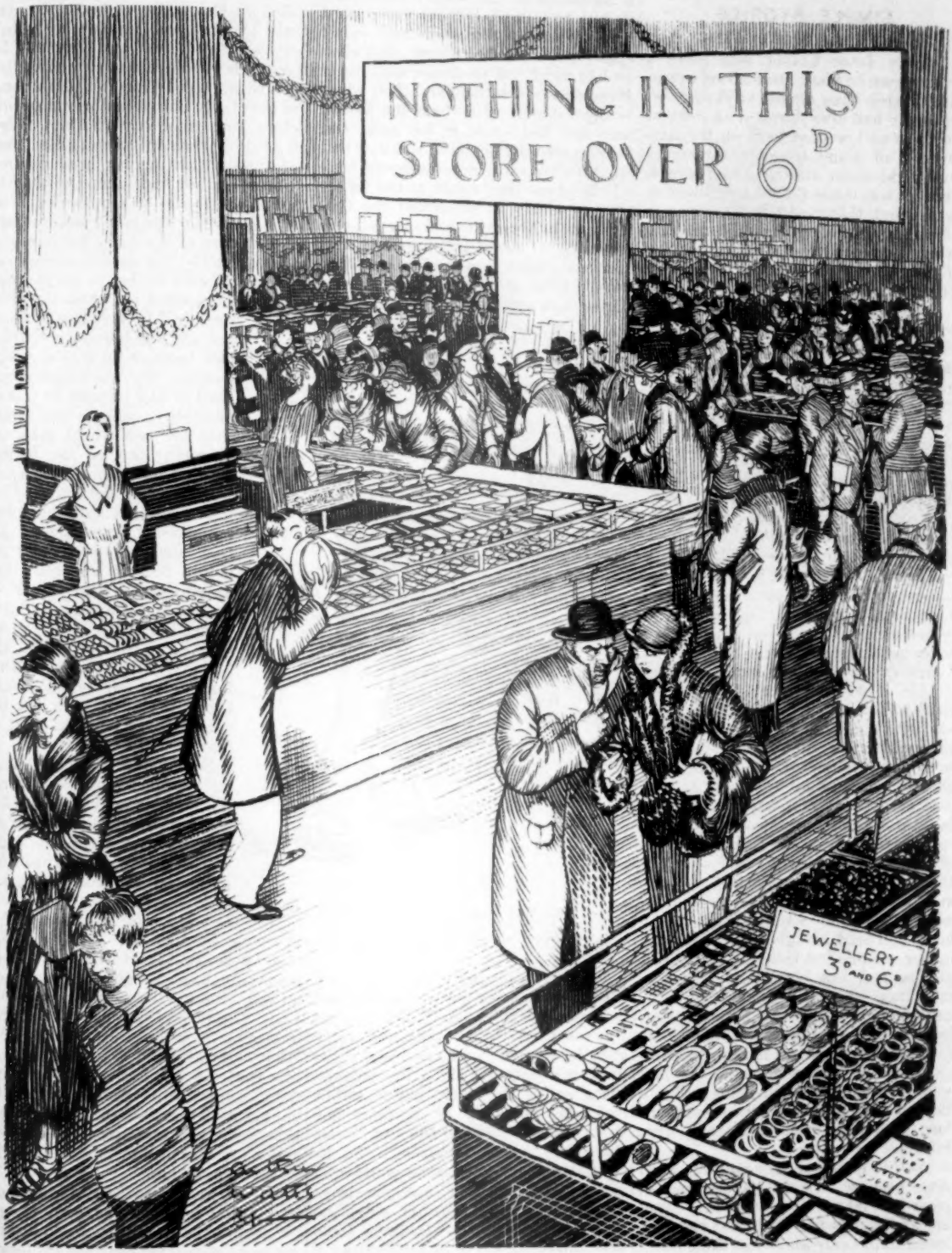
What is the best way to recognise a Porpoise? Raise your hat to it as it goes by.

Why is the Orang-Utan so called? What else would you call it?

Has Gleitzer's theory of the evolution of the American Duodenum from the Winged Œsophagus of antiquity ever been definitely disproved? In a sense, yes; and in a sense, no. It is not possible to say more at present, but some notes on the subject will be found in the top left-hand drawer of my writing-desk by any who care to look. I would draw a picture of the Duodenum if the Editor would allow me, but as things are at present that, in common with my sketch of a sitting hen, cannot yet be submitted to the public.

"The Welsh theory in regard to Rugby football is that possession of the ball is vital."—*Daily Paper.*

It seems to us undeniably sound.



"NOTICED LORD AND LADY B—— THIS MORNING CHOOSING CHRISTMAS PRESENTS IN A FAMOUS WEST-END STORE."

SIMPLE STORIES.

THE PROFESSOR'S WIFE.

WHEN Isaac Chintz was quite a young man he knew more about worms and lizards than almost anybody, because he had always taken an interest in them and worked hard all the time instead of going to football-matches and night-clubs, and he got on so well that he was made a Professor when he was about thirty and had degrees in Germany as well as in England, and would have had them in France too if they hadn't found it so difficult to pronounce his name.

Well Isaac Chintz was paid quite well for being a Professor and thought he might as well get married, but he was rather plain and shy, with spectacles, and he might have married somebody learned with spectacles too, but he didn't care about that as he liked feminine beauty. And he asked one or two pretty daughters of other Professors to marry him, but nope of them cared about doing that because he was so dull, and he was so shy that it was anguish to him to ask them, so he left off doing it and began to be afraid that he would never get married at all.

And then one day he met a girl in a tea-shop near the British Museum who served him with a cup of coffee and a roll-and-butter, and he didn't take much notice of her the first time because he was busy reading about pterodactyls, but the second time he went to the tea-shop he spilt some of his coffee on the table through the cup being too full, and when the girl came to wipe it up she slapped his hand and said Naughty. And he was rather offended at this, but he looked at her and saw how pretty she was and then he didn't mind so much, and the next time he came to the shop he spilt his coffee on the table on purpose so as to make her do it again. And this time she said what a careless boy you are! and he liked being called a boy so much that he fell in love with her, and soon afterwards they were married.

Well it wasn't a very suitable marriage because Mrs. Chintz was fond of pleasure and pretty clothes and dancing and things like that, and the Professor didn't care about anything much except dinosaurs and other extinct reptiles, and she could never tell the difference between an ammonite and a bedlamite so she wasn't interesting to him to talk to, but she was a good wife to him on the whole and didn't spend too much of his money, and when he had to go out to dinner with other Professors or ask them and their wives to have dinner with them she looked nice and was lively in her talk, and they seemed to like that. And they had two little boys with spectacles who took all the prizes they could at the school they went to. So altogether the Professor wasn't sorry he had married her, especially as she didn't interfere with him in whatever he wanted to do. And she did what she wanted to do too, so they got on quite well together though they weren't much in love with one another.



"A YOUNG MAN CALLED AT THE HOUSE."

Well that went on for some time, and then the Professor got so learned that he was made Sir Isaac Chintz, and his wife was Lady Chintz, which was pretty good for somebody who had been a girl in a tea-shop and she quite enjoyed being called my lady, but it didn't make her stuck-up or anything like that, but she said she thought it was time they had a motor-car. So he bought one for her, as he could well afford it by this time, and she drove him about in it sometimes, which he liked, and everybody who knew them said that theirs was as satisfactory a marriage as you generally saw, and soon after that they had their silver wedding.

Well a few days later a young man called at the house and said he was Lady Chintz's son, and as he hadn't been doing very well, and they had, he thought he would like to come and live with them. And then it had to come out that Lady Chintz had been married before, to a plasterer who had fallen off a ladder when drunk and killed himself through hitting his head against a boiler, and she had taken the place in the tea-shop so as to keep herself, and let an aunt who was fairly comfortably off take care of her baby for her, and called herself by her maiden name so as to make it easier for her to get married again if she wanted to. And the plasterer had been rather beneath her and she had only married him because he was so good-looking. But she had soon got tired of him because he was so unworthy, and she was afraid that her son would grow up unworthy too, so she hadn't minded not seeing him again when she had married the Professor, and her aunt had quite approved of her not telling him that she had been married before because she said men generally got the better of women and it was a good thing to get the better of a man for once. And soon after that she had gone off to Canada with a husband of her own, and had taken the child with her because she had grown fond of him.

So it had all seemed to turn out very lucky for Lady Chintz, but now her sin had found her out, just when she was looking forward to a happy old age, and it was very awkward for her. And the Professor took a serious view of it, and he said he had a good mind to have her taken up for bigamy. But he didn't really mean that, as it would have gone just as much against him as against her, he only wanted to assert himself, as Lady Chintz had seemed to be more important in private life than he was lately, and after all it was because of him that she was Lady Chintz and he didn't quite like it. And he didn't like having a step-son in the house either because he was poor and rather flashy and no credit to him, and he said he wouldn't have him.

Well it was up to Lady Chintz now to see what stuff she was made of, and she hadn't really wanted to make herself more important than the Professor, but he was so uninteresting, except about fossils, and he was so much like a fossil himself that she hadn't been

able to help it. So she put her foot down and said she didn't see why she should be blamed for something that had happened so long ago that she had almost forgotten it, and if the Professor wouldn't have her son whose name was Albert in the house she would start a tea-shop and go and live over it with him. And she said she knew she would do well with the tea-shop because she knew all about it and people would like coming to one kept by a lady of title.

And the Professor said that if she left him he shouldn't let her use her title and she said he couldn't stop her, so then he thought he had better give in.

Well Lady Chintz was inclined to make rather a pet of her first-born, and he was good-looking though flashy and a great improvement on her other two sons. But she soon found out that he wasn't at all worthy and he said that living in the Professor's house was so deadly that if she would give him a hundred pounds he would clear out and never come near her again. So she persuaded the Professor to do that, as she had got tired of Albert by this time. And the Professor said he would if Albert would go back to Canada and stop there.

So he did that and Lady Chintz gave him another five pounds which she had saved out of her dress allowance and was glad to see the back of him.

So it all turned out quite satisfactory and by this time Lady Chintz had come to the conclusion that she was better than her husband and wasn't going to stand any more of his nonsense. So she became a Society hostess and thoroughly enjoyed herself, and when the Government thought it would be a good thing to make somebody learned a Lord for a change they chose Sir Isaac Chintz and he became Lord Chintz.

And everybody said he owed it to his wife.

A. M.

The Nursery Stocking.

"Babies' Food Pusher. In Regent Plate. Guaranteed for 30 years' normal household usage."—*Silversmith's Adv.*

We hope Baby will outgrow his present habits before then.

"Dogs.—Why not have yours painted for Christmas?"—*Advt. in Daily Paper.*

Toby thinks a two-tint stream-line scheme would set him up for the winter.

"The Japanese Government has proclaimed that its fundamental principle is that no single Japanese soldier shall be left in Manchuria."—*Manchester Paper.*

China would like it best if the married ones went too.



"SHE DIDN'T SAY NOTHING, SO *I* DIDN'T SAY NOTHING."
"THEN I SHOULDN'T SAY NOTHING."
"NO, AND I AIN'T *GOING* TO SAY NOTHING."

UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

STRANGE IF TRUE.

There was a banjovial Bohunk
Who was famous for plonking the plunk:
He was muscular too
And was given a Blue
For his prowess in heaving the chunk.

But, alas! this benighted Bohunk,
Though sculptors admired his grand trunk,
Failed in elbow-control,
Lost command of his soul,
And ended by doing a bunk.

Those Infernal Policemen.

"Witness added that —— then told him to go to h——, and he took him to the offices of the C.I.D."—*Birmingham Paper.*

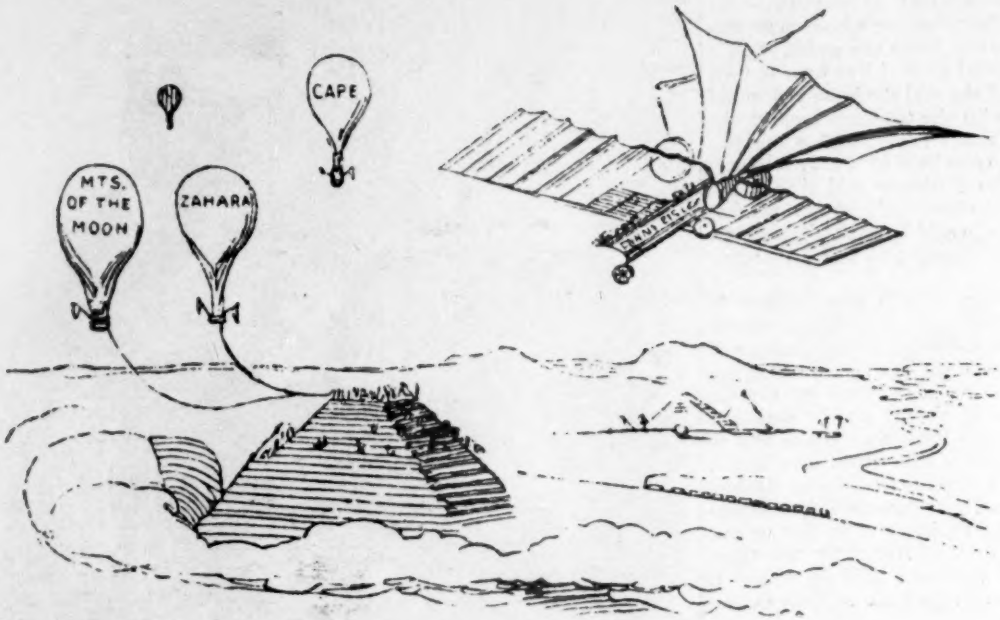
"PET AND HOBBY COLUMN.
HEDGEHOGS.—For paralysis massage with an embrocation or mustard oil."
Daily Paper.

This is a form of asceticism that we have no wish to try.

"Lady most highly recommends her Baby's Nurse, or toddler; free."
Advt. in Sunday Paper.

In view of the crisis we are doing our own toddling.

HOW MR. PUNCH FORETOLD THE AIR MAIL TO THE CAPE IN 1843.



THE AERIAL STEAM CARRIAGE

It is understood that the first line to be established, is that to India; the carriages leaving the top of the Monument, Fish Street Hill, every morning, and taking five minutes at the summit of the Great Pyramid, for refreshments, and to allow the passengers a short time to stretch their legs. From this point balloons will be continually starting for the most important cities of the African Desert.

The carriage is then to proceed to India, thus (should the weather be not foggy) affording to the traveller a delightful *coup d'œil* of the most interesting countries of the East.

The arrangements are in every respect very complete. Lord Brougham is understood to have accepted the office of Patron, being himself of rather a flighty nature.

The provisions will be carried easily in the conductor's waistcoat; as by a new invention, the essence of three sheep can be concentrated into a small lozenge.

The waiting-room for the ladies at the Great Pyramid is of the most commodious kind, the ancient sepulchral chamber of King Cheops being fitted up in the Oriental style for that purpose.

Passengers who should wish to be dropped at any of the intermediate towns, may be lowered by small hand balloons at the usual cab prices.

N.B.—The "Rocket," Aerial Steam Carriage, will start on Monday next, for a tour round the Comet, proceeding by easy stages along the Milky Way. Sir J. Herschel has been engaged as conductor, being the only person who knows the exact road.

THIS was published in "Punch" on April 15, 1843. Although before the construction of a railway in any part of Africa, it indicates also the coming of the Cape to Cairo Railway—the train will be seen passing through the Pyramids.

The first Cape Air Mail left London on the 9th instant and is due to arrive at the Cape on the 20th. Mr. Punch visualised it with an interchange station at the Pyramids. At its inception the Air Mail to India, and to Kenya (now to be extended to the Cape), had its interchange station at Cairo.

HANSOM CABBIES.

WHEN I was a lad there were hansoms in London
With drivers on top of a little back-stair,
And horses that ran under silver-tipt harness
Or stood by the kerb-stone awaiting a fare,
And tossed in the air
Their nose-bags of corn for the sparrows to share.

And sometimes in Spring when the nose-bags were leaking
And sparrows were loud amid loot of spilt corn,
Old cabby reached over the slender park railing
And stole a rosette of the double-red thorn
His mare to adorn,
With "Fares may be few but we won't be forlorn."

The spokes they were pointed with red and with yellow;
The brass was like gold where the reins threaded through;
There was sometimes a crest on the old leather blinkers,
A crown on the horse-cloth of crimson and blue
That said, "It 's for you
We 're waiting, my Lord, and a crown is our due."

Now where are they gone to, the weather-worn cabbies
That drove us alertly through all the dense shoals
That filled the straight Fleet from St. Paul's to St. Martin's,
Or over the bridge where Big Benjamin tolls?
Oh, somewhere their souls
Still murmur "Where to, Sir?" through tiny peep-holes.

Elysian fields show them pasturing fillies
Sure-footed and shapely, just built for a yoke;
They comb their silk manes and they wheedle and drive them
Down roads without mud where the fogs never choke
And rain 's a rare joke
To cheerful night-watchmen with cressets of coke.

The fares that they find there are born in the purple;
Their talk is of DIZZY and TOOLE and Bend Or;
Their manners are suave and their tips are all golden;
They dwell between Mayfair and Kensington Gore;
And flunkeys galore
Poll-powdered receive them at Paradise door.



THE "CAVES."

MR. MACDONALD: "HULLO! WHAT ARE THEY DOING TO MY ROCK? I DON'T REMEMBER SEEING THESE EXCAVATIONS SIX WEEKS AGO. HOWEVER, I SUPPOSE THEY LEND A CERTAIN VARIETY TO THE PROSPECT."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, December 7th.—

"The fairies break their dances
And leave the printed lawn,
And up from India glances
The silver sail of dawn."

The Round Table Conference likewise has broken its dances (roundly proclaimed by some to be egg-dances) and has left the St. James's lawn; but, to judge by questions put in the House to-day, nothing that looks like dawn is glancing up from India. However, Sir SAMUEL HOARE assured Sir F. HALL and Mr. HACKING that he and the Indian authorities were watching the situation very closely.

Meanwhile Lancashire "feels its pockets and wonders what's to pay" with Indian imports of its cotton goods down to little more than a quarter of what they were (according to figures obligingly supplied by the MINISTER to Mr. COCKS) in 1922.

Sir JOHN SIMON informed Sir W. DAVISON and others that he had asked the Soviet representative to come and see him. Members received the impression that if the Soviet representative does see him Sir JOHN will show a strong hand.

Major COLVILLE read out a list of twenty-three countries which will not allow their nationals to purchase British currency with which to pay for imported British goods. It transpired that the Government is watching the situation closely, but Mr. ARTHUR MICHAEL SAMUEL could not discover that anything was being done about it.

They are still singing "*Heil-gers, dir im Sieger-kranz!*" up in Suffolk, but the gallant Member has not conquered all his worlds. Replying to a question of his, Sir JOHN GILMOUR said the term "new-laid" had not been defined either by statute or regulation, nor could he offer Mr. WILLIAMS any hope that "a scientific interpretation of a new-laid egg" would be soon forthcoming. The suggestion of Mr. COCKS that new-laid eggs should be marked with the date of their birth seemed to be asking rather too much of the hens.

The MINISTER OF AGRICULTURE had no very new or startling information to offer in his speech on the Second Reading of the Horticultural Products Bill, but he was willing to admit its general intention. This, he said, was to reduce the importation of commodities the production of which in the United Kingdom could be increased.

The expected Amendment was moved by Major MILNER, who seemed to find the Bill objectionable chiefly because of its limited scope. It taxed the foreign tomato but not the alien onion, the immigrant broccoli but not the peregrine cabbage. Mr. TINKER, who seconded, confined himself largely to arguing that the tomato was the poor man's peach, which he would no longer be able to afford if the Bill passed. Mr. LAMBERT's defence of the measure was earnest but rather vague; Mr. DAGGAR's opposition to it vaguer still—so much so that Mr. DEPUTY-SPEAKER, like *Hamlet*, had to speak daggers to him concerning the necessity of keeping to the point.



"May I come with you, my pretty maid?"
"Oh, yes, if you please, kind Sir," she said.

MR. G. LAMBERT OFFERS HIS HAND TO AGRICULTURE.

In this matter of divagation, indeed, Mr. DEPUTY-SPEAKER saw quite a number of Daggars before him. On the other hand there were others, like Mr. PETHERICK, Mr. HURD and Lieut.-Colonel APPLIN, who stuck to their last, or rather to their tomatoes and black-currants, and gave their less-informed fellows an admirable summary of the aims and results of British horticulture. If there was a worm i' the bud, as one might say, or a caterpillar in the salad it concerned fruit-pulp, but, as the MINISTER explained, the Bill was an experimental one and much was omitted from it that must be dealt with in due course.

Agricultural debates are generally more fruity than sparkling, and to-day's was no exception to the ordinary rule.

Mr. COCKS also attempted indeed to brighten the discussion by quoting one of Mr. Punch's private poetasters to the effect that—

"The farmer will never be happy again,
He carries his heart in his boots,
For either the rain is destroying his grain
Or the rats are devouring his roots."

These sallies merely accentuated a solemnity that is perhaps endemic in an industry where much labour and small fruits are the order of the day.

Tuesday, December 8th.—A full-dress debate in the Lords is the last word in political eloquence, and one generally emerges thinking what a pity it is that the last word in practical policy is spoken elsewhere. This evening, with the Government's Indian policy as their subject, their Lordships, peculiarly fitted as they are to deal with it, left no avenue of that mazy topic unexplored. It was a foregone conclusion that Lord LOTHIAN's motion of approval would have ultimate acceptance, but the assault on the Government policy, delivered by Lords LLOYD, SUMNER and BURNHAM, was quite as vigorous as its defence by the SECRETARY OF STATE, the LORD CHANCELLOR and Lord IRWIN. Speaking as a sort of impartial onlooker or Greek Chorus the Archbishop of CANTERBURY perhaps brought the whole complicated problem better into focus than his temporal peers. Our promises that India should ultimately have self-government were definite, he explained, and the task of redeeming them had been begun. The principal fly in the immediate ointment was GANDHI, who (unlike most flies in ointment) was so elusive that you never could tell what he meant to say or do.

Lord LLOYD's Amendment was a much milder affair than Mr. CHURCHILL's in another place—it merely declared that final judgments on the Indian problem at this time were premature.

Lord IRWIN, his eye fixed as firmly on the larger philosophies of the matter as Lord LLOYD's is on the unsatisfactory details, asked how India could be expected to remain outside the movements and ideas that had stirred Turkey, Persia, Iraq, Afghanistan and Japan. The debate was adjourned.

The Commons, having heard from Mr. THOMAS that everybody is buying British and from the CHANCELLOR OF

THE EXCHEQUER that work and expenditure on the Land Tax scheme (Part III. of the Finance Act, 1931) are to be suspended, and from Mr. BROWN, Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Health, that Russian butter has been found to be, like Cæsar's wife, bacteriologically above suspicion, once more proceeded, like the lady in MARIE LLOYD'S ditty, to sit among the cabbages and sprouts, to such good effect, moreover, that there was time, after the Bill had been reported without amendment, to hear Major ATTLEE assail Viscount SNOWDEN for allowing his pet Land Tax to be jettisoned by the Conservatives. The noble lord, said Major ATTLEE, had parted with his Socialism, his Free Trade and now his Land Taxes. He had nothing left but his coronet.

Mr. CHAMBERLAIN did not rush to the defence of his absent colleague. He was content to point out that here was simply a spot of that desirable economy the failure to practise which had brought the country to its present necessity.

Wednesday, December 9th.—The Lords continued to debate Indian policy. Lord ZETLAND, allied himself with those who urged caution, but not with those (also sheltering behind the "innocent façade" of the Amendment) who believed that the policy of conferring responsible government on India was a profound mistake.

The Commons learned that Manchuria is simply bubbling with "observers," that a Departmental Committee was now considering traffic signals, and that the Air Ministry is not prepared to ask the railways to paint the names of their stations on the roofs, and, having disposed of the Horticultural Products Bill, turned to the Opposition Vote of Censure.

The topic actually debated, and in no uncertain terms, by Mr. AMERY and others (the Labour attack, led by Sir STAFFORD CRIPPS, being negligible in substance and feeble in delivery), was the iron and steel industries' demand for protection, but a Government can always safely permit mutinous followers to bombinate in the Opposition's vacuum. Mr. MACDONALD in reply said exactly what he intended to say—that the Government's policy on iron and steel and kindred topics will be announced next Session. Hon. Members must be patient, and that was all there was to it.

Thursday, December 10th.—Their Lordships, finally declining Lord MIDLETON'S invitation to adjourn the debate until the next Session, gave its formal approval to the Government's Indian policy.

In the Commons Sir HENRY BETTERTON said that the position of the Unemployment Fund was steadily improving. He did not give figures, but we may conclude that every day and in every way it is feeling BETTERTON and BETTERTON. The PRIME MINISTER informed Mr. LANSBURY that the House would reassemble on Tuesday, February 2nd.



The Cat. "IT NEVER WILL BE MISSED."
MR. NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN AND LORD SNOWDEN.

The Labour Censure motion continued to drag on its weary way with Mr. LANSBURY as the chief draught-horse. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN was optimistic as to the balancing of his Budget; but a more tragic note was struck when Mr. NEIL MACLEAN raised the question of the announced stoppage of work on the great new Cunarder now building on Clydebank. Sir E. HILTON YOUNG prefaced his reply with a graceful tribute to the maiden speech of a new Member with an old and honoured name—no other, in fact, than Mr. R. K. LAW, South-West Hull's new Unionist Member and son of the great and revered BONAR LAW. His speech had been a modest and well-composed appeal for the fishing industry.



PERFORMING IMPERIALLY.
MR. THOMAS HAS AN EVENING-DRESS REHEARSAL OF PRODUCING DOMINION QUOTAS OUT OF HIS HAT.

Friday, December 11th.—A valedictory wail from Mr. AMERY that Parliament should be dismissed for two months with nothing done for steel and iron and other hard-hit industries, was followed by a tea-cup storm among the Clydesiders at some imagined discourtesy of the SPEAKER. Mr. RUNCIMAN unhopefully announced that the Government could give no direct financial assistance that would enable work to be continued on the new Cunarder, though "willing to give serious consideration to any proposal." Mr. THOMAS wished Mr. AMERY a merry Christmas and more cheerfully declared that he attached great importance to the Economic Conference at Ottawa. Subject to a genuine *quid pro quo* he was prepared to offer the Dominions a guaranteed quota for their wheat, whatever the jolly millers might jolly well say. And with these remarks echoing in its not all too festive ears the House broke up and one of the strangest Sessions in the annals of British politics came to an end.

Financial Pessimism in Canada.

"Wanted cattle to feed on shares."
Advt. in Canadian Paper.

Swift Sausages.

"THE NATION'S FOOD.
WHAT THE FARMERS ARE DOING.
Breeding Greyhound Puppies."
Local Paper.

Another Bouquet for the Yard.

"Two desperate bandits . . . were successful up to a late hour last night in avoiding the most closely-messed net that the cleverest brains of Scotland Yard have been able to devise."—*Daily Paper.*

"UNIVERSITY NOTES.
NUMBER OF OXFORD FRESHMEN NORMAL."
Daily Paper.

A Cambridge friend remarks cynically that a few are bound to be all right.



THE CHAIRMAN AND COMMITTEE OF ONE OF OUR LEADING SLATE-CLUBS GO INTO TRAINING WITH AN ELECTRIC SECRETARY.

ENGLAND v. SPAIN.

WILL ALFONSO BE RECALLED?

WHAT of ZAMORA? What of Spain's two-metred captain, the emerald-jumpered hero of a million *Carmencitas*? This question has been put by every blonde worthy of her platinum from Bergen-op-Zoom to Tobermory. I am happily in a position to dispel all doubts. He is a lovely man.

The Spanish have a proverb which might have been made for this match, it works so well: *No se ganó Zamora en una hora** (Zamora was not conquered in one hour.) Actually it took forty-five minutes each way of fast hard-fought football, at the end of which ZAMORA emerged muddy, but his spirit unbowed.

What of the match? Much has been made in the Press of the *Matadors*, *Battledore*, *Cuspidors*, etc., but of one class there has been too little written—I refer to the *Crashadors*, who contrived to *puerta-romper* or gate-crash into the Arsenal ground. Several of these adventurous fellows sat near me. I heard one boast that he had eaten his *insertas*, or sandwiches, while climbing the roof of the Grand Stand. Another averred that he had only gained his seat after passing a chilly night clinging to the window-sill of the Directors' Board-Room. But I distrusted the statement of one stout man that early in the day he had descended from an air-taxi in a *paracáidas*, or parachute.

Early in the game there occurred what might easily have been an alarming incident. ZAMORA had effected a dramatic save. Turning to my left-hand neighbour, who wore a beret, I remarked politely, "*Ponga usted las hormas en mis botas de montar.*"* Too late I remembered that this doesn't mean "He has always been reputed to be good," but "Please put the trees in my riding-boots." An awkward moment. With a disarming smile he got out a pencil and wrote on the back of an envelope that he was an Italian and stone-deaf. Infirmity can be very merciful.

What *of* the match? Well, to begin with, there was a good deal of mud. The bull—I mean the ball—must have been very heavy, and taken full-pitch on the skull, as it frequently was, it must have felt like heading a large coal-scuttle. There was also an enormous number of spectators. At first these were packed tightly, but with the excitement of seeing ZAMORA many fainted and were carried off, which made things much more comfortable for the others.

Of the teams themselves it is only necessary to mention that eleven men played on each side, and that by mutual agreement the bull used was a perfectly round one.

It would have been a splendid national gesture if at half-time a flagon of sun-stored Manzanilla had been taken out and consumed publicly, with sections of the golden oranges of Seville. But to my disappointment the players retired to the pavilion.

While we waited for them the man on my right muttered something I couldn't catch. To keep the bull rolling I said, "*Dicen que hay cólera en Bratavia. ¡Ay! ¡Dios no lo quiera!*"* (They say there is cholera in Bratavia. God forbid!) He replied that he was born in Edinburgh and that I was sitting on his hat. That ended our conversation and play began again.

But what of the *match*?

I think you have read enough to realise that it was a very remarkable one and a gallant struggle against unaccustomed conditions. One of these days Spain will play us again, and it is my considered opinion that she may win.

ERIC.

* N.B.—For this sort of thing I warmly recommend *Brighter Spanish*, by Señor DON L. DE BAEZA. All my Hispanic lore I owe to it. As I have shown, it should be used with caution. This is the first time that an international football match and a book have been successfully reviewed together. The feat may never be attempted again.



Fed-up Young Woman (to suitor who is trying to propose but is making a very slow job of it). "OH, FOR THE LOVE OF MIKE CHUCK THE SELF-STARTER AND CRANK UP!"

THE OLD OLD FARM.

MY own feeling about England is that we ought to de-industrialise and re-agriculturalise it. And I am prepared to go, as they say, the whole hog.

Hog indeed it will be. For I propose to get rid of that idea of Beautiful England which exerts so terrible a hold on the minds of Englishmen who dwell in towns. We must debunk the countryside.

The typical townsman's idea of England is somewhat after this style:—

Seizing a great stick, he will stride forth by the Metropolitan and District Railway and hie him (I don't know how he hies him, but hie him he does) by some wooded and unnecessary path to a coign or nook of vantage which ought to be arable land but is not, and there, leaning against a gate which ought to have been mended long ago, he surveys a vista of small unprofitable fields which pie (whatever that means) the far-off hills. Tears come into his eyes as he broods over the ravishing scene. Anon he notes a clump of insanitary but old-world cottages and the spire of a village church about to collapse because there is no money to pay for its repair. The townsman does not wish it to be repaired. He likes it to look as if it were about to fall down. But if it did fall down he would be annoyed.

Still further anon he sees a swinked hedger whom he supposes to be filled with the ecstatic joy of rural existence but is really suffering from rheumatism or botts; or a man ploughing with beautiful old horses and a beautiful old plough, or a waggon which is so antiquated that it might almost be called a wain. And the more wood and tangle of coppices and unexpected parkland and patches of briar and bog and tumbledown barns and ante-diluvian agricultural implements he can see in a day's march the better he is pleased. He spends about twenty minutes watching a stoat. At mid-day he will pause to refresh himself at ye olde inne, where he has a pint of ale and a hunk of imported bread-and-cheese. This costs him about a shilling. And as he hies him back towards the railway-station he mutters an oath on seeing that a pylon or a Dutch barn is marring the beauty of the landscape, and shouts with rage when a motor-bus, conveying villagers to the nearest cinema in the market-town, hoots him out of its path.

For the whole of his entertainment he pays about a shilling or so, and, returning to the well-lighted streets and his comfortable home, sits down to write an article on the exquisite loveliness of England, which is printed on a roaring machine in an atmosphere of furious activity and brings him in five or ten pounds.

Nearly the whole delight of the country to him has been in exact proportion to its uselessness from a commercial point of view. And how cheaply has he got his fun! Health, sentiment, beauty and emotion at half the price of a cinema-seat! And if you tell him there is anything wrong with rural England he will refuse to believe you.

"Its beauty is unsurpassable," he will say.

But if you ask anyone who really understands agriculture you will find that the true way to help it is not to make England beautiful but to make her ugly. Let my jolly friend with his stick go out and see an England with-

out so many hedges, an England covered with silos and chemical manure factories, ploughed by steam ploughs, mechanically harrowed and sown, intersected by light railways, provided with electric light and power and rebuilt with new sanitary farms and cottages, with all the bogs drained and half the parks put into cultivation. What will he say to us then? "England," he will cry, "is ruined! Her beauty is become an abomination to my eyes."

Or, in other words, she is trying to make farming pay.

Seriously, I don't see that we can have it both ways. Either the towns ought to subsidise the country as a pretty though unprofitable park, and in that case all the petrol- and motor-taxes should go to the husbandman. And I would tax the hiers, and even the hikers as well; they should pay as much as they would pay for a theatre-seat every time they went out to sentimentalise about a spinney near a decrepit stile or watch the lovely birds eating the delicious fruit. Bird-watchers must pay for their entertainment unless they can prove that they are watching a beneficial bird. At present we have no respect for the market-gardener. We make a wilderness and we call it peas. . . Or else I would permit the State to heave and hack up the countryside and reorganise it with factories and fertilisers and mechanical cultivators until it was a going concern, as cotton and steel used to be when we turned England into the workshop of the world. I would have a dictator of turnips, with hayseed in his hair.

I don't say that we couldn't have reservations for hikers and hiers, where they could maunder around and sing songs and eat bread-and-cheese on the wooden benches of olde innes; places where their eyes would not be offended or their ears deafened by the grinding and crashing and groaning of machines which were conquering stubborn Nature and wringing a profit out of the soil. But when they wanted to look at farming they would have to send their card into the office, and, if the farmer's secretary found that the boss was not too busy, he might grant them an interview and tell them a little about chemical manures and cattle-cake and the rotation of crops, or run them around the works in his motor-car. If he thought they were worth while from a publicity point of view he might even give them a glass of milk from one of his electrically-milked cows. EVOE.

"THE LAST WORD IN RADIO."
Trader's Advertisement.

None too soon for some of us.



Old Lady (at exhibition of modern sculpture). "IS THAT WHAT WE HAVE EVOLVED FROM OR WHAT WE ARE EVOLVING TO?"

Things That Will Go Bump in the Night.

"G.W.R. propose laying roughly fifty miles of track with steel sleepers of home manufacture."—*Daily Paper.*

"I am not sure that we are not suffering from an over-use, and perhaps abuse, of the word 'culture.' I have tried to get a definition of it, but it seems to be something in the ear, like the perfume of the flowers, which one cannot define."—*Scots Paper.*

Or in the nose, like the song of the nightingale.

Things Which Might Have Been Expressed More Tactfully.

"By going on a —— Cruise you will shorten the depressing winter months for others as well as yourself."
Shipping Company's Pamphlet.

"Sir,—While walking along a country road near Virginia Water, between five and six o'clock on Saturday afternoon, I found myself lying prone in a ditch."
From Letter to Daily Paper.

It must have been rather noticeable so early in the evening.

AT THE PLAY.

"FLAT TO LET" (CRITERION).

HAPPY the house-agent with such a flat on his books. Happier still the play-goer who inspects it. It is indeed a desirable residence; not because of any special beauties of situation or appointment, but because of its tenants and habitués, who are all that concern us. Only *Mrs. Coney* and her daughter *Carol* live in. The others sleep out, but spend, it would seem, the best of their waking hours there. And small wonder. Each in his or her own way has the secret of sharing or compelling laughter, but *Mrs. Coney* has both secrets in abundance.

We meet her first at breakfast and are immediately convulsed by her announcement of the death of an aunt. That it should have been an announcement of marriage is for the moment neither here nor there. The cue is for laughter and laughter we instantly accord. Indeed, so enthusiastic became my neighbours' response to that cue from the stage that I began to fear they would let me hear nothing else.



JOIE DE VIVRE.

Carol . . . . . MISS ANN TODD.

In labelling this happy trifle a light comedy, Mr. ARTHUR MACRAE slightly overstates the case. Of plot there is hardly a vestige. Not that it isn't there, but that its course and landmarks are so tactfully suggested. Yet by the end of it three happy marriages have been arranged, and each of them has our blessing.

But what is more than all these hymeneal boasts can be is the witty patter of the characters and the skill with which they are played. *Mrs. Coney*, a mother in a million, is the prime cause of laughter. We laugh at her as well as with her. She is one of those slyly merry widows who exist merely that playwrights in the heyday of their youth and enthusiasm shall exercise their wits on them and such paragons as Miss LILIAN BRAITHWAITE play them. And any depth of character her children and friends may have been cheated of by the dramatist for his own good purpose the actors sufficiently supply.

I hardly know which of the others amused me most or most fully engaged my sympathies. *Susan* (charming Miss EILEEN PEEL) is already married but by no means done for. She floats in, always *in medias res*, looking the cool inconsequent angel she is. And *Carol*, more generously dowered with lines and responsibilities and no less charming, is sweet ANN TODD.

If I seem to be shirking my narrative duty and involving you in a kind of family-album bee, it is because the things said are more important than the things done. The action has, of course, its cocktail moments—moments of pristine refreshment that cheer as though the contents of the shaker were real and we shared them. And there are foolish fond proposals, plightings of troth, by the elders in the old comedy manner, and by the youngers, who reverse the traditional *rôles* of proposer and seconder and give the phrase, "This is so sudden!" a truthful aptness.



"DROOP NOT, FOND LOVER."

Mrs. Coney . . . MISS LILIAN BRAITHWAITE.
Lord Java . . . MR. ATHOLE STEWART.

Carol has two suitors—*Tony*, a plagiarist composer and puling modern *fainéant*, and *Alan*, a veteran of thirty, whose *forte* is more manly. He has even served in the War. With these as subjects, Mr. MACRAE draws a nice but fair distinction between ex-Service and post-War swains, in which the honours, both acting and biographical, are easy; and Mr. REGINALD GARDINER's delightful asininity is admirably countered by Mr. FRANK ALLENBY's man-to-manly directness and enthusiasm.

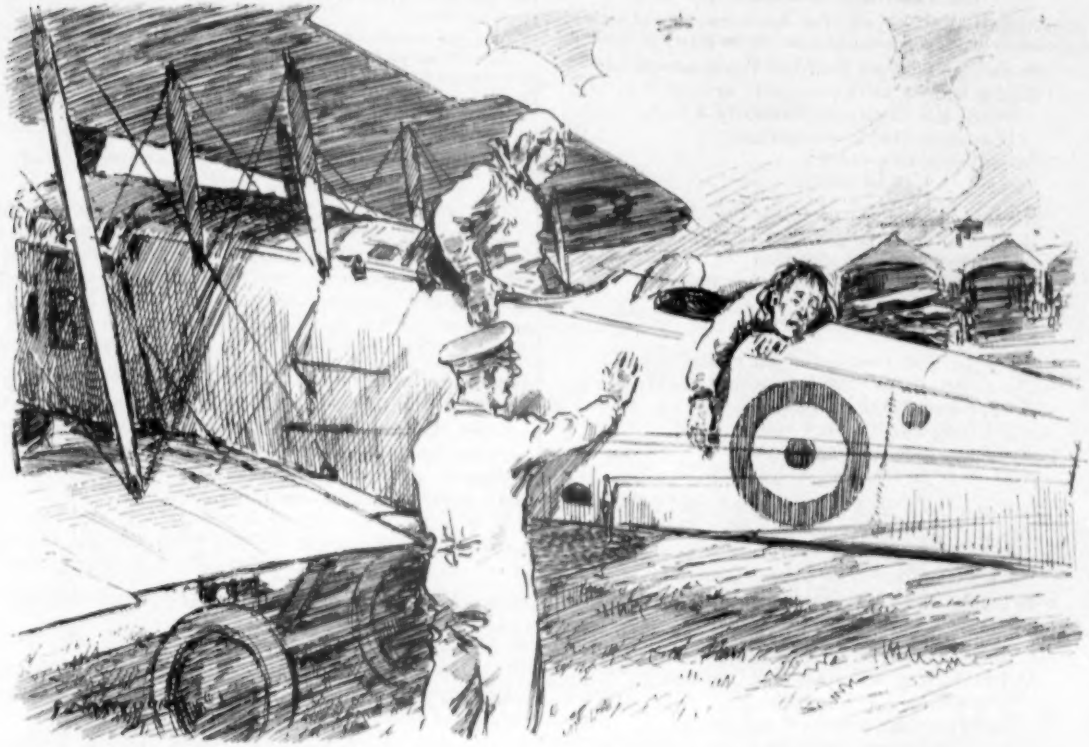
Mr. ATHOLE STEWART, who has so deftly produced the play, is rewarded, in the *rôle* of *Lord Java*, with the hand of Miss LILIAN BRAITHWAITE, whose performance is irresistible, but not until the curtain has already gathered up its skirts for its swift descent on the iteration of nuptials. Miss MOLLY LUMLEY must not be overlooked, for she states the below-stairs view of life and love with a helpful emphasis. If this is not an entertainment that anyone except a bear with a sore head would enjoy then I will eat my hats, both grey and black. H.

BAR SALESMANSHIP.

TO-DAY, with Judges groaning over salary-cuts, it behoves those who are still members of the Bar to make what they can while they can, and on this subject a few suggestions seem necessary. So far, all concerned in the legal profession have shown regrettable lack of enterprise and business push. Salesmanship seems unknown in the Inns; and one wonders if under the plane-trees of the Temple Garden they do not still cherish the delusion that people buy only what they want. The single precept of the modern business world that seems to have penetrated to them is, "My client is always right;" but that alone, as many a young barrister knows, is not enough.

What is the response of the legal profession to the present Buy British campaign? Do we see a twelve-foot placard on the front of the Law Courts proclaiming: "Why go to Reno for your Divorce. Get it Here, British and Better"? We do not. Even such obvious appeals as "Go to Scotland for your winter sports and take advantage of the fact that here an instrument under seal is not necessary for the conveyance of a sporting right," never appear on railway-station hoardings.

Christmas, which brings inspiration



Pilot (just landed from a very bumpy flight). "BY JOVE, YOU WERE NOT STRAPPED IN, YOU MIGHT HAVE FALLEN OUT!" *Passenger (collapsed).* "IT WOULDN'T HAVE MATTERED."

to all with something to sell, seems to awake no echoes in the legal heart. Yet what opportunities there are at such time! "Clean up for the New Year—One dozen summonses at 7/6. This bargain offer cannot possibly be repeated." Or, "Your Christmas presents will cost you more this year—but not so very much more if you can find Father Christmas's treasure at Eagle and Percy's. See Grubbage and Jetsam on the Right of Trover," would be appreciated by many. While as a final business-bringer what about "Four out of five wake in cells on New Year's morning. Send for Mr. Honeypot, Barrister, Middle Temple. He will understand your case"?

The public only get half the fun they might out of the law, and it is up to the go-ahead young barrister to point out to them what they are missing. A neat card bearing the words, "You hate his face; persuade him to strike you—We do the rest," would find an echo in many bosoms. So too would "Little girl, he has left you; the world seems dark. Let us get you £100 damages and the clouds will roll away. Our EZIE-FEE terms on application."

Law more than any other commodity lends itself to the personal touch. It may be difficult to strike the right note of human appeal when selling paper-clips or gyroscopic compasses, but with law it is easy. How about: "A husband is responsible for his wife's torts—ses they! Go to Plaint, K.C.; he has good news for you. See his defence of Mr. Dumb-bell, in *Dumb-bell* v. *Bun (baker)*"? Or, "Is your last novel immoral? See Snigger, the busiest junior at the Bar, about it. He will clear up your worries. Private consultations at all hours, or advice in plain envelopes. Money back if not satisfied"?

The warning note sounded by so many advertisers should not be neglected. "*Volenti non fit injuria*—Think what this means if little Eric walks across the rifle-range. Only the most skilful pleading can insure his future by securing substantial damages." Or, "*Caveat emptor*—Shopping is dangerous without legal advice." Or, "*De minimis non curat lex*—Is your happiness a trifle to be left to juries?" Even the cinema is a medium not be despised. Think of the audience's feelings when the screen confronts them with such a notice as: "Do you realise what difference *Ultra vires* may make to your life? As chauffeur, nursemaid or head bottle-washer your employer cannot hold you to any contract to give him correct racing-tips, clear the garden of snow, paint the scullery, make suggestions as to the presents his rich relations would like. Let us write to him about it."

But I am of the opinion that the law's greatest asset is its golden words. Any man can be trusted to do something about it if he receives at breakfast a letter running: "Quasi-Grant of Easement, Warranty, Proper Vice, *Res Gestæ*, *Respondeat Superior*—are they nothing to you?"

General as well as personal advertising is of course necessary. "Litigate this Leap Year" would exactly fit the Underground steps; while "Look after Your Liens and Your Liabilities will Look after Themselves" would be a comforting reflection to find in your stamp-book.

But perhaps the happiest touch of all might be given by a well-known R.A. The placard designed by him would bear the picture of a man marching out of the dock, with defeated counsel muttering, "That's a Joint Tortfeasor—that was!"

THE FARMYARD MAMMALS' UNION.

[Dissatisfaction has been reported that no measure of protection for British livestock was included in the recent Board of Trade list.]

"IN the lately-issued Board of Trade prospectus,"
Said a bullock to the company around,
When the Farmyard Mammals' Union
Was assembled in communion,
"No provision to protect us
Can be found."

"The Briton's present problems may be knotty,
But moral debts he certainly should pay;
And he himself has boasted
That Old England's beef when roasted
Is responsible for what he
Is to-day."

"May I say that I endorse these statements fully?"
The leader of the sheep's contingent said;
"For men of their profession,
If I held with the expression,
I should say that they were woolly
In the head."

"That they're a pack of chicken-hearted mortals
And mugs," a porker grunted, "I agree;
By a Ministerial pen-mark
They could keep the pigs of Denmark,
Who are knocking at the portals,
On the sea.

"But courage, friends; our delegates are worthy;
And never from the most that they can do
To eradicate the trammels
That beset our farmyard mammals
Will the Government deter the
F.M.U."

I sympathise; for wheat has won a quota,
And flowers have been assisted quite a lot,
And gooseberries a little,
But the mammals not a tittle,
Not a niggardly iota,
Nor a jot. C. B.

MORE LETTERS TO THE SECRETARY OF A GOLF CLUB.

From Frank Plantain, Greenkeeper, Roughover Golf Club.

30th November, 1931.

DEAR SIR,—General Forcursue has killed a fine cow while playing the fifteenth hole. It belongs to Farmer Ragwort, who has our grazing rights.

Yours respectfully, F. PLANTAIN.

From General Sir Armstrong D. Forcursue, K.C.B., K.C.M.G., The Cedars, Roughover.

30th November, 1931.

DEAR SIR,—You will no doubt be interested to learn that I killed a cow stone dead in the rough at the fifteenth hole about 11.57 this morning. My drive, although hooked, carried the hill in front of the tee, and in coming up to the ball I was both astonished and annoyed to find it in an unplayable lie, not a foot from the brute's head.

Should any witness be required, Mr. Lionel Nutmeg, M.C.S., will corroborate the above.

Yours faithfully, ARMSTRONG D. FORCURSUE.

From Charles Claw, Taxidermist, Roughover.

30th November, 1931.

DEAR SIR,—Seeing as how I stuffed the reed-warbler the Reverend Cyril Brassie killed with his cleek-shot on the Links last June, I should like to quote you as follows for the cow General Forcursue dispatched to-day:

	£	s.	d.	
To one cow mounted in glass case with brass plate suitably inscribed	19	5	0	
Wooden stand for same 8 ft. by 5 ft. by 3 ft. . . .	2	8	0	extra

Trusting to be favoured with your esteemed commands,

CHAS. CLAW.

From Gwendoline Makepeace, "Love-in-the-Mist Cottage," Roughover.

30th November, 1931.

DEAR SIR,—I wish to resign from the Club immediately. It is just too terrible to think that General Forcursue has killed one of the cows; really he has reduced himself to the level of a common murderer, and I am reporting the matter to the R.S.P.C.A. this afternoon.

Yours faithfully, GWEN MAKEPEACE (*Miss*).

From Marcus Penworthy, Free-lance Journalist, Roughover.

30th November, 1931.

DEAR MR. SECRETARY,—Extraordinarily interesting the General bumping-off the cow, wasn't it? *The Golfer's Handbook* can quote nothing like it; seagulls, weazels and a trout—yes, but a cow—never.

May I write an article about it? I shall give the matter full publicity and will of course mention the Club.

Yours sincerely, M. PENWORTHY.

From Robin Badger, St. Anne's Preparatory School for Boys, Roughover.

(*Unstamped.*)

30th November, 1931.

DEAR SIR,—Could you please get the General's signature for me? I enclose my autograph-book herewith.

Yours with best wishes, ROBIN BADGER.

From Alexander Spool, Photographer, Roughover.

30th November, 1931.

DEAR SIR,—I have taken six photographs of the deceased animal from various angles. Perhaps you could let me know at your earliest convenience the number of finished sets members would require.

Yours obediently, A. SPOOL.

P.S.—The Roughover Chronicle are using three positions in to-morrow's issue.

From the County Agent for the Iron Muscle Tonic Co. (1931), Ltd., High Street, Roughover.

30th November, 1931.

DEAR SIR,—We should be very much obliged if you would approach General Sir Armstrong D. Forcursue, K.C.B., K.C.M.G., with a view to his allowing us to incorporate his name and photograph in our local advertisement. The photo to be in full military dress, if possible. Kindly inform the General that if he is agreeable we would pay him the sum of (7/6) seven shillings and sixpence for each insertion.

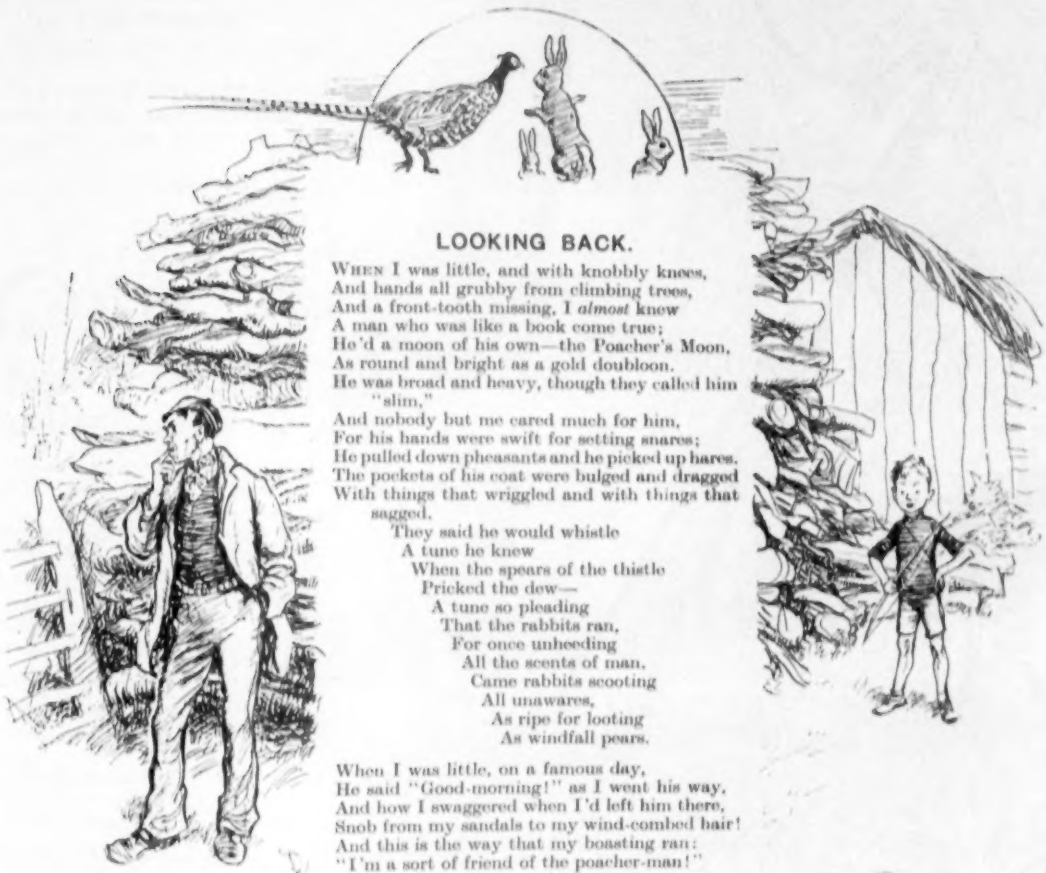
We are, Dear Sir,
For the Iron Muscle Tonic Co. (1931), Ltd.,
RUPERT MASSAGE.

From William Ragwort, The Dairy Farm, Roughover.

30th November, 1931.

DEAR SIR,—My apologies, Sir, for letting that cow Pansy lie on the course to-day, but I could not get her home yesterday eve. I was up with the beast all night, her having colic powerful bad and with inflammation setting in she died afore daylight come.

I have not labour enough to lift her till to-night, but will do so then. Yours, Sir, WILLIAM RAGWORT.

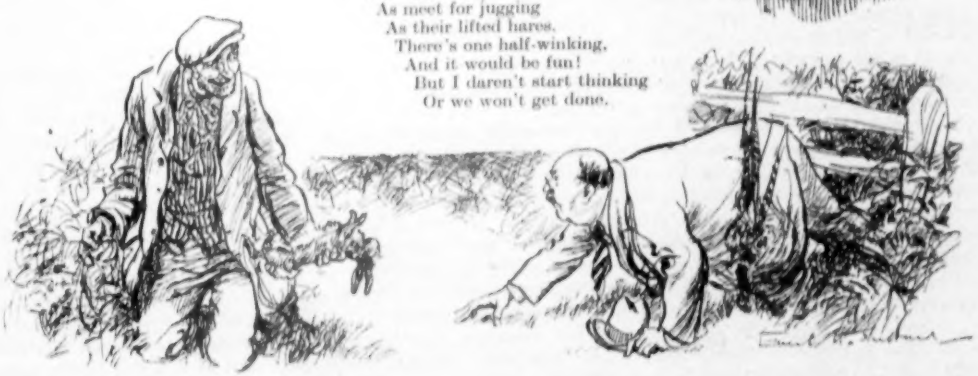


LOOKING BACK.

WHEN I was little, and with knobbly knees,
And hands all grubby from climbing trees,
And a front-tooth missing, I *almost* knew
A man who was like a book come true;
He'd a moon of his own—the Poacher's Moon,
As round and bright as a gold doubloon.
He was broad and heavy, though they called him
"slim,"
And nobody but me cared much for him,
For his hands were swift for setting snares;
He pulled down pheasants and he picked up hares.
The pockets of his coat were bulged and dragged
With things that wriggled and with things that
sagged.
They said he would whistle
A tune he knew
When the spears of the thistle
Pricked the dew—
A tune so pleading
That the rabbits ran,
For once unheeding
All the scents of man,
Came rabbits scooting
All unawares,
As ripe for looting
As windfall pears.

When I was little, on a famous day,
He said "Good-morning!" as I went his way,
And how I swaggered when I'd left him there,
Snob from my sandals to my wind-combed hair!
And this is the way that my boasting ran:
"I'm a sort of friend of the poacher-man!"
Now not since then, not for two-score years,
Has a human voice so charmed my ears;
And now that I (can it really be
That the small boy's stretched to a big J.P.?)
Am doing my job as befits a Beak,
I can hear, as though it were yester-week,
The sound of his whistle,
While poachers wait
With chins a-bristle
To hear their fate,
With shoulders shrugging
And with surly airs—
As meet for jugging
As their lifted hares.
There's one half-winking,
And it would be fun!
But I daren't start thinking
Or we won't get done.







APPRECIATION.

Child. "OOH, MUMMY, I'D HATE TO HAVE HER SCRATCH ME!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(*By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.*)

Dreary Lodgings.

THERE must be a strange lack of tragic experience, tragic imagination, or both, in a public that can sup on such sordid horrors as those exhibited by Miss NORAH HOULT. This talented writer, if she encountered any personal danger in the process, would deserve the applause that greets the successful toreador for the skill with which she plants barb after barb of anguish in the hides and hearts of her cast. But there is something, it strikes me, of the degradation of the arena in this exhibition of gratuitous torments; and the fact that one associates them rather with the volition of the novelist than with the issue of character and march of fate suggests, I think, a screw loose in the artistry. Be that as it may, the "poor-white" London portrayed in *Apartments to Let* (HEINEMANN 7/6) has extraordinarily sensible, if not psychological, reality. *Mrs. Peabody* the landlady, whose native kindness has been sapped by the suspicions of her trade, is admirably drawn. So too are *Wiltoughby*, her lodger, his clay-footed idol, *Elizabeth*, and the grass-widow, *"Miss" Crossley*. It is the study of *Josephine Moore*, a dreary *fainéante* woman whose declension from eccentricity to mania is the burden of the book, which most, I feel, illustrates the perversity of her creator's method. The publisher's blurb suggests that *Josephine's* tragedy might have been averted; and if, as OSCAR WILDE maintained, the type we imagine has a way of coming to life, Miss HOULT has incurred the responsibility of a *Frankenstein* in producing this ill-starred prodigy.

A Wondrous Adventure.

I do not know enough about climbing to challenge Miss JOANNA CANNAN's authority but I find it difficult to believe that anyone, even *Sir Clement Vyse*, "a man who was a man" and in his own opinion "a big, brave, volcanic creature," would hire a famous climber to lead an expedition up an unconquered peak of the Himalayas, and, after behaving like the untamed hero of a kindergarten, accuse that leader of choosing "Safety First" for his slogan. Nor does it seem natural that an amateur of fifty would manage to reach the summit of a mountain that had never before been tackled, or that this same man, who had done well in the War and at least intelligently enough to win the D.S.O., would be capable of leaving a fellow-climber to die in the snow so that he himself might have the glory of reaching the top. It must be left to readers of the book to form their own opinions on the likelihood of the rest of *Sir Clement's* behaviour: to say more would be to give away the plot of Miss CANNAN's absorbing story. Considered purely as a yarn, this is an excellent one, full of excitement and with enough human interest and drama to hold the attention of those who have never seen an ice-axe. Miss CANNAN is enough of an artist not to sacrifice probability to a happy ending. Her sketches of all the minor characters are really well done, but I should have enjoyed *Ithuriel's Hour* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON, 7/6) better if the character

of the heroic villain had not been drawn so savagely.

Old-Time Nimrods.

From EDGAR BACKUS, at one pound ten,
Comes a book of Meltonian ways—
A book of my lords and gentlemen
Who galloped and jumped in the golden days;
You may see them gallop and jump eternally
In *The Melton Mowbray of John Ferneley.*

JOHN FERNELEY could paint a horse,
JOHN FERNELEY could paint a man
And eke a hound in a Midland gorse
As never another could or can;
"Soldiers and statesmen, parsons, lawyers,"
JOHN painted all of the old top-sawyers.

Major PAGET (Meltonian he)
Musters a hundred "Ferneleys" here—
Long-backed gentlemen fine to see,
And nags that jump like the nimble deer;
And, behold, JOHN'S ledgers—his pink-coat prices
Are what *we* pay for our strawberry ices!

Here 's gossip all of our fathers' day
(To match JOHN'S palette is PAGET'S pen)
And the grass is green and the skies are grey
And "Furrier"* opens, and then? Why, then
There's a horn of Elfland blowing, blowing,
And our fathers of old are going, going.

Seventy Years Ago.

For all its curious and sometimes naïve mixture of realism and romance, for all its reliance on that genealogical continuity which so poorly replaces a well-knit plot, Miss KATE O'BRIEN'S novel of Victorian Ireland has passages of great charm and promise. *Without My Cloak* (HEINEMANN, 8/6) opens self-consciously with the advent of a horse-thief and his thoroughbred to a rising town in Munster. With the son of the tramp, Miss O'BRIEN gets going on the history of the biggest firm of forage-dealers in the South of Ireland, and the *Considines* male and female (but especially female) well repay her solicitude. *Honest John*, the founder of their glory, his son *Anthony*, its inheritor, and *Anthony's* son *Denis* (with whom things begin to go awry) are the backbone of the male cast. The women of *Anthony's* period, the 'sixties, with their absorption in conjugalities, are admirably drawn. With *Denis's* first love, an illegitimate peasant-girl, Miss O'BRIEN'S touch is, I feel, less sure. *Denis* and *Christina* seduce each other—the honours are divided. The family intervene and despatch the girl to New York, whither *Denis* follows to marry her, only to find that his passion has deserted him. This original situation is skilfully dealt with. In fact, considering the kindred case of *Denis's Aunt Caroline* and *her* lover, I am inclined to credit Miss O'BRIEN with a particular aptitude for giving a plausible turn to an initially incredible situation. With a stronger controlling design and more even handling she should produce a memorable book.

* OSBALDESTON'S favourite hound.



EXPLAINED.

Sailor. "BUT WHY SHOULD THEY WANT TO ALTER 'PORT' AN' 'STARBOARD' TO 'LEFT' AN' 'RIGHT'?"

Quartermaster. "WELL, I'LL TELL YOU, SONNY. IN THESE DEGENERATE DAYS THE USE OF THE WORD 'PORT' IS SUPPOSED TO BE ALCOHOLIC, AN' MIGHT GO TO SAILORS' 'EADS."

Beggar-My-Neighbour.

Two things above all else impressed Mr. H. R. KNICKERBOCKER, that brisk American newspaper-man, on his recent

visits to Continental cities making inquiries and gathering opinions about Europe's trade reactions to the Russian Five-Years' Plan—the popularity of cheap buying and the unpopularity of American trading methods. In his earlier book he had given an account of conditions in Russia's own territories, and in *Soviet Trade and World Depression* (LANE, 7/6), a volume crammed full with statistics-with-a-moral, he studies Europe's response. From Rome to Helsingfors and at a score of places between he found that business with Russia is business, whatever future threat may lie behind, and whether the country concerned lives under momentary fear of Bolshevik armed attack or looks to Moscow as a possible ally at need. Except perhaps in England, where plain economics are always liable to get mixed up with incalculable moral scruples, he found with horror and almost comical dismay that manufacturers dislike the output of American mass-production factories just as much as Russian slave-products; while his other discovery assured him that so long as the Russians under-cut, say, Dutch producers in Belgium and Belgian producers in Holland, but tactfully refrain from selling cheese in Rotterdam or steel plates in Liége, there is no earthly chance of a united front being raised against the Soviet "trade menace." All the buyers want to buy cheap, and who knows what will happen to-morrow? Possibly only the Americans will suffer. Very distressingly, no one seems to care about the Americans.



Man on the Stairs. "Y' UP?"
Voice from Bedroom. "YEP."

Travellers' Joy.

For those who believe that one day we shall be free to go abroad again there is much pleasant reading to be found in *The Traveller's Companion* (BELL, 7/6), compiled by PAUL and MILLICENT BLOOMFIELD. Short extracts from over one-hundred-and-fifty authors of all time are grouped under the seven heads of Travelling, Travellers Unkind, Food and Drink, Appreciation of Nature, Information, Women and Cities, and Impressions; but this book is something more than an anthology, for amongst other things it prepares you fully in Four Languages for the task of Comforting a Sea-sick Stranger ("Never fear; the wind is favourable and ours is a stout sea-boat. . ."); of Rendering Mutual Support in the Train when at High Speed, also in Four Languages ("It appears to me that the engine is off the rails and that the steam is escaping. . ."); and for dealing with a hairdresser with the same lingual freedom ("You have put the brush into my mouth. . .") The chapter on Food and Drink is disappointingly short, but its brevity should be forgiven for the excellent little dictionary of gastronomy which it contains. The extracts are ingeniously chosen and each chapter is prefaced with a decoration from the fanciful pencil of REX WHISTLER.

The Silent Places.

From all points of view *The Men of the Last Frontier* (COUNTRY LIFE, 10/6) is a delightful book. "GREY OWL" ("the English equivalent of the author's name among the Ojibway Indians, in which tribe he is a 'blood-brother'") writes with real distinction, and the tale he has to tell of his life as a trapper and so forth in a Canada that, to his sorrow, is all too rapidly disappearing, is as inspiring as it is informing. And the reason is that "GREY OWL" has an innate love for nature and a deep sympathy with animal life. It is impossible, for instance, to read his chapters on beavers, "The Tale of the Beaver People" and "The House of McGinnis," without an increasing affection for animals in general and for beavers in particular. I can confidently recommend this book—which is admirably illustrated—to everyone interested in natural history, for here are great adventure and keen observation recorded by one who has learnt wisdom while spending years of his life in the solitary places of the world.

Kidnapping.

For subtlety and finesse Mr. SYDNEY HORLER is not perhaps in the first rank of sensational novelists, but in three of the four stories included in *The Mystery Mission* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON, 3/6) he writes with immense zest and loses no time in landing his brave young men and women in situations of the direst peril. No sooner, however, are they kidnapped and in danger of death or worse than Mr. HORLER relieves the feelings of his gentle readers by the assurance that rescue in some shape or another is at hand. For which considerateness I think that you will join me in thanking him. The last story is a shade too hackneyed and absurd, but the others brim over with adventure and justify the words "HORLER for Excitement" which occupy the central place on the jacket of this collection.

EPITAPH FOR A TYPE OF BIOGRAPHER.

HERE rests a scribe who passed his spiteful day
In pointing out our idols' feet of clay;
He left his footprints on the sands of time,
Appropriately too—a trail of slime. W. K. H.

It was disappointing that Mr. GANDHI, before returning to India, did not find time to visit Aberdeen in order to exchange views with our own Untouchables.

CHARIVARIA.

IT would appear that in political circles opinions are divided as to whether the Government has a Tory mandate or a Runcimandate.

* * *

According to a political writer there are still several countries which have not yet adopted income-tax. Any of them can adopt ours with pleasure.

* * *

Bolshevists are understood to be confident that when the colossal figure of LENIN, which is to be the world's largest statue, is erected at Leningrad capitalists will realise the insignificance of the Statuette of Liberty.

* * *

When an outbreak of fire occurred at the Bank of England last week a rumour spread that Mr. MONTAGU NORMAN had fused.

* * *

The order given by Finsbury Borough Council for one hundred tons of salt for melting snow is regarded as tantamount to an admission that Finsbury makes no claim to be considered a Winter Sports resort.

* * *

Lord PARMOOR has notified the Press that he is giving up the Athenæum; but it is understood that the Athenæum will be carried on.

* * *

There is a suggestion that the China-Japanese War has broken up for the holidays.

* * *

It is rumoured that an American composer is engaged on a choral work which he describes as a "Moratorio," in which the part of narrator is assigned to Mr. HOOVER.

* * *

A scientist declares that Aldebaran is 354,000,000,000,000 miles from the earth. Well, that's one place we can cross off the list for next summer's holiday.

* * *

Hitherto Turkish cinemas have been entirely dependent on foreign productions; but *In the Streets of Istanbul* is the first "turkie" to be presented.

* * *

In view of the allegation by the Chairman of the Lawn Tennis Association that prominent players suffer from swollen heads, it seems only fair to suggest that some of them have attempted to rectify this by wearing bandeaux.

* * *

Belief in the existence of Santa Claus is forbidden in Michigan Sunday Schools. This has added greatly to the difficulties of Michigan poppas.

* * *

"How much does a wife need for her dress allowance?" asks a writer. Recent cases in the courts suggest that the answer is "More."

* * *

"If you could live to be 336,666 years old, you might win a big sweepstake prize," says a weekly paper. Also quite possibly the title of World's Oldest Man.



The Professor. "GOOD HEAVENS! I'D FORGOTTEN IT'S CHRISTMAS DAY—AND I'VE JUST HAD A HEARTY MEAL OF BREAD-AND-CHEESE IN THE PANTRY!"

The B.B.C.'s Committee having told the public how to pronounce "Cesarewitch," the hope has been expressed that it may now tell us how to spell the name of next year's Derby winner.

* * *

According to a news-item a West End stores recently sold nearly two hundred pianos in three hours. World peace seems further off than ever.

* * *

Uncles throughout the country report that the annual epidemic of politeness among nephews is taking its usual course.

* * *

"How fast can a worm travel?" asks a headline in a daily paper. It depends on how many parcels his wife makes him carry.

* * *

An M.P. declares that forcible feeding is a dastardly crime. We wonder how he fills his fountain-pen?

A playwright recently confessed that he wrote plays because he could not sleep at night. He now has the consolation of knowing that at least he has cured other insomnia-martyrs.

* * *

According to a writer, socks portray a man's character, make his temperament easy to read and illustrate the state of his nerves. They are also useful for wearing on the ends of one's legs.

* * *

A writer suggests that public-houses should be named after well-known authors. After all, why shouldn't best cellars be associated with best sellers?

* * *

A well-known lady-novelist never reads anything she has written. But she expects other people to.

* * *

A canine expert mentions that the dachshund is a good water-dog. Our suspicion is that it has been mistaken for the sea-serpent.

* * *

A famous Continental campanologist is to visit London. Tea-shop waitresses are said to be rather nervous.

* * *

Mr. JAMES DOUGLAS considers Mr. G. B SHAW a world-genius. This makes two who think so.

* * *

Eskimo and other cold-resisting dogs are said to be getting popular in America. Hot dogs of course have always been favourites there.

* * *

Moray herring fishers have been having their nets burst by a glut of fish. We understand that the goalkeepers of some London football teams have sent a message of understanding sympathy.

* * *

"Pilot of Two Weeks Makes Solo Flight." Another infant prodigy.

"SEE HOW THIS GIRL GREW HER HAIR ON PAGE 17."
Advt. in Sunday Paper.

We like our reading balder than this.

A thirsty Chicago panjandrum
Imported a *grosse caisse* or grand drum,
But took care to provide
That the hollow inside
Was filled with the best contraband rum.

A MERRY CHRISTMAS.

"A MERRY CHRISTMAS!"—that's the phrase
That ushered in the Festive Season
On Christmas-cards of bygone days
With rhyme and, be it said, with reason;
They showed us robins in the snow,
Old Santa Claus, who dragged a sack round,
And kisses 'neath the mistletoe,
With Christmas pudding in the background.

Where are those puddings now—a treat
That once delighted Jackie Horner?
Alas! the Cooks of Carey Street
Have got him in a diff'rent corner.
The Christmas robins, it is true,
Are with us still, their bosoms swelling,
Their bills, like ours, all over dew—
But with a slightly altered spelling.

The mistletoe may be the same,
But holly-wood is more intensive,
And kisses—since the Movies came—
Take longer and look more expensive;
And Santa Claus has got the sack,
But in a sense that's not so pleasant;
Oh! shall we ever see it back—
That Christmas past with Christmas present?

"A Merry Christmas!" Does it sound
A really happy phrase to hit on
When Britain's taken off the pound
And pounds are taken off the Briton?
Yet who would change it? There you are!
The Pound may fall in all directions,
But Sterling Friendship's still at par
In our Exchange of Old Affections.

"DE MORITURIS NIHIL . . ."

To speak nothing but good of the dead has always seemed to me less important than not to be catty about the living. For the dead either know nothing, in which case your hard words won't hurt them, or else they know everything, in which case they are too wise to bother about your silly pin-pricks; whereas the living have but limited understanding and therefore unlimited capacity for being made unhappy. And if this is true of the living it is truer still of the dying—which is why I have been racking my brains all day trying to think of something nice to say about 1931, that unpopular old tyrant who now lies upon what cannot fail to be his death-bed.

There is little enough, Heaven knows, to be said for a year which climatically and financially has brought us depression after depression. But this evening, when I was writing some letters, I found myself having a genuine pang of regret as I thought of the passing of 1931, because this is the last year, the very last, in which we shall have the æsthetic satisfaction of beginning our correspondence with a nicely-balanced date—thus: 31.1.31.

For anyone with a symmetrical mind the early years of a century are the only ones to write letters in; and of these the best are the tenth, eleventh and twelfth, which contain the admirable dates, 10.10.10, 12.12.12 and, best of all, 11.11.11. Still, even up to 1928 we had twelve pretty good dates in every year; in 1929 and 1930 only February was out of action, which still left us eleven; in 1931, inevitably, they dwindled to seven—in all the months which aren't mentioned in the "thirty days'" jingle; but after 1931, unless there is some very drastic reorganisation of the calendar, the weariness of letter-writing will not be relieved by even this trivial pleasure.

Of course, if you who read this happen to be a rather precocious child of, say, seven years old, and if you live to be eighty-six, you will have the joy of beginning all over again with 10.1.10, and you may even know the delirious excitement of writing, as I did in my childhood, the perfect date—11.11.11. (I wonder, by the way, whether on that far distant morning you will pause in your letter-writing at eleven o'clock to listen to the clamour of London suddenly hushed for the Two Minutes' Silence, or whether by that time England will be celebrating in some different fashion the next-armistice-but-three?) But if, as I suspect, you are merely a middle-aged grown-up, then all I can say to you is: Save up all your correspondence for New Year's Eve and linger over your 31.12.31 with loving relish, for the like of it will come your way no more.

There—I have done my best for 1931, because it is dying and therefore I am sorry for it, the world being, on the whole, such a charming place. JAN.

Can the Economic Circle be Squared?

"Alderman J. A. Leckie, M.P. for Walsall, hoped the Government would steer a straight course round the difficulties with which it was faced."—*Local Paper.*

"Pheasant hunters in England are reporting good bags this season."—*Canadian Paper.*

Fox-chasers are also said to be getting nice brushes this Christmas.

". . . coming on leave, I had elected to travel in a tramp steamer principally because an old friend of mine, Captain —— (a sailing ship's kipper of the old school—a race fast dying out) was in command."
Nigerian Paper.

Is the steam sort boneless?

HE AND SHE.

A ROMANTIC DUOLOGUE.

IT was a morn of frosty weather,
The skies were clear beyond the fell
When you and I last met together
And walked the ways we know so well;
And you, to while away the tedium,
Put me the question dark and strange:
"Must gold for ever be the medium
Of international exchange?"

I turned, half-startled, half-admiring,
And, wondering at the ways of men,
Looked deep into your eyes, inquiring,
"But, if not gold, dear heart, what then?"
I was the pupil, you the scholar—
We two, the whole white world around—
You answered, "One must pit the dollar
Against the problem of the pound."

Oh, I remember how the thrushes
Were piping when you mentioned francs
And feared unprecedented rushes
That might be made on German banks;
We spoke of crowns above the valley,
And I asked gently, "What of Spain?"
You told me, "If the markets rally
Pesetas will be firm again."

Shall I forget, my heart a-tingle,
The rich smell of the dark brown mould
When we were walking down the dingle
And I said, "Coming back to gold——"?
I knew the answer ere I said it;
I knew you would not tell me lies;
I knew that want of foreign credit
Impairs commercial enterprise.

"Who knows?" you said. "Things may be brighter
Before we tread these paths next year;
I doubt if money could be tighter."
Oh, you were very straight, my dear.
The future seemed a dark abysm
Where hopes and dreams and hearts were hurled.
"Perhaps," you said, "bi-metallism
Might heal the sickness of the world."

EVOE.

Napoleon Improved On.

"'I know men who have made their way almost entirely on their faces.'"
Letter in Daily Paper.

"BOXER KNOCKS HIMSELF OUT.
A MISS DISLOCATES HIS SHOULDER."
Daily Paper.

Very humiliating of her.



MR. PUNCH'S ALL-BRITISH PANTOMIME.

MORGIANA RUNCIMAN AND THE FORTY ABNORMAL IMPORTATIONS.



Chauffeur (on being told that the expensive car is to be given up and he will be dismissed). "DON'T WORRY, MADAM; I KNOW SEVERAL OTHER LADIES AND GENTLEMEN WHO HAVE COME DOWN IN THE WORLD."

FUTURISTIC CUISINE.

SIGNOR MARINETTI, the well-known Italian writer, has taken the subject of cookery in hand. In a recently-issued booklet he roundly condemns present-day food in Italy. This is all right with me. I once tried to do it myself, after a bad lunch in a restaurant on the Corso, but, owing to the language difficulty (my Latin was not up to date and the Manager's English was ahead of its time), all that happened was that the Manager bowed and smiled happily for five minutes and retired saying he would convey my compliments to the chef.

Signor MARINETTI reserves, I find, the biggest vial of his wrath for macaroni. All the defects in the Italian character, he says, are due to over-indulgence in macaroni. It causes "heaviness, limpness, pessimism, laziness and procrastination." I quite see his point. I have not had very many meals of macaroni, but after every one of them my heaviness and limpness were undeniable, while, being entirely inexperienced in dealing with the stuff, laziness and pessimism set in quite early on in the proceedings. And the final result was certainly procrastination. I left half my macaroni over in case I felt hungry next day, and in the meantime ordered a simple omelet. So much for macaroni in oneself; as for macaroni in others there can be no two schools of thought. Whether employed for humorous effect or as facial decoration, as a musical instrument or as a weapon of offence it is just terrible.

Signor MACARONI—beg pardon, MARINETTI—further considers that the future will bring radical changes in food as served at table. Most meals, of course, will consist of concentrated vitamins, calories, ampères, ohms and so on, swallowed down as pills, but he realises that a five minutes' communal gulping round the medicine-cupboard is hardly a substitute for a dinner-party; so he foresees that at regular intervals perfect futuristic repasts will take place. In the composition of these perfect meals he has enumerated about a dozen necessary factors.

Some of them, as far as I am concerned, need hardly wait for the future. "The abolition of politics and speeches from the table" might well be made compulsory by law right now. Others, however, to your ordinary hearty eater, like you and me, appear to be slightly, shall we say, fantastic? Here is one: "The introduction of scientific instruments in the kitchen. These include devices for charming foods with ozone or exposing them to ultra-violet rays or subjecting them to the process of electrolysis." The mere thought of an electrolysed cutlet with hydrogen at one end and oxygen at the other, accompanied by ultra-violet peas and ozonised potatoes, is enough to make me stay at home and go to by-byes with a nice bowl of bread-and-milk.

Then there is this: "The use of perfumes to excite the palate, each dish to be preceded by a perfume which will be eliminated by means of ventilators before the next dish is brought in." Signor MARINETTI doesn't give any hint as to what types of perfume are to be used for what dishes, but I take it one would not employ orange-blossom just before steak-and-onion or chypre before chump-chop. The perfumes would be more or less appropriate to the dish; and to my mind there's nothing like the perfume of frying bacon-and-eggs preceding a dish of fried eggs-and-bacon. My palate gets wildly excited about it and practically has to be put in a strait-jacket. The ventilation idea, however, is good. One might concentrate on that part alone in the very

immediate future, particularly with reference to small Soho restaurants.

Another of MARINETTI's factors is: "The creation of special mouthfuls containing a great variety of flavours." A mere edible cocktail, one thinks at first, till one reads further and realises that these mouthfuls have a spiritual, not a spirituous, significance. They are more than simple mouthfuls. They "have in the futurist kitchen the same function as images in literature. One particular mouthful may represent an entire phase of a man's life or the unfolding of a love-story or an entire journey to the Far East"; or possibly—my suggestions these—a visit to the local Palais de Danse, or a girl's first glass of champagne, or the emotion aroused on first reading GERTRUDE STEIN, or a trip round the harbour in the *Skylark*, or even in the case of some mouthfuls, wherein the chef's attention may have wandered, an electric blend of curiosity, awe and regret. Mouthfuls, I gather, are non-returnable. That is to say, if a confirmed and crusty bachelor gets Mouthful No. 24 (*Dawning of Young Love*) or No. 10 (*Venice by Moonlight*) no refund can be made. He will just have to take a drink of water and ask for another, say No. 82 (*The Grave and After*) or No. 90 (*The Season at Deauville.*)

Not all MARINETTI's basic factors necessary to the perfect meal seem to me to be directed towards æsthetic appreciation. It would almost appear that he considered humour was also an ingredient. Else how could he have insisted on these two, which to my mind are quite definitely designed to Cause Roars of Laughter in the Home? One is: "Abolition of knives and forks for those foods capable of giving tactile pleasure before being placed in the mouth." "Ah! my boy," I can hear Uncle saying to less cultured nephews and nieces, "there's nothing like the soft satiny feel of boiled duck." While to see Grannie chuckling with delight as she lets her *Crème Caramel* run through her fingers must make her ultra-modern grandchildren feel quite young again.

His other humorous factor leans even more in the direction of practical joking: "Rapid presentation between dishes under the noses and eyes of guests of a great variety of foods, some of which will be eaten later, while some will not, in order to excite curiosity, surprise and imagination." The presentation will have to be rapid all right, or some eager guest, seeing his favourite dish at his elbow, will get away with a spoonful then and there, the result being probably a short sharp fight. In any case the fight will come later on when several dishes, after being displayed in the shop-window, so to speak, and thus leading people to hold back space for them, simply fail to materialise at all and are found, I suppose, to have been eaten in the kitchen.

Signor MARINETTI at any rate has the courage of his convictions. He concludes his attack by giving actual examples of possible recipes of the future, designed fully to satisfy both eye and palate. The following dish is called "Equator and North Pole." It is composed of "an equatorial sea of raw eggs, with salt, pepper and lemon. In the centre there emerges a cone of beaten whites of eggs filled with circular pieces of orange representing the sun. The summit of the cone is covered with pieces of truffle, cut in the shape of airplanes that are moving to the conquest of the zenith."

My own feeling about this is that he doesn't go far enough. Why not add a volcanic interest by having the cone erupt with a shower of buttered breadcrumb scoriæ and a lava flow of golden treacle. It doesn't sound well to the ear certainly, but it would *look* well mingling with the sea of raw egg and would certainly give the palate a new sensation. And that, it seems, is the great idea.

A. A.



Wife. "IT'S NO USE YOU STANDING THERE *looking* AT IT."
Husband. "ALL RIGHT; *you* COME AND LOOK AT IT."

THE CRITIC ON THE HEARTH.

A STRANGE MANIFESTATION OF THE CHRISTMAS SPIRIT.

IT was Christmas Eve and Jasper Scrimgeour, having finished his solitary dinner in his apartments, was taking his glass of port before the log fire. Jasper Scrimgeour was a critic and by that I do not mean that he was one of those novelists who review each other's books. No, he made a business of it. He was indeed one of the few surviving specimens of the old school of real critics. A harsh man, they said in the literary clubs, merciless in particular to first offenders.

But to-night something—was it the magic atmosphere of Yuletide, the jovial wink of the holly-berries at the jovial blaze of the logs?—awoke in him a benignant spirit, and in an incipient mood of unwonted mellowness his hand chanced to fall on the first book of an unknown writer. This book Scrimgeour had already disposed of in the copy for his next review:—

"OTHER BOOKS.

Dread Aftermath. By Albert Sturgis. 7½×5¼. xvii. + 304pp. Boodle & Blunt. 7*s.* 6*d.* net."

but as the seasonable humour gained on him he felt more and more that this welcome to a writer on the threshold of literature was lacking in heartiness. Accordingly he added a new paragraph to his review:—

"We [Scrimgeour, being a genuine critic, was entitled to use the royal "We"] must make mention also of *Dread Aftermath* (Boodle & Blunt, 7/6), a first book by Albert Sturgis. Mr. Sturgis is not afraid to tackle a strong subject and there are signs here to encourage us in the belief that he may one day write us a considerable novel."

Scrimgeour sat back in his armchair and surrendered himself to the luxury of a charitable glow. He looked back sentimentally across a lifetime spent in the evaluation of current literature, and he saw Jasper Scrimgeour as the innocent little boy who used to read *Deadwood Dick* for pleasure, and in whom a Yuletide gift of *Little Lord Fauntleroy*, "With love from Aunt Millicent," abruptly awakened dormant critical faculties. He was disturbed in his reverie by the merry chimes from the church steeple. Ding-dong. Oh, glorious! It made him feel that his treatment of Sturgis was still inadequate, and hastily he seized his pen:—

"*Dread Aftermath* (Boodle & Blunt, 7/6) is a trial flight by a new writer, Albert Sturgis. Mr. Sturgis has an incisive style, but he will do well in future to handle sordid situations with more restraint. In format and proof-correction he deserves better of his publishers. We look forward to Mr. Sturgis's future work with real interest."



Leader of Carol Party (setting out on nightly round). "NAH THEN, CLEAN FICES IN FRONT."

Flustered and glowing, Scrimgeour frisked across the room, flung open the window and put out his head. A bright jolly moon looked down on roofs grotesquely bulged with snow. It was a night to make one think of DICKENS, and Scrimgeour found to his intense surprise that for once he could think of DICKENS without at the same time thinking of the hundred-and-one flaws in DICKENS's technique.

Down at the door below a solitary wait was doggedly piping *Good King Wenceslas* through the letter-box. If this had happened the day before, Scrimgeour would have asked plaintively what he paid the education rate for, when here was a boy who breathed wrongly as he sang and forced his chest-notes into his upper register? But to-night Scrimgeour thought the boy was wholly delightful. He swelled with indignation to see him turned away. "Hi, boy," he cried, "would you like half-a-crown?"

"Garn!" retorted the lad suspiciously, waiting with poised snowball.

"I'm in earnest," called Scrimgeour merrily, and he threw the lad enough silver to have bought originally all rights in *Good King Wenceslas*. "Go and buy yourself some—er—suckers."

The singing of the kettle brought Scrimgeour back with a rosy face, and as he mixed the hot toddy, glowing with benignity, he felt that he hadn't done enough for Sturgis. He took up his pen, crying, "I *will* give him a good notice":—

"*Dread Aftermath* (Boodle & Blunt, 7/6), by Albert Sturgis, is a novel that must arouse in sensitive readers an intolerable sensation of nausea."

Scrimgeour settled his glasses more firmly and, chuckling, said to himself, "A good start! If only I can keep this up":—

"The pity of it is that Mr. Sturgis has it in him to tell a good story in tolerable prose, but his morbid obsession with sex lures him to excessive frankness and grossness that cannot but excite disgust. There are many passages in *Dread Aftermath* that are positively revolting and constitute a real danger to young people. We are not, we hope, prudes [on revision altered to "prudish"], but we are of the opinion that *Dread Aftermath* ought never to have been published, and we are surprised to find the imprint of the House of Boodle & Blunt on a book that seems deliberately to invite—and will, we trust, receive—drastic action by the censorship authorities."

Scrimgeour laid down his pen and took up his glass of toddy. He glowed with the knowledge of a seasonable good deed done—an unknown writer boosted into a brisk sale.



Friend (to Film Star). "SAY, THERE'S A BUNCH OF GUYS OUTSIDE WAITING TO BE PRESENTED TO YOU. AMONG 'EM IS A BISHOP, WHO SAYS HE MARRIED YOU SOME TIME SINCE."

Film Star. "GEE! I'M PRACTICALLY *certain* I NEVER MARRIED A BISHOP."

TO A STILTON CHEESE.

(*A Patriotic Pastoral.*)

AUGUST and stately cheese,
Firm, dignified, rotund,
White linen cummerbund
Draped round your nether shape,
Wine of Oporto's grape
Secreted in your heart
To ripen every part,
You I salute,
And eloquently bruit your fame upon the breeze!

What happy cow with mild contented moo
Yielded her lactic bounty to the pail
That English maids with nimble hands and hale
From the resultant curds might fashion you?
And in what summer pastures did she chew
The contemplative cud
Or stand knee-deep in mud?
Haply it chanced in Belvoir's generous Vale
She whisked the frolic tail
And cropped bright buttercups among the grass.
The matter rests uncertain; let it pass.

Enough that I may know
Your virtues spring from Leicester's sporting shire,
Land of stiff fences innocent of wire,
Where, in the sparkling morn
The merry toot of horn
Announces that the Quorn
Chivy in scarlet ranks the vulpine foe,
And, rousing at the sounds,
The hoary rustic cries, "The 'ounds, the 'ounds!
Ay, dang me, there they go!"
Then o'er the hedgerow bounds with high uplifted hoe.

Mid scenes like these
You had your origin, majestic cheese!
And now you stand
A worthy product of our native land,
Wholesome and pure,
In flavour rich yet bland,
Of perfect texture, creamy-blue, mature.
So let me add my parting words of praise
Ere with a loyal whoop
I lift the silver scoop.
Even in these festive days,
When turkeys and great puddings and mince-pies
Regale our grateful eyes,
And bubbling magnums tempt the palate's dry spots,
Still, cheese of British breed,
You are the gourmet's prize,
You are the goods indeed—I'll say you touch the high spots! C. L. M.

Strange Providence.

"£1,000 at death if within five years, with the option of continuing thereafter."
Insurance Pamphlet.

Gratitude.

"'Lord Collingwood' was the subject of a lecture by Mr. John ——, at the Lady Stephenson Library, Walker, Newcastle, on Tuesday night.
Bail was allowed."—*Newcastle Paper.*

"It is good to see so many old faces back in their usual seats now that our Winter Session has begun."—*Parish Magazine.*

It would be even better if only they were the right way up.

CRIME IN THE COUNTRY.

I SEE the fact stated in the papers that there is no crime of any kind in the village of Kadugannapahalawalatara, in Ceylon. I am not surprised. I admit that I should not have been surprised if I had read that Kadugannapahalawalatara were one of this world's plague-spots and infected regions. Indeed I approached the subject with absolutely no bias either way. To be candid I had never heard of the place before.

All the same, it does seem strange that Kad—you know the place I mean, in Ceylon, should be simply a nursery of innocence, whereas B——h, in Kent, is a veritable cradle of crime.

I am rather interested in B——h at the moment. I've just taken a week-end cottage there. It's a pretty spot, a little weathered hamlet nestling amid blue hills. It's had rather a lot of weathering lately, and I have had to take it purely on trust that when the white mist clears away and the sun comes out the slate-grey hills will take on a distinctly bluish tinge.

Part of its charm is that it is so rural. All the cottagers keep bees, or at least bee-hives. Since we paid the first quarter's rent there hasn't been a day when a humane man could think of putting a bee outside.

At this time of year B——h naturally looks rather bleak. But as soon as the flood-water abates a bit and the drain can be attended to, the little straggling main street, I am told, will be a perfect picture. Until then we walk on planks and change our boots at the post-office before going up to Town.

And in summer, so the Vicar says, when the leaves are on the hedges again, the corrugated iron flank of the new memorial hall will not give quite such a stunning shock to the eye that meets it for the first time.

On the face of it nothing could be more peaceful than B——h. From the moment Widow Wardle's barman has put Widow Wardle's barman's best friend out of the "Hog and Trumpeter" with the injunction not to show his face there again until to-morrow, and the 9.32 bus has disgorged its solitary last passenger (me) and has got safely round the awkward corner where the milk-churns are put out in the middle of the road, the deep calm of the English countryside settles down over B——h.

And the calm is broken during the long placid night only by stray snatches of song from Widow Wardle's barman's best friend on his homeward pilgrimage from the "White Hart" in the hollow.

Apart from that the village is so peaceful that it might almost be uninhabited.

But as soon as you get under the skin of B——h, or have had old Mrs. Ham in for five minutes to do odd jobs like breaking up the firewood and the crockery, you realise that B——h is really a seething pit of crime and calumny.

Apparently ever since the Vicar's warden told the people's warden during the collection that the Vicar looked like a sick hen in the pulpit, and the people's warden repeated it to the Vicar in the vestry afterwards, and the Vicar said that the people's warden should have known better than to listen to such wild talk in sacred moments, there has been some sort of a rift in those places which above all others should stand united.

Apart from this there is the scandal of the post-mistress, who repeats other people's telegrams to her friends afterwards. In consequence of this everyone in the village who wants to send a telegram uses such veiled and evasive language that the telegram generally arrives so utterly unintelligible that the person at the other end wires back hurriedly asking what's wrong.

The biggest scandal, however, concerns the Garage. It's been widely known in B——h for some time that something fishy has been going on there.

The Garage is also the wireless-accumulator charging station. And I am repeating no idle rumour when I say that the proprietor has listened-in every night for upwards of three years with other people's accumulators that he was supposed to be charging on a demonstration set that he got on approval from the makers.

He was detected purely by accident. The Grange's butler had to go down to the Garage late one evening because his master had just heard that Moscow broadcast Bolshevik propaganda after the other programmes had stopped, and intended to sit up all night, if necessary, to see if it were true before he decided what to do to stop it.

It was then that the Grange's butler saw Jim Wardle (who, by the strange laws of tribal intermarriage in these parts, is Widow Wardle's brother, and not brother-in-law, as you might expect) go into the back-parlour and unfasten the Grange's accumulator from his own set.

Next morning it was all round the village. And ever since then people have taken to calling in at all sorts of odd times for their accumulators, simply to make Jim feel uneasy.

Of course, living up in Town all the week, people like ourselves can see the petty scandals of B——h in their true perspective. But, though petty, scandals they remain. Once you've had your wireless-set suddenly fade right out in the middle of the most interesting bit of the Herring Fishery Bulletin simply because Jim Wardle has been listening too long to a talk on the Manchurian situation, you find that you can't keep altogether out of local politics.

Not that I like scandals. On the contrary, if I could get suitable cottage accommodation in Kadugannapahalawalatara I should move there to-morrow. But once I got properly settled in I expect there would be the local equivalent of a Mrs. Ham to tell me a thing or two.

"GOOD SHOT, SIR!"

THE phrase, "Good shot, Sir!" is part and parcel of the game of golf. To say "Well hit!" is not quite correct, while "Pretty stroke!" would be sufficient to make most kind of vintage golfers see three kinds of red.

"Good shot, Sir!" has many variations. In the mouth of an 18 handicap man, following the play of the Club's plus 3 international, it is sincere; from the professional who is coaching a rather backward and rotund lady of forty it is condescending, while from General Sir Armstrong D. Forcursue, K.C.B., K.C.M.G., it has two quite different interpretations. An illustration of the first can be gathered from the following:—

Scene: The fourth green at the Roughover Golf Club, when General Forcursue is on the lip of the hole in 4, and his opponent, Lionel Nutmeg, late of the Malayan Civil Service, has holed a longish putt for a 7.

"Good shot, Sir!" remarks the General jovially. "That's a dashed fine putt. You're playing well to-day, Nutmeg. My hole, I think."

And here is the second example, taken from the same round twelve holes later.

Nutmeg has just got down a chip-shot from well off the fifteenth green to win the match by 4 and 3. As the General sees the ball disappear into the hole he grits his teeth and flushes a dull purple.

"You smug swine!" he mutters to himself. "Just the sort of caddish thing you *would* do. Fluke, fluke, fluke the whole way round and then you finish with a ghastly shot like that. I never *can* play golf with civil servants; they're all——" Then, suddenly remembering he is an Old Wiltonian, the General pulls himself together and snorts aloud, "Good shot, Sir!"

Yet there are some people who say that our public school fees are far too high.

What utter nonsense!



Lady (to her fiancé). "PLATINUM AND DIAMONDS! OH, WILLIAM—HOW LOVELY!"
Patriotic Suitor (stung to the quick). "NOT AT ALL. LOCH LOMOND ROCK CRYSTAL AND BEST BRITANNIA METAL."

A SKI-SHANTY.

WE have not envied Perseus nor Mercury—that crowd
Could go and stunt for all we cared on any cold damp cloud;
We only ask for a foot of snow and seven-foot-six of hickory
And a hill that's steep—and they can keep
Their poultry-furnished trickery.

But now they have the laugh on us; for Mercury, I ween,
Was not pulled down if the drachma sagged, as we by the pound have been;
And one may doubt if he ever sank to a bearish tone on Olympus
As our spirits sank at the soaring franc,
With income-tax to skimp us.

There's no hope left of Switzerland; but the bawbee's still at par;
We'll take our skis and a North-bound train to the land of Lochinvar.
We only ask for a foot of snow, be it covering ling or jonquil;
And if sleigh-bells clear cannot reach our ear
Belike the grey lag's honk will.

Though Fritz be christened Mackintosh and a Lac be called a Loch,
Our skis will lisp through the powder-snow as we shout for "*Achtung!*" "Och!";
And this you may hear if the run was fast as the Muckle Hart, and risky
With not much snow: "Have a *Kirsch*?—ah, no—
But why not a drop of whisky?"

A HELPING OF HAM.

IN a glass case in the main hall of the Natural History Museum, South Kensington, there is a helping of ham on a plate. The visitor wishing to find it will have no difficulty, for it confronts him as he enters the building, its case being adjacent to those which house the Giant Midge, the Emperor of all the Mosquitoes, and a Common House-Fly of proportions so colossal that one might very well suppose it to be Beelzebub the Lord of Flies. It is a magnificent specimen, a noble helping of ham, cut neither too thick nor too thin, with fat and lean evenly distributed in the correct proportions; an exhibit well worthy of its honourable position among the nation's treasures.

I was standing by the glass case the other day examining this relic of a bygone breakfast when a thin reedy voice spoke at my elbow.

"I see," said the voice, "you are admiring the ham."

I turned. The speaker was a short insignificant man with a scrubby black beard and blue-tinted spectacles. He wore a weather-stained mackintosh and carried a stout umbrella.

"Yes," I agreed. "I was wondering whether it was a gift or merely a loan to the museum."

The stranger sidled up to me and pointed a grimy finger downwards through the glass.

"You see before you," he said in measured tones of deep solemnity, "all that is left of the Erudite Pig of Swillingfold. Hundreds of visitors pass this ham every day, but very few know its history. If you will come and sit down for a few minutes I will tell you all about it. Unless, of course," he added nervously, "you are in a hurry to get home to your tea."

"I shall be delighted," said I as we crossed the hall together, "to listen to anything you have to say on the subject of ham. It is my favourite breakfast-dish."

We chose a bench from which we could enjoy an uninterrupted view of the albino wallaby, and sat down.

"The pig from which that ham was carved," began the stranger, clearing his throat, "was a monument to a great, an enduring passion. It was the living symbol of the love of a good man for an unworthy woman, and when in due course it went the way of all swine-flesh, a helping of the ham, reverently and decently cured, was handed over to the authorities of the British Museum so that the lesson taught by this monumental hog should not be lost to posterity."

"Please go on," I said.

"Tobias Goodchild, of Swillingfold, was justly renowned as one of the leading pig-fanciers in the southern counties. He was devoted to his profession, wrapped up, as it were, in bacon, and great surprise was evinced on all sides when it was announced that he was about to marry. It was agreed, however, that Tobias had chosen a fitting helpmeet, for his bride, the buxom Matilda Perkins, dairymaid at an adjoining farm, was passionately fond of pork."

The stranger sighed.

"That," he continued, "was the beginning of the trouble. She was fond of pork, as she was fond of every kind of food, and she married him for his pigs. She ate enormously, and as the months rolled by she grew fatter and fatter, until at last even Tobias, who worshipped her with blind adoration, was forced to admit that his wife was the stoutest woman in the south of England. The discovery did nothing to damp his ardour, and when a few weeks later she eloped at dead of night with a travelling showman who offered to star her as a Fat Lady, his love was strong enough to withstand the shock, and he took all the blame upon himself.

"Nemesis followed swiftly, for not three weeks after the elopement Matilda fell out of a swing-boat on top of her lover, instantly crushing him to death. The show closed down, and the Fat Lady, her occupation gone, was forced to beg her bread from door to door. She was too proud or too frightened to return to her husband and crave his forgiveness.

"Meanwhile Tobias's prize sow had farrowed, and the pig-fancier, thinking he detected in the features of one of the new litter a faint resemblance to those of his errant spouse, took the little creature into his house, fattened it up, and treated it as though it were a human child. It was an intelligent porker and quickly learned at its foster-father's knee the alphabet, the binomial theorem, and how to win football competitions in the daily papers. It could not talk, of course, but it could do pretty well everything else, and its singular erudition soon attracted the attention of education experts throughout the country.

"I now come to the most tragic part of the tale. One evening, as the animal was hurrying home from a well-spent evening in the reference-room of the Swillingfold public library, its attention was attracted by a poor woman standing on the kerb selling matches. She was pitifully emaciated; the Fat Lady was a fat lady no longer; but some instinct possessed only by the beasts that perish told the intelligent creature that this was indeed his master's long-lost Matilda, and, beckoning with his off fore-trotter, he bade her accompany him. There was a scene of joyful reconciliation when the prodigal wife was shown into the presence of her deserted husband, and it was perhaps only natural that Tobias, having no fatted calf to kill, should have resolved to celebrate the occasion by slaughtering a fatted pig. I find it hard, however, to excuse the base ingratitude and detestable greed of Matilda, who, casting envious glances at the rounded contours and full habit of her rescuer, insisted there and then that the animal should resign its position on the local School Board and, after submitting to certain recognised processes familiar to pork-butchers, should perform use-



Customer (at large Naval and Military outfitters). "I WANT A UNION JACK, PLEASE."

Assistant. "YES, MADAM. FOR A PUBLIC BUILDING—THAT SORT OF THING?"

Customer. "NO—ER—FOR A CHRISTMAS PUDDING."

ful service on another kind of board. It was through the good offices of the educational authorities that the helping of ham you see in the glass-case over yonder was preserved for the nation."

"But surely," I protested, "Tobias made some effort to prevent this abominable outrage."

"He was blinded by love," said the stranger. "Matilda was his queen, and a queen can do no wrong. I am happy to say, however, that she succumbed to a severe attack of Berkshire swine fever a couple of weeks later."

At this point a uniformed official was seen advancing towards us from the neighbourhood of the albino wallaby, and the narrator rose hurriedly and shambled off, muttering to himself, in the direction of the fossilized mammal room.

"Beg pardon, Sir," said the official, "but has that chap been annoying you?"

"Not in the least," I replied. "He's just told me a very interesting story."

"Ah, he would that. He's not quite right in the head; oughtn't to be allowed out loose."

"Indeed? He seemed to me normal, if a little romantic. He was telling me all about those slices of ham over there."

"Oh, those," said the official. "They're only plaster-of-paris, you know. Couldn't keep real ham here, Sir; not in the museum we couldn't. It might attract flies."

"But it's doing that already," I exclaimed. "Go and look. There are flies walking over it now."

"Bless you, Sir, those flies are imitation too. That's the idea of the exhibit; propaganda for the 'Swat that fly' campaign in the summer-time."

I left the building and walked slowly home, ruminating enviously on the inventive genius of the mentally unbalanced.



Club Bore (relating long stories about himself). "SEEING YOU YAWN REMINDS ME OF A CROCODILE I ONCE SHOT. I'LL TELL YOU ABOUT IT."

IN SEARCH OF ROMANCE.

["Miss MARY PICKFORD, the film-star, is said to be negotiating for a pure romance woven round a flapper."—*Daily Paper.*]

I HOPED that some romantic myth
  On Saturday would enter
My field of fancy—something with
  A flapper in its centre.

At eight A.M. I might have penned
  An article disclosing
The blissful pleasures that attend
  A matutinal dozing.

And showing (later on) how men
  Of mild demeanour take on
If chafed by chatterboxes when
  Employed with eggs and bacon.

At ten I felt a powerful urge
  To sketch the trials of cusses
Compelled to join the City surge
  In tubes and omnibuses.

But business hours are so arranged
  On days derived from Saturn,
That after one I should have changed
  My literary pattern.

I could have hymned the week's routine
  In lyric strains and breezy;
I didn't, but it would have been
  Ridiculously easy.

But, though I managed to conceive
  These notions in my napper,
It seems I've not the wit to weave
  Romances round a flapper.

It's curious, for, as you see,
  My inspirations vary;
And what of course distresses me
  Is disappointing MARY. C. B.

"A shaggy platoon of Highland cattle stands before the judges. What lovely tawny colour! They look like the fellows one sees in a thousand suburban drawing-rooms—'The Monarch of the Glen.'"
Evening Paper.

"Not *very* like, darling. They don't have so many tines to their antlers."

THE BIRDIKIN FAMILY.

IX.—AN ERRAND OF MERCY.

ONE morning as the Birdikin family was seated at the breakfast-table, the footman, John, who was usually as deft as he was willing in the performance of his duties, earned more than one rebuke from his master for his awkward handling of the implements of his service. At last, when he had dropped and broken a valuable porcelain tea-cup, Mr. Birdikin could no longer restrain his anger and ordered him from the room, saying that he preferred to be waited upon by his children rather than submit any longer to the ministrations of an *oaf*.

"I observed, dear Papa," said Clara, the little Peacemaker, when the footman had left the room in a burst of tears, "that John's face was pale and his hands trembled as he supplied us with our viands, and I cannot forbear the impression that some serious stroke of misfortune has befallen him."

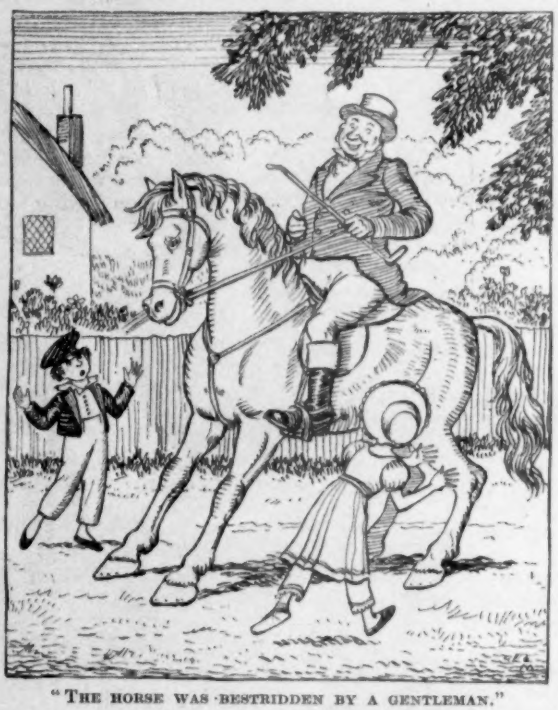
"I know what it is," said Fanny. "His mother was brought to bed two days ago and yesterday his father fell from a tree and broke his thigh."

"Let us repair at the earliest possible opportunity," said Mrs. Birdikin, "to the abode of these poor people and take with us such succour as our sense of benevolence may dictate. I apprehend, Mr. Birdikin, that John's not unnatural solicitude on behalf of his parents may on *this* occasion excuse him for his departure from the conduct that you rightly expect from him."

"Indeed," said Mr. Birdikin with a courteous inclination of the head towards his helpmate, "I would not for a moment impugn the promptings of a heart so full of benignity as that of Mrs. Birdikin. John's offence shall be wiped out by a deduction from his wages of the value of the vessel he has destroyed. Let us consider the form which our charitable contribution to the needs of these unfortunate people is to take. *You*, I know, will supply from larder and pantry what will support the coarse fare suitable to the station of cottagers when in health. *I* will contribute the bottle of port wine with which I should have regaled myself yesterday evening had I not found it a trifle *corked*. Though rendering it unsuitable to *my* palate, the slight disqualification will hardly be noticed by *theirs*."

"I would recommend," said Henry, "that there should be included in our charitable grant a bundle of assorted *tracts*, for, while the nourishment of the *body* must not be neglected, are we not taught that it is of still more consequence that those in a position of superiority should concern themselves with the *souls* of those who owe them deference?"

This unworldly spirit, shown so early by one destined for the duties and rewards of the clerical profession, could not but bring gratification to Henry's parents. But Fanny, who had not yet undergone that conversion from the promptings of her lower nature which in her brother's case was already bringing forth such pious fruit, remarked, "Would it not afford more entertainment to the sufferers if Henry were to read to them from the adventures of Spring-Heel Jack, with which he was regaling himself in the wood-shed yesterday?"



"THE HORSE WAS BESTRIDDEN BY A GENTLEMAN."

Henry made haste to explain that he had found the publication mentioned in a drawer in John's pantry, and had wished to assure himself that it was fit for perusal by the footman; and Fanny was rebuked by her father for her censorious reference to her brother's well-intentioned action.

Mr. Birdikin himself interrogated the footman upon the details of the accident that had befallen his father, and did not rebuke him when a further gush of tears testified to his gratitude for the benevolence so abundantly shown by his strict but humane employer.

John's family occupied a cottage on the estate of Captain Rouseabout, in whose service the father was employed as woodman. Mr. Birdikin's low opinion of this gentleman, for such he was by *birth*, if not by *conduct*, caused him to express a doubt whether the poor labourer's misfortune might not bring upon him dismissal from his occupation. "A man of the reprehensible habits of our neighbour," he said as he walked towards the woodman's cottage with his wife and family, John the footman following them at a respectful distance with the laden basket, "is usually devoid of all bowels of compassion. It would not surprise me to learn that this man, who has suffered disablement in his master's service, has already received notice to quit his cottage."

"In that case, dear Papa," said Clara, "can you not provide him with one until he is able to resume his employment, and take him into your *own* service?"

"That, I fear, is impossible," said Mr. Birdikin. "Nor would it be altogether desirable. Our humane laws provide food and shelter for those of the lower orders who through no fault of their own have lost their employment, and it would not be well to tamper with their working. As long, however, as this family is allowed by Captain Rouseabout to remain in their present situation I shall make it my duty to show him that there are those who are eager to fly to the relief of distress, and thus bring shame, if he is capable of such a feeling, upon one who is ever ready to scoff and jeer at all tokens of high-minded conduct."

The walk of over a mile seemed short to the little party intent upon their charitable object, and ere long the woodman's lowly cot came into view. A family of young children were playing in the neatly-kept garden, and an older girl appeared at the doorway as Mr. Birdikin stepped up the path and respectfully bade him and his lady enter, if it should be their will to do so.

"My *will*," said Mr. Birdikin, "is ever to show that benevolence towards the *deserving* poor which is too often, alas! met with ingratitude. I trust it will not be so in *this* case. You, children, will remain outside, for such abodes as this

are apt to be the breeding-ground of contagious disease, perilous to those delicately nurtured. Damsel, lead on!"

Mr. and Mrs. Birdikin entered the cottage, followed by John with the basket. The four children of the woodman stared at the young Birdikins as if they had been visitants from heaven, as indeed they might well have been, coming as they did on such an errand of mercy.

"Come," said Charles, "let us engage in a game of tag or hide-and-seek, and see whose legs are fleetest."

"Might not Henry prefer to take advantage of the situation to impart some moral instruction to these children?" asked Fanny. But Henry himself elected to play at hide-and-seek. Sides were formed and the air soon rang with the gleeful shouts of the children, those of the woodman quickly losing their awe of the gentility of their playmates.

Ten minutes or so had passed in the merry sport when Fanny, who had been hiding behind a hedge, leapt from the bank into a grassy ride and narrowly escaped being trampled underfoot by a horse, the approach of which she had not noticed. The horse was bestridden by a gentleman, who quickly reined it up and said, "Hulloa, my pretty little dear, do you want your brains dashed out?" Without further ado he bent down and, seizing the frightened child, set her in front of him on the saddle, at the same time printing a resounding kiss on her infantile cheek.

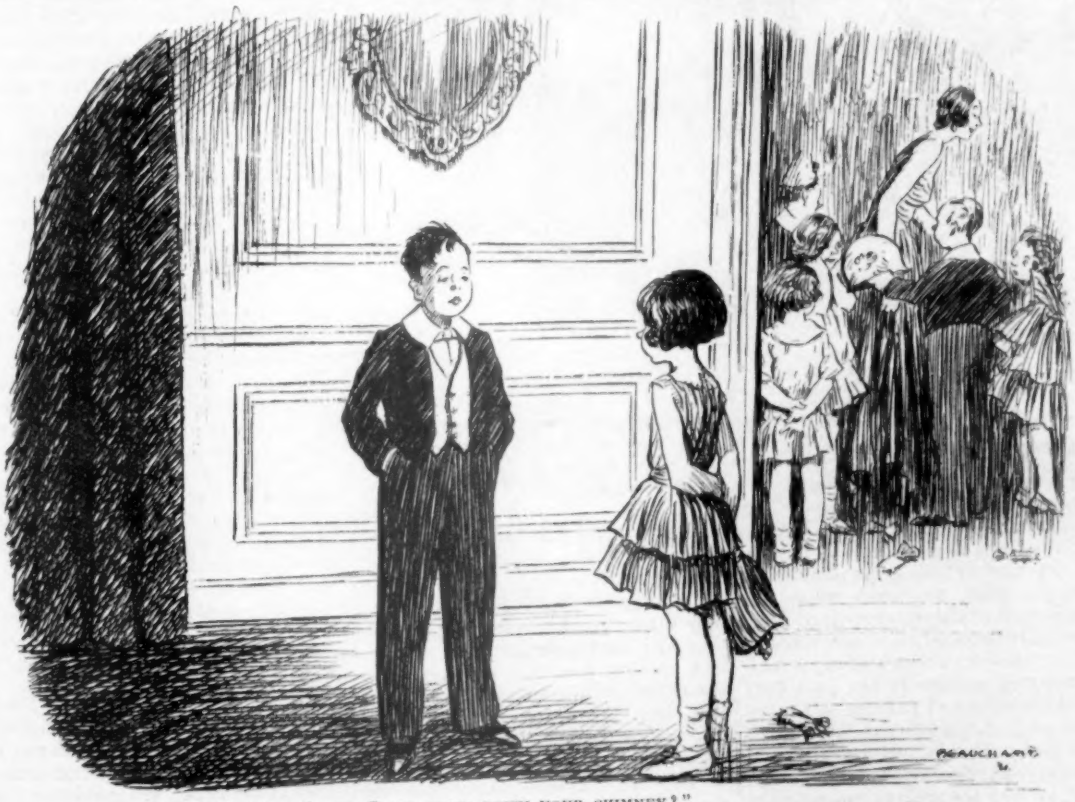
What was Fanny's surprise, when she had so far recovered from her fright as to steal a look at the somewhat rubicund and weather-beaten face of her rescuer, to find that it was none other than that of Captain Rouseabout, whom she had been taught to regard as in league with the Evil One. But there are few, however debased, whose better natures are not touched by the innocence of childhood. Upon hearing from Fanny of her parentage and what had brought her hither, Captain Rouseabout emitted a rude guffaw, but made no further comment. On reaching the gate of the cottage, to which he tied his horse, after dismounting and lifting Fanny from the saddle, he presented her with a bright sixpence, accompanying the gift with the whispered remark, "Not for the Missionaries," and another burst of uncouth laughter. Then he gave a loud "Viewhalloo!" and entered the cottage.

Fanny informed her brothers and sisters of the identity of the new visitor, and the children lingered in the garden until their father and mother emerged from the cottage and the steps of all were turned homeward.

There was a cloud upon Mr. Birdikin's brow as the walk was commenced, and he kept silence until Mrs. Birdkin said, "I am glad at least that these poor people are to be relieved from want until the breadwinner can again pursue his avocation."

Mr. Birdikin's brow cleared. "But for our errand of mercy," he said, "it is doubtful whether one so lost to all sense of propriety as Captain Rouseabout would have exercised the clemency which has now been shamed from him. His barefaced request to me to trust him to look after his own people was a mere covering-up of his indebtedness to my example, only to be expected from such a man. Let us remove him from our thoughts."

"I think," said Fanny, "that Captain Rouseabout is the most agreeable gentleman I have ever met, and when I grow up I shall marry him." A. M.



Little Girl. "DID SANTA CLAUS COME DOWN YOUR CHIMNEY?"
Boy. "WELL, SANTA CLAUS DIDN'T—WE'RE ECONOMISING THIS YEAR—SO FATHER DID IT."



"WHERE ARE YOU OFF TO?"
"TO THE DOCTOR. I DON'T LIKE THE LOOK OF MY WIFE."
"I'LL COME WITH YOU. I HATE THE SIGHT OF MINE."

A PROMISING CONVERT.

IT is too bad. Just as I was embarked on a new life with all my perceptions quickened the Continent has become barred except to unpatriots. Let me ease my mind by telling you all about it.

People often wondered where the artists went in the summer-time. They were not to be found in Chelsea, Bloomsbury or St. John's Wood. Many would-be cultured persons in the past have bought blouses and palettes and taken a monthly excursion ticket to Cornwall under the impression that the county was festooned with artists only to find themselves among plus-fours and field-glasses.

Quite by accident I discovered this year what happened to these elusive devotees of art. They went to Brittany. They disguised themselves as fishermen in red fishermen's suits, but their easels and side-whiskers gave them away.

I soon got friendly with them. As they came back from the quay, where they had been watching with a soppy look on their faces the blue nets and the ochre sails, I would accost them and say, "*Vous avez faite un bonne pêche, n'est-ce-pas?*" I am not very good at genders and my accents are not irreproachable, but they merely looked sheepish and answered me in my native tongue: "Look here, I'm not really a fisherman; I just paint a bit." By-and-by they would produce from their baskets not a starfish but a sketch of one. Or they would unsling from their backs not a tunny but a tacky canvas.

I would be shown the newest art-product, and I would look at it cautiously for some minutes before ejaculating, "*Pas mal!*" And then we were friends for life.

I had a slight difficulty with one of these pseudo-fishermen. He did not understand my opening question about the fish and said something in English which I failed to understand. Then he smiled and passed on. I learnt later that he was the hotel proprietor, who wore fisherman's garb to keep up local colour in his house.

He, I noted, called the authentic fishermen "*Mon gars.*" I tried this later on one of the more imposing artists, but did not share the landlord's success. He was none too genial. So the next time we met I addressed him as "*Cher maitre*" and hit the bull's-eye at once. He immediately solicited my opinion on the work in his hand. I gave it freely, deciding after inspection that it was "*pas mal.*" He then said it was *apéritif* time and called me "*Mon gars.*"

At the hotel I and my artist friends left the lounge to the trippers and made a merry and picturesque party leaning over the zinc, where Georges mixed tonic-drinks for the company.

Georges was very intelligent. He understood my French perfectly and began to make progress in English. For instance, he always answered when I called him George. I was glad not to be in Spain, where I would have had to call him Horhay and he might have taken offence.

All round the bar were hung canvases to dry. I soon learnt to identify the various creators with their work, for each of my friends gazed continually at his own painting. Every now and then my opinion of one of the exhibits was asked and I responded with conviction, "*Pas mal!*" Then my companion (the one who had last spoken) would say something to Georges and Georges would do his stuff. And when I had sipped the next Georges would say, "*Monsieur est content?*" and I would reply, "*Pas mal.*" And so the evening passed in art criticism. We quite pitied the bourgeois in the lounge, cut off from intellectual pleasures.

With sterling as it is, I feel I have enjoyed my last Continental holiday. Another season might have saved my soul for Art. Still, I have not done so badly in the time. What do you think of my efforts to cope with Chelsea abroad? *Pas mal?* E. P. W.



SHOULD GOLD ACQUAINTANCE BE FORGOT?

John Sterling (to his Gold-Standard friends). "WELL, BOYS, HERE'S TO THE SETTLEMENT OF OUR LITTLE DIFFERENCES NEXT YEAR!"



"WAIT A MINUTE, COLONEL. I KNOW YOU ARE RATHER A GOOD JUDGE OF WINE. BEFORE YOU GO I WANT YOU TO TELL ME HOW MY COWSLIP WINE IS MATURING—JUNE VINTAGE."

A CHRISTMAS PARTY.

FOR the sake of any reader who may wish to celebrate Christmas in the good old hearty manner of a hundred years ago I have been at pains to reconstruct a time schedule of the proceedings at Dingley Dell on the occasion of Mr. Trundle's marriage to Isabella Wardle, and the festivities which followed that happy affair.

Mr. Pickwick and his party had fortified themselves with ale and brandy on the way to the "Blue Lion" on the evening of the 23rd, and, long after the ladies had retired, with hot elder wine well qualified with brandy and spice, in the cosiness of Manor Farm.

Mr. Pickwick himself was awakened early on Christmas Eve (shall we say at six A.M.?) and there were multitudinous demands for hot water, though it is not stated whether he got any, nor even any tea. The bridal ceremony took place before breakfast. Let us put it, allowing for the walk to the church and the general excitement, at eight; after which everybody returned to breakfast, which can scarcely have been earlier than nine. We are safe in saying that a considerable quantity of alcohol was consumed at this meal, because the walk undertaken by "the males" on Mr. Wardle's suggestion was designed to get rid of its effects. The walk was twenty-five miles. . . .

This lands us immediately amongst difficulties. At the normal route-marching pace of British regiments, with or without wine, this feat would occupy eight-and-a-quarter hours. I am speaking, of course, of troops in full marching order. But would Mr. Wardle or Mr. Pickwick (whose running pace is noted later as 6 m.p.h.) proceed any faster than these? I doubt it. Let us grant that it was a frosty day and compromise at seven hours-and-a-half.

Breakfast could scarcely have ended earlier than ten o'clock. This places the return of the eupeptic pedestrians at half-past five, a very late hour for dinner in those days. The dinner, we are told, was as hearty an affair as the breakfast, and was "quite as noisy without the tears." Then came the dessert and some more toasts. Then came the tea and coffee, and then the ball, at which Mr. Pickwick appeared without his gaiters for the first time within the memory of his oldest friends, and only a loud hue and cry caused Mr. Winkle and Arabella to emerge from the corner where they were hid.

The duration of the ball is not without importance, since it was succeeded by "the glorious supper downstairs and the good long sitting after it." The supper must have included mince-pies, since the Fat Boy appropriated one which had been put by for somebody else. And after the supper and the sitting came the kissing beneath the mistletoe.

Dinner with all its accompaniments must surely have lasted till seven, which brings the end of the ball and the beginning of the supper to eight-thirty P.M. at the very earliest. How long would the supper, the sitting and the kissing require? Give them a couple of hours, remembering that we have to include with the kissing a long bout of blind man's buff, which lasted till all were tired, and a "great game of snap-dragon."

The hour is now well advanced. We have in fact reached half-past ten.

There have been three hearty meals, not unassisted by libations, yet at this point, the chronicler assures us, they sat down, servants and all, by a huge fire of blazing logs to a *substantial supper* and a mighty bowl of wassail, something smaller than an ordinary wash-house copper, in which hot apples were afloat.

"This," said Mr. Pickwick, looking round him—"this is indeed comfort."

Seeing that it was the second large meal since dinner it might almost have been called satiety. However, it was Mr. Wardle's invariable custom on Christmas Eve. Let us date the end of the second supper at half-past eleven, which allows us a bare half-hour before the clock strikes twelve to usher Christmas in—not a very long period to beguile "with forfeits and old stories."

Without pushing the wedding ceremony back to seven o'clock, a dark and very unseasonable hour, I do not see that you can arrange the Manor Farm jollifications of the 24th in any other way.

The Christmas Day schedule is complicated by the accident on the ice. Nor should I like to fix at all certainly the breakfast-hour of that memorable morning. We know that it only took Mr. Pickwick a quarter-of-an-hour to wash and dress. But we know also that Bob Sawyer and Ben Allen had had time to arrive from the "Blue Lion" and, in the case of Bob Sawyer, to consume a considerable portion of a barrel of oysters, which he washed down, contrary to the best view of modern epicures, with neat brandy. We know that Messrs. Snodgrass, Winkle and Tupman went for an early walk with the ladies. We know that the whole party went to church; and that then, after a substantial lunch, with the agreeable items of strong beer and cherry brandy, there was plenty of time for an hour on the ice. I suppose breakfast would be at nine, lunch at half-past twelve, and skating from half-past two to half-past three.

Of the general dinner we have no account. Mr. Pickwick's was brought up to his room by Sam Weller at, say, five.

The whole of the remaining ritual was conducted in his bedroom and consisted of drinking punch. "A second and a third bowl were ordered in." I cannot find out whether the ladies were present at this carouse. Perhaps no one noticed. The emerging fact is that the punch cured Mr. Pickwick from any ill effects that he might have suffered from what was probably his only bath in the book.

I conclude on the whole that the Manor Farm regimen for Yuletide rejoicing merely needs a little organisation, and I should certainly try it myself in my own simple home this year if it were not that I have no good recipe for qualifying hot elderberry wine with spice and that my wassail-bowl is a thought too small. Let others more happily endowed by fortune attempt it and arise as jovial as Mr. Pickwick on Boxing Day. EVOE.



Imaginative Producer (to "Fairies," during pantomime rehearsal). "NOW, LADIES, REMEMBER TO PUT A LITTLE LIFE INTO IT WHEN YOU REPLY 'SEZ YOU' TO THE DEMON KING."

NATURAL HISTORY NOTES.

INSECTS GOOD AND BAD.

THE GNAT.—Every insect, says ARISTOTLE, naturalist and philosopher, may be divided into three parts, a beginning, a middle and an end; and the Common or Household Gnat is no exception to the rule. It has a plumose head, an elongated body and a cellulose finish. Distinguish the Gnat from the Midge, which is smaller, but not from the Mosquito, which is the same thing under another name. We speak of a "swarm" of Gnats but of a "cloud" of Midges. It is also to be noted that, whereas Midges bite regardless of sex, in the case of the Gnat it is the mother who is the chief biter, the male being comparatively harmless. But even he is not to be relied upon. Do not strain after a Gnat or attempt to disable the animal in flight. A better plan is to allow it to settle on a wall or window-pane, then place the forefinger over it and press well home, as with an ordinary front-door bell. There will be no answer.

The PECCADILLO.—A burrowing insect akin in its habits to the Lard Bug or Adipose Weevil. Its practice is to make its way into blanc-manges and similar structures and eat away the foundations, causing the pudding to collapse when turned out of its mould. Alluded to by MILTON in the famous lines beginning—

"If shape it might be called, that shape had none."

The Peccadillo is extremely hard to detect when at work, as it changes its colour to match its surroundings, like the well-known Chameleon. Experienced housewives sometimes outwit the insect by constructing their moulds in layers of different colours and waiting for the moment when it emerges from one stratum to the next. Surprised by the sudden change and unable for a few seconds to make a corresponding adjustment in its own hue, the beast is easily at this moment of indecision seized and despatched.

The DRAGGLE-TAILED BOMBAST.—A slovenly beetle which sets up a hideous hum at all hours of the day and night. It is at its best in the grub stage, presenting few attractive features as a chrysalis and degenerating on reaching its full development into the humming nuisance described above. The eyes are opaque and the hind-legs scalene to a degree.

Better known and of a more prepossessing appearance is—

The NIT-WIT.—A tiny nocturnal creature which makes no sound unless enraged and lives in nooks and crannies. Penstemon, in his book, *Dwellers in Crannies*, has some interesting observations on the Nit-wit, but it would be unfair to the author to repeat them here, as the volume has only recently been published. The Nit-wit is a friend of man, for it preys on the still smaller though very destructive—

DRUGGET-MOTH, about which there is little to be said.

BODGER'S ANT.—That learned coleopterist, F. S. Bodger, who has given



PYTHAGORAS PROVING THE ETERNAL TRIANGLE EQUAL TO THE VICIOUS CIRCLE.

his name to this insect, describes it at great length in his autobiography; but all other authorities are agreed that no such creature exists, or indeed could exist under present atmospheric conditions.

The LARD BUG.—I have already had occasion to allude to this treacherous grub. Like most insects, it undergoes two metamorphoses before reaching maturity. The larva, like that of the Butter Fly, secretes itself in some handy deposit of fat and there awaits a suitable moment to transform itself into a chrysalis. Its further history is well told on the back of No. 27 in the "Domestic Pests" series of cigarette-pictures (set of 50) recently issued by a famous firm of tobacco manufacturers.

The SEDGEWORM.—Looking at this strange gastropod, with its slug-like head, protruding eyes and long gallinaceous tail, one finds it hard to believe that it will one day become the beautiful Purple Emperor, prince of butterflies. Nor will it. On the contrary, as I have just discovered by reference to the standard work on this subject, it undergoes no metamorphosis of any kind whatsoever, "preferring"—(I quote Bodger)—"the rest and seclusion that are the inalienable right of every maggot to the freer, more colourful, withal more hazardous existence of the perfected butterfly."

The BASIC SLAG.—If anyone knows of a more disagreeable beast than this I should be glad to hear of it. The pupæ are apodal, but even so!

The GNAWING BEETLE OF ANDALUSIA (*Edax rerum*).—Another of the less admirable among Coleoptera. Its gnawing proclivities, situated one on either side of the head just above the mandibles, make it extremely destructive; it is capable of penetrating the hardest substances, such as pig-iron, nougat and adamant. Leading naturalists are unanimous in their condemnation. I quote at random: "This mischievous creature . . ." (Scharnhorst); "Highly deleterious" (Wetterhorn); "Abominable . . . no little damage" (Peterhouse); "A regular pest" (Bodger again); "One of Nature's raspberries" (Otis Washington); "Orthopterous" (Spengl).

The TADPOLE.—It may be objected that the Tadpole is not an insect, and I should be the last to dispute the fact. It appears here merely in order that no time may be lost in exploding a dangerous popular fallacy, *viz.*, that tadpoles change into frogs. *They do not.* Of some two hundred reared by me as a boy no single specimen showed even a tendency to alter its very characteristic form. They died as they had lived—tadpoles to the last. In much the same way Sticklebacks do not change into Newts.

The MAY FLY.—So-called because it may not. It depends on the trout.

The BASILISK.—Examination of the full-grown specimen tells us little of its previous history. (Anglo-Indians, please copy.)

The WHIPPER-SNAPPER.—This is the little red thing you see wiggling about in water-butts. Its name varies in different parts of England; in Kent it is called the Whipper, in Essex simply the Snapper, while in Shropshire and some parts of Northumberland it is known as "A fairy went a-marketing." We have not space to mention the terms in common use in Devon, Sussex, Flint, Lancashire and the Midlands.*

The WART-HOG would be definitely out of place in this series.

An Impending Apology.

"AMY'S ENCOUNTER WITH SAVAGES. INTREPID AIRWOMAN RELATES HER ADVENTURES AT WINDERMERE."
Lakeland Paper.

More Motor-Tacks in Spain.

"Madrid taxi-drivers, 3,500 of whom are out on strike, took steps to prevent any 'blackleg' labour by liberally spreading the streets with big tin tacks, states a Reuter message."—*Daily Paper.*

It seems a paradox that it should be a bad thing to swap horses when crossing the stream and yet be a good thing to have a stable exchange when crossing the Channel.

* "Flibbertigibbet" occurs in Dorsetshire, but not among the well-to-do.

AT THE PICTURES.

MORE TAXES ON CREDULITY.

FILM producers seem to be caring less and less for our old friend, Probability, who, after all, is a good creature worthy of consideration. She may not be absolutely essential, but many a promising play and story have been wrecked through want of her assistance; and, although the talkies are taken more



BANKING INTEREST.
Herr Arvay . MR. OWEN NARES.
Susie . . . MISS RENATE MÜLLER.

lightly, even they can suffer when she is not there. If in *Congress Dances*, about which I was writing the other week, she gets hardly any show at all, it is not a very serious matter, because the world there exposed to us—a world of crowned heads and intriguers and the glitter of embassies—is so far from our own; but in *Sunshine Susie*, the new GAINSBOROUGH film, although for some reason unexplained its scene also is laid in Vienna, we are on familiar ground, for we have all been in offices or visited a bank, and we have all known or even employed typists. When, therefore, things happen in the bank where *Susie* works too fantastic for belief we are in danger of losing interest.

It is not impossible for a bank manager—of course in Vienna—to be a goat, but even in Vienna, I imagine, his private room would not be separated from a hall filled with typists only by a transparent glass wall, or, if it was, he would behave himself. Anything more crude than his amorous advances to the new clerk I never saw, nor anything less likely to inspire confidence in a depositor than the business methods of the Herr Director, who turns out to be none other than the favourite lover of the London stage, Mr. OWEN NARES. Mr. MORRIS HARVEY as the caprine manager had made an effort to be Austrian, but Mr. NARES remains himself—handsome, confidential, caressingly protective and as English in speech as a B.B.C. announcer.

The greatest and most welcome surprise, however, comes when the hall-porter at this bewildering financial centre gradually reveals the endearing physiognomy and shoulder movements of Mr. JACK HULBERT. It is then that we settle down to be happy. Without Mr. HULBERT it would be very thin fare; but with him it pulls through and all incredibilities cease to matter. Of course, we agree, the bank is a crazy place since JACK HULBERT is the hall-porter. If JACK HULBERT is the hall-porter, we realise the bank must be a crazy place. But he is the hall-porter only by day; at night he leads a little band of glee-singers drawn from the bank staff, and when he has had a drop too much from the Herr Director's champagne-bottle he so far forgets himself as to dance. So you see it is JACK HULBERT all right.

Some day a film must be prepared in which this admirable and most sympathetic of light comedians has full scope. But it is even more important that he should return to the stage proper. Under properly constituted conditions he would never be absent from it. A revue with JACK HULBERT in it should be as much a part of London's permanent fabric as the National Gallery or the Abbey.

With such a hall-porter to keep us laughing and to supply the recognisable



THE PORTER'S PASTIME.
Herr Hasel . . MR. JACK HULBERT.

human note the film makes its way, but it is impossible to call it a very good example of the producer's art; nor does the new leading lady, RENATE MÜLLER, do enough to strengthen it. No doubt when she was given the nickname that forms the title of the play she was to have diffused brightness throughout. But this was soon forgotten, and she emerges as a rather confusing mixture of caution and abandon, calculation and high spirits. The hall-porter emits far more violet rays than she. Miss MÜLLER, who is a German star, has some attractive moments, but she must



SONGS AND THEIR SETTINGS;
OR, WHAT HER PARTNER HAD TO PUT UP WITH.
Susie (*singing*). "I DON'T KNOW WHY I'M HAPPY;
I ONLY KNOW I AM."

be seen in another part before she can be fairly appraised.

For a film proceeding from a studio bearing the honoured name of GAINSBOROUGH, the ugly device by means of which *Sunshine Susie's* preliminary announcements are uttered seems peculiarly inappropriate. There are so many GAINSBOROUGH figures that might have been used as symbols. It is, I think, generally agreed that the lion whose roar ushers in all the METRO-GOLDWYN pictures is the noblest creature now before the public. Could not the GAINSBOROUGH people hit upon something as memorable?

E. V. L.

Work for a Psycho-Carpenter.

"'This prosecution,' said the magistrate, 'was absolutely warranted by the facts. . . If there is the slightest breath of suspicion it must be nailed to the counter.'"
Daily Paper.

"The Viscountess Snowden went to Queen Charlotte's Maternity Hospital to cut the Christmas cake, the ingredients of which she mixed with the wives of the Dominion High Commissioners."—*Evening Paper.*

Careless, certainly.



Admirer. "I'VE BROUGHT YOU A LITTLE CHRISTMAS PRESENT WHICH I HOPE YOU WILL LIKE."
Heavily-loaded Film Star. "HOW WONDERFUL OF YOU, HENRY! YOU HAVE A POSITIVE GENIUS FOR HITTING ON THE VERY THING I NEED MOST."

LOOMBARGO.

THERE was no doubt about it. The Head Dog was not at his best. The notice above his basket in the hall—

R. T. BILL
DOG
Barking Done Here
Cyclists Bit at Shortest Notice
No Bathing—

looked rather pathetic. The sign, in fact, had lost its savour.

It was only on approaching him closely, however, that the extent of the evil became apparent. He was tender to the touch. He refused to be lifted out and comforted, not so much because he was a big bull-terrier and no lap-dog—he was always willing to stretch a point on such occasions if it gave us any satisfaction, but because it really hurt. Obviously this went beyond the book about biscuits and became a job for the vet., and without delay.

The vet. looked serious. Even his practised hand could only produce an agonised yelp. It looked suspiciously like broken bones. We wondered if he had been run over again, though we doubted it. Last time he had been run over he had been so ashamed of himself that he had hidden for a couple of days in a drain-pipe, and there was no reason why such a creature of habit should change his ways. It might even be a sickness, a dismal prospect when one is abroad. It is awkward at any time when a dog is ill, but, if he is going to be sick in French, it is even more difficult—for his owner, I mean. It made no difference to Bill. He was bilingual anyway.

"Call him," said the vet., "and see if he will follow you upstairs."

Like a very, very old man he crawled out, and like an even older one he climbed the first stair, groaning and wincing horribly.

"Ah! That is well. It is only the loombargo."

"Loombargo?"

"Oui, M'sieur."

"What should we do for that?"

"Put him to bed with a hot-water-bottle, give him half this tablet and rub his back with embrocation. He'll soon be all right."

No dog could have been prouder of himself. He revelled in the treatment. One soft word from us and he shuddered in delicious sympathy with himself. The tablet he accepted as part of the price, the hot-water-bottle had his entire approval, but having his back rubbed with embrocation was unalloyed bliss. Each time we stopped a paw grasped for the massaging hand and, if possible, hooked it back. Finally we left him, his cheek on his paw and his brown eyes big with self-sympathy and contented comfort.

And, as the vet. had said, under this treatment the loombargo soon left him. He had a few gentle trial walks and finally went out with Sam Sealyham to see a dog about a man. And stayed out. We therefore thought it was all over; and, except for occasional deliberation in his movements, so it was.

But one night he became restless. Perhaps he had stayed out too long. About three A.M. he even lifted up his voice and barked. A few words over the banisters down into the darkness below put an end to this; but not for long, because at four the barking was more pronounced, even imperative. This time the light was switched on in case the trouble was visible.

He had got out of his basket. He had walked along the hall to the wooden bench. He was standing up with his paws on the bench, looking up hopefully, and between his paws was the bottle of embrocation we had left there. He had had a relapse. It was loombargo once more, and he knew what was good for it.

AT THE PLAY.

"CAN THE LEOPARD . . . ?"
(HAYMARKET).

CAN she . . . ? Apparently not. Though had it been required of this particular pard, I am sure Miss GERTRUDE LAWRENCE would have obliged. I approach discussion of this new comedy under her ægis because she and her colleagues do so much for it. Mr. RONALD JEANS is too experienced a man of the theatre to have set them too easy a task. And if at times he seems to be trying to get from his theme rather more emotional bravura than it can comfortably render it is because he rightly holds that good comedy should have both heart and head and puts that theory into practice.

In saying that I enjoyed the first of his three Acts the most I merely acknowledge its greater freshness. In that Chelsea studio the four characters who matter are least trammelled by the plot's machinery and, having the additional charm of new acquaintances, are the freer to take us by storm. The rummage-sale of *Harriet's* (the leopard's) personal effects so that she may travel the lighter without them is a nice splash of local colour as well as a good introduction.

At it we meet, in Miss KAY HAMMOND, *Daphne*, the incorrigible blonde who, although ostensibly brainless, never mistakes sackcloth for *crêpe-de-Chine* either in clothes or acquaintances. And the two mere men who are fated to fail in their different attempts to change the leopard's spots—*Nicholas*, the heart-hunter, and *Richard*, the sterling domesticator—are on their best comedic behaviour because their elusive quarry has yet to give them a run.

Richard captures the leopard, partly with nature's weapons—he is a fine upstanding young architect—partly through the susceptible curiosity of this lovely specimen of Bohemia's nubile fauna. Entering the studio as its prospective sub-tenant, he ousts *Nicholas* at sight and soon instals his capture in a married cage at Westminster, a mere penny bus-ride in distance but a whole world away in manners and customs from the Chelsea jungle.

Harriet bears the transfer well and only chafes against captivity when *Richard* seems disposed to take her for granted or openly disparages her spots. Then she rebels and rages and entertains trespassers from the jungle, but succumbs each time to her captor's and nature's ascendancy. Although the succeeding Acts are deliberately confined to the cage and the action to ringing the changes on the original *motif*, the actors agreeably embroider their material and make up in personal artistry what it may lack in variety and depth.



THE POUTER.
Daphne Hibberd . . . MISS KAY HAMMOND.

Each new turn of the plot produces its happy garnish of wit, its adroit professional phrasing, its happy recovery from threatened stagnation. Some of the plaintive purr may depart from *Daphne*, the disparaging puss, when she plays at guest on the domestic hearthrug, and a little of the engaging lightness from *Richard's* complacent husbandry. But here Miss KATHLEEN HARRISON as a whimsical Cockney parlourmaid, the tail of the team, gets an innings and scores some helpful boundaries.

The later phases of the play threaten to fall between heart and head and to disappoint us by repeating scenes and situations from which the comic quintessence has already been extracted. It is as if the dramatist sought to adorn with a moral a tale already told, and the circle he describes tends artistically to be a vicious one.

Perhaps this is too surly a judgment, for at every call Miss LAWRENCE has some clever trick up her sleeve and reveals some fresh facet of an art that touches nothing without adorning it. As the vacuous blonde, Miss HAMMOND is delicious; and Mr. KIM PEACOCK'S *Nicholas* and Mr. IAN HUNTER'S *Richard* are admirably contrasted as the tempter whose lures fail and the proprietor of the cage in which this lovely leopard now glories in and now deprecates (but refuses to change) her spots.

H.

"THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR"
(DUCHESS).

Miss NANCY PRICE has opened the Christmas Season at the People's National Theatre with SHAKESPEARE'S merriest farce. And since she has Mr. BALIOL HOLLOWAY to encompass *Falstaff*, there is already occasion for laughter. Not perhaps as much occasion as there might be were all the Company as well acquainted with their author as Mr. HOLLOWAY is and as capable of acting him; nor as much as there probably will be when players and play have settled down more comfortably together.



CHANGING THE SPOTS.
Richard Bellfry . . . . MR. IAN HUNTER.
Harriet Noble . . . . . MISS GERTRUDE LAWRENCE.

It is seasonable frolic, with its buckbasket knockabout, its unqualified riff-raff, *Pistol* and *Nym* (who might have dropped in after disposing elsewhere of the *Babes in the Wood*), and its pretty substitute for a transformation scene when *Herne the Hunter* is hunted by the fairified burgesses of Windsor in Windsor's Forest.

The more such a play is given by both actors and audience, the more it returns. It is the completest contrast to IBSEN'S *Master Builder*, which it replaces; and as the season itself ripens so no doubt will

the art and the confidence of the players.

Actual youth and simulated age already do well. That gallant imp, Master DESMOND TESTER, will hardly improve his minute performance as *Robin*, who fetches and carries between the fat knight and the treacherous *Wives*; nor could Mr. JOHN GARSIDE'S *Justice Shallow* be a more exact study of rheumy eld in whose twittering wits still glows a naughty spark. H.

"FEAR" (LITTLE).

In writing this psychic thriller Lord LATHOM seems to have confused an exercise in the *macabre* with a demonstration in pathology. Or was it that he found his material theatrically intractable? His hero, afraid of being afraid, is even more scared of admitting it. So (in a hair-of-the-dog spirit) he rents a house reputed to be haunted and goes mentally to pieces there.

We see him change from a happy young husband into a tortured neurotic whose every glance and movement suggest that "a frightful fiend doth close behind him tread." He refuses his wife's plea for change of air and scene because that would be moral surrender to the enemy, involving, he declares, the loss of his reason. Instead he decides to flout the fiend by spending a night alone in the haunted room, which already has a death-roll of two.

The derelict condition of this room is a reflection, we must suppose, not on his wife's housekeeping but of his jealous phobia. Moonlight streaming through the broken window sets the shadow of a leafless tree dancing on the walls. The sole furniture is two packing-cases; the only competing light a guttering candle. But since this fitful gleam is reinforced by a nice spot-lime the actor's facial sleight is given every chance to harrow us and his writhing shadow is horribly enlarged upon the wall.

Thus, after two Acts of slow if conscientious preparation, we reach the play's climax and Mr. DENNIS NEILSON-TERRY, the histrionic *tour-de-force* which his admirably sensitive preliminaries have justified.

This scene is a sustained and frantic monologue that offers the actor opportunities comparable to those taken by Sir HENRY IRVING in *The Bells*. Mr. NEILSON-TERRY exploits them superbly. It is not by any means his fault that the theme itself, which appears to have possessed the dramatist, does not possess us too.

Despite the caretaker's eerie confidences and the hysteria of the cook there is no doubt, I fancy, that the spooks in the play haunt only the hero's mind. But whether his last-moment restoration to sanity is due to his wife's prayer, a restorative click in his disjointed mental machinery or mere dramatic licence is less clear. Miss MARY GLYNNE most tactfully conveys the young wife's agony of mind, but the epigrams that fall with such husky charm from Miss KATE CUTLER'S clever lips abet rather than enliven the play's slow motion. In suggesting, therefore, that this might be a thrill worth seeking, I would add that it is largely the acting that makes it so. H.



Mary Mathews (*Miss MARY GLYNNE*). "IT'S A BAD HOUSE, DOCTOR, BUT HE *would* TAKE IT."

Dr. Carstairs (*Mr. WILLIAM DEWHURST*). "YES, MY DEAR, AND HE'S TAKEN IT BADLY."

Tony Mathews . . . . MR. DENNIS NEILSON-TERRY.

The Road-Hog's Present.

"FOR A MOTORIST.
Pig Licence Case, with pencil . . . 14/6."
Advt. in Manchester Paper.

High Times in the Larder.

"A new hybird foul called turken, half chicken and half turkey, is presented by the De Paul University biological laboratory here."—*American Paper.*

"BOBBIE JONES' GOLF SERIES.
No. 1, 'THE POTTER.'"
Cinema Advt. in Local Paper.

We played behind Mrs. Slyce-Puffley last Sunday, so we know all about that.

"A reception will be held in the New Year, the date of which will be announced later."
Daily Paper.

The present arrangement is that it will start on January 1st.

GOODWILL TOWARD MEN.

"I'M not going to send any Christmas cards this year," I announced firmly one evening in November.

"I quite agree," said Christopher. "Waste of time and money, and no one ever looks at the rotten things."

So *that* was settled.

* * * * *

It was not until the early days of December that the first shot was fired. It came with the China mail—a large and handsome card from Ah Fook, sometime our much-treasured Number One Boy. On a background of pink silk hovered a fabulous monster elegantly embroidered in two shades of blue, from whose beak in letters of gold proceeded the legend:—

"Catch this birdie, it will bring Happiness to you, old thing."

My favourite dividend had just stopped payment and I knew I had a cold coming on, but I felt strangely cheered and comforted by this ingenuous tribute from a sunnier world. "That's one card I *must* return," I decided, and despatched the small Hugh post-haste to the village shop, whence he returned radiant with a spirited representation of two cats mounted on bicycles snowballing an elderly elephant in a top-hat.

"You're giving Ah Fook an utterly false idea of life in England," said Christopher solemnly, surveying this masterpiece.

Hugh's face clouded. He is six and sensitive.

"Don't be silly, Christopher," I said hastily; "it's a beautiful card. And Hugh is much more likely to know what will appeal to Ah Fook than you are," I added, with a sudden vision of a black head and a flaxen bent close over the pages of *Tiger Tim*.

* * * * *

After that the rot set in.

The next mail brought an avalanche of greetings from dear old Toms and Dicks and good old Choys and Changs, each one of whom Christopher swore was *the* one person who must have a card. He bought half-a-dozen boxes of inglenooks and pronounced a new policy.

"We're not sending any attacking cards, but we *must* send defensive ones."

We were as good as lost already.

* * * * *

As Christmas week drew near and

England began to wake up, we found ourselves hard pressed to maintain even a purely defensive position.

As the Shop's stock grew low, so we sank from inglenooks to stage-coaches, from church-bells to Yule-logs, from holly to horse-shoes, but our blood was up by now and we did not mean to be beaten.

Every post brought its problems. Would one card do between the three Misses Crochet, or must they have one apiece? Dared we send a calendar to dear Cousin Primrose while not-so-dear Cousin Pearl in the same village only had a picture postcard? Might not Uncle John's Protectionist passion be inflamed by the sight of an overladen Santa Claus arriving by air from a north-easterly direction?

Thicker and faster they came—penny and twopenny cards with the price carefully rubbed out, sixpenny and ninepenny cards with the price carefully left on, and one colossal card, ostentatiously labelled a shilling and featuring a revolting female yclept My Ladye Bountifulle from Christopher's rich client at "The Towers" who never will pay her bill. He thought he countered this rather neatly with a half-penny card depicting a bunch of forget-me-nots, but I don't suppose she saw the point.

"Talk about Peace and Goodwill," said Christopher crudely; "I had no idea you knew so many bad names as you've called your friends and relations in the last week."

"Well, you must admit they try me pretty high," I protested, handing him a family of kittens playing Nuts-in-May from All at The Acacias. "And the Shop down to illuminated texts too!"

"There ought to be a law forbidding cats to keep Christmas," he agreed gloomily.

"Next year I'm going to order five hundred printed cards, and I shall post the whole lot on the first of December. That'll give them something to think about," I said spitefully.

* * * * *

"All square on the last green," reported Christopher, returning from a final trip to the pillar-box late on Christmas Eve. "I think we're safe now. There can't be another post to-night."

Rat-tat-tat!

"We're lost!" I cried hysterically.

"Only one letter. It may be a bill," said Christopher hopefully.

"Heavens, that I should live to hear such a hope in my house!"

"Yes, no—good *lord*! . . . a Christmas card from Great-uncle George!"

Great-uncle George is Christopher's one and only rich relative—an irascible old aristocrat of some ninety years who has never within the memory of man sent a Christmas-card to anyone.

"It says 'Xmas, 1930,'" said Christopher, fingering it gingerly.

"And Woolridge's at that. But who knows what even a last year's card may mean? Perhaps he has repented, like *Scrooge*, and is going to leave you all his money!" I exclaimed, wondering for one mad moment whether the turkey would hold out if Great-uncle George chose to appear unannounced at his nephew's Christmas feast in the inconsiderate manner affected by *Scrooge*. Then I remembered gratefully that he had been bed-ridden for years and pulled myself together.

"We must send him a card at all costs."

"Too late; the shops are shut."

"Something must be done. Quick! Where are the cards that have been sent to us?"

"The children took them. They're playing some sort of game with them."

Hot on the scent, I hurried into the schoolroom. Round the table sat Richard and Rosemary, Hilary and Hugh, each child with a fistful of cards held fanwise.

"We're playing bridge, Mummie," cried Hilary. "Prettiest card wins the trick. I've got a marvellous hand."

With a fine flourish she flung down Nuts-in-May and swept up, without a protest from her opponents, Sunrise in the Alps, King's College Chapel and the Three Wise Men.

"I'm terribly sorry to spoil the game," I said, "but would you mind seeing if all those cards have been written on?"

Sportmanship prevailed, and as the tricks were turned up I pounced upon my prey with an excited scream. Ah Fook's card was virgin soil! That thrice-blessed Heathen Chinee had written his name and greeting on a separate piece of paper. We were saved!

"Ah Fook is the only one among them with a spark of the true Christmas spirit," I said bitterly as I thrust the Celestial "birdie" into an ill-fitting envelope.

* * * * *

I've just remembered the words on Ah Fook's card. As I said before, Great-uncle George is ninety, bed-ridden and a gentleman of the old school. The only hope is that he never reads the mottoes on Christmas-cards. But this one was emblazoned in such *very* large gold letters.

"DOG BETS UNDER THE TOTE BOARD."
Daily Paper.

It can't welsh, says Toby.

THE TEN-TO-FOLLOW CLUB.

IT seems inevitable that in the dark days to come most English families will be shackled to their hearthstones by the chains of poverty. Any straw of entertainment, so long as it is cheap, will be eagerly snatched at. I am happy to offer such a straw.

Some Turf-minded friends of mine run what they call a Ten-to-Follow Club. Before the opening of the Flat-racing season every member sends the secretary a list of ten horses which in his judgment are the most likely to distinguish themselves. Points are given for a win or place, with a bonus for successes in the bigger races, and at the end of the season the man whose ten horses have bumped, bored, lain down or died the least is obliged, poor devil, to stand his fellow-members a dinner. It is, in fact, a sort of gastronomic sweepstake with a little skill thrown in.

The greatest inspirations are often the simplest. (*Aphorism*—ME, not LA ROCHEFOUCAULD.) My idea is that this pastime, which works so admirably with horses, should be applied to fiction-writers. Membership of a literary Ten-to-Follow Club would provide much inexpensive enjoyment and clean fun, and at the end of the year a heavy odds-on chance of a free dinner.

All you have to do is to band yourselves together (fifteen would be a very good number) and decide in what way a count shall be gained by each member's ten chosen authors. The period during which they can do this would be the whole of 1932. A man has to run the risk, of course, of one or two of his favourites lying fallow all the year. But the books which the remainder produce will score points, which I suggest might depend on such things as the following:

(1) Sales. (These are usually stated by the proud publisher in the Sunday Press. If they are not it is a bad sign and several points should be deducted.)

(2) Total number of reviews.

(3) Number of reviews by Certain Specified Critics.

(4) Honoured by the Book Society?

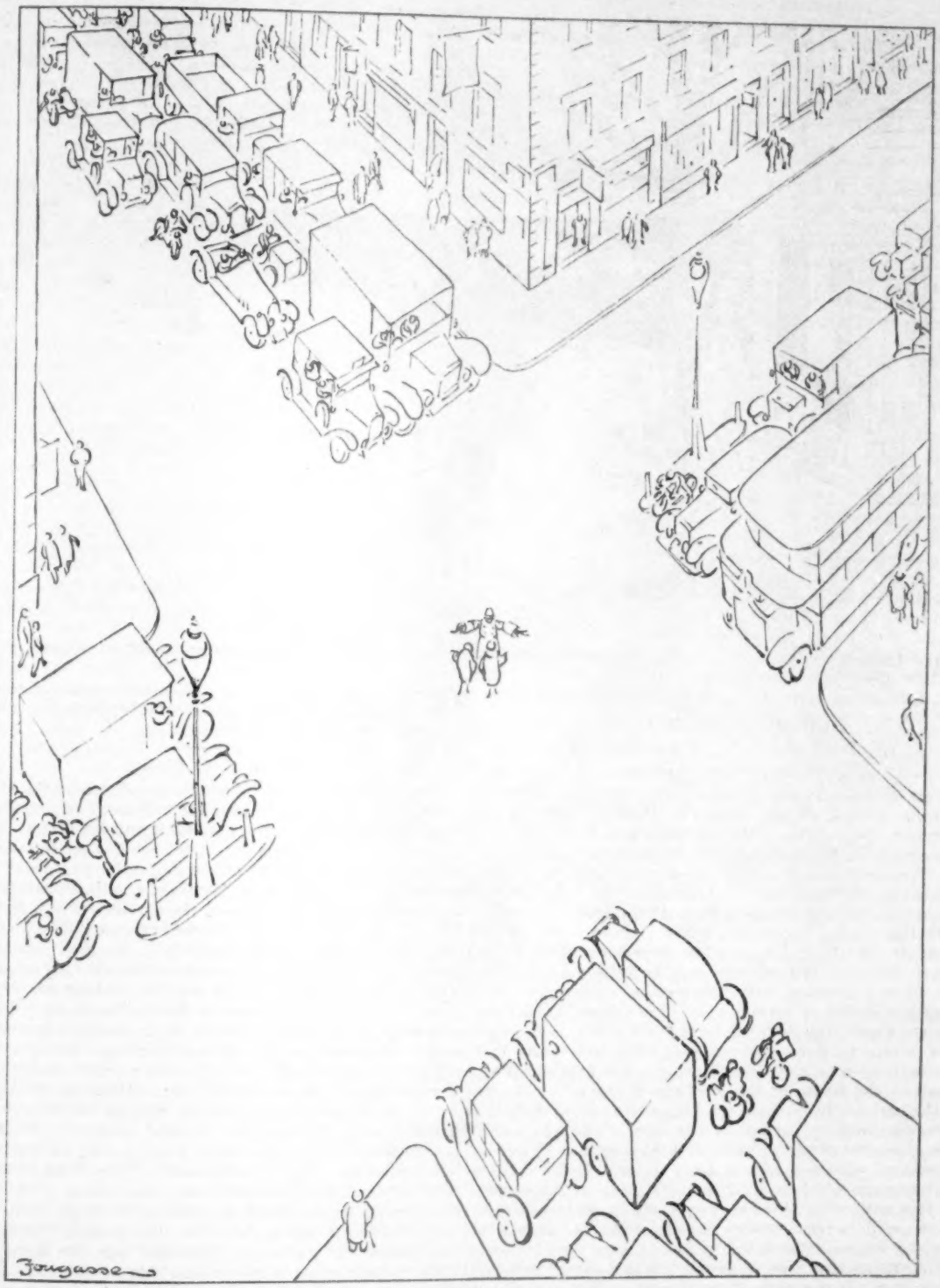
(5) Banned by the New England Watch and Ward Society in Boston?

(6) Hymned by the B.B.C.?

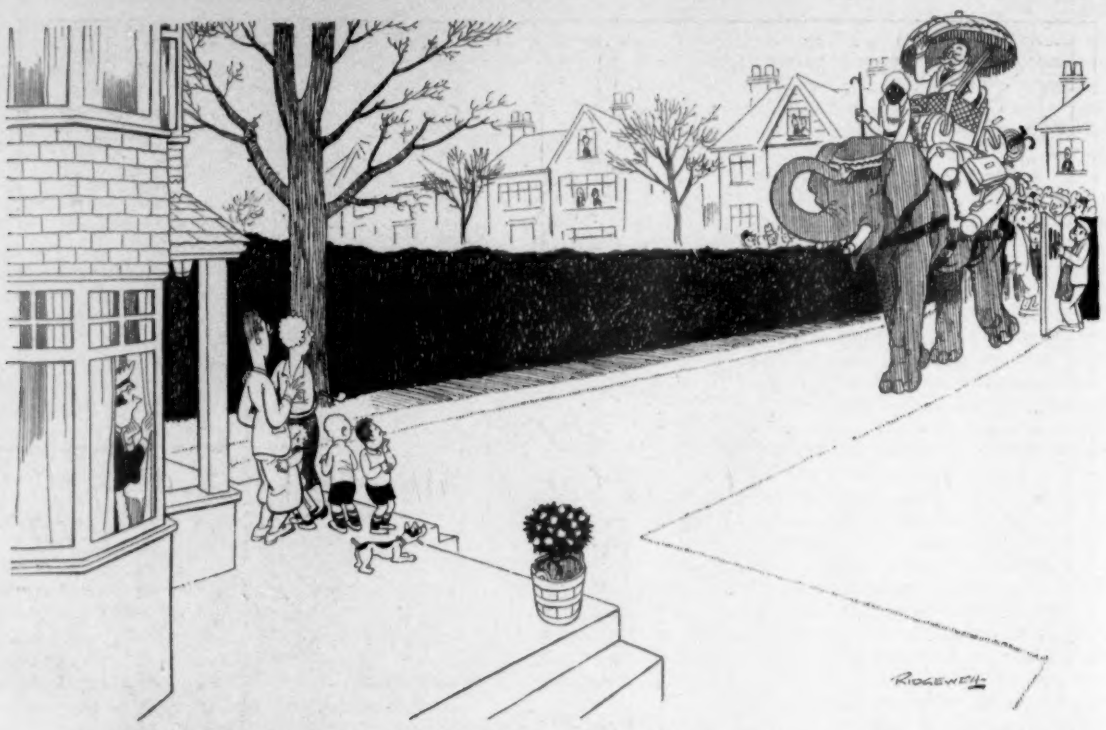
(7) Acclaimed by the Hon. HAROLD NICOLSON?

(8) Pulverised by the Hon. HAROLD NICOLSON?

—but you can work out your exact code for yourselves. However it is done, you will find that at the end of the year the totals will vary surprisingly. No one, of course, will be more surprised than the lowest scorer; for he, as I think I said, must stand you the dinner. An All-British dinner, I suppose. ERIC.



"OH, YES, THERE'S ONE VERY GOOD ARGUMENT IN FAVOUR OF THOSE AUTOMATIC TRAFFIC SIGNALS—NO ONE CAN ASK THEM THE WAY, OR THE TIME, OR ANYTHING."



IDEAL UNCLE FROM INDIA, ARRIVING HOME TO SPEND CHRISTMAS AT "THE LAURELS," DETERMINES NOT TO DISAPPOINT THE CHILDREN.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

More Dickens Letters.

THE foreword to this pleasant little volume—*Letters of Charles Dickens to the Baroness Burdett-Coutts* (JOHN MURRAY, 7/6)—explains how it came into being. A box containing six hundred or more letters from DICKENS to the Baroness was sold in 1922 to a gentleman in the United States; but Mr. CHARLES C. OSBORNE, who acted as the Baroness's private secretary from 1887—1898, had made, with her special permission, extracts from some of the contents. He did not make a complete copy, much to his regret, but from the material then gathered he has made the present selection, which he prefaces with a good biographical sketch of his employer. The friendship between DICKENS and Miss ANGELA BURDETT-COUTTS, as she then was, seems to have begun about 1835, and their first meeting, as appears from the earliest letter quoted, took place at the house of Mr. EDWARD MARJORIBANKS, one of the partners in the great banking house. From that time onwards DICKENS acted as her adviser and helper in countless acts of benevolence, and these letters are largely concerned with the scheme for a Rescue Home and its management which he spent so much time in elaborating. In fact up to about 1855 he may almost have been said to have acted as her secretary, investigating the appeals of begging-letters, often acting as her almoner, and bringing to her notice sad cases of hardship which she never failed to relieve. It is with such matters that these letters are chiefly concerned; but there are also plenty of humorous touches and light chaff—especially on the Baroness's handwriting, which seems to have been at times singularly difficult to decipher. The pious tribe of DICKENS collectors must certainly not miss this book.

L'Etat c'est Moi.

Vast and unwieldy as is the bibliography of LOUIS XIV., there is room, I think, for Mme. SAINT-RENÉ TAILLANDIER'S characteristic study of the *Roi Soleil* and his Court. It is still part of the English tradition (which, on the whole, prefers freedom to order) to see in LOUIS' long reign the apotheosis of monarchical tyranny, the justification—if justification were possible—of the excesses of the French Revolution. Moreover we have shed any partiality we ever possessed for the pompous gimcrack art that LOUIS so lavishly purchased with the sweat and blood of his subjects. Mme. TAILLANDIER does not try to condone her hero's taste, but she does attempt to defend his main political principles; to show that, had the King sacrificed himself as well as his people to his own sentiments of discipline and unity, he might (and France with him) have proceeded from strength to strength instead of from weakness to weakness. As it was, wars and women, the failings whose memory sombred even MASSILLON'S funeral oration, prevented LOUIS, while his youth lasted, from acting in the best interests of his country and himself. That these interests were identical was the King's own conviction; that they should have been is the conviction of his biographer. His over-centralised government was the natural answer to the anarchy of the *Fronde*. Versailles was *The Royal Ark* (ARROWSMITH, 15/-) outside which there was no salvation. Mme. TAILLANDIER has adjusted the claims of domestic and political detail with unusual grace; and her "sun's" immediate satellites glow vividly again in her discreet and intimate pages.

For Gourmets.

I trust I shall not be suspected of mere patriotism in maintaining that American cookery-books—apart from the homely kind that deal with baked beans and cookies—are caviare over here. Your travelled American is too often an amateur of the expensive, the elaborate and the curious. He prefers a medley of choice ingredients fighting for predominance in one dish to that suave and delicate adornment of a central theme, which is the essence of most good cookery. There are, it is true, hotchpotch dishes, in which a generous diversity of material is of the nature of the *plat*. And lovers of *bouillabaisse* will find a recipe for this and half-a-dozen other noble pottages among the contents of *The Gourmet's Almanac* (DESMOND HARMSWORTH, 8/6) by Mr. ALLAN ROSS MACDOUGALL. I find Mr. MACDOUGALL unusually sound on fish, from the humble Friday *morue*, so grateful as a *brandade*, to the aristocratic *sole* in its lordliest guise. He is also to be congratulated on introducing the more temperate method of making mayonnaise to an England obsessed with cold oil and cracked ice. I am afraid his allusion to Americo-Parisian coteries will suffer the fate due to their unfamiliarity, while his more archæological table-lore may labour under the contrary disadvantage. Yet there are excellent pickings throughout his friendly little volume, no less than in Mr. JOHN COLLIER'S highly eulogistic preface. "Beware," says the latter, "of company so refined as to frown on the mopping up of gravy with bread. The probability is that it will not be worth mopping."

Puccini.

That undertone of haunting melancholy which is the musical expression of "It might have been" in *La Bohème*, *Turandot* and *Madame Butterfly* is also to be found in the excellently translated *Letters of Giacomo Puccini* (HARRAP, 12/6). I cannot help fancying that with all his success PUCCINI hankered after the something more that was always denied to him—the achievement of an indisputably great opera. He hoped for it with *Tosca* and *Madame Butterfly* and most of all, in the last hours of his life, with unfinished *Turandot*. The bitterness of disappointment was not lessened by the reflection that the failure was his alone. PUCCINI was an open, honest, sport-loving man who was free from the vanity that would have sought to place the blame anywhere except where it was rightly due. No great composer was ever better served—and more unselfishly—by his librettists (my sympathy goes out to them on reading their taskmaster's letters) whose hard fate it is to be forgotten in the musician's triumph. Although he turned to the librettist of *Turandot* with the cry, "Create for me something that will make the world weep," PUCCINI well knew that it was his music and not the words which were to draw down the tears and applause of his audiences. Perhaps it was indeed just this strain of emotionalism run riot in PUCCINI that is the explanation of his failure to achieve the supreme. Anyhow that is a question for the music critics. I am content with the operas and these charming whimsical letters.



Bo'sun (to slovenly sailor). "AND KEEP OUT OF MY SIGHT. LIFE'S SAD ENOUGH WITHOUT YOU STANDING THERE LIKE AN INCOME-TAX HARD CASE."

Russia Again.

Books innumerable have been written about Russia in revolution, but one may read the majority of them without getting any very clear idea of the real nature of that astonishing and disturbing phenomenon. Too many of their authors have looked at it through the distorting

glasses of political passion, and not a few seem to regard the Soviet Republic as a product of parthenogenesis. Mr. J. DE V. LODER has fallen into neither the temperamental error of the one class nor the historical error of the other. He makes no pretence to "colourless impartiality" (he has been a Conservative Member of Parliament and is no lover of Communism) but he really has tried to see things as they are and has succeeded in presenting *Bolshevism in Perspective* (ALLEN AND UNWIN, 12/6). His historical and evolutionary chapters are brief, but both accurate and lucid. He is able (*experto crede*) to make the New Economic Policy and the Five Year Plan intelligible to a mind which usually finds a difficulty in grasping such matters. If he has only paid the country two short visits he proves himself a minute and perceptive observer and a reporter who is none the less effective for not indulging overmuch in the picturesque. His conclusions are necessarily tentative. He does not see any immediate likelihood of a break-up of the Bolshevik system, but believes that (since Russians also are human) an eventual return towards normality is inevitable; and he considers that in the meantime a policy of forbearance and accommodation is the wisest for the West to pursue towards her embarrassing neighbour.



"YOU DIDN'T SAY 'THANK YOU' FOR THE LITTLE CHRISTMAS PRESENT I PUT IN YOUR SOCK LAST NIGHT."
"LOR' BLESS YOU, NELLIE! I WONDERED WHAT WAS HURTING MY TOES."

Daniel and the Lyshams.

In *Family Name* (METHUEN, 7/6) I would have liked more Ski and less Her. I had hoped to wallow in the eternal snows which for our patriotism we must avoid this winter and instead I found myself debating with Mr. ARNOLD LUNN the age-long problems of marriage. His theme is an alliance between the heiress to an earldom which can descend in the female line and the heir to a Jewish clan whose lineage goes back uninterrupted into antiquity. When his son is born *Dan Martinez* finds it unreasonable in his wife that she should want him to change his name in order that the earldom should go on under the good old label of *Lysham*. He points out with what seemed to me admirable restraint that his own is considerably the older family; such an attitude is too much for a *Lysham*, and *Moira* leaves him for somebody less logical. There is more than enough static discussion in this novel. But two descriptive passages, one of a climb and another of a ski-race, do much to redeem an unevenly written book.

In 1941.

I have not read Mr. HAMISH BLAIR'S previous books, but *The Great Gesture* (BLACKWOOD, 7/6) convinces me that he is no mean prophet and also a novelist who deserves the attention of those whose pleasure is in adventurous fiction. Dated 1941, this tale is concerned with the danger of a colossal war between the United States of Europe and those of America—in short, the U.S.E. *v.* U.S.A. The question of debts is, as always, the bone of contention, and when the dictator of a European state, called *Volscia*, most aggressively forced matters by interning all the American visitors to his country, the chance that the troubles would be settled by peaceful negotiation practically disappeared. How war was avoided is Mr. BLAIR'S secret, and I am not disclosing it. Let us hope, however, that Mr. BLAIR is wrong as regards the date, and that we shall not have to wait until 1941 for so generous a contribution to the peace of the world. A pleasant love-story runs its way among the more stirring incidents of this most readable romance.

A Gibe at Journalese.

In *Yesterdailies* (METHUEN, 5/-) you will find "A. A." (Mr. ANTHONY ARMSTRONG) engaged in making some legitimate fun of the newspapers of to-day. Beginning with an extract from *The Mesopotamian Despatch*, 2348 B.C., he gives an amusing description of the world's worst flood, in which the reader's attention is drawn to the benefits derived from the *Despatch's* "Flood Insurance Scheme." The best extract is from *The Spartan Observer*, 432 B.C. (Centre Page), which begins: "It has ever been our custom to speak openly and without fear in these columns. When we have been led to a particular conclusion by any conclusive line of argument, then we have felt it our duty to state that particular conclusion in straightforward terms." "A.A.'s" sallies will provoke chuckles, even from those who have so liberally supplied him with opportunities to exercise his wit.

Old Shanties.

The staves with which seamen of yesterday strove
To lighten their labours in ships the wind drove
Were known to old "shells" in far other than that form
Most frequently heard upon wireless and platform—
A view that's confirmed in a new book about 'em
By one who has often heard sailormen shout 'em.
The author, to wit, that old salt, DAVID BONE,
In *Capstan Bars* tells of some shanties he's known
(A book I must mention before I forget
The PORPOISE PRESS publish at eight-and-six net),
Of "Ranzo," "A-Roving" and "Paradise Street,"
And many another, with cuss-words complete;
And I'm pleased to observe that he does not agree
With the view that our time-honoured songs of the sea,
Their haunting refrains and their melodies hoary,
Were created like Jazz on the banks of Missouri!
Miss FREDA BONE'S fanciful woodcuts may seem
A trifle too consciously "quaint" for their theme.

CHARIVARIA.

IT is reported that many of our politicians will make their usual good irresolutions early in the New Year.

* * *

Owing to the chaotic state of Far Eastern affairs no date can yet be fixed for the resumption of the Chinese Civil War.

* * *

British daffodil-growers are confident that the tariff on imported flowers will not operate appreciably to the advantage of the swallow.

* * *

The banjolin has a more penetrating tone than the violin and more volume than the banjo. The League of Nations ought to urge that in any future conflicts this terrible weapon should be used only in self-defence.

* * *

Mr. COMPTON MACKENZIE'S confession that he knows nothing about golf has cast a gloom over Scotland.

* * *

The appearance of Mr. GEORGE LANSBURY'S grand-daughter as a pantomime fairy is another instance of heredity.

* * *

The uncertainty whether the tercentenary of the birth of SAMUEL PEPYS occurs in 1932 or 1933 is holding up arrangements for a jubilation of diarists.

* * *

In spite of the assertion made at Kingston Police Court that there is alcohol in paint, it is a very creditable fact that there is rarely any rowdyism in Chelsea.

* * *

In sporting circles confidence is felt that the stricter conditions of entry for the Grand National preclude the possibility of the race being won by a horse that can't jump.

* * *

According to a trade journal the bottom has fallen out of the second-hand motor-car market. It is surprising what does fall out of them.

* * *

A daily paper states that if the new Cunarder was placed in Ludgate Hill it would reach from St. Paul's to Ludgate Circus. This probably explains why it isn't.

* * *

One of the richest and finest of brown paints is made from Egyptian mummies. "That Rich Brown Mummy of Mine" would seem to be an ideal title for a popular song.

* * *

Several pianists are reported to be adopting M. PADEREWSKI'S idea of playing with all the lights dim. It makes it harder for the audience to take a good aim.

* * *

In the opinion of Dean INGE the word "joy" has been dropped from our vocabulary. It certainly did as soon as the words "Three-quarters on January 1" were put into it.

* * *

A pugilist states that he gets up fairly early on the day of a fight. The early-rising habit has, however, been blamed for the readiness of some pugilists to take a nap in the ring.

* * *

A London taxi-driver has installed a barometer in his cab. We have little hope that it will ever point to anything but "No Change."

* * *

At a football match in Northampton recently one team scored twenty goals to *nil*. Supporters of the winners can now converse only by signs.

* * *

An American millionaire has a collection of rare birds in his grounds. We understand that it is his ambition to have a roc garden.

* * *

In a Hollywood cinema a woman died of laughing at the antics of a film comedian. This could never happen to a highbrow.

* * *

Brighter colours for men are to be the mode next year. Many husbands now think that they may be able to wear that Christmas tie after all.

* * *

"The winter season on Uranus lasts for twenty-one years," says an astronomer. All the plumbers on Uranus are millionaires.

* * *

A newspaper correspondent has seen a grey squirrel jump on to a bus at Regent's Park and travel to Mill Hill. Without paying its fare too.

* * *

Suitable clothes for the ice-rink are described in an article. An omission, however, is the "crash-bustle."

* * *

A flock of sheep are to appear on the stage in a new play. What a boon to those critics who suffer from insomnia!

* * *

A glass revolver is described in one of the daily papers as containing nothing more deadly than bootleg-whiskey. But could it?

* * *

According to a gossip-writer people do not enjoy paying bills. It seems that nothing is hidden from these sleuths of the Press.

* * *

A meteorologist says we may expect better weather in 1932. We thank him for his kind permission.

* * *

Open coal-fires in London are said to be going out. Ours has a way of doing this.



Old Lady (to Major Blood-Curdle). "ER—EXCUSE ME, BUT I GOT THIS HORSESHOE TIE-PIN IN A CRACKER. I WONDER IF YOU'D CARE TO HAVE IT?"

THE NEW FISH STORY.

[A Scots paper publishes the story of a sportsman in the Highlands who, somewhat mystified by the struggles of a fish which rose to his fly in a mountain loch, succeeded in bringing his catch to land, to find at the end of his line a full-grown adder.]

A STORY this that surely takes
The cake in ev'n the "Land o' Cakes"—
Did e'er one meet a madder?—
An angler, after conflict past,
Had got his quarry safely grassed,
To find the captive of his cast
A twenty-two-inch adder!

How oddly otherwise doth flow
The normal fisher's tale of woe,
Whose luck has left him sadder!
What time we note his arms extend
Before some sympathising friend
'Tis at the angle's other end
We're apt to find an adder.

1931.

On a drear-nighted December were five men met together,
And one was cursing the income-tax and one was cursing the weather,
And a third was wailing because the pound was near the end of its tether,

And a fourth drained off his tumbler and he said, "Oh, well, we're through:
We've a bad year to look back on, but here's to '32:
For we'll soon be shut of '31—and a dashed good riddance too!

"For trade was bad and weather was worse and money was ill to raise—
Oh, a wicked year was '31, with worry in all its ways!"
But I sat back and held my peace, remembering certain days—

Certain days of a hot July in the lap of the Pyrenees,
In the lush contented valleys with the cow-bells sweet on the breeze,
And I thought, "It wasn't a wicked year that held such days as these."

Or as August days on the Cromdale moors with the Cairngorms in sight,
The rabbits bolting hither and yon, the grouse in scattering flight,
And a little boy with his first real gun tasting the great delight.

Or as crystal early-winter days on the winding Moray coast,
The frosty sun on the russet woods, the sea like a grey ghost;
And I thought, "These days of '31 were as heavenly days as most."

Trade was bad and weather was worse—but, oh! the russet and rose
Of the Speyside woods; and, oh! the heather where ice-grey Avon flows,
And the green glory of Luchon and the Maladetta snows . . . .

* * * * * * *

No, I couldn't call it a wicked year that gave me gifts like those.

H. B.

WINTER SPORTS FOR OWNER-DRIVERS.

THE question whether a car should or should not be laid up for the first quarter of the year is, of course, a matter for the individual owner to decide. Some people prefer winter driving; if there is more chance of skidding there is less traffic on the roads and therefore more room to skid in. Again, since the actual road-surface is usually lower, and therefore wetter, than the sidewalks, more pedestrians, even in country districts, may prefer to walk on the footpath instead of in the middle of the road. But if for motives of economy it is decided to disregard such advantages and to put the car away until Easter is within sight, its owner should remember that there are one or two simple precautions which should be taken in order to ensure that it is in good condition at the end of its rest. It is a point which in the ordinary way he won't get any chance of forgetting, since every properly accredited motoring correspondent of every fully-equipped paper makes it a point of honour to write the same article on this subject about the same time every year.

It is agreed then that a little care and foresight in the first place will save time and money later on. In order to save the tyres the car should first of all be raised from the floor of the garage, either by jacks or sleight-of-hand, and if possible suspended from the roof by stout chains or cables. This will make it easier to get at the driving-shaft and back-axle, which should be removed and placed in a bath of rose-water and glycerine. The radiator should then be drained and filled with sawdust, cinders, peat-filings or specially prepared moss. The differential calculus and rhomboid resistance blocks should be taken out, lightly powdered with Fuller's earth and placed in a dry room with a southern aspect. Nor should the carburettor be forgotten; that also will need some attention, either with a hammer or a vacuum-cleaner. The unifocal leads from the batteries should be carefully examined for moths; the batteries themselves should be taken out and thrown away.

Do not forget that other parts of the car are liable to perish besides the steel frame and engine castings while what remains of the vehicle is standing idle. It is a good plan to rub castor-oil and bird-lime into the leather-work and cushions; a Sunday morning spent on that task at this time of the year will never be regretted. It is a mistake to chip off the cellulose or enamel with a hammer and chisel; it is better left where it is but protected with a thick coat of peptonised floor-polish. And do not forget that the hardest frost will never crack your cylinders (by which, of course, I mean those of your car) if they have first been filled with blacklead and buttermilk. I have forgotten what you ought to do about the magneto. You might try boiling it in oxide of glue.

It may be objected that all this involves a good deal of trouble, but to that I answer, "What else is a car for?" In any event nobody asked you to lay it up; indeed the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER would very much rather you didn't. So, if you do not like taking a little trouble which any owner-driver ought to be pleased to devote to his car, always remember that you can go on driving it—or give it away.

A PROTEST.

DEAR Mr. Punch, I've jist been lookin' ower
Yours of December 16 (thirty-yin),
An' there again—my e'en could nocht but glower—
Anither Aiberdonian joke I fin'.
It's stickin' there at fit o' column twa;
Eheu! (or, as we Scotsmen say, eh whow!)
It seems the wark o' some bit Johnnie Raw
That's no been gifted wi' th' Olympic lowe.

Dear Govydick man! does yer scribe no ken—
Has he nae mair horse sense aneath his bannit—
The best o' Aiberdonian jokes come ben
Frae regions where the hewers howk the granite?
I ken the men frae Aiberdeen awa';
I've lived among them, though I'm Lowland-born;
I hate to see them made the mere fitba'
O' shilpit jokers o' a' wit forlorn.

Could ye no get some statistician chiel,
That's steeped in feegures frae his heid till's fit,
To gang ower Punch's paper and reveal
How often this same joke's disfeegured it?
If ilka time a bawbee ye were mulcted
For dishin' up this chestnut fungus-green,
Ye'd fin' that sic a spate o' wealth resultit
Wad mak th' EXCHEQUER'S CHANCELLOR yer frien'!

So, Mr. Punch, jist leave oor Northern loons
To manage their ain *facta multifaria*,
An' gie a prod or twa to Saxon toons
When next ye scrieve yer weekly Charivaria.

[Mr. Punch is having this anonymous protest translated by an expert in languages at the British Museum into the South-British dialect, and when he receives the result will answer it.]



AND NOW FOR OTTAWA!

[Mr. LYONS, leading the United Australia Party, has gained a sweeping victory over Labour at the Federal Elections. The Dominion Conference at Ottawa, as at present arranged, will be held next summer.]



THE PROFESSOR GOES TO A FANCY-DRESS BALL AS BLUEBEARD.

CAMELCADE.

I AM the first (I believe) to be able to announce the plans of Mr. NOEL COWARD and Mr. C. B. COCHRAN for 1932. They are to collaborate in the production of a huge historical fantasy based, with extravagant variations, on the life of ZARO AGHA, the well-nigh immortal Turk. What a marvellous theme! ZARO AGHA is now a hundred-and-fifty-seven years old. He was born before the American colonies shook off England's control. He is hale and hearty now. He has travelled. He has seen men and cities. He has suffered and is strong. He has made his home in New York. He has won through tumult to peace. He is now in the Circus at Olympia.

The revue or play—call it which you will—is to be

A Drama of War Weariness,

and begins with a spirited mob-scene in the town of Acre, where ZARO served as a private at the age of twenty-five against NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE. ZARO sees his famous camel, Bismillah (who does not appear, but is heard neighing), killed under him by the sword of a Zouave; hence the name of the revue. As he is fighting on this occasion on the same side as England the strains of

"The British Grenadiers"

and the Turkish National Anthem, interspersed with the cries of the muezzin from the mosque and the sound of ancient artillery, are heard profusely through the scene. But as the play advances the "Marseillaise," "The Volga Boat Song," "John Brown's Body," "The Turkey Trot" and many another *motif* interpenetrate and diversify the score.

From Acre we pass on by easy stages but with a great variety of noise and illumination to the receipt of the

News of Trafalgar at Constantinople,

where ZARO is now residing in patriarchal happiness with a numerous progeny. He is practically unmoved by hearing of England's great victory and NELSON'S death. In the following scene ZARO, having just remarried, is shown fighting for Turkey against Greece at the Battle of Missolonghi, where he

Meets Lord Byron,

who recites to him seventeen stanzas of *Don Juan*, a labour-saving device for the dramatist, but very agreeable to the audience.

There is now enacted another splendid piece of pageantry. By saving up the wound pension bestowed on him for his services and sufferings at Acre, ZARO with his third soul-mate is enabled to take a trip to London and by a happy accident be in time for the

Funeral of the Duke of Wellington,

which he sees from a balcony, smoking a hookah and wearing crape round his fez. Mr. PHILIP GUEDALLA has very kindly promised to assist in the staging of this magnificent spectacle.

The life of ZARO goes on. He is next seen as a batman and subsequently a cook during the stormy period of the Crimean War. As he mixes a rice-and-date pudding for his company the

Charge of the Light Brigade

is heard OFF; and not very long afterwards ZARO has the pleasant experience of meeting FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE herself. Portions of this scene have been borrowed from *The Lady of the Lamp*. Turkish troops are seen marching and counter-marching to the strains of the zither and the dulcimer.

ZARO AGHA is wounded again, this time at Sevastopol (1854). He remarries.

It is almost impossible to give any adequate idea of the sixty or seventy episodes which follow, presenting as they do not only the reactions of ZARO AGHA's maturing mind to European history in general for the last eight decades, but scenes of rejoicing and sorrow in the principal cities both in the East and the West.

Enough to say that the removal of the Crystal Palace from Hyde Park to Sydenham; the purchase by DISRAELI of the Suez Canal shares, a scene in which Mr. GEORGE ARLISS figures personally; ZARO AGHA'S first ride (with the eighth Mrs. AGHA) on the Ephesus-to-Smyrna Railway, and the

Death of General Gordon,

where ZARO is shown as a grass-widower selling Turkish-delight in Khartoum, figure very prominently.

What may be called the middle period of his eventful career is largely concerned with his gradual promotion in the Turkish Army from lance-corporal to full corporal, to sergeant, to company-quartermaster-sergeant and so on during the Turkish wars between 1870 and 1910, including campaigns against Russia (for the second time), Austria, Greece, Italy, Bulgaria, etc., etc., scenes which permit almost the whole armies of the Near East to file continuously across the back of the stage, chanting the ribald or plaintive melodies suitable to their respective nationalities and creeds, carrying their appropriate banners, and variously lighted in pink, purple and green, whilst

Houris and Dancing-Girls

occupy the forefront of the stage, and whole episodes are borrowed from *Hassan*.

The next great sensation for the audience is ZARO AGHA'S great determination to shake the dust of Europe from his feet and emigrate with his tenth wife and forty-two children to America. He is influenced in this resolve by feeling that Europe is not what it used to be during the closing years of the eighteenth century, and that a newer and better existence is opening for mankind under the Statue of Liberty in the golden cities of the West. He has seen the passing of ABDUL AZIZ and ABDUL HAMID, but, unconvinced by the subsequent half-hearted efforts to westernise his native land, at the ripe age of a hundred-and-thirty-eight he

Refuses to become a Young Turk

and sails for New York, where he spends the whole period of the Great War of 1914—18 wrapped in a hasheesh dream (front centre), while in the rear of the stage the events of the last twenty years are indicated by loud crashes and bangs, jazzed searchlights and tumultuous heavings of the stage, leading us right through Armageddon to the Russian Revolution, the March of the Fascisti on Rome, the General Strike in England, the beginning of cocktail and pyjama parties, the revolutions in China and the rioting in Berlin.

All is blotted out for a moment, and a last and final crash is heard upon the stage. It is

The Fall of the Pound.

The lights go up again and we see ZARO AGHA, backed by the flags of Turkey, America, England and France, toasting the year 1932 in a bowl of sherbet and hoping that the earth will have more Peace and Dignity during the next few centuries than it has attained during the last three.

A wonderful exhibition! EVOE.



"DARLING, I LAY MY FORTUNE AT YOUR FEET."
"GOOD EGG!"

"To give the Spey River in the Irish Free State a direct northward course into the Moray Firth, workmen are trying to move the mouth nearly a mile eastward."
Newfoundland Paper.

Meanwhile the source has been removed to Glamorganshire.

THE BLANKET FILE.

WE stern militarists in Ypres Barracks have our lighter side. Even the Adjutant, devoted to the desk of duty though he is, cannot sit in an office day after day without occasionally feeling he just has to do something quite irresponsible. One must have *some* Moments of Relaxation. As our Private Trigger once frankly said to his O.C. in extenuation of what was called at the time "unsteadiness on parade"—I gather it was something to do with Private Barrel and a toy balloon—"Well, Sir, 'e looked so solemn like, I *'ad* to do it." Unfortunately in the Army your Moments of Relaxation generally recoil upon you somehow, whether you are a private or an adjutant. And this the Adjutant experienced only the other day.

For some weeks he had been conducting an acrimonious battle by correspondence with the Barrack Officer—a mythical being who apparently only exists on paper. He has an office and a clerk and a signature, and he exudes snappy letters, but no one has ever seen him in the flesh. This wouldn't really matter except that he has in some fields considerable authority, which authority the Adjutant had been disputing in connection with a liability for a lot of damaged chairs. The Barrack Officer's theme-song throughout the correspondence was that we should pay for them; the Adjutant's was that the Barrack Officer should keep his face shut. And one afternoon he was wearily wrestling with the file when the R.S.M. brought in a casual letter.

It was not from the Barrack Officer, nor had it anything to do with chairs, and so to the Adjutant's harassed soul it was a welcome letter from the start. Moreover, it seemed to him very funny. It was from Somebody Very Senior in the Ordnance Service, and went like this (verbatim):—

"SIR,—I am directed to inform you that it has been represented that younger children attending Army Infants' Schools would derive considerable benefit by reclining on the class-room floors during the rest period in the afternoon, and it has been suggested that unserviceable blankets on the scale of one for every two such children should be provided to cover the floors.

It is suggested that the blankets should be brushed and shaken regularly, and washed not more than once a year.

I am therefore to request you to be good enough to cause the matter to be investigated and arrange for a report to this Office, together with your recommendations, stating how many unserviceable blankets would be required. . . ."

As a covering note to this masterpiece of terse prose was a request to the Adjutant in his capacity of O.C. Schools to forward his remarks.



"MY DEAR, THEY'VE TAKEN MY PART AWAY FROM ME."
"WHAT—BOTH LINES?"

Thereupon the Adjutant embarked upon a Moment of Relaxation. With a further covering note, "For your remarks, please," he had it sent to everybody he could think of, whether they had any connection with schools, blankets, children, floors, or not. After which he felt better.

* * * * *

The remarks he got were mostly good. Lieutenant Swordfrog, junior subaltern, wrote that, while unfortunately no longer an army infant, he too felt that he would derive considerable benefit from reclining on a floor during the afternoon, but entirely failed to see why he should be put off with half an unserviceable blanket. From what he knew of a Quartermaster's idea of "unserviceable" one had better not have a blanket at all, but recline on a nice thick comfy cobweb instead. He felt that the blankets should at least be "part-worn" ones, and moreover not worn in those parts which one would wish to use for reclining.

Lieutenant Holster, who got hold of it as Mess Secretary, closely following the fine prose style of the original, stated that he had directed himself to represent to the Adjutant that it might be suggested that even greater benefit would be ultimately derived by both the children and himself—the Mess Secretary's office being within close earshot of the children's playground—if the suggested issue were made on the scale of one blanket and one pillow per child—for smothering and burial purposes; and should he not cause to be investigated the suggestion that RICHARD III., TYRRELL, DIGHTON and FORREST were all much maligned men?

Captain Bayonet put forward a suggestion of his own. He represented that "A" Company office staff might be allowed to recline on the office floor during the afternoons instead of sleeping at their desks in the usual manner. Would the Adjutant care for a report stating (i) the requisite number of blankets per man, or alternatively the requisite number of men per blanket—excluding sergeant-majors, as not being fair to anyone; (ii) whether the superficial area of company-office floor was sufficient for all clerks to recline simultaneously, or should a Reclining Roster in order of Siesta Seniority be drawn up?; and (iii) how often the blankets should be shaken, brushed, washed, dry-cleaned, disinfected, burnt or cut into small pieces for fun.

Others spread themselves on the same lines, some verbose, some terse—Lieutenant James's only comment was, "Why *not more* than once a year?"—and in fact the only one who didn't come up to scratch was Captain and Quartermaster Ledger, who took it all quite seriously. He would, of course. He approved of the idea, worked out a nominal roll of army infants at school, calculated the number of blankets required, was much put out to find that, owing to there being an odd number, there would be a half-blanket wasted, but added in a footnote he had every reason to believe from what a little stork had told him that this would not be long vacant. To



Mother (discussing daughter). "I DON'T KNOW WHAT'S COME OVER PAM—FULL OF THESE ULTRA-MODERN IDEAS, SO HELPFUL ABOUT THE HOUSE, ALWAYS IN EARLY FROM A DANCE AND ALL THAT."
Father. "I KNOW, MY DEAR. I'VE NOTICED IT. WHAT *can* WE DO ABOUT IT? SO UNNATURAL."

all this he attached a plan of the schoolroom floor during suggested reclining time, showing rows of diagrammatic Army Infants properly served up in pairs on their blankets, like sardines on toast and ranged by age and sex. Altogether a fine bit of work, and the Adjutant was left wondering whether the most humorous comment on the original letter would not be to treat it quite seriously after all.

He collected all the documents in one file—excluding the Sports Officer's, which was vulgar—headed it "RECLINING, *Army, Infants of, Rest Period, during*," and had a lot of fun showing it to people for two days, when it abruptly disappeared. Inquiry ultimately revealed the rather stupefying truth, namely, that he had left it on his desk after finishing another letter to the Barrack Officer, and Private Butt, office postal clerk, whose brain is not so hot, had done the rest.

Next day there was a letter from the Barrack Officer. It stated that he had received our Battalion's massed remarks on the provision of blankets for Army Infants' Schools and was proposing *to-morrow* to forward them on to Ordnance, higher authority, and ultimately to the War Office, which was what, he presumed, he was intended to do. Referring again to the other matter of the damaged chairs, he hoped that after all the correspondence on the subject the Adjutant would now see that he was liable for these and would confirm this in writing by *to-morrow*. . . .

* * * * *

We got our blanket-file safely back—but we had to pay for those darn chairs. Sheer blackmail, though!

A. A.

The Pedagogue's Quiverful.

"Wanted for next term for the above School, 625 boys and girls of an Assistant Master with good honours degree."
Advt. in Manchester Paper.

"Madame Inagaki, wife of a former Japanese Minister in Bangkok, who had the humour of being received, did not arrive in time."
Bangkok Paper.

That must have made it much funnier.

"MORE FIGHTING.
10,000 CHINESE ENGAGED."
Daily Paper.

That ought to have kept them quiet for a bit.

THE JAPANESE TUNE.

I HAD lost my way
In the pine forests,
And I came upon a little faun
Sitting in a tree-stump
Amongst the orange elf-cups:
I asked him the way home,
But he only shook his head
And piped me a little tune that I
cannot remember.

I had lost my way
In the flowers by the river,
And there I found a fairy
In a water-lily
Playing with the fishes:
I asked her the way home,
But she only shook her head
And played me a little tune that I
cannot remember.

I had lost my way
In the stars above the hills;
I came upon an angel
Dreaming in the moon-bowl,
With wings like a rainbow:
I asked him the way home,
But he only shook his head
And piped me a little tune that I
cannot remember.

A BALLAD OF BLOOMSBURY.

THE crescent moon her silver radiance squandered,
The street-lamps round the Foundling Site replied,
When through a Bloomsbury square one night there wandered
A tender maiden by her father's side.
Their homeward way they wended from a party
(The first of such a kind to which she'd been)
Of all the intellectual and arty,
And now she wondered what it all could mean.
Her snowy brow betrayed interrogation,
A puzzled look perplexed her dewy eye,
And as he paid the fares to Earl's Court station
She turned to him and eagerly did cry:—

"Why do the highbrows look so sad?
Tell me, Daddy, true;
Why do the highbrows look so sad?
Are blue-stockings always blue?
I should have thought they would be happy
With all the clever things they think and say.
Are brains a curse or a blessing?
Answer me this, I pray."

"My child," the kindly parent then responded
"The intelligentsia, unlike you and me,
From every inhibition are unbonded,
From all repressions bid their psyches flee.
No complex (such as drove her bloke from Dido)
Will they allow to linger in their lives;
At all costs they must keep a loose libido—
And that is why they often leave their wives.
But yet so sensitive are their reactions,
So delicate the contacts they achieve
That, spite of Bloomsbury's obvious attractions,
They find it very, very hard to live.

"Why do the highbrows look so sad
Though their brows are high?
Why do the highbrows look so sad?
This, my child, is why—
One might have thought they would be happy
With all the clever things they think and do;
But mostly they've got their egos addled.
This is your answer true:

"So tangled are the ganglia of their notions
That extrovert and introvert as well,
Are racked by psychological commotions
Which only long analyses dispel.
And, finally, these last words you should ponder,
Ere such a life as theirs you do begin:
When 'absinthe fails to make the heart grow fonder,'
'Tis little use to hope for more from gin."
"I thank you," said his daughter dear; "and, crikey!
I see that happiness all unalloyed
Is not obtained by digging up one's psyche,
And, though I'm Jung, I own I am a-Freud.

"Why do the highbrows look so sad,
Though their brows are high?
Why do the highbrows look so sad?
This I can see is why.
I should have thought they would be happy
With all the clever things they think and do;
But brains are a curse and not a blessing—
So I think I'll stay a fool, like you."

A Statement Which Will Be Resented.

"He is a man of about 67 years of age and was partly educated in America."—*Daily Paper.*

A NEW YEAR'S MESSAGE.

HERE we are in the New Year, the advent of which not even statesmen nor big fight promoters have been able to postpone.

For weeks past the Press and the ether have been vibrant with messages of hope, encouragement and stimulation. Celebrities of various professions, many of them without expectation of any reward other than a mere monetary emolument—have devoted precious hours to passing you the ginger, or, as the technical purists prefer to express it, handing out the dope.

Let me add my quota, if I may employ a word of such dubious "blessedness."

By the way, what about this one?—

A Sioux and his squaw from Dakota
Were asked what they thought of the quota;
From their speech, which was queer
And uncouth to the ear,
They seemed not to care an iota—

which shows, doesn't it? how important it is that we should establish closer relationships and promote a wider if not a deeper understanding and all that. I mean to say, we must not hesitate this year to approach things if we are to get nearer to them.

You have already been told powerfully and pungently to square-up to 1932. You have been urged once again to make every sacrifice; to put your shoulder to the wheel; to save money, to spend money wisely, to give it away, to do without it altogether; to keep smiling; to grit your teeth, and, above all, to uphold the hands of those whose task it is to follow every trail and leave no herring unturned.

So far so good. But not, I fear, enough. I would have you, as you face up all square with smiling face and gritted teeth to this New Year, ask yourself two solemn fundamental questions. I will set them forth quite simply in the order of their importance:—

(1) Where am I?
(2) How do I stand?

Upon your ability and willingness to answer these very, very intimate questions depends, or hangs, the following vitally important issue. Namely, whether you are entering the year with a clear vision and unfaltering footsteps or whether you are just stumbling along in a miasmic mist of effluvial stupefaction.

Remember that you and you alone can answer these so sombre, these so personal questions. Not even the public expert can help you here. He can tell you to put your shoulder to the wheel and so on, but it is not within even his power to tell you where YOU are and how YOU stand. Nor, indeed, unless he be editor of a "Tell Us Your Troubles" column, is he paid to do so.

This then is my message for 1932. Ask yourself quietly but fearlessly where you are and how you stand, and when you have answered back I think you will find that the New Year will have a meaning for you which not even the Press nor the B.B.C. have quite succeeded in putting across. You will be able to go forward—onward, in fact—from where you are to—somewhere else. Which is exactly what I so want you to do.

D. C.

"National Programme. 3:—Time Signal from Greenwich; Church Cantata, No. 149 (Bach): Look ye, we mount the Steep to Jerusalem, with Gladys Currie (soprano), Betty Bannerman (contralto), Robert Leeds (tenor), Arnold Matters (bass), the Chorus of the Bach Cantata Club, John Field (oboe), Berkeley Mason (harpsichord), Herbert Dawson (organ), the B.B.C. Bach Orchestra (oboe and strings), conducted by Kennedy Scott."—*Wireless Programme in Daily Paper.*

Quite a big hiking party.



Promising Boy. "I'VE JUST BLOWN IN, UNCLE, TO WISH YOU MANY HAPPY RETURNS OF MY BIRTHDAY, WHICH WAS YESTERDAY."

MRS. JELLYBY VINDICATED.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—Emboldened by your publication of "EVOE'S" interesting study of the chronology of *Pickwick*, I venture to send you a few notes on the ethnology of *Bleak House*, based on the observations of recent travellers in Nigeria, and especially in the province of Borrioboola Gha.

THE fauna of Borrioboola
Is curiously varied and rich,
Though it hasn't produced the TALLULAH,
The GROCK or the LITTLE TICH;
But it harbours the grim green Mamba
And the Dong with the luminous nose
Who plays on the *Viol da gamba*
With his ten tremendous toes.

The blameless Borrioboolans
Have no uniformed police;
No Janissaries nor Uhlans
Are needed to keep the peace;
They rest in their sylvan cloisters
In the burning heats of noon,
Or dive for the oblong oysters
That lurk in the dim lagoon.

Their women attend the "pictures"
And worship the god "Goo-goo,"
In spite of the scathing strictures
Of the Bishop of Rumtifoo;
But the Borrioboolan beauties
Make faithful mothers and brides,
And are shod in high-heeled pampooties
With agelastic sides.

They once were *anthropophagi*,
But gone for evermore
Are the days when they feasted off a guy
By the Niger's sounding shore.
And the name of Jellyby, smitten
By satire's cruel darts,
Is still indelibly written
On Borrioboolan hearts.

With much respect I have the honour to remain, dear Mr. Punch,
Verily thine, MARMADUKE PHIBBS.

THE BIRDIKIN FAMILY.

X.—A GAME OF RED INDIANS.

As the result of an invitation already given and accepted, the three children of the Earl and Countess of Bellacre were brought over to Byron Grove one afternoon to disport themselves with the young Birdikins. It was unfortunate that the day originally fixed upon for this entertainment was found to be inconvenient to the Countess, and she had *herself* written to Mrs. Birdikin *apologising* for any inconvenience she might be put to, and proposing a date two days later. For that afternoon the curate's two children, Thomas and Lucy, had been invited, and Mr. Birdikin felt that it might not be congenial to the Earl and Countess that their titled offspring should mix upon equal terms with those of a clergyman who was not even beneficed. In ordinary circumstances it would have been easy enough to put off the young Guffs, but the curate and his wife were journeying into the next county, where there was a question of his being preferred to a living, and Mr. Birdikin, with that large-minded generosity which marked his dealings with those who were, in whatever degree, dependent upon him, had undertaken that their children should be under the care of Miss Smith for the day. He judged that if these circumstances were *fully* explained to the Countess she might not object to the merely temporary intimacy, and bade Mrs. Birdikin assure her ladyship that a careful eye should be kept on the curate's children, so that they should not overstep the bounds of respect due from them to their highborn playmates. He judged aright. No reply was received from the Countess, but in the afternoon the Viscount Firebolt, the Lady Mary and the Honourable John Firebolt made their appearance at Byron Grove.

Mr. Birdikin himself received his young guests, and, standing upon the steps of the porch, exhorted them, while making use of every opportunity of *innocent* enjoyment, to see that the afternoon should be free from quarrelsome disputes or *mischievous* play. He was proceeding to a well-considered homily upon the duty laid on those of a *higher* standing to set a good example to those of a *lower*, when the Viscount Firebolt, edging towards him, tipped his hat over his nose and then, with a loud whoop, raced away, to be immediately followed by Thomas Guff, who so far forgot what was owing to his and his parents' benefactor as to echo the cry of derision raised by the author of this unseemly prank. And such, alas! was the force of bad example that *all* the children joined in the precipitate flight and Mr. Birdikin was left alone with Miss Smith, whom he adjured to follow them and to warn them that any *further* insubordination would result in the *curate's* children being sent home and his *own* feeling the full force of his hand.



"DEPART FROM MY PRESENCE, GRACELESS BOY!"

Miss Smith had endeared herself to her young pupils by her readiness to join in their infantile sports, and they were accustomed to look to her for the invention of the games from which enjoyment could be derived in the hours not devoted to study. This was not understood by the Viscount Firebolt, who, when Miss Smith was seen approaching them, said, "We don't want a governess interfering with us. Let us run away."

He was enlightened by Henry, who said, "Miss Smith, though of a birth more allied to that of Thomas and Lucy than of ourselves, is well capable of taking a lead in our diversions."

The slighting reference to him and his sister caused Thomas to strike Henry upon the nose with his fist, and when Miss Smith arrived upon the scene the two boys were rolling upon the ground in vigorous combat, while the Viscount Firebolt was dancing about in high glee, squaring his fists and offering to "take on" Charles, or Charles and his own brother together, and the Lady Mary was inviting Clara, Fanny and Lucy to an embroilment by no means suitable for female children.

Miss Smith parted the combatants and secured a temporary peace by suggesting a game of Red Indians, which fell in with the inclinations of the young Firebolts as providing opportunities for the mimic warfare in which their energy and spirit exulted. Sides were chosen and the happy play, on lines laid down by Miss Smith, was set in hand.

An hour later Mr. Birdikin, wishing to assure himself that the children's play was proceeding in orderly fashion, came out into the garden and, hearing no sounds to inform him of their whereabouts, proceeded along a shrubbery path in search of them.

What was his surprise upon coming to a clearing among the thickly-growing shrubs and trees to find the inanimate form of Miss Smith stretched upon the grass, her wrists and ankles pegged to the ground, her position only saved from indelicacy by her skirts being decorously disposed to cover the latter.

Mr. Birdikin had no time to conjecture what outrage was in contemplation upon the apparently lifeless governess, for, without any previous sound to warn him, a cloth was thrown over his head, his hat, already the mark of attack, being knocked off, and a rope passed round his body, pinioning his arms to his sides. It was not until he was thus rendered helpless that the silence was broken by a series of piercing yells, imitating those in use by savages, his legs were tripped under him and he sat heavily on the sward with a jolt that caused him acute discomfort and no less annoyance.

It must be explained that the play had reached the point at which Miss Smith, representing the wife of the settler, had been captured by the Red Indians, who had disposed of her in the manner already described near the arbour, which stood for the settlers' cabin. After a certain interval she was to raise her voice in cries that would attract the *white* men to her rescue. The *Reds* would then spring upon them from an

ambush and a fight would ensue in which all the Indians would finally be killed, coming to life again in order to partake with their captors of the refreshment that by this time would have been brought to the arbour.

It was at this most critical moment that Mr. Birdikin arrived upon the scene and was dealt with in the way already described. The gross liberty taken with his person was very far from the respectful and appreciative attitude which he expected when he unbent to jest with his offspring, and it was soon made apparent by his struggles and the sounds that came from under the cloth which enveloped his head that he was not now in the mood for frolic.

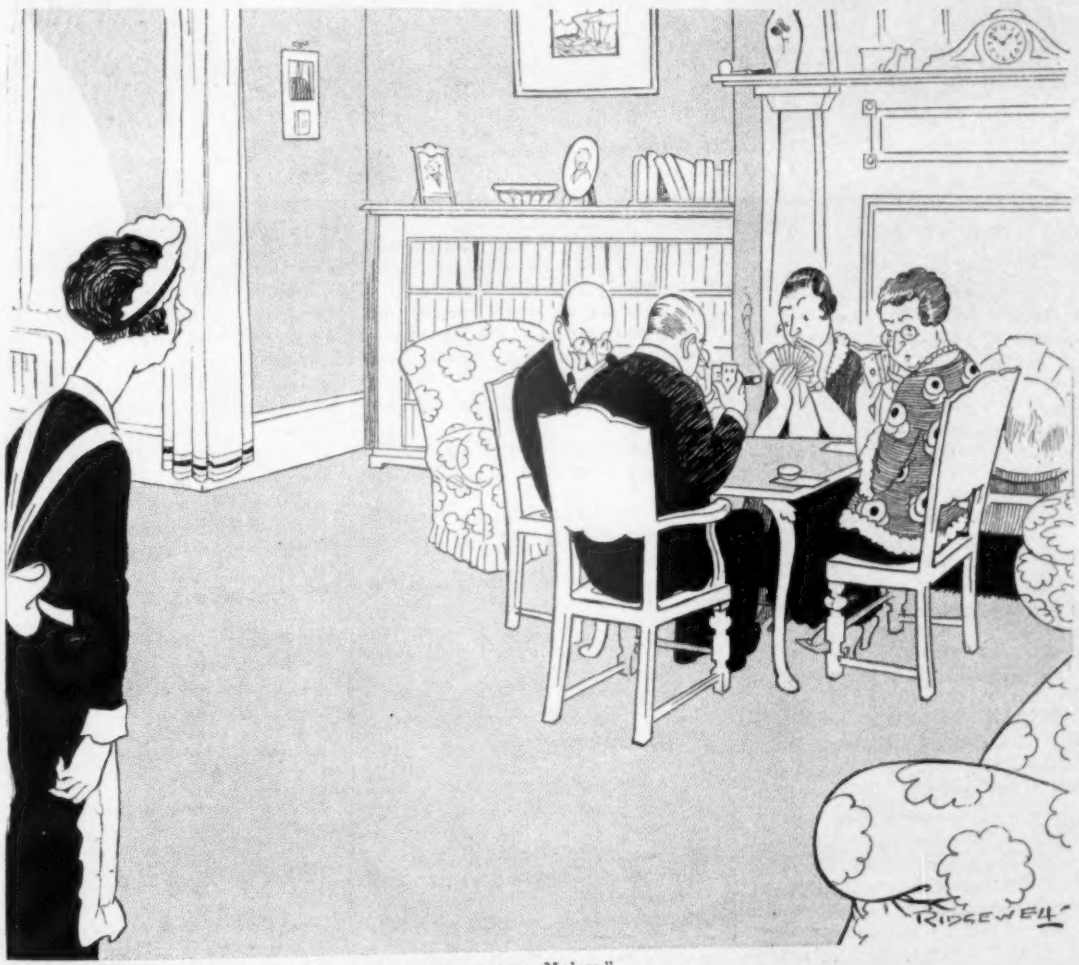
It was Miss Smith, throwing off her own shackles, who came to his rescue and released him from his ignominious bonds. But this was not done without loud protest from the attacking savages. Mr. Birdikin's *own* children would hardly have ventured to disregard the signs of his displeasure, but the young Firebolts and Thomas Guff did their best to impede Miss Smith in her exercise of release. When Mr. Birdikin's eyes were free to see, his mouth to utter and his hand to strike, he caught the curate's son a sound buffet on the side of the head. "Depart from my presence, graceless boy!" he ordered him. "Your parents shall be informed of the infamous conduct with which you reward my bounties."

Lucy, a gentle child, burst into tears at this pronouncement of her brother's disgrace, and young Viscount Firebolt, who had chosen her to represent his *squaw*, spoke up boldly. "If *he* goes, *I* go," said the young nobleman or nobleman to be. "My *own* father would not thus bear himself towards one who was but taking his part in a *game*."

Mr. Birdikin's nimbleness of wit and the self-control which he habitually practised came instantly to his aid. He smiled paternally and said, "I did not apprehend that I was being invited to a game of make-believe. The introduction was a thought too sudden. Play on, children. Play on!"

With that he turned on his heel, picked up his hat and left them. Nor did he afterwards visit his displeasure upon the delinquents, except in rebuking Miss Smith for encouraging *roughness* of play and for the questionable state in which he found her.

"If you do not respect *yourself*," he said, "you cannot win respect from *others*. Pray take a lesson from my *own* method of dealing with the late occurrences and seek to acquire that *dignity* of bearing which alone can raise you in the world and cause your deficiencies to be overlooked." A. M.



Maid. "THE WAITS HAVE CALLED, MA'AM."
Bridge-playing Hostess (much absorbed). "BUT IT'S NOT THEIR TURN."



First Friend. "'AVE A GOOD TIME CHRISTMAS?"
Second Ditto. "'ECTIC!"

CLEVER JANE.

AN IMMORAL STORY.

OUR heroine Jane was nearly five
And the cleverest little girl alive.
Her mother—always addressed as "Mum"—
Couldn't teach her to do a sum,
Because, you see, she was not so quick
As Janey was at arithmetic.
Well, one fine day—it was half-past three—
She was teaching her dolly the A B C
When her dad looked in and he called out, "Janey,
Here's a big toy. When the days are rainy
And you can't go out in the park with Nurse,
Unroll it and study the Universe."
And so with a laugh he propped up in a corner
Something taller than wee Jack Horner
And rather thinner than that plump chap:
Janey unrolled it and found—a Map.

Janey at once began to swot;
The rest of the world was quite forgot;
Over the ocean she followed the wake
Of bold COLUMBUS and FRANCIS DRAKE.
When Nurse called out to her, "Come, Miss Jane!"
She cried, "I can't, for I'm now in Spain;"
And, looking up with a solemn gaze,
Added, "I shan't be home for days."
(She spelled her data out quite clear
On the map's Historical Gazetteer,
And, grateful to it for this protection,
Blessed MERCATOR and his Projection.)
When Nurse called out, "Come, Jane, you're late!"
She answered, "It's fifteen eighty-eight,"
Adding promptly beneath her breath,
"My name's not Jane but *Elizabeth*."

That was how Jane began. At six
She knew of KING ALFRED'S candlesticks;
At seven she made voluminous notes
On WILLIAM RUFUS and TITUS OATES;
At eight she ran from her meals to read
The Charter they signed at Runnymede;
At nine years old she took her fill
Of HAKLUYT and Sir JOHN MANDEVILLE
(But, oh, the maid's most shocked surprise
On learning that MANDEVILLE was lies).
Add nine years more and the Oxford Dons
Said good-bye to their B.A. (*Hons.*),
And she started teaching to youth the hoarded
Historical facts in her mind recorded.

Alas! for Jane, her Head's report
Said, "Discipline is not her *forte*,"
And Jane, by this rebuff made frantic,
Determined to become romantic.
With this resolve she bought a quire
Of foolscap and with pen of fire
Wrote out a novel that flouted all
Her devotion to facts historical.
In it she made that rascal, quaint
Captain MORGAN, appear a saint;
Although she knew he was only a cad,
She made bold HENRY a Galahad.
"It's a far, far better thing I do,"
Said Jane (who had read her DICKENS through),
"Than ever I did as a strict truth-teller."

* * * * *

Jane is rich and a sure Best-Seller.

Mr. Punch's Twelfth Night Cake for Deserving Gossip-Writers goes to the creator of the following:—

"Lady —— and her *fiancé*, Anthony ——, are daily to be seen lunching in the —— Restaurant, and yesterday I was amused to see ——, the *maitre d'hôtel*, presenting her with a large woolly dog.

She was delighted, especially when she found that it squeaked.

'Every time I want the waiter, I'll squeak the dog,' she said."

Social Commentator in Daily Paper.

"IS THE MODERN GIRL PAINTED TOO BADLY? HEADMISTRESS ON AMERICAN FILM SOB-STUFF."—*Jersey Paper.*

No. Usually far too well.



FÊTE GALANTE.

M. PUNCH OFFRE SES HOMMAGES À L'ART FRANÇAIS.



NEW GIFTS FOR HARD TIMES.

ENTERPRISING HOTEL MANAGER DECIDES TO SUBSTITUTE ARTICLES OF UTILITY FOR DOLLS.

NATURAL HISTORY NOTES.

SOME INTERESTING BIRDS.

IT has been well said, though I forget by whom, that we are a bird-minded nation. With the commoner birds every Englishman is, we know, to some extent acquainted; he can recognise in an instant the thrush by its song, the blackbird by its colour and the hedge-warbler by its peculiar habit of warbling in the hedges. We do not propose, therefore, to say anything of these and similarly plentiful wildfowl of other species, but only to notice such points of interest about the rarer birds as may perhaps have escaped the notice of busy men. Setting aside the temptation to further preamble, we will begin at once with that little-known songster—

The ARMADILLO.—Contrary to popular belief this is not a bird at all, having no feathers and only rarely taking to the air. On such occasions as it does so it invariably meets with disaster. It has, however, a thick bony covering like a turtle, only continuous, and so may quite possibly lay eggs when in the mood. I do not know. Of those who have held that the armadillo is a bird, Schenck, Ryman and a man I met once down in Somerset are perhaps the most conspicuous. The other and more correct view is so widely held by ornithologists that it would be invidious to mention names. For a full discussion of the whole subject, see Ryman's spirited article in *The Weekly Beak* for April 14, 1903. It nests in May.

The DIDO.—A bird of irregular habits, now extinct. Not to be confused with the Dado, which is found only in captivity.

The HEN.—I have ventured to include this urbane animal in the hope that my article will be illustrated. I give place to no man in the drawing of hens. Here it is. [*No, No!*—ED.] The eggs are large and vary considerably.

The KNOCK-KNEED BUSTARD.—A laughable creature.

The GREBE.—Lays all its eggs in one basket. Another peculiarity is the wheezing sound it makes when flying, said by some to be caused by the wind rushing through its stiff feathers, by others to be purely asthmatic. Both theories are dismissed as fanciful by Corker, the Internal Economist, who himself attributes it to digestive troubles. His little book, *The Failure of the Crops*, is well-known.

The MUTE SWAN.—According to Bonhote this bird emits a loud trumpet-like note when roused. Hence the name.

The WIDGEON.—Head and tail buff; back grey and uniformly vermiculated; the speculum is green. The nest is made in short rushes and the eggs are laid in a similar manner. Length, 18·5 inches, and so easily distinguishable from gudgeon, sturgeon, teal, winch, pigeon and others of the same family. Sufficient for two persons. But you can make it do for four if you are careful.

The BITTERN.—Still booming.

The PUFFIN.—The male bird, or Puffin Billy (as with goats), has a peculiar short windy cry; hence sometimes called the Chough. The female lays her eggs on the Arctic Circle, being careful to touch it at one point only. She is thus able to fly off at a tangent on the approach of danger (EUCLID 3, *passim*). Nothing else is known at present about the Puffin, though much has been written. We pass on to—

The LITTLE GREBE or DABCHICK.—A mediocre bird which lays ten eggs in rotation from a great height—usually in May. The nest is composed of stones and seaweed, but owing to the careless methods of the female it rarely contains any eggs. These latter vary from

bluish-green to greenish-blue in colour, are ovoid in shape and about the size of the egg of the Hooded Merganser, or perhaps a little smaller. The little Little Grebes (or small Dabchicks) are remarkable for their voracity. Puygers reports the discovery of a complete set of dominoes inside a very young specimen.

The BEARDED SISKIN.—Frequents the same localities as the Razorbill, but without success.

The TERN.—Always found in couples; hence the proverb, "One good tern deserves another." Nests in May.

The WOODEN SKUA.

The COMMON HOOPOE (*Upupa Epops*).—A very shy bird, probably on account of its absurd name. Upupa is only rarely seen in this country, but thrives in warmer climes. My grandfather observed a very fine specimen at East Grinstead in 1878. With its striking plumage and long bill, the Hoopoe cannot fail to attract attention wherever he goes. Famous alike in song and story, immortalised by the Ancient Greeks and held in veneration by the people of Abyssinia, Epops observes the mystic number of antiquity and unfailingly deposits seven of the very best in its ridiculous nest. The ceremony occurs in May.

The SEMIPALMATED SANDPIPER.—The admirable Bonhote, who clearly knows nothing whatever about this interesting creature, says that "in general colour it resembles a Little Stint." I cannot agree. My own conclusions, drawn from personal observations of the bird in its natural haunts ranging over a period of forty years, are as follows: Somewhat more sagacious in its habits than the bald-headed Coot, combining as it does the wariness of a Whimbrel with the intelligent anticipation of a Common Pochard, this little bird wages unceasing war against the general enemies of the wild. In colour closely resembling its surroundings, and of a size calculated to give it a maximum speed through the air without the sacrifice of personal dignity, it affords an excellent example of nature's adaptation of means to an end. Its meals are of the simplest and the bill is consequently small. During three weeks' incessant watch kept on a male bird I never once saw him attempt to eat either meat or fish, in spite of the obvious temptations of the locality in which he lives. The sexes are alike. In its nesting habits the Semipalmated Sandpiper resembles the other members of the Sandpiper family, though in all other respects, as will be clear from what has been already said, it is unique. The female lays her quota of eggs in the month of May.

The BLACK-BROWED ALBATROSS.—A bird of passage. Very rare.

RICHARDSON'S SKUA.—*See* under WOODEN SKUA.

The DUNLIN.—This notorious bird may be seen in great numbers on the shores of the Caspian Sea by those who care to make the journey. Others will be content to take my word for it that the female is larger than the male and has red legs. She spends much of her time in wading, but nothing seems to do them any good. The nest is cruciform, gelatinous and very comfortable. The twelve eggs are large and white, but addle rather quickly.

GAME BIRDS.—I conclude with some general observations on game birds. A complete list of names would be both wearisome and unnecessary, but one may mention as typical examples, Pheasants, Partridges, Termagants, Ring Ouzels, Quoits, Divers, American Rubbernecks, Double Ruffs, Scoters, Kites and the Cream-Faced Loon. I have not included the Smew for reasons of euphony.

All these birds are capable of very high speeds. Scoters have been known to travel at an estimated speed of over one-hundred-and-fifty miles an hour.* Polygamy is unfortunately all too common among game birds, though the Kite is a welcome exception.

The Ring Ouzel, for reasons best known to itself, nests in October.



"CAN THE LEOPARD . . .?"

[With apologies to the play now on at the Haymarket Theatre.]

"Some of the Socialists are hoping that when Mr. LLOYD GEORGE comes back they may make a working agreement with him."—*Daily Paper.*

AT THE CIRCUS.

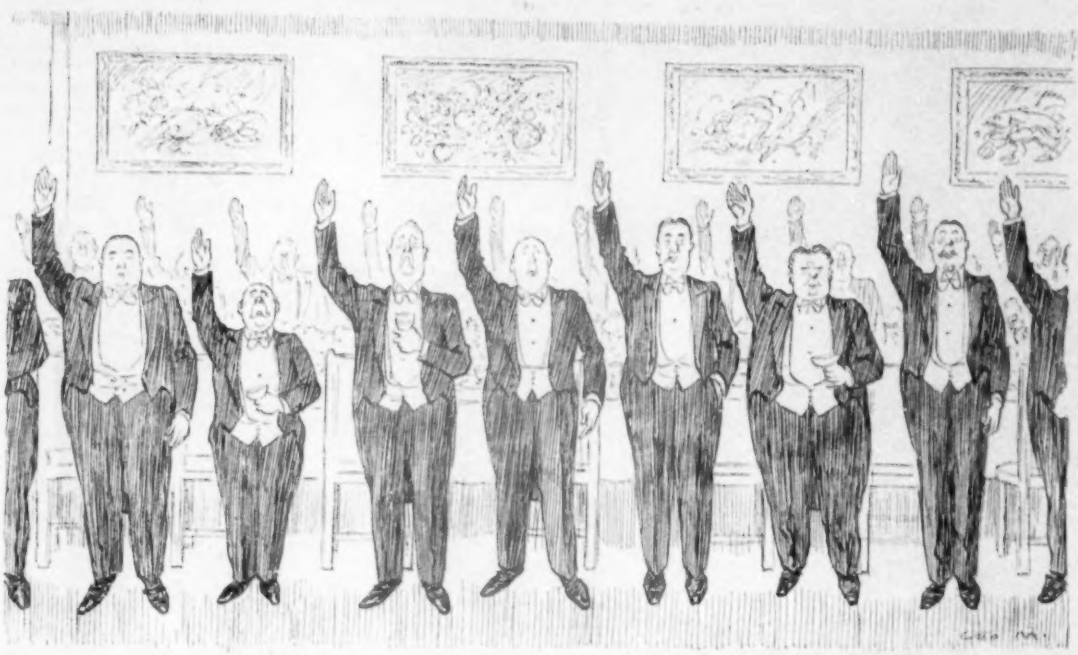
IT is very proper that from time to time the gods should prove their infallibility. Each Christmas Olympian Zeus, in the person of Mr. BERTRAM MILLS, demonstrates his benign omniscience of mortal needs, and this year, despite his recent illness, the delicacies which he provides for us are as rare as ever.

If you want to laugh, I think you will approve of the KLEIN Troupe of Comic Cyclists. Fooling on wheels is nearly always funny, but the KLEINS manage to extract the last cackle from steel and rubber. One of them (I don't know his name) is not only a master of balance but also a superb clown. He detonated about on the Father of all Motor-cycles, an awesome contraption spouting flame and perdition, until its final and earsplitting disintegration flung him well out of the ring. After that he delighted us by rearing his bicycle onto one wheel and waltzing it *backwards* in time with the band. A great man. To end their turn the whole family appeared, each astride a large disc wheel with no saddle, and breathed stertorously into ponderous wind instruments.

Among the other gilt-edged giggles are the FOUR BRONETTS, whom we have met before. They have an infinite capacity for spilling icy water over each other and for setting a brave face against the well-flung egg. One of them retired looking more like a drowning omelette than any man I have ever seen.

There are also the FOUR CLEOS, who would clearly prove themselves highly-

* Those interested in the comparative speed of birds should consult my article, "Curious Beaks," in *The Schoolmasters' Gazette* of January, 1926, where they will find some notes on the subject.



ENTERTAINMENTS AT WHICH WE HAVE NEVER ASSISTED.

NEW YEAR'S EVE AT THE GOURMET CLUB. MEMBERS ON PATRIOTIC GROUNDS FORSWEAR CAVIARE.

skilled gymnasts if they were not constantly interrupted in their manœuvres by an idiot sailor-boy, who enchanted me by falling heavily to the ground exactly when I expected him to do so. Under the horizontal bars was a long spring-mattress, and on this he played the jolly tar with splendid abandon. He turned out, of course, to be a terrific gymnast himself. The funny ones usually do.

I have always held that dogs could be trained to play ball-games, and so LITTLE FRED and his bulldog footballers had a special interest for me; but this turn is really exceptionally clever. They play the Boko code, using only the head, and the missile is a yellow balloon which lasts on an average about fifteen seconds. Play stops instantly when the whistle goes. It generally means another balloon. Their ear and whisker work is deadly accurate and a joy to watch. The goal-keepers are kept in position by stout chains (I doubt if ZAMORA would stand for this). Some much woollier non-footballers of LITTLE FRED'S also did their stuff, very solemnly and politely, like small children at a party.

If you want to be thrilled you must put your head well back and watch the WALLENDA family walking and cycling across a wire stretched high above the arena. This turn is Olympia's Big Palpitation and well worth a crick in the neck. It looks so fantastically dangerous that you end by thinking it easy. The WALLENDAS never falter, but work up to a finale in which they are all balanced on each other's shoulders in the middle of the wire, with the Paramount WALLENDA sitting in a chair on top.

Almost, if not as, exciting are the OLVERA brothers and the WALKMIR trio, who balance on their heads poles about the size of the *Shamrock's* mainmast, at the summit of which their relations exercise themselves. An amazing feat of poise and co-ordination, as anyone will appreciate who has ever tried to balance an umbrella on his nose.

The jungle is represented by eleven tigers, one of whom earned fame the other day by growing captious in an air-liner. MATHIES, their trainer, is alone in the cage with them and appears absolutely unafraid. And also by MAX, MORITZ and AKKA, the Hollywood Chimpanzees, who cycle, walk a tight-rope and contemplate the audience in an unmistakably Darwinian manner.

The horses? There is so much one could write about them that in this short space it is better to say very little. Nine turns are devoted to every class, from great butter-fat ring-horses, designed to take a whole family of acrobats, to sagacious little ponies scarcely bigger than Mr. Punch's Toby.

The outstanding individual turns on four legs are those of Fräulein CILLY FEINDT, who makes her white horse dance round the ring to the rhythm of the band, and of DIAZ DE VELASCO, a Spaniard who with deceptive ease puts his Rosinante through her paces without a bridle.

I cannot refrain from giving special mention to ZOLI and ROLLY, whose humble fan I have been for some time now. They are midget clowns and incredibly good. It is time they had a turn to themselves. ERIC.

Another Glimpse of the Obvious.

"PEEPING TOM. SEE GODIVA."
Annandale's English Dictionary.

Invitations Which Fail To Lure.

"COME IN AND BE WELL TURNED OUT."
Notice in Dublin Milliner's Shop.

Romance at Thurston's.

"BILLIARDS.

. . . This left Inman with a long jenny to play, and he was unfortunate that a kiss prevented him from making the stroke."
Daily Paper.

Jenny should have been thrown out for this.

Do the Welsh Emigrate?

"NOTICE.

I, P. B. Elikewala, of Ehelepola, Matale, and presently of *The Times of Ceylon* Office, Kandy, have re-assumed my family name of Halkewela Walawwe Ragobasta Prohita Brahamana Mudiyanselage Madduma Banda as from this date."—*Ceylonese Paper.*

Why?



Muscular Person (who has "spotted" burglar under his bed). "YOU CAN COOM OOT. AH FOUND THE COLLAR-STUD AH DROPPED THIS MORNING."

LIKE TO LIKE.

WITH our novelists the passion for similes appears to be an instinct and a temptation beyond their control. Their determination to compare something with something else crops up in book after book, and is not, as I once imagined, a symptom of youth and inexperience, as the established writer is quite as incapable of telling us a fact ungarnished with comparison.

Possibly the lover who first associated the teeth of his lady with pearls has something to do with it, whereas, had he stopped to think, he would have seen that the tooth which really resembled a pearl must be an odd phenomenon. It is, fortunately, given to few of us to possess teeth that are either circular or, alternatively, pear-shaped. He would have seen, moreover, that to own teeth like pearls argues discoloration and what the dental cream advertisements describe as "a film," since no pearl is dead-white, while some are definitely grey when they are not positively pink.

Or, again, our writers may have been eternally encouraged by the poet who stated that—

> "Her little feet peeped in and out
> Like mice beneath her petticoat."

Let us consider the similes with which we are regaled:—

There is the *cliché*-simile. How many novelists attempt to resist "He (or she) was thin as a lath (rake or harrow)," "obstinate as a mule," "stupid as an owl," "beautiful as the dawn," "mean as Moses," "fat as butter," "old as the hills" and "ugly as sin"?

There is the mythological simile. These writers cannot describe a large well-covered woman as other than "Junoesque," while the lounge-lizard of the book is handsome "as Adonis," the chubby parlour- or kitchen-maid is "the willing little Hebe," the daughter of the squire, once mounted and in the hunting-field, is inevitably compared sooner or later (sometimes sooner *and* later) with Diana, while angry fathers and male comic relief give "stentorian bellows" of rage or laughter.

There is the would-be-original simile of the younger school of novelists. This is divided into two sections—(1) The Charming; (2) The Deliberately Sordid. As:—

THE MOON (Section 1).

Rose silver, round, like a new-minted florin.
Like the passionless eye of a nun.
Like a benison.
Like a fairy galleon.
Peeped through the clouds as the maid flits to her lover.

THE MOON (Section 2).

Hung above them, gibbous, like a bladder of lard.
Like the rind of a trodden melon.
Peered down like the rheumy eye of a tramp upon their meeting.
Seemed to scud through the cloud-wrack with the pitiful haste of the underfed clerk to his omnibus.

I see in the proofs of my own last novel that in Chapter XIX. I have committed the banality of saying, "The sun was setting." I am altering it to "The Sun, its golden glory dimmed, sank slowly, surely, inevitably, like the flight from the pound. Once more Nature went off her Gold Standard and it was dusk." RACHEL.

HOME FROM HOME.

"Modern methods make prisons palaces of delight."—*From the Bench.*

Some prisons of late have been totally or partially closed.

OUR English gaols are stately
Yet comfortably warmed;
They were not so till lately,
But now they've got reformed;
To-day a kindly nation
Her hostelries equips
With free accommodation,
No extras, and no tips.

The rooms perhaps are bareish,
The furniture is rough,
But why should things be garish
As long as there's enough?
And though we lack resplendence
The veriest churl admits
Our vigilant attendance
Knocks corners off the Ritz.

Our chefs, to those who're looking
For luxuries, are crude,
But if you like plain cooking
You'll get it, with plain food;
Six courses, thin and chilly,
Is not our style of fare,
But we've a brand of skilly
That can't be got elsewhere.

And, quite apart from diet,
We give, as you'll allow,
A home of peace and quiet
That's worth a lot just now;
Once you have passed our oaken
Door, you can put care off
In perfect calm, unbroken
Save, maybe, by a cough.

The roar of road-drills drilling,
Of lorry, tram, and bus
Which people find so killing,
Does not intrude on us;
The iron-hammered girder
Never disturbs our rest;
The motorist out for murder
Comes only as a guest.

O Peace, so vainly prayed for
By those who toil and plod,
What shouldn't people pay for
An interval of quod?
When one can gain admission
Down the smooth walk of crime,
There should be competition
To do a bit of time.

Yet, sorely though we need 'em,
Men still appear to hug
The clumsy chains of freedom,
And shun, in fact, the Jug;
Such conduct might be voted
Dotty, and worse than that,
Unless the man I've quoted
Is talking through his hat.

DUM-DUM.

More Commercial Candour.

"Pretty Pure White Short-haired Kittens."
Advt. in Daily Paper.



THE NOBLE DIGNITY WITH WHICH A RAILWAY JOURNEY STARTS—



IS SELDOM MAINTAINED TO THE END.

Turf Notes.

"The horse's stable companion, Spouf, also feels the loss. He was heard braying all the following night and refuses to take any food."
West-Country Paper.

A clear case of adenoids.

"Lord Salisbury was a man always full of thought, whose great love was science—he had in his house in London and at Hatfield special rooms for test-tubes into which he would slip for endless experiments."
Evening Paper.

Biggish test-tubes.

Things Which Might Have Been Expressed More Definitely.

"Miss Mabel —— was approximately attired for the address, 'Cowboy Trails from Pike's Peak to Mexico,' which she delivered in the Caird Hall, Dundee, last night."
Scots Paper.

We understand that this year a number of patriots have decided to forgo the rebate they used to claim from the Commissioners of Inland Revenue on the threepenny-bits which they swallow by accident in the Christmas pudding.

AT THE PLAY.

"THE NELSON TOUCH" (ST. MARTIN'S).

MR. NEIL GRANT has here woven for us a neat diverting complication in Stage High Politics. I thought for a moment, deceived by an entirely rational *Prime Minister*, cleverly presented by Mr. CAMPBELL GULLAN, in the introductory scene, that we were to be offered something more serious. And even *Lord Duncaster*, Secretary of State for the Middle East (Mr. FELIX AYLMER), malicious travesty of a distinguished statesman no longer with us, behaved at first more or less rationally. Then the author mounted the prancing courser of Romance. . . . As he put it through its paces very deftly we have no serious complaints.

The scapegrace *Richard Fayre* (Mr. FRANCIS LISTER), brother of *Lord Duncaster*, arrives in London in the middle of a crisis. The Arabs are being troublesome. They have been murdering British subjects and have mobilised a formidable army. Young, or youngish, *Richard* has, as it happens, just flown from Arabia. He knows these people, as it is evident his brother does not. He has lived among them, gathered all sorts of inside information, discovered their dissensions and the very dispositions of their armies. He is convinced that firmness backed by bluff is the card to play. His brother, as he knows and we are soon to discover, is the last person to be able to deal with the astute envoys, *Sheikh Abdullah Ibn Rashid* (Mr. MALCOLM KEEN) and his allies, *Ibn Nahal* and *Imbarak* (Mr. HENRY CASS and Mr. BASIL CUNARD). He will impersonate his pompous lordship and interview the three sheikhs in his brother's house, tricked out with his brother's stars and garters and ribbons.

The crafty Orientals are as wax in his hands. Aircraftsman Shaw has nothing on him. They will demobilise, they will behave, they will even pay half-a-million pounds compensation! The *Prime Minister* arrives in the middle of the affair and, after a burst of not unnatural indignation, rather surprisingly listens to the young diplomat's explanations. "This is an occasion," says the *P. M.*, withdrawing his arm into his sleeve, closing an eye and putting an imaginary telescope to it, "for the NELSON touch. Carry on!"

On the morrow the *Lord Duncaster*, moaning over his broken career, irretrievably ruined, as he supposes, by the ne'er-do-well's mad prank, finds himself hailed as the saviour of his country, nearly succeeds in giving



THE CONSPIRATOR AND HIS ACCOMPLICE.

Philpotts . . . MR. O. B. CLARENCE.
Richard Fayre . MR. FRANCIS LISTER.

away what his brother has secured, is again pulled out of the hole by clever *Richard*, is gravely congratulated by the cynically smiling *P. M.*, declares from his balcony to a cheering crowd that he has won for them Peace with Honour, and hands over his rich ward, *Janetta* (Miss LEONORA CORBETT), together with a tip from himself of ten thousand pounds to our hero—on which the curtain falls and we are left to reflect how much more amusing politics would be if they were at all like this.

The author, having plumped for levity, did his work very well within his chosen frame. I don't think, however, that he would have lost any points if he had made *Lord Duncaster*, or for that matter *Lady Duncaster* (Miss JANE MILLICAN), something less than the perfect imbecile. Again, the misunderstanding between the lovers, *Janetta* and *Richard*, could so easily have been avoided by two words of explanation. And these little flaws just spoil the neatness of the design.

But he has a ready wit and invention, writes a good line easily, provides a darling old family butler, the staunch friend of the scapegrace (Mr. O. B. CLARENCE made a delightful thing of this), and makes an excellent burlesque part in the canting, voluble, vulgarian oil magnate, *Lord Granton*, for the incomparable Mr. HERBERT LOMAS, whom it is very good to see again at his old expert business of improving what is already good. The three sheikhs are very dignified and crafty and sinister, and gabble what is for all I know excellent Arabic as to the manner born; Mr. FRANCIS LISTER presents us with an easy gallant hero of Romance; and in general we disperse very well satisfied with our Arabian night's entertainment. T.



THE WRONG MAN IN THE RIGHT PLACE.

Imbarak . . . . . MR. BASIL CUNARD.
Ibn Nahal . . . . . MR. HENRY CASS.
Abdullah . . . . . MR. MALCOLM KEEN.
Richard Fayre . . . . . MR. FRANCIS LISTER.

"WALK THIS WAY" (WINTER GARDEN).

As we now know, a PITT-FIELDS Revue is a less subtle, heartier and definitely more provincial affair than our customary revues in the West-End mode, and very properly attracts a less sophisticated audience. The sophisticated, however, need by no means disdain the entertainment provided in *Walk This Way!* There is always the abounding vitality and fine sense of comedy in Miss GRACIE FIELDS—a tonic in itself. I could wish, however, that the demands made upon her were not so heavy. Of twenty items in the programme, which I should judge to be about four too many, Miss FIELDS carries the chief burden of thirteen. And one begins to

wonder if that rather charming hoarseness which gives character to her singing has not been increased beyond the effective point by overstrain. The remedy indicated is clearly a R.S.P.C.G.F.

Every soprano singer of sentimental ballads should be bound by ordinance to see and hear Miss FIELDS, in a backless dress of stiff gold tissue, exposing the arch over-confidential technique of the business. It would be a cure for many persistent follies in this kind.

Miss FIELDS' gay talent for broad fooling and plausible characterisation was given its chance in the domestic interior, "When Nights were Cold," in which, as the honest wife of a night-fireman (Mr. MORRIS HARVEY), unwarrantably suspicious of her attitude towards his lodgers, she is inclined for the first time to dishonesty under the combined action of resentment against this injustice and of an unaccustomed ration of whisky shared with a too friendly stranger. There is perhaps a little tendency in this Company to overstress somewhat the delights to be derived by an audience from the vagaries of the alcoholically over-stimulated. . . . Equal opportunity is offered her in "Sunday," being back-chat in a mean street between the fond ambitious mother of a piano-playing, tiddler-collecting, half-witted son (Mr. TOMMY FIELDS) and the man next-door (Mr. MORRIS HARVEY); while a genuine pathos informs her study of a tired mother, her thoughts turned towards suicide—though we had not long to wait for the inevitable, abrupt, nonsensical dénouement. Here Mr. MORRIS HARVEY, as an inhuman philosopher with views on the social advantages to suicide, contributes some pleasant nonsense and surprises.

Three comedians, new to me—Mr. CHUCK O'NEIL, Mr. DOUGLAS WAKEFIELD and Mr. BILLY NELSON—make the success of the "Red Umbrella," "the naughtiest cabaret in Paris." It certainly wasn't that, and on this particular night was surprisingly delivered over to the frolics of three desperately-intoxicated English visitors. Mr. CHUCK O'NEIL's bizarre dance to the well-worn DRIGO *Serenade* was a really original diversion brilliantly carried through. Mr. DOUGLAS WAKEFIELD, whose speciality is the distortion of his face into an expression of unutterable imbecility, and Mr. BILLY NELSON dance together a sham Oriental *pas de deux* which extorts laughter from us. These three also figure in a sound piece of knock-about nonsense concerned with a disintegrating motor-car and some spare inner-tubes, in which by adroit but seemingly artless management the three are involved in a struggling group suggestive of a new Laocoon.



INNER TUBES.

Baby Austin . . . MR. BILLY NELSON.
Studie Baker . . . MR. DOUGLAS WAKEFIELD.
Assistant . . . . MR. CHUCK O'NEIL.

Mr. ARCHIE PITT's dancing-girls seem to have blossomed into new grace and beauty and power of disciplined vivacious movement. "Hiding Behind a Fan" (whether or no borrowed, as would seem likely, from the Folies Bergère), a grouping of nine of these ladies into a fan formation against a black velvet background, was perhaps the most successful single item of the long evening's entertainment. The eight "dancing boys," habited in the blue-and-white stripes of the American convict and chained together in pairs, gave us a well-designed and rhythmically perfect step-dance. Miss RENÉE FOSTER, a dancer of distinct accomplishment, with a merry voice and a pleasant general air of much enjoying it all, graced the half-dozen numbers in which she appeared. T.



THE HORSE FROM AUSTRALIA.

The Brother . . . . . MR. BILLY NELSON.
The Wife . . . . . MISS GRACIE FIELDS.
The Night Fireman . . . MR. MORRIS HARVEY.

THE SALESMAN'S DREAM.

The scene is the hall of a castle of the King Arthur period. It is complete with trestle tables, rushes on the floor, wolf-hounds and all ancient inconveniences. At the table at the end of the hall sits the Knight. *Into his presence has just been ushered a very sleek* Young Man. *Now read on.*

"WELL, varlet," said the Knight, addressing the very sleek Young Man, "what wouldst thou?"

"I would first of all clear up a little misunderstanding," replied the Young Man. "I do not, as you seem to think, represent the Weeklie Varleting Service, who, if I remember rightly, only call on Fridays. I have the great honour to be a castle-to-castle salesman on the staff of the Excelsior Armour Company. I have called in answer to your esteemed inquiry about our latest model, the 'Invincible' (Reg. trade mark. App. patent 601633)."

"Very quick work," observed the Knight.

"Thank you, my lord," said the Young Man. "Now, if I may, I will speedily outline some of the advantages attaching to the 'Invincible.'"

"Verily," was the Knight's reply. "Take a stool."

The Young Man, his eyes agleam, obeyed and drew up his stool to the table so that he faced the Knight. He took a deep breath.

"First of all," began the Young Man, "there are several features incorporated in the 'Invincible' model which are to be found in no other suit of armour on sale to-day.

"For the first time in history we are able to offer you, my lord, a suit that is impervious to the weather. Our new plating process renders it absolutely rustless.

"Then there are the non-creaking joints. The advantages of these will be obvious to a man of your intelligence. There are, of course, less obvious advantages, such as the ability to retire after a late night without rousing the household. I can assure you, my lord, that non-creaking joints have come to stay.

"The 'Invincible' suit too is made from a new dragon-proof material by a secret process known only to our forgers——"

"This sounds an excellent proposition indeed," interrupted the Knight.

"You spake it," said the Young Man, "it is, for in addition to these exclusive features I have already mentioned every suit is fitted with our patent new sun-visor, and we present a five-year guarantee and a free lance with every suit we sell.

"A little metal-polish will restore the original brilliance of these suits in a moment. In the event of any serious defect occurring, which, however, is most unlikely, our After-Sales Service is always at your disposal. A horseman will bring one of our experts to your drawbridge by return. We have testimonials from everywhere."

"'Tis all very good," enthused the Knight; "but the price?"

"A thousand crowns," replied the Young Man—"a mere nothing. Only by cutting out the middle-man with our direct forge-to-castle sales can we offer them at the price."

"A very reasonable price, I agree," said the Knight, "but much as I would like an 'Invincible' I am afraid my old suit will have to do for the present. My expenses, you must understand, have been very heavy lately. The dragons have been most troublesome."

"Then why not take advantage of our offer to supply a suit for a few crowns now and the balance to be collected monthly? We will also, if you wish, make you an allowance on your old suit."

"Od's bodikins! you will?" roared the Knight. "Then stap me, I'll buy one."

"You'll no doubt get stapped if you don't," laughed the Young Man as, rising from his seat, he bade the Knight good-day and promised delivery in a fortnight.

BUTLERS, BODIES AND BURGLARS.

THE race of butlers, of butlers, that is to say, in the true sense of the word, is practically extinct. There are of course a good many worthy creatures who style themselves butlers, but when their claim to the title is looked into it is seen to be pathetically unfounded. They have served no long apprenticeship; have not as pantry-boys been cuffed by third footmen; as footmen been condescended to by gentlemen's gentlemen, and so climbed painfully through every stage of the "below-stairs" hierarchy to the glory of butlerdom. These modern butlers lord it over one cheeky parlourmaid or so. The cook treats them with contempt. They are often compelled to clean the boots.

Though rarely encountered in actual life, the true butler survives in fiction, the drama and the cinema, especially in those novels, films and plays which are termed "thrillers." Where there are bodies to be discovered it is often the butler who discovers them. This in its way is an excellent test of butlerdom. For your butler is a dual personality—on the one hand the butler, on the other the man. Among those who have not attained to perfection in their calling there is a tendency at moments of crisis for the man to oust the butler. The result is familiar. ("Jenkyns presented a curious and most unusual spectacle. His normally grave features were distorted with emotion, his silvery hair was awry, his clothes sagged. Round him fluttered a crowd of curious domestics. . . .")

Contrast the behaviour of the perfect butler. He takes matters quite calmly. His silvery hair remains undisturbed, his clothes are, as always, immaculate, his face, as usual, a mask. "I regret to inform your ladyship," he will say, announcing the tragedy, "that his lordship is deceased in the library. . . ."

It was my privilege to experience such a butler only the other day, and I propose for the benefit of an irreverent generation to record exactly what happened. My wife and I were staying at one of the few surviving Stately Homes of England, the sort of place where there is a ghost in the Blue Room and a priest's hole under the stairs. One evening we (the house-party) were gathered together in the drawing-room; some of us were playing contract bridge. It must have been about ten o'clock when the butler—his name, I believe, was Parkyns—entered unobtrusively and took up a position near the bridge table.

"Might I have a word with you, Sir George?" he said.

George, though he is a baronet, is unworthy of his butler. Also he was engaged at the time in going three down on a little slam bid, being vulnerable. He replied, "Don't stand there like a stuffed fish. What on earth is it?"

"I would prefer to speak in private, Sir. I do not wish to alarm the ladies."

The ladies simultaneously shrieked at him to go ahead, cough it up and so forth.

"Very well, Madam," said Parkyns to the ladies; "I regret to say that there have been burglars in the house."

The ladies shrieked again. George leapt from his chair and seized the poker.

"Where are the ——?" he cried hoarsely.

"I fear, Sir George," said Parkyns calmly, "that they have already taken their departure. In the Rolls-Royce," he added as an afterthought.

George gibbered. He was not showing up well. There was none of that *noblesse oblige* attitude which one expects from the aristocracy. He ought, of course, to have resumed his seat at the table and said, "The lead is with dummy, I believe." Instead of which he continued to brandish the poker in an entirely foolish fashion.

"I have taken the liberty, Sir," said the butler indulgently, "of informing the police by telephone of what has occurred."

George subsided.

There is this slight drawback to the perfect butler: he is rather apt to spoil the fun. The burglary as such never really got going. However, conducted by Parkyns, we did make a tour of the bedrooms, and the spectacle of rifled drawers, smashed jewel-cases and general havoc produced a certain thrill. By the time the party had reached our room at the far end of a long passage we were all a little excited. It was a large and gloomy room, the principal feature of which was a vast oak cupboard let into the wall. My wife suddenly clung to me.

"Darling," she whispered, "I'm sure there's a man in there. I've got a sort of feeling about it. I absolutely refuse to sleep in this room until you've looked."

I hesitated. The bravest of us have our moments of indecision, and the cupboard presented a particularly forbidding aspect.

Parkyns came to the rescue. "I have already examined the *armoire*, Madam," he said soothingly. "I assure you it contains no burglars."

"Sweet thing!" murmured my wife.

"You are the sort of man, Parkyns," I said feelingly, "that made old England what it was."

"Very good of you to say so, Sir," said Parkyns.



PANTO FAIRIES.

Emily Jane's
A panto fairy,
Along with her friend,
Eliza Mary;
Both amid scenic
Flowers and frondage
Nightly released
From human bondage.

Eliza Mary
Knows at six
The ballerina's
Box of tricks.
Emily Jane,
Her *vis-à-vis*,
Is just as nimble
And just as wee.

When all goes black
From Gods to Pit,
Liza and Em
In moonshine flit,
Bidding the evil
Sprites begone
From brave *Aladdin*
Or *Whittington*.

Emmy and Liz
Don't find their names
Fronting the house
In electric flames;
But many a patron
Nightly buys a
Ticket simply
For Em and Liza.





Ernest H. Shepard



Urchin. "THIS WON'T 'ARF SHOW UP ON THE BACK OF 'IS NECK."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

Barbaric Years.

I SUSPECT that neither Mrs. C. S. PEEL nor I gave more than poetic faith to the imaginary family on whom this talented lady has pivoted her domestic history of 1805—1861. But *The Stream of Time* (LANE, 18/-) is a fascinating compilation; and, if its shadowy *Londons* are only intermittently visible behind their distinguished friends, their furniture, their vehicles and their meals and clothes—well, they only share the present attenuated fate of a good many Victorians of substance. With a wise eye to the most striking and typical circumstances, Mrs. PEEL has wedded cotton to "county," and their offspring to coal, and related the fortunes of employees as well as employers. The conclusion you gratefully reach at the close of her intimate revelations is that the origins of industrialism were even less prepossessing than their harvest. Mutton-chops flung out on Christmas Day to the starving poor are, if anything, more degrading than the dole—to the bestowers if not to the recipients. But rich and needy were equally barbaric; and the age of small-boy convicts in Botany Bay and small-girl chimney-sweeps in Windsor Castle was the age when Eton was recommended to a young peer as being possibly not quite so coarse and shiftless as his own home. I could have spared the book's summaries of such twice-told tales as Lady HAMILTON'S and Lord BYRON'S; but where the cream of far rarer reminiscence has also been skimmed it were ungracious to complain. The illustrations, particularly the Maclises, are delightful.

A Readable Philosophy.

Professor JULIAN HUXLEY calls his series of essays on science, religion and human nature *What Dare I Think?* (CHATTO AND WINDUS, 7/6), a name which reminds one rather unfortunately of the symposia on religious subjects which our daily papers from time to time collect and publish. He confesses that he would have preferred "Scientific Humanism" but for the fact that the title has been already used and, further, that America has given to the word "Humanism" a connotation of its own. Still, he makes it clear that Scientific Humanism is the attitude of mind which he deems it imperative for the whole world to adopt. Briefly put, scientific humanism signifies the co-operation, instead of the opposition, of science and human nature, natural law and spiritual activity. Science deals with statistical laws, with average results, whereas Humanism is always concerned with the value of the particular. Science assists Humanism to achieve a framework strong enough for support; it helps the humanist to move mankind slowly along the upward evolutionary path. And one way of doing this would be to develop organisations such as Mr. H. G. WELLS sketched in his *New Samurai* or as Lord BADEN-POWELL started in his famous movement. This may sound to you rather formidable and heavy stuff, but let me assure you that it is nothing of the kind. Professor HUXLEY has the art of making anything readable; studying him the frivolous may imbibe wisdom as it were by stealth and unawares. I commend the chapter on "Man and His Heredity" especially to all who take an intelligent interest in the future of the race.

Pirates' Gold.

In these hard times, we must agree,
Pieces of eight would surely be,
Like treasure trove of every kind,
Uncommon useful things to find.
Well, here's a book which indicates
The various spots where treasure waits,
Or so 'tis said in local story,
From Cocos Isle to Tobermory.
There stout and hopeful pioneers
Have dug and fished for years and years
(Assisted oft by helpful maps
By pirates drawn to guide such chaps),
Yet, strange to say, the hidden gold
Of which such wondrous tales are told,
Beneath the sea or underground,
Has seldom actually been found—
A thing which no one can regret
Since hope remains for seekers yet.

Doubloons, by CHARLES B. DRISCOLL, is
Filled with such rattling yarns as this—
In fact a veritable mine
(CHAPMAN AND HALL, price florins nine).
The pictures, I regret to add,
Impress me as extremely bad.

Sheer Gloom.

I am beginning to think that the publisher's notion of the rare and refreshing is well-nigh as fallacious as the politician's. A search for new talent which reveals the handling of a degenerate parson, his two abnormal children and a couple of illegitimate grandchildren with "freshness and distinction" would indeed be unusually, if not gratefully, rewarded; but the claim that this feat has been accomplished by (I suspect "Miss") L. E. MARTIN in *Sublunary* (CONSTABLE, 7/6) is not, as I see it, substantiated. After a chapter of clever, if somewhat surgical, dissection of the inferiority and other complexes of the *Rev. Guy Tyndale*, we marry that diseased ecclesiastical egoist to a virtuous wench from a village shop and embark on the legend of their matrimony. *Ellen* (an amiable if not wholly convincing *ingénue*) tries to make the best of her half-witted partner; but his fixed idea that nothing but "flux and decay" exists beneath the moon frustrates her simple efforts at construction and stability. She comes to regard him with the pity accorded to a dangerous dog "whom you may perhaps have to shoot"; and, though the War spares her this duty, his two children, *John* and *Jennie*, remain to thwart her reconstructive purposes. *Jennie*, now definitely imbecile, half-kills her bastard child, and the *coup-de-grâce* is administered by the hard-pushed grandmother. With *John's* illegitimate offspring we close on a semi-idyllic note which, because it shatters the gloomy unity of the story, is even less æsthetically acceptable than its uncompromising predecessors.



Daughter. "DADDY, IT'S HUMILIATING TO THINK THAT BABY'S TEN MONTHS OLD AND HASN'T GOT A TOOTH YET—AND YOU A DENTIST."

Physics and Psychics.

Sir OLIVER LODGE, in his autobiography, *Past Years* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON, 20/-), most refreshingly shows himself much more interested in his work than in himself. It may be that once his very unorthodox early life had led him safely to a normal professorial position there was really very little left to say about material events, and indeed with him material, mathematical and spiritual boundaries lie very close together. From his conquest of matriculation onwards his narrative more and more departs from himself, to follow the fascinating ways of free ions that migrated with a calculable velocity, or of electric waves that tied themselves in loops and nodes in his lecture-theatre, for while the early work was going forward that was to develop into the triumphs of "wireless" Sir OLIVER was a leader among that band of brilliant English and Continental physicists feeling their way with sure outstretched fingers into the darkness where invisible rays leaped and oscillated, waiting to be put to work. In his later chapters he advances into those dim uncomfortable corridors of science where departed friends proclaim Greek verse through the entranced mouths of peasant-women and infra-biological ectoplasm indulges in innocent horse-play with tables and alarm-clocks. Sir OLIVER detects in himself a tendency to relax his hold of an inquiry just as the first difficult approach is leading to fruitful results. His record certainly gives little evidence of any such weakness, while of his faithfulness to truth as he finds it, even when unpalatable, the present volume is incontrovertible testimony.

Rambling Reminiscences.

GANDHI has been very much in the limelight, and anybody who has met him personally in the past may expect, I suppose, to excite interest. Sir THOMAS STRANGMAN's acquaintance with the Mahatma was apparently limited to conducting the prosecution against him in 1922. This case is given prominence in *Indian Courts and Characters* (HEINEMANN, 8/6), but little information is supplied which has not already appeared in the Press. For the rest, the book is a rambling autobiography of a rather uneventful life in Bombay, a city which in its way is as parochial as Birmingham. The comments are those of a correct Englishman who has made no real contact with India. He pays conventional compliments to highly-placed persons and well-thought-of places. He is very much the detached and superficial observer. Now that India is beginning to be revealed by imaginative writers, I fear there is little room for a volume of gossipy reminiscences dealing mainly with European life in the East. The bar of the Yacht Club and the deck of a P. and O. bear little relation to India as it is. Sir THOMAS reveals himself as a judicious and kindly gentleman, but he is neither a Bengal Lancer nor an English Sanyási.

Advertese.

In her foreword to *Prose of Persuasion* (GRANT RICHARDS, 10/6) Mrs. NAOMI MITCHISON suggests that the chief difference between *Pamela* or *Clarissa Harlowe* and the samples of advertising copy which are here collected by Mr. T. C. STEEL is merely one of length. I am afraid I cannot agree. And when she speaks of "these lovely miniature works of art" I think she should look again at page 48, which contains this paragraph: "There are clothes that when you put them on for the first time your friends say, 'Look at the new suit.'" *Well!* I am not of course quarrelling with the copy-writers, whose work has shown great improvement since the War. There has never been a time when the stimulus which they provide to trade has been so much needed as to-day. But their first aim must always be to elevate not the literary critics but sales-statistics, and it is obviously very difficult for them to do both. All the advertisements in this book may have succeeded in making people buy; they probably did, for they were written by experts in the art of selling. Yet it is idle to pretend that many of them can be counted as good prose. There are a few exceptions, and these show both originality and style; but in the main they suffer from the usual defects of the copy-writer—portmanteau words, extravagant use of adjectives and an addiction to trade *clichés*.

Where Arrogance is Bliss.

In a postscript to *Ruffians' Hall* (DESMOND HARMSWORTH, 8/6) Mr. PHILIP LINDSAY inquires into the actual meaning of the word "ruffian" and decides that it "is almost a synonym for arrogance." One may, I take it, be arrogant without being a ruffian, but one cannot be a real and complete ruffian without being arrogant. Certainly the men of whom Mr. LINDSAY writes were supreme in their arrogance. The little band that he has chosen range from a whole-hearted filibuster like Sir HENRY MORGAN to the pampered PRINCE REGENT, from POPE GREGORY VII. to CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS. And so attractively does Mr. LINDSAY write that I can with ease forgive him for destroying an idol that I inherited from my childhood. Steadily I have maintained a high opinion of COLUMBUS (C.), but in these pages he is stripped bare of his glory and glamour.



The Sole Survivor. "AH, WELL, ANYWAY THIS SETTLES THE QUESTION OF AUNT CAROLINE'S NEW YEAR'S GIFT."

A Steaming Kettle.

In *Mr. Kettle, Third Mate* (WARD, LOCK, 7/6), you will find Mr. C. J. CUTCLIFFE HYNE giving a most amusing and adventurous account of his fiercely-moustached hero's earlier days. From his youth onwards *Owen Kettle* was as eager to plunge into trouble as he was ingenious in getting out of it; but even he, with *Teresa Hualtemoc*, a potential Empress, appealing rather overwhelmingly to his affections, found himself in situations that taxed his powers of recovery to the utmost. The scenes of this tale are laid in the Caribbean Sea and the West African Rio de Oro; but wherever *Mr. Kettle* travelled he was always going full steam ahead and providing his admirers with ample opportunities to appreciate his humour and resource.

Too Many Words.

One's first impression on opening *The Perfume of Amber* (BLACKWOOD, 7/6) is that it is a very long book. And soon one discovers why. It is not because the story necessitates a great deal of space for the telling, but simply because Mr. H. VIVIAN HAMILTON, who writes it, is passionately in love with words. Not seldom, it is true, he kills the things he loves, or at the least tortures them; but he also cherishes them, fosters them, causes them to increase and multiply. Now there are two kinds of excess in the use of words—the fecundity of RABELAIS and the prolixity of the bore. Mr. HAMILTON deals in both kinds. Sometimes for a page or two we are almost as intoxicated as he is himself by the exuberance of his verbosity, but far more often, alas! it acts as an opiate, and we are hard put to it to remain sufficiently wide awake to follow the thread of his narrative. Not that that matters very much, for this is the wildest and most fantastic of yarns, starting among the muddy shallows of scandal in a provincial university town and soaring to the giddiest heights of romance in a castle in Spain. Nearly all the people in it, and they are innumerable, are frank caricatures, and they bear those absurdly descriptive names with which PEACOCK used to endow his characters. Would that Mr. HAMILTON had also emulated PEACOCK's exquisite economy! Never was there such obvious cleverness which so obviously needed chastening.

Miss Smith in Form.

"The running commentary is a very swift animal of the camel type."



FEWER FIDDLESTICKS.

"IT seems to me," said the Philosopher, "that the difference between the new world and the old is that politicians don't have any real control. They play about like impulsive or naughty children when the nursemaid is out of the room."

"The nursemaid," said the rather bored Taxpayer, "being——?"

"Finance, of course. When the nursemaid comes back into the room she says, 'You will have to pay for this, Master Willie,' or whatever his name may be. Now consider the position of the Great Khan of Tartary."

"I don't consider the position of the Great Khan of Tartary."

"Well, you ought to. Or one of the Cæsars. Or even HENRY THE EIGHTH. Whatever they didn't have, they stole. Even our old jingo chorus had a certain amount of decent commonsense behind it.

'We've got the men, we've got the ships,
We've got the money too,'

was the way it went. In modern times one merely says

'We can borrow the money too.'

and if we can't pay the interest so much the worse for our creditors. I can't for the life of me think why everybody isn't taught political economy instead of quadratic equations and international finance instead of international history at school."

"Perhaps one oughtn't to borrow," suggested the Taxpayer, now more bored than ever. "Can you by any chance explain to me the Gold Standard?"

"In a measure, yes."

"Then please don't. Oblige me, on the other hand, by explaining to me how it is that the countries which lent seem about as badly off as those which borrowed. Or rather, don't do that either. Explain to me why England, which borrowed and lent heavily at the same time, is not yet out of the wood."

"Partly because in the big gamble," said the Philosopher, "we pay our losses but don't collect our winnings."

"Silly!" said the Taxpayer.

"Not so silly as you might suppose. We have to pay for our reputation. There is nothing very glorious, when you come to think of it, about the motto, 'Honesty is the Best Policy.' It is just a sound trading motto, and it happened to be ours because we were the biggest traders in the world. The motto of France, who with so much *politesse* is lending us her pictures, has always been, 'France first and let the sky fall.' The fall of the pound——"

"Not on your life!" said his companion, now stirred from lethargy. "The pound is a mystery, like esoteric Buddhism, but far more tiresome to talk about. If you begin to talk about the pound I shall ring for the club waiter and have you removed. All I want to know, apart from the fluctuation and vagaries of the pound, is this: Where do we, where does England stand now with a new National Government ready to do everything that may be helpful, slam the dumpers and take us forward into the beginning of a New Year."

"Rather early to say at present," said the Philosopher with his wonted caution; "but I can see one or two bright spots in the grey dawn. A National Government means a national self-consciousness, and in a far from ideal world that may be a very good thing. We have suffered from a great deal too many citizens of the kind whom tolerant people call idealists and cynical people call cranks. In a self-conscious Britain, and I may say a much more economical Britain, the voices of these people, well-meaning I grant you, will be far less loud. We shall not, for instance, hear so much of that peculiar form of generosity which considers that every Frenchman or German must of necessity be a better man than every Briton. We shall not be told so often to do in London as Rome does."

"Or as Moscow does?" suggested the Taxpayer.

"Quite. And then there is that other strange sentimentality which seems to regard every Hindu as better than every Englishman, and every foreign fashion or foreign article as better than our own habits or the goods that we make ourselves. It seems to me that the result of our tremendous trade supremacy was that as soon as we had taught the whole world to admire Great Britain we began to get bored and weary with ourselves, so that any normal degree of patriotism appeared ridiculous and every sort of wild quixotry flourished. Even at this moment, it seems to me, there survive people ready to write books which prove that South Sea Islanders are more laudable than Britons. There are even people who constantly point out how superior wild animals or domestic animals are to Englishmen."

"And birds," muttered the Taxpayer. "Don't forget birds."

"Birds have always had a good show. I think it is something to do with the old belief in angels. But I admit that there are probably quite a number of people in England even at this moment who would rather have a world-crisis than see a wagtail die. I am not exactly blaming the idealists or the sentimentalists for their warmth of heart. I am only saying that their ideas sprang up during a period of unparalleled prosperity, when we could afford to nourish any amount of tender and charming dreams. I am saying that present conditions will bring us a little nearer to realities and simplicities in every form of life and thought. I am saying that our sentimentality has outlived the conditions that produced it. And now, when we have to take our coats off and work, we shall be simpler and more self-reliant."

"You are getting very tiresome," said the Taxpayer. "I think I realise all the truth of this, though I shouldn't have cared to put it in such tedious words. You mean that we've got to cut out the frills and fads, put our backs into it, and pay as we go. Adopt, in fact, a policy of imperial self-help instead of throwing largesse to the world. But am I not to have any amusement? Is frivolity one of the luxuries I have to cut out altogether? And hasn't someone said that all work and no play make Jack Bull a dull boy?"

But a third figure most fortunately had entered the smoking-room in time to prevent a breach of courtesy between the two parties to this slightly sententious dialogue. Probably because he was a member of every club and most households they had not observed his arrival.

"Obviously what is needed, gentlemen," he remarked, "in the circumstances that you have been attempting to epitomise is a lot of good honest fun, together with a sound modicum of British commonsense. And these," he said, making a loud noise like thunder on the table which made them both leap from their chairs, "you have here in my

"One Hundred and Eighty-First Volume."

